

RADIO'S PART IN WORLD WAR II

STAR-SPANGLED

Radio



*by Edward M. Kirby
and Jack W. Harris*

\$3.50

STAR-SPANGLED RADIO

By EDWARD M. KIRBY and
JACK W. HARRIS

STAR-SPANGLED RADIO is the first inside story of the contribution which American radio made toward the winning of World War II. It is both a dramatic historical record and a swiftly moving account of American resourcefulness and "know-how," packed with anecdotes of radio at war, and written by two men who held key posts in the Radio Branch of the War Department.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked the plans for mobilization made little provision for the utilization of radio as a weapon of war. Radio was still a lusty infant, its vast potentials hardly tapped. But when war came the broadcasters swung into line immediately. A voluntary censorship code was set up. New techniques were developed for the channeling of news from the fronts. First plans were laid for radio psychological warfare. Show people, writers, correspondents, and technicians were organized to serve the needs of the battle fronts and to maintain morale at home. Radio, which had been principally a medium of entertainment, became one of the great life-lines of the nation — a vital nerve center of communications and an indispensable morale builder. The challenge was accepted and the responsibility shouldered. Overnight, American radio grew up.

STAR-SPANGLED RADIO takes you behind the microphones to reveal many of the most dramatic incidents of the war: the story of General Wainwright's coura-

(Continued on back flap)

(Continued from front flap)

geous message from Corregidor; James Warner Bellah's account of Phil Cochran's exciting glider invasion of Burma; the Marine landings in the Pacific; and the first full story of how radio saved thousands of lives by accomplishing the surrender of the Italian fleet.

From the intimate notebooks of famous combat correspondents the authors provide accounts of many off-the-record incidents. They give the true story behind the "Jones Junior High" song which became the war chant of the Pacific. They tell of the transmitter which the boys in Alaska operated for a year before it was discovered by official Washington. There is a full account of the intense preparations for radio coverage of the D-Day landings in Normandy. Also the adventures of stars like Bob Hope, Kay Kyser, Dinah Shore, and Bing Crosby touring the world on behalf of the American GI. And the inside story of how Radio Tokyo was contacted with General MacArthur's surrender terms.

From the start of the war to the final capitulation of Japan the tale is fascinating, rich in action, and laced with the pungent GI brand of humor. It is distinctly American. In no other country could such a program as "Command Performance" have sprung up so spontaneously. In no other country could radio have been allowed, through four years of war, to act as its own censor. Far more than a chronicle of exciting events, STAR-SPANGLED RADIO is a unique, inspiring view of the vitality and ingenuity displayed by this one American industry when faced with the supreme challenge. STAR-SPANGLED RADIO is a story without parallel in the annals of warfare.

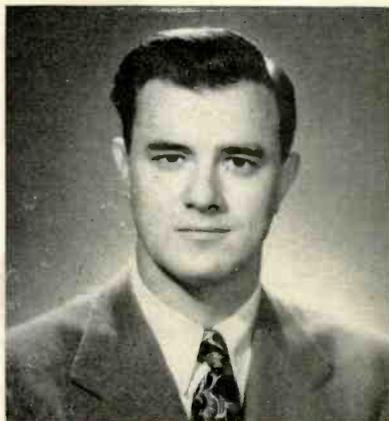
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EDWARD M. KIRBY



JACK W. HARRIS

The story of STAR-SPANGLED RADIO could only have been told authoritatively by the men who helped shape and direct its wartime destiny.

EDWARD M. KIRBY, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute who had gone into newspaper work, and then radio, was abundantly equipped for the \$1-a-year job as Civilian Advisor for Radio to the Secretary of War, to which he was called in 1940. At the time he was public relations chief for the National Association of Broadcasters, a post that came after an extraordinary record in directing Station WSM, Nashville.

JACK W. HARRIS, a Tennessean, was knee-deep in newspaper work while taking his Master's degree at Vanderbilt, when Kirby talked him into radio work. Together they covered the Louisville flood of 1936 for the nation's networks. They found dozens of stranded communities and made history in radio handling of special events.

Kirby brought Harris into the War Department as his executive officer, and later both were drawn into the army to develop the procedures and policies for the vast wartime radio network both here and abroad. Kirby was eventually sent to Europe to prepare coverage for D-Day and to provide an allied radio service under General Eisenhower. Harris went to the Pacific and, as General MacArthur's radio man, took over Radio Tokyo and handled all the details of the surrender broadcast from the battleship *Missouri*. Both became full Colonels by the end of the war and were decorated for their outstanding services.

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To those who held open microphones at the battlefronts of the world in American radio's first war that others might hear the sound and the fury . . .

To those who brought the voice of home to the grateful ears of American soldiers and sailors as they fought and died for their countrymen . . .

To American radio which begot a tradition in time of war which it might well preserve in time of peace, this book is humbly dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

STAR-SPANGLED RADIO HAS NOT BEEN SO MUCH WRITTEN AS IT has been lived.

It is more than the recollections of two individuals; it is a mirror held against the vast panorama of American radio through the war years, its people in uniform and out, their headaches and heartaches in every part of the world.

Acknowledgment can never be made to everyone who contributed material upon which this book is based. Our grateful mentions must be limited to those who helped more immediately in the collection of untold stories herein published. A special thank-you note to Stanley Field, whose invaluable assistance has given excellent documentation to this wartime story of American radio at home and abroad which we hope is at least comprehensive.

To *Broadcasting*, *Radio Daily*, *Variety*, and *Billboard* for access to their columns; and to the following individuals, the authors again express their deep gratitude for the cordial cooperation so kindly given: Spencer Allen, James Cassidy, Charles E. Dillion, Idella Grindlay, John Hersey, Hugh Higgins, Larry Hoover, James Hurlburt, Harold W. Kent, Vick Knight, Katherine Swanner Lindquist, Frank W. Mayborn, Frank Pellegrin, Robert Pollock, Robert K. Richards, Robert Schall, Jack Stapp, General Frank E. Stoner, Donald W. Thompson, Brooks Watson, Donald Weiss, Albert M. Wharfield, Glenn Wheaton, of the United States; and Miss Doris Hoskins and John Harding of England.

FOREWORD

IT IS A FAR CRY FROM THE DAYS OF CQD AND SOS, FROM THE Morse code message crackling by wireless, to the powerful shortwave transmitters of today that send the human voice through space, spanning oceans and continents. I can recall my own experience as radio operator aboard ship, realizing that the lives of all on board might depend on the wireless key beneath my fingers. Although in those days men recognized the value of the wireless in times of emergency, few realized its possibilities, nor could they foresee that this "gadget" producing a series of dots and dashes eventually would be developed into one of our nation's greatest industries bringing entertainment and enlightenment to untold millions. I need not delve into the rise of broadcasting and television, for most of us have watched their growth and development within our own lifetime.

However, a curious reversal came about: where the parent wireless had been regarded as an essential instrument for use in a great emergency, its offspring, broadcasting, was looked upon mainly as a medium of entertainment and its real potential in a time of national crisis was seldom considered. It is now history that when the news of the attack upon Pearl Harbor was flashed across the land by radio, no clear role had been assigned, either to the radio industry or to the thousands of capable men and women—producers, engineers, writers, announcers, actors and technicians—who regularly brought news, entertainment and general information to millions of American households.

World War II was the first war in which world-wide broadcasting facilities were available. There were no precedents, no

looking backward to see what had been accomplished. The pre-war radio coverage of U. S. Army maneuvers in the South only served to point up the fact that broadcasting was starting from scratch as a war potential.

It was fortuitous that the man who was selected, in 1941, as adviser for radio to the Secretary of War—at one dollar a year—was Edward M. Kirby, then the public relations chief for the National Association of Broadcasters. As his executive officer, Kirby chose Jack W. Harris. They helped develop procedures and policies behind radio at home and overseas which gave the nation the greatest war coverage in history.

During the turbulent war years, the War Department's weekly broadcast—the "Army Hour"—kept the nation officially informed. This program was originated by Ed Kirby. I am proud to add that the wide-flung facilities of the Radio Corporation of America enabled the "Army Hour" broadcast by NBC's nation-wide network to bring to the people of the United States reports on the progress of the war on all fronts. Some of the high spots of the "Army Hour," which you will find described in this book, remain indelibly etched in the minds of those who heard them. The broadcast of the "Last Message of Corregidor" could find no rival in any radio drama. Within the scope of the "Army Hour," radio had shed its peacetime accoutrements and was given what, rightfully, had been termed a "military mission."

The broadcasting industry, whose growth was almost as fabulous as Jack's legendary beanstalk, had been able to make such strides largely because of its ability to conquer technical obstacles. The problem of frontline radio reporting, for example, was overcome by the use of the wire-recorder. It was Kirby and Harris who convinced superiors of the need to introduce this highly effective instrument which proved so useful to war correspondents and the Army.

American radio's pre-eminence as an entertainment medium increased rather than declined through its wartime role. In fact, radio broadcasting became an incomparable morale factor to both soldiers and civilians. A valuable contribution was made by Kirby and Harris in developing "Command Performance," a program combining the best talents in radio to serve as a link between the homefront and the fighting fronts.

Ed Kirby and Jack Harris are well equipped to bring forth this record of radio at war—*Star-Spangled Radio*. Both received baptism in utilizing radio in a national emergency during an earlier crisis. They were planning, writing and producing programs for WSM, Nashville, Tennessee, when, in early 1937, the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers overflowed their banks and inundated hundreds of thousands of acres, washing out towns and villages, and making thousands homeless. In covering the flood for radio, Harris handled the fieldwork. He accompanied the Army engineers to many points on the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers, and, by shortwave, broadcast his reports.

At WSM's headquarters, Kirby correlated these disaster broadcasts with the staff and with WHAS, in Louisville, Kentucky, hub station in the flood disaster, and fed them to the networks. This experience and teamwork proved to be of enormous value when America had to depend upon radio not merely as a means of intelligence and communication, but as an important arm in bolstering the morale of civilians at home and millions of servicemen and women on the far-flung battlefronts.

While Ed Kirby covered the European Theater of operations, under General Eisenhower, his co-author, Jack Harris, handled the Pacific area. When victory was in sight in Europe, and the forward movement toward Japan began, General Douglas MacArthur asked for Harris and made him his Chief

of Radio and Press Communications. Harris had five communications ships ready for the invasion of Japan when the foe capitulated. He prepared plans for the press and radio communications for the initial landings in Japan, and later was in charge of broadcasting the actual surrender aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*.

The teamwork of Kirby and Harris included many major planning operations in radio's coverage of the war, from 1941 Army maneuvers through North Africa, Italy, the Normandy landings, the China-Burma-India operation, the Pacific Islands' hopping, and the final conquest of Japan. Promoted to the rank of Colonel, Kirby received the Legion of Merit, the Order of the British Empire, and the Peabody Radio Award for "brilliant adaptation of the needs of the armed services to radio—Yankee ingenuity on a global scale." Harris attained the rank of Colonel, and was awarded the Legion of Merit and the Bronze Star, plus the Army commendation ribbon with an oak leaf for his Pacific radio achievements.

Considering that there existed no precedent for the radio job that was to be done, the accomplishments recorded in *Star-Spangled Radio* seems truly astonishing. The authors credit success to the fact that, due to their insistence, experienced radio personnel ultimately was installed in all theaters. They concentrated on this need and devised programs of training and indoctrination to provide aids in helping field commanders in all parts of the world to solve the difficult problem of reporting the war to the people back home. Here is a book which proves that the American way in radio, as in democracy generally, serves better than any other system in achieving happy results for the millions of protagonists in life's great drama.

DAVID SARNOFF

*President and Chairman of the Board
Radio Corporation of America*

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CURBING THE KILOCYCLES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941. THE ADMINISTRATIVE CHIEF OF the Radio Branch of the War Department, Bob Coleson, dropped by the Munitions Building for a routine Sunday check-up. As he turned his car into Constitution Avenue, he flipped on the radio to catch the first quarter of a football broadcast.

As he passed the Navy building, the broadcast was suddenly interrupted:

“Flash—Washington: The White House announces the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor!”

He whirled the car around and raced to his office. He picked up the phone and asked the Adjutant General for instructions.

“Have all stations in Washington recall officers and civilians on duty back to the War Department immediately. Officers will report in uniform.”

This directive threw the Army men in Washington into confusion. Under peacetime policy, all officers stationed in the War Department had been wearing civilian clothes. No more bedraggled group of officers ever appeared than streamed into the Munitions Building that infamous day, wearing unkempt blouses and unpressed trousers, hurriedly dug up from the bottoms of trunks. But war had come and there was no time for dress parade.

The Army radio staff quickly filed in and manned the battery of telephones already jammed with calls from networks

and radio stations throughout the country. Everyone was asking for confirmation and advice.

West Coast stations were immediately ordered off the air!

Then cots were moved into the offices and corridors for a continuous twenty-four hour vigil that was to last throughout the war.

A thousand questions poured in from everywhere:

“What does a radio station do in case of an air raid?”

“When does it go *back* on the air?”

“What about broadcasts on weather forecasts? What about radio advance reports of frosts? They are vital to fruit growers in California and to cattle raisers in the Southwest!”

“How about ‘man-on-the-street’ broadcasts? What’s to prevent an enemy agent from sending a secret message in the answers he gives to the questions?”

“What about discussion programs, where members of the audience ask questions from the floor?”

“Those foreign language broadcasts in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago—German, Polish and Italian—do they continue? Are they safe?”

“Will the Army furnish armed protection for transmitters and studios?”

“How should stations handle casualty lists?”

“Must we check local news phoned in by anonymous persons?”

Station KSL, Salt Lake City, had received a call from Spokane, Washington, from someone connected with the Lockheed plant there. Since all the West Coast stations were off the air, KSL, four hundred miles east, was “coming in like a house afire.” “Someone” wanted an announcement broadcast to all Lockheed workers to report to work immediately. Was this okay? It was.

However, this “okay” brought a gripe from the silenced

West Coast stations. If 50,000-watt transmitters from Salt Lake City and Denver were to be heard up and down the coast, enemy aircraft and planes might use them for a "fix," also.

Questions continued to stream in.

Unable to reach the Radio Branch through the overloaded lines, the networks installed "tie-lines" to the Munitions Building whereby the Army radio staff could talk directly with the Washington and New York network news chiefs by merely picking up the phone.

Every commentator in town was trying to reach Bill Bailey, Radio Branch news chief, for "background" and the all-important "fill-ins."

While every Army radio public relations officer from Alaska to Panama was seeking to contact Army Radio Headquarters in Washington, locally the generals were besieged for statements and radio talks.

"Here's a script being teletyped."

"Let me read it to you over the phone!"

"What's on the secret list?"

"Can we use radio to recall men on furlough?"

Seacoast towns and ports of embarkation each had special radio security problems, as did each branch of the Army: air, ground and service forces.

Requests from network program producers flooded in. Everyone wanted Generals Marshall and MacArthur. "Exclusive," of course!

To stem the tide, the Radio Branch asked the Associated Press, International News Service, and United Press to "dead-head" service messages and temporary instructions. These messages reached every radio station and network in the United States without cost. Instructions to Alaska, Panama, and the Philippines were radioed or cabled in Army code.

Shortly thereafter, Neville Miller, then president of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), was asked to call a meeting of representatives of the radio industry to formulate a *voluntary* code of censorship and program policy.

This was an historic meeting for American radio.* Those present were too absorbed in the immediate critical problems to view the conference with historical perspective. But here American radio was facing war for the first time. Could it survive without surrendering all its prerogatives to military supervision? That was the "\$64 question."

The section of the Communications Act of 1934, covering radio, read as follows:

Upon proclamation by the President, should there exist war or threat of war or public peril or disaster or other national emergency, or in order to preserve the neutrality of the United States, the President may suspend or amend for such time as he may see fit, the rules and regulations applicable to any or all stations within the jurisdiction of the United States as prescribed by the Federal Communications Commission, and cause the closing of any radio communication and the removal therefrom of its apparatus and equipment, or he may authorize the use or control of any such station and/or its apparatus and equipment by any department of the government under such regulations as he may prescribe, upon just compensation to the owners.

Certain segments of the radio industry "just knew" that there was a secret "M-Day" plan for the government to move in on radio the minute the war started. With foreboding, they had talked of a "New Deal" plot to take over radio and to shackle free speech in this country.

Neville Miller stressed the gravity of the situation. The future of American radio under free enterprise was clearly at stake. There was no pattern, no precedent, no blueprint, not

* See Appendix.

even the dreaded "M-Day" plan to guide the discussion—only patriotism and common sense. From that meeting issued a document which was to become part of the basis for the more formal "Code of Voluntary Censorship" to be administered by the Office of Censorship.

What does not concern the war does not concern censorship.

That was the fundamental thesis upon which Byron Price operated the wartime Office of Censorship. Price had come to his post as censor through appointment by President Roosevelt. Behind him was a long and distinguished career in the newspaper business, principally with the Associated Press.

Price had vision, the one quality which more than any other of his talents accounts for the success of censorship in World War II. He approached his task with two interlocking resolutions:

First, to keep the enemy ignorant of information which might aid him in prosecuting the war against the Allies.

Second, to accomplish this in a fashion consistent with democratic beliefs, as far as the emergency would permit.

Working toward these twin objectives, he established a system of *voluntary* censorship for the press and for broadcasting within the United States. The success of his experiment—for it was an experiment—is best attested to by its effectiveness, which even the enemy has since acknowledged; and by the high tribute paid to Price and his organization by the public and by the President himself. That he should have left the office still popular with his fellow-Americans surprised even Price. For early in his censorship days he declared grimly: "A censor will never win a popularity contest."

When Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese, many

felt that the military should assume control of American broadcasting facilities. Had it not been for Price's Rooseveltian smoothness combined with a Churchillian stubbornness, American radio might have been seized "for the duration." At best there would have been a censor overseeing each station, and the power of many of the outlets would have been reduced.

However, Price felt that the broadcasters were as competent to censor themselves voluntarily as were the publishers, who were not regimented. It was not easy to convince some of the military strategists. But he did persuade them to let him try.

Probably few radio people and fewer listeners know that Price was actually empowered under the first War Powers Act to discard the voluntary system and to impress censorship upon the domestic stations.

Price and his assistants (J. Harold Ryan was Price's assistant in charge of broadcasting) moved quickly to establish a system of voluntary censorship for the broadcasters in much the same cool but determined manner that he undertook the corollary task for the press. He consulted with industry and with government leaders on the provisions of a code to guide station operators.

The first "censorship code" was submitted to Price in rough draft on January 8, 1942. After corrections in his office, it was issued under date of January 15—the first official document on broadcasting released in the United States during the war.

The first two paragraphs set the pattern:

In wartime it is the responsibility of every citizen to help prevent the enemy, insofar as possible, from obtaining war,

navy, air or economic intelligence which might be of value to him and inimical to our national effort.

The broadcasting industry has enlisted with enthusiasm in the endeavor, and the following is intended to be helpful in systematizing co-operation on a voluntary basis during the period of the emergency . . .

The code was divided broadly into two sections, one covering news, the other general program operations. Broadcasters were cautioned that all newspapers and periodicals were censored at our borders before leaving the country. In other words, printed matter was subjected to *two* censorship processes since the publishers operated under their own voluntary press censorship as well. But, *once spoken into the microphone, words could not be recaptured*. If the station was powerful enough, its signal could be heard by the enemy within seconds.

News of weather, troops, ship and plane movements, war experiments, fortifications, production, casualties, etc., was especially proscribed.

With certain restrictions, newspapers and periodicals were permitted to publish weather reports. But during this early period there was a complete blackout of weather information on the air. German submarines were operating with alarming effectiveness off our east coast—and weather information from our domestic stations could inform the listening U-boat commanders whether there would be any sailings from seaboard ports. Later, when the enemy submarines had been driven from our waters, this section of the code was revised.

Broadcasters were asked to exercise special care in handling request programs, quiz programs, forums, interviews and commentaries.

Specifically, the original code stated:

It is requested that all audience participation type quiz programs originating from remote points, either by wire, transcription or shortwave, be discontinued.

This ended the popular man-on-the-street programs. Later, broadcasters demonstrated extraordinary ingenuity in designing formats which would not violate the code for this type of show.

After the Allies began to make military progress, the code was gradually modified, and supplemented by special "requests" issued by the Office of Censorship. Such requests were necessitated by the travels of the President, special emergencies in shipping, the movements of troops and similar situations requiring secret treatment.

The whole operation demanded that the broadcaster, as *voluntary* censor, be unusually vigilant. He had to spot and delete all information which might help the enemy. However, if the information had been released by an "appropriate authority," there was no proscription.

No one could broadcast that a certain ship was sailing from a given port at a specific time. Yet if Admiral King, for example, announced the sailing *publicly*, there was no embargo on that news item. The Admiral knew the security value of the information; if he made it public then radio might safely use it.

Throughout the war, Price and his aides were constantly asked to define an "appropriate authority." No definition was forthcoming. The Secretary of State, for example, might be an appropriate authority for diplomatic or even economic information, but he could not be considered such for military information of high significance. These paradoxes made the censors rack their brains. It was literally impossible to define an "A.A." an appropriate authority, who might fit every situation.

The Broadcasting Division of the Office of Censorship * *never employed more than six persons at any one time*. These six, who might be termed advisers, consulted with the broadcasters in "calling the close ones." If a broadcaster was doubtful about an "A.A.," he usually asked the Division for an interpretation.

To assist radio, the Division maintained a news-desk to spot-monitor the network commentators. Four network outlets in Washington fed their programs to this desk over special lines. The same desk spot-checked local commentators throughout the nation by calling for scripts periodically. This, of course, was *post*-broadcast censorship. If deviations from the code were discovered, the persons responsible were notified. Subsequent consultations on these infractions, which were almost always unintentional, served to establish the principles of the code more firmly.

Drew Pearson was the only national commentator who insisted that his script be *previewed* on a regular basis before going on the air. Mr. Pearson was broadcasting over the American Broadcasting Company network on Sunday nights, and each week his script was delivered to the Office of Censorship for perusal and suggestions.

"The March of Time" over ABC, and "We, the People" over Columbia, also submitted their scripts for pre-broadcast censorship. With these few exceptions the broadcasters across the nation voluntarily censored their own material.

The foreign language stations in this country posed a difficult problem. Some 127 stations broadcast programs in about thirty languages. In most cases, the management spoke none of the languages! It was therefore impossible for the head of

* See Appendix.

the station to assume responsibility for the contents of his foreign language scripts.

To grapple with this situation the Broadcasting Division established a special foreign language section and employed three translators to cover about a dozen stations. Through spot-checks and constant liaison with the foreign language broadcasters themselves, violations of the code were sharply reduced.

In addition, the Office of Censorship requested that the operators of the foreign language stations employ linguists to check their programs. Although it put an economic burden on the marginal broadcasters, they immediately co-operated, with one exception. The "holdout," under pressure from the NAB, dropped his foreign language programs.

In co-operation with other government agencies, the Broadcasting Division conducted extensive investigations into the backgrounds of those who broadcast in foreign tongues, especially the German and Italian speaking employees. In only two cases was it necessary to dismiss personnel.

The microphone is always a delicate instrument. In time of war the most innocent slip could speak volumes to the foe. Protection of the President's movements was always difficult. On one occasion, the Governor of a southern state through which a Presidential train was passing said on the air: "As I talk to you right now, my great friend and yours, the President, is within the borders of this state." Although the Governor's script had been carefully checked before he went on, no one could have guessed that he would *ad lib!*

On another occasion, J. Harold Ryan, Byron Price's assistant, was invited to be a guest on "Vox Pop." After lead-in conversation about censorship, with explanations to the audience that ship movements could not be mentioned, that

weather information was taboo, the program got under way. A few minutes later this dialogue took place between two radio personalities:

"Well, how do you like Washington?"

"Washington?" the guest returned. "Great city, our Capital. Why, I was just thinking as I drove down Pennsylvania Avenue this morning with the sun beating down on those lovely marble buildings . . ."

There it was, for hostile ears beyond our borders! *The sun was shining in Washington today*. Weather news! There were red faces around that microphone.

The Manhattan Project caused the gravest concern. Only three in the Office of Censorship knew about the atomic experiments. No one but Price himself had any inkling of the full implications of these experiments. Even the censors were told only enough to insure intelligent interpretation of code queries.

When the United States Employment Service began to release "Help Wanted" announcements to radio stations in areas adjacent to Manhattan Project installations, the Broadcasting Division faced a new puzzler. Radio was the quickest medium for recruiting labor. Yet, the wording of these announcements might tip off the enemy to the location of vital and secret war plants!

An alert broadcaster first called attention to the danger. It took a hectic twenty-four hours to withdraw the announcements, to re-word them and to re-schedule them. The enemy learned nothing, and the necessary personnel for the Manhattan Project was secured.

Everyone remembers the charm of the late President Roosevelt's radio personality. He was a real audience-getter, and,

as they say in the trade, "always good for a big Hooper." However, as the result of one early censorship practice, his listener index fell off sharply. The Office of Censorship had made a policy that there be no announcement before air time of either the time or the place of Mr. Roosevelt's broadcasts. Since he almost invariably spoke from the White House, it might be fairly simple for someone who knew the time of the broadcast to plan some deviltry against his person at that hour.

This lack of advance announcements pushed the President's Hooper rating in September, 1942, to a low of 47 per cent of the available audience. Before security regulations, he had commanded 65 to 70 per cent!

After that, Censorship altered its policy. The *time* of the broadcast could be announced in advance but the prohibition against the mention of the *place* continued to the war's end.

"Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter." John Keats' line would find few radio listeners in agreement. According to research experts, the average American spends eight hours in bed, eight hours at work, and *some four and one-half hours*, more than one-half of his leisure time, listening to his radio!

Silence that radio and you cause grumbling in peacetime and, possibly, panic in war. Yet the Army had to keep that possibility in mind the minute after Pearl Harbor until V-J Day.

In the early days of the war the psychology of the civilian population of America was like that of a spectator in a grandstand seat, who witnesses a great spectacle, but is safely out of the action. Millions had personal contacts with the combat units, but all were at least 3,000 miles from the nearest frontline. None expected to be transplanted to the field of battle.

But suppose bombs dropped on the "spectators' gallery?"

Could America take it? The British had taken it, the Russians had taken it. But could we?

The Fighter Commands charged with keeping enemy planes away from our coasts and borders *had* to consider this contingency. Any morning it might become a horrible reality.

What would Americans do if, one day, dialing their radios, they got nothing but silence all across the board? Radio station signals could be used by enemy aircraft as avenues of approach to the city targets they sought. *In war, even silence must be synchronized.*

The absence of any "M-Day" plan was all the more noticeable immediately following Pearl Harbor. Stations went on and off the air, uncertain whether anyone had the authority to order such action. A week after all stations were restored to the air, one broadcaster complained to the War Department that all his competitors were back on the air, but that no one had given *him* the go-ahead. He was pretty sore about it.

Out of the confusion grew the "United Broadcasters of the Pacific Coast," a volunteer organization financed by the *radio station operators*. It linked all the stations for air alerts, providing for the broadcast of messages over closed circuits during periods of radio silence. The plan was controlled from the Presidio in San Francisco, the headquarters of the Fourth Fighter Command. Later, a similar plan was developed for the eastern seaboard.

"Comics, Sex, and Casualties."

That was the way *Variety*, "bible of the entertainment world," captioned a War Department letter which it published in November, 1942.

The invasion of North Africa had begun. The nation was beginning to realize that the price of victory is paid in casualties.

Night after night soldiers were appearing on radio programs, in camps and in the studios. And day after day the overseas casualty lists swelled.

In the serviceman, the gag-happy comedians found a vibrant new audience, desperately in need of a laugh and of time out from the terribly serious business of learning to kill.

But subjects which were funny in peacetime were somehow not so funny in wartime. More and more were men receiving "Greetings" from the President and free transportation to camp.

In its issue of November 18, 1942, *Variety* noted how the Army confronted this new and delicate problem:

The Public Relations Bureau of the War Department in Washington is writing all radio entertainers for whom it has addresses a personal letter thanking them for what they have already done for the war, but seeking to drive home to the actor, the master of ceremonies, and particularly the comedian, the changed conditions which have gradually developed after a year of fighting. In particular, the War Department is worried about two things:

(1) That American soldiers shall be represented to the public in dignified terms only.

(2) That sex jokes, allusions, not give American parents the idea that Army life bears any resemblance to *What Price Glory* or *The Cockeyed World* of regretfully-too-recent memory.

Thus American radio hastily girded itself for war. That voluntary censorship could be effective was to prove to be a triumph for democracy. The necessary self-discipline was in no small degree inspired by President Roosevelt's statement when he set forth the Office of Censorship program:

"All Americans abhor censorship, just as they abhor war. But the experience of this and of all other nations has dem-

onstrated that some degree of censorship is essential in wartime, and we are at war.

"The important thing now is that such forms of censorship as are necessary shall be administered effectively and in harmony with the best interest of our free institutions.

"It is necessary to the national security that military information which might be of aid to the enemy be scrupulously withheld at the source.

"It is necessary that a watch be set upon our borders, so that no such information may reach the enemy, inadvertently or otherwise, through the medium of the mails, radio or cable transmission, or by any other means.

"It is necessary that prohibitions against the domestic publication of some types of information, contained in long-existing statutes, be rigidly enforced.

"Finally, the Government has called upon a patriotic press and radio to abstain voluntarily from the dissemination of detailed information of certain kinds, such as reports of the movements of vessels and troops. The response has indicated a universal desire to co-operate."

Radio, which had been principally a medium of entertainment in peacetime, became in war one of the great lifelines of the nation. It became a vital nerve center of communications as well as a morale-builder. The challenge had been accepted, and the responsibility had been shouldered. Overnight, American radio had grown up.

MANEUVERS WITH A MICROPHONE

THE ARMY MANEUVERS IN 1941 CAME IN FOR A GOOD DEAL of ribbing, not all of it good-natured. These were "free" maneuvers; that is to say, two opposing "armies"—the Red and the Blue—were set against each other under conditions simulating actual combat. Radio and newspaper correspondents assigned to one army could not stroll leisurely between the lines to file their stories. Each man had to be "accredited." Should he be captured, he was out of circulation for twenty-four hours.

Much of the credit for this forward step in the preparation for news coverage of war is due Colonels Ernest Dupuy and Francis Fitzgerald, respectively the chiefs of the News Division and the War Intelligence Division, War Department Bureau of Public Relations.

Along with the Army, the press and radio were being trained for war. It was to prove a blessing, though reporters sometimes scoffed at the whole procedure, feeling like participants in a new and uncomfortable form of charades.

The public relations officer, like the artilleryman, the tankman, the infantryman and the airman, regarded the Louisiana maneuvers in the summer of '41 as a testing ground under combat conditions. Public apathy simplified the job of public relations officers, made it unnecessary for them to worry about spot news. They were just starting out and could turn their attention to more basic problems.

However, the networks and independent stations were

quick to grasp the importance of the "war games." Radio and the Army agreed that the maneuvers could serve as a testing ground for radio coverage in the event of war.

Since there had been no broadcasting during World War I, there were no blueprints for the radio correspondents and the Army to follow now. No one could foresee how the war coverage would shape up. But the radio companies were eager to test their men and the Army's equipment.

To Louisiana, CBS sent their top men, including Eric Sevareid, Bill Shirer, George Fielding Eliot, Bill Slocum, Gene Ryder, Morgan Brewster, Wyllis Cooper and others who were later to distinguish themselves as newswriters and reporters.

NBC and Blue (now ABC) Networks were then a single organization. Their crews were competent and well staffed, (headed by producer Kenneth Fry and "special events" announcers Bob Stanton and David Garroway). However, the maneuvers taught NBC to rely more on reporters and less on "special events" announcers. War was too specialized for the "special events" men.

Mutual was the only network unable to send any trained correspondents. It had to rely upon its affiliates in the area.

Jack Harris, then a civilian at the War Department, was radio liaison between the two armies.

The dead-serious atmosphere of the maneuvers had its lighter moments, too. Radio and newspapermen witnessed episodes that afforded them great, but secret hilarity.

General Walter Krueger, who was later to be MacArthur's hatchet man in cleaning out the Japs, commanded the "Blue" Third Army. (General Krueger's chief of staff was a serious lieutenant colonel named Dwight D. Eisenhower.) General Ben Lear commanded the Second Army, the "Red."

One day, despite every precaution to guard the Second Army headquarters, a lone Third Army private broke through. Perhaps he was lost; in any case, he managed—blue armband and all—to walk unchallenged past the sentinels and into the lion's den, the office of three-star General Ben Lear!

The General raised his head, glowered, and let out a roar: "What the hell do you think you're doing in here?"

The private from the Third Army did not give ground. He realized he had big game in his sights. He took careful aim with his "imitation Garand," and "fired," adding his own sound effects: "Bang! Bang!"

General Lear never saw his "danger." He leaped to his feet and shouted, "Get the hell out of here before I . . ."

But the private cut him short: "To hell with you, General. You're dead!"

Needless to say, the story never reached a microphone or a newspaper column.

Although everyone knew that warfare was now mobile and mechanized, those planning radio's first war coverage still figured on the same conditions which had prevailed in the days of trench warfare . . . The correspondents would be situated somewhere along the front. When the announcer gave the cue from the studio, the mike would be opened and the action described from the correspondent's vantage point. If there was no excitement, perhaps an officer (on cue from the announcer in New York) would call for a little action from his troops to enliven the broadcast.

The Louisiana maneuvers demonstrated how impractical such calculations would be. The first and most important lesson was that radio programs would have to fit *into the war schedules*, rather than wait for the war to accommodate itself to radio.

The second lesson was that correspondents would not be able to stroll about and pick up exciting bits of war action at any given place or time. If there were to be exciting, frontline action broadcasts, it was concluded, they would have to be achieved primarily on recordings.

For the "fronts" were fluid, rather than stationary, and no correspondent—indeed, no general—could say exactly where or when action suitable for broadcast would occur. Developments depended, to some extent, on the enemy who could hardly be expected to co-operate in putting on a good show for the broadcaster.

Aside from these factors, it was not likely that the Army would be able, at a moment's notice, to provide powerful radio transmitters, all tuned up and properly monitored in the United States, to send blow-by-blow battle descriptions over the air to the folks at home. Big transmitters that could reach either the United States, or points for relay to the United States, would have to be fixed, nonmobile installations. If they were to stay fixed, they would have to be well beyond the lines and hidden from the enemy. Transmitters could not be hauled all over the countryside in wake of the tanks and the doughboys.

Certainly, the Signal Corps could not welcome the prospect of powerful transmitters set up wherever the correspondents found a worthy scene of battle. Nor could Army intelligence be enthusiastic about the notion of broadcasting back to the United States while the fighting was going on. The home listeners might be deeply interested; so would the enemy be. If the Army censor were not to exercise his blue pencil, the enemy might pick up valuable information.

So the dream of "live" action broadcasts directly from the fighting fronts died a-borning.

With its elimination, it became evident that what was

needed was a small, completely portable recording-machine which a single radio correspondent could carry, if necessary, to the most forward points.

In the Signal Corps experimental laboratory a model of such an instrument was found: the wire-recorder which was to play such a vital role in war and postwar reporting. This model had been handmade in the Armour Research Laboratories.

The Army ordered three for experimental purposes. These were first tested under battle conditions in North Africa and in England. Ultimately, the Army ordered them by the hundreds. Without the wire-recorder it would have been impossible to present a sound-picture of the war to the American public.

When the radiomen in Louisiana learned that "live" action broadcasts were not feasible, one enterprising local station correspondent decided to build his own special phony war during the maneuvers for "program purposes."

He sent to his studios for the best sound-effects record of a shooting war. Then, enlisting the co-operation of an artillery unit attached to the Third Army, he gathered his forces on a hillside. The Third Army soldiers read from a script. The radio engineer, with the volume wide open, played the sound-effects record. The phony war went out over the air. But it also had some unexpected results.

The one-star general who commanded all artillery in the division heard the sound effects from a distance, and took it for the real thing. Ammunition was scarce. The general sent for the lieutenant in charge and wanted to know why he was wasting his "ammo" before the signal was given.

Meanwhile, a Second Army patrol, attracted by the sound, came over the hill and captured the entire artillery outfit:

Nevertheless, this incidental use of sound effects on a Louisiana hillside was the forerunner of Army experiments for the use of descriptive noise to deceive the enemy, especially in landing operations.

An experiment in radio psychological warfare, begun in Louisiana during the maneuvers, later became a major weapon.

Brooks Watson, of WMBD, Peoria, War Department radio representative with the Second Army, and Captain Barney Oldfield, General Lear's radio officer, played the principal roles in the first experiment. As Watson recalls it:

"We called this 'combat public relations' and we worked it out so that if we could take over a radio station without any fanfare, we could fool the Third Army into a 'snafu' movement when the big phase of the maneuvers got under way. There was just one little obstacle; General Lear had to be convinced of the wisdom of the idea, for he hadn't even heard of 'combat public relations.'

"The General wasn't really taking any risk. He would have his Second Army lined up along the north side of the Red River, which snakes southeasterly across Louisiana. General Lear was planning to make a try at crossing somewhere between Shreveport and Alexandria. The "combat public relations" idea was to try to draw the Blue Army *away* from that area and leave things clear for the crossing. Even if the scheme failed, nothing would be lost.

"As soon as Captain Oldfield got the go-ahead from Colonel R. A. Griffin on our idea, he contacted Mr. E. R. Capellini, the manager of Station KALB and explained the details.

"Capellini was a good guy. 'Go ahead,' he agreed, 'capture the place, blow it up—anything! So long as we don't lose a commercial.'

"The term 'top secret' hadn't been in general use then, but everyone involved had been warned to keep mum about our little plan. Just to make sure we didn't arouse any suspicions, we didn't even ride all the way into Alexandria. We dismissed our transportation on the north bank of the Red River, and

walked across the bridge like a bunch of Mexicans on a picnic.

"It was about 5 A.M. when we hurried through the little downtown district of Alexandria and a few blocks off the main drag to the KALB studios, which were located on the second floor of a business building. It looked like anything but a radio station.

"Mr. Capellini was there to greet us and introduced us to the rest of the staff who were being 'captured.' They went over the schedule with us and gave us a few tips on the routine (orientation hadn't been invented yet). At 6 A.M. KALB went on the air as usual. The program was the same, only the announcer was different. He was one of our men, Private John Sarber.

"The whole idea of this 'combat public relations' scheme was based on Captain Oldfield's conviction that the enemy, the Blue Army, would be monitoring the radio station for possible clues on the plans or whereabouts of the opposition (that was us). We were simply going to beat 'em to the draw and be sure they got what they were looking for. The information would, of course, be phony and designed to throw 'em off the track.

"We were to make routine announcements, to make the Blue Army think our Red Army was going to launch the attack right there in Alexandria. Meanwhile, our forces would be throwing a pontoon bridge across the Red River about forty miles north.

"Shortly after the program routine on KALB got under way we announced an 'interruption' to broadcast a 'special bulletin, from the highway department, cautioning motorists to be careful on the highway north out of Alexandria because many Army vehicles were being gathered along certain sections of the road. That was the decoy, calculated to make suckers out of the Third Army.

"A little while later, we gave it to 'em again—only more so. We 'revealed' that the vehicles were moving south, and that the highway might be blocked at some points.

"At about 11 o'clock we got instructions from Colonel Griffin to make the announcement that the Red Army had

taken over operation of the radio station. It was vaguely worded, in such a way as to give the impression that the Red Army was moving across the river into Alexandria.

"After that we kept watch at the windows. Sure enough, pretty soon we saw a command car whiz around the corner, loaded with a bunch of determined-looking Joes! One or two of them had Blue rags tied around their arms.

"They circled the block and by this time we were sure they were looking for the radio station, which was right under their noses!

"We gave it to 'em again, over the air. KALB had been captured by the Red Army, etc, etc. Then another command car showed up. Third Army GI's were hanging on the side and they certainly were looking for something. I don't remember how many times they went around the block. Sooner or later, we knew they were bound to get wise.

"I was on the air, reading the noon news broadcast and feeling not a little nervous. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that something new was happening. Nor did I have to wait long to find out what it was. Most of the studio personnel had gathered at the observation window. Just then a big guy with a rifle a mile long walked right into the studio. I put my finger up to my lips and gave him the old 'shush' act so that I could finish a few more paragraphs and not gum up the works for the sponsor.

"Then I simply announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, the reign of the Red Army as captor of Radio Station KALB is about to end.' The big GI mumbled melodramatically 'You're under arrest.' I gave the engineer the signal to cut, and a regular KALB announcer took over in another studio.

"Captain Oldfield, Lieutenant Rankin Roberts, Sergeant Duncan and I were captured. It seemed funny to us at the moment, but soon the Blue Army began to give us the 'works,' from one headquarters to another, all the way back to their Army topline.

"It didn't make it easier that Captain Oldfield's name was the same as the great auto racer of the 1900's. Every time he had to give his name, Barney Oldfield, they would get tough and order him to cut out the funny stuff.

"Nobody in the whole Blue Army was amused by our little radio station stunt, although we wouldn't disclose that it had been cooked up for a specific purpose. In fact, we wouldn't admit anything. After we had been hauled from one place to another for about five hours, the Blue Army found reasons aplenty for being sore.

"They had swallowed our phony broadcast all right, and had started to move up a whole division to meet the expected attack across the bridge at Alexandria! Not only that, five hours later they were *still moving toward Alexandria*, as we threaded our way toward the rear.

"By this time, General Lear had got his forces across the Red River. All General Kreuger had to his credit was the capture of a few radiomen."

Radio learned some of its earliest lessons in psychological warfare during the Louisiana maneuvers. But radio on maneuvers was still using the trial-and-error method. Every person connected with the industry was to be grateful for these dress rehearsals which prepared them for the actual and deadly scenes later to be enacted in the theaters of war.



THIS IS THE "ARMY HOUR"

THE HOUR WAS GRAVE. CORREGIDOR LAY BESIEGED. OUR ARMY was green and untested, our weapons untried. The babel of confused voices was heard everywhere.

American public opinion was divided into two camps: those who felt we had little chance of defeating the Germans and the Japs or that it would take too long and cost too much; and those who disregarded the realities and held that one Yank was better than a dozen Germans or two dozen Japs and that soon it would be all over but the shouting.

These were anxious days for the War Department staff at the old Munitions Building. Just as the entire technique of war had changed from trench battles to blitzkrieg, so had war news become streamlined. The American public felt the impact of events within hours, sometimes even within minutes of actual occurrences. Moreover, if the War Department did not release the news, the enemy was likely to bombard America with his own distorted radio version. For in total war words can be as deadly as bombs.

The War Department was faced with the problem of establishing confidence in ultimate victory in the American mind. How to achieve this frame of mind without giving away vital information was baffling. The War Department did brief but dared not divulge the whole story to the editors, commentators, and columnists who shaped American opinion.

Thus, in the early days of the war the terse communiques

of the Army were subject to a variety of interpretations, depending on the background and sometimes on the whims of the persons handling the releases.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, in his first wartime off-the-record press and radio conference, described the problem graphically: "I decided to invite you here to show you the stack of radio messages I have on my desk from overseas commanders." Then, pointing to a thick sheaf of papers, he added, "Every one of these bears a striking similarity. Each commander wants more troops, at least a full division. Each commander adds that unless he gets these reinforcements at once, he can't be responsible for the consequences. The trouble is I've got only enough troops to satisfy *two* of them, and enough shipping to satisfy only *one*. But the record is plain, isn't it? They asked for troops, and I didn't respond. You see, gentlemen, my job isn't as simple as yours. Every morning in the newspapers I read solutions to my problems in all parts of the world. I can't use these solutions for one reason. As a general, and not a columnist, I must deliver the actual troops and ships."

The General's point was well-taken. But it did not solve the problem. Columnists must write and commentators must talk: readers and listeners expect it. If wartime secrecy blacked out the best sources, these molders of opinion would dig up what they could, sometimes with sorry results.

To fill the need, partly at least, something new was created in radio: "The Army Hour," which scholarly Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson dubbed a "military operation."

By this time, the civilians who had been called in to start the Radio Branch of the War Department Bureau of Public Relations had settled into their uniforms. They still felt a bit uncomfortable, but managed an awkward salute when necessary. These radiomen in khaki proposed to the late General Alexan-

der D. Surles, director of the War Department Bureau of Public Relations, that the United States Army take full advantage of radio. Let the Army drop the stuffed-shirt approach which limited it to the curt, not-too-informative two-hundred-word communique. Let it, instead, go directly to the people with its own radio program, supplied by the men who were doing the fighting. Security would be achieved, for the Army would maintain complete control over the program, its editorial direction and its contents.

The original plan also included the Navy, for a full hour each Sunday afternoon or evening, under the title "The Army-Navy Hour."

General Surles concurred, as did Secretary Stimson. However, the Navy rejected the idea, for it felt that the networks would resent "the services going into the production business." The Navy preferred simply to provide the releases and let the networks handle their own productions. Subsequently, this proved to be a fortunate decision for the Army, because the difficulties of co-ordination would have made combined radio broadcasts a virtual impossibility. Three years later, as the war ended, the Navy changed its policy and did come up with a network series of its own, the "Navy Hour."

The Army approached the radio networks with the proposal for the "Army Hour": to be written and produced by Army personnel in the United States and overseas, wherever facilities could be established. The costs were to be shared. CBS, ABC (then Blue Network), and Mutual declined. However, NBC accepted and offered an excellent time, the hour beginning at 3:30 P.M. EST each Sunday.

Indeed, Frank Mullen, executive vice-president of NBC, became so enthusiastic that he magnanimously told General Surles: "We're with you all the way—up to a half-million dollars a year." But NBC bore the costs, which ran to hun-

dreds of thousands annually, exclusive of the cost to the 138 NBC station affiliates for their own time, which ran into millions. With such solid support, the Army producers never had to discard any feature because of expense. The air was theirs and the sky was the limit.

The initial program was broadcast on Army Day, April 5, 1942. It was written by Wyllis Cooper and produced under Army radio supervision by Robert Coleson, and Edwin Dunham for NBC, who became its permanent producer. Its format taught the Army that there could be such a thing as too much brass. Five lieutenant generals plus the Secretary of War appeared on the show!

However, the inauguration of the "Army Hour" had one gratifying result. Over on the rock called Corregidor, Major General Jonathan Wainwright and his men got word of the "Army Hour." For, during the frequent Nip batterings, the defenders clung to their last link with home: the short-wave radio. What a moment it was, when an officer in the Signal Corps decoded this poignant message!

To War Department Bureau of Public Relations from Wainwright. Understand Army starts own radio show on Army Day. We'll be listening. Would like to participate. Can offer pretty good jug band, interviews with men by Clark Lee (then A.P. Reporter) and short talk by self. Will broadcast via "Voice of Freedom." If agreeable, inform us our time allotment and will advise you frequencies to monitor.

Here was a chance for the American people to hear *directly* from Wainwright and his men!

Unfortunately, the struggle to be heard over the tiny "Voice of Freedom" radio was as one-sided as the early fight against the Japs. The Corregidor transmitter could send out a coded message, but it would take a minor miracle to get through via voice. Still it was worth a trial. Secret arrange-

ments were made for Army transmitters in San Francisco, Hawaii, and Australia to monitor the Wainwright broadcast to the "Army Hour." The British monitored in London, Cairo and New Delhi. Commercial American shortwave facilities were tuned in to pick up the signal of the "Voice of Freedom."

The "Army Hour" went on the air. No mention was made of the likelihood that Wainwright would broadcast from the Rock, for then the Japs would surely "jam" that frequency. A few minutes before broadcast time, the Corregidor engineers put the "Voice of Freedom" on the air to warm up the transmitter and offer the listening posts around the world a test on which to pick up the signal.

America never heard the Wainwright broadcast. Yet that weak but unconquerable voice from Corregidor did reach across the Pacific to Brisbane, Australia.

For five minutes the test from Corregidor came through. Then suddenly, as George Putnam, the "Army Hour" announcer was about to say, "*We take you now to Corregidor,*" the Japs located the frequency and "jammed" it. This was a bitter disappointment to all the men, from General Wainwright down. It had been a wonderful chance for a "live" contact with home.

However, if those on Bataan and Corregidor could not contact the U.S.A. by radio, we could still reach them. The following Sunday the weakening fighters were heartened by the voice of Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear. He, a few weeks earlier, had been smuggled off Corregidor in a submarine to bring the General Staff at the War Department information of the gravest importance about the Japanese. By this time Bataan had fallen. With its loss went the necessity for secrecy. So Clear was allowed to speak freely on the dire situation. This moving report by the first man back from Bataan and

Corregidor made one of the most memorable "Army Hour" broadcasts of the war. Said Clear:

"The heroism of those men out there is all the more glorious because they knew all the time that the persistent efforts of the War Department to bring them supplies and relief were doomed to failure. Our forces on Bataan collapsed because they were physically exhausted. Day after day, week after week, they had thrown back the nerve-racking Japanese attacks. The Japs had fresh troops, which they threw in lavishly. Our men had no such relief. They stayed in the front lines and took it on the chin. They are the bravest soldiers I have ever seen."

"Living on Corregidor is like living on a bull's-eye. It is and it will be the target of everything the Japanese have got. There is literally no place where bombs are not likely to fall. But the Japanese attacking Corregidor must still combat American courage and American marksmanship and American ingenuity and American steadfastness."

"Now since I know some of them out on Corregidor are listening in, just a word to them: From the phone calls I have had since my return, I can report to you men that you are, waking and sleeping, first and last, in the thoughts of your families and friends here. And friends you have never met all over America, are also keeping you in their thoughts and prayers. Yours has been a victory not only in the Far East, but here at home as well. You have proved to Americans here as well as to people all over the world that the American fighting spirit has not been—can never be conquered. The inspiration of your stand has reached into every home, school, and factory. It is this American fighting spirit which you have aroused which will bring us eventual victory."

The response to Colonel Clear's broadcast was overwhelming. In Washington, NBC's switchboard was tied up until past midnight with calls from all over the country. Throughout

the following week he received more long distance calls and telegrams.

The message had been put across: America had "seen" Bataan and Corregidor in its hardship and desolation. It was defeat without despair. Because now the nation also had the example of those "grim, gaunt men of Bataan" to serve as an incentive to greater home effort.

One of the biggest scares General Hap Arnold ever got during the entire war occurred one afternoon when he was reading the funny papers! "Terry and the Pirates" was one of his favorite comic strips, but it made the blond, affable commander of the AAF turn purple and almost choke.

As most fans of Terry know, Flip Corkin, one of the heroes, is modeled after cartoonist Milton Caniff's real-life buddy, Phil Cochran. Phil was one of General Arnold's brightest boys in the wide blue yonder. Wherever there was likely to be a daring or dangerous mission, there you might find Colonel Cochran, keeping up with his comic-strip counterpart, or vice versa.

It was the vice versa that aroused General Arnold. Cartoonist Caniff, spinning Corkin's experiences *out of the thin air of his own imagination*, had placed him right down in the spot Colonel Cochran was *then* located. His Corkin was fooling around exactly the same types of planes and planning a not dissimilar mission to the highly secret one Cochran was about to lead! General Arnold, the British—indeed all the Allies—were counting heavily on the element of surprise, which was that daring mission's only chance of success.

Fortunately, the Japs were not up on "Terry and the Pirates." But General Hap Arnold was, and he knew a "reasonable facsimile" when he saw one. But what can one do after he sees it?

The operation was under way and America received through the "Army Hour," a stirring report of one of the most daring Anglo-American adventures of the war. Assigned to the mission was Lieutenant Colonel James Warner Bellah, experienced G-2 officer of two wars and a well-known writer. It was arranged at the War Department for Bellah to go along, doubling in G-2 and firsthand reporter duties. The Chief of Staff and Arnold obtained priorities for one of the leaders of the mission, Colonel John Allison, to fly back as soon as practicable, with Bellah's story for the public, along with Allison's own report to the War Department.

Here is Bellah's story from his "Army Hour" report:

"This is how Phil Cochran flew the vanguard of General Wingate's forces over the mountains in the bright moonlight, and put it down in the heart of Jap-held Burma. . . . How some men died, but hordes of men lived to strike a vital master-stroke to save China, and help Stilwell and Wingate conquer Northern Burma. . . .

"In the vast glider park in Assam rang voices from Brooklyn, London, Texas, and Nepal, but nobody seemed to have any nationality left. . . . Phil Cochran closed his briefing with:

"Take a look at those two open spaces on the map. Open spaces ringed with jungle and mountain. None of us have ever been on the ground there, but we've got photographs. Soon troop-carrying gliders will start down into those places. We're moving an entire Army in behind the Jap lines and those clearings have to be taken and held at all costs. *Because gliders can't come back. . . .*

"Our glider shuddered as the tow ship took up slack in the ropes. Then we began to move down the strip into the dust. . . . struggling and howling for flying speed, bouncing, straining and then tearing free from the earth.

"And now we were air-borne. Alone in the Assam sun. . . . It picked out the red in the stubby beards of our party and shone in highlights on rifle barrels and knife hilts. Then it was gone and all we could see was the quick jungle purple below

and the blue exhaust of the tow ship ahead. And all we could hear was the thundering noise of our thrust through the air.

"In a few moments we were across the Burma frontier with the mountain behind us. In enemy-held Burma . . .

"John Allison turned his head and shouted, 'Target in twenty-minutes,' and all of us in that glider came alive. Bolts snicked sharply as cartridges snapped into chambers . . .

"The word passed for safety belts and catches to click to.

"John Allison and the Doc called out together, 'They've got the smudges lit.'

"That means the first glider is already down.

"Allison hit the cut-off at a thousand feet and we were gliding free, coming in sharply for a landing in complete darkness. Here we go—packed to the guard—with no power but gravity to bring us in. Here we go into a blind clearing at better than a hundred miles an hour, howling down the night wind deep in the heart of enemy territory . . . with little John Allison fighting the controls and Doc Tullock calling out his altitude and flying speed to him.

"Nine hundred feet, eight hundred, seven hundred, six hundred, two hundred, air speed sixty, fifty . . . trees.

"And we're over them.

"Two lights have shot past under us. Doc calls 'brace!'

"A long flat shadow-land . . . we flatten for it, sink toward it, strike it and bounce. Then suddenly we have stopped . . . doors fly open and the security party hits off on the run. Voices cry—

"'Mandalay! Mandalay! Mandalay! Mandalay!'

"Here they come—more gliders. You can see them in the moonlight over the distant trees. . . .

"But, howling down into the clearing with their heavy load . . . one of them rushes on, with death reaching for it.

"There is a splintering and crushing thunderclap echoing across the night silences and the glider is done. Voices in the night:

"'Get that thing off the runway!'

"'All hands to the wreck!'

"'Clear that landing space for the gliders coming in!'

"Everyone turns on the disabled ship, horsing, tugging

frantically to get it out of the way. A big glider with one wheel off is a helpless thing and damned hard to move.

"Fifty men strain at the wreck but she doesn't budge.

"Two more gliders howled down over the trees, roaring toward the congestion. One of the two sees the wreck in time . . . zooms over it with the last of its speed and plows in safely just beyond. But now the second one crashes and welds two gliders into a ball of scrap.

"Screams tear the night and the wrecker crew claws the wreckage with bare hands to get at the injured.

"A British surgeon is already inside doing something under a flashlight—something quite frightful with his kukris after his morphine has stilled the screaming.

"There is a quiet North-country voice in there saying, 'Don't move me, this is where I hit—and this is where I die.'

"And somebody's damn good sergeant goes out on the tide. *You don't have heroes in armies any more—you just have men.*

"John Allison had the landing strip laid out and again the gliders began to swoop in two by two with their troops and bulldozers and earth movers. Enough now to hold that clearing for thirteen daylight hours. The thirteen hours necessary for combat engineers to make an airport for power ships. And with the first fish-belly light, the bulldozers began to growl and the engineers were at it grading, filling, leveling off hummocks, cutting the rank buffalo grass. Piling disabled gliders under trees. All through the forenoon toiled the engineers in the gathering heat . . .

"And now it was done. That tiny clearing deep in enemy territory, so deep that when you looked at it on the map you still couldn't believe you were there. But you were. And it was no longer enemy territory. It belonged to us—it was an airport ringed now with enough men to hold it for the hours left to wait. Ready for our Army to fly in far behind Japanese lines. All that the air strip needed was a name. Then suddenly it didn't need a name. It had many names—

"Names from Brooklyn—from London—from Texas and Nepal. Men who would stay there with it forever—deep in the Burma jungle—watching over it.

"A motor roared far up in the evening sky—first of the troop ships. Then wave after wave came in and landed. Taxiing down the new strip they disgorged their army. Faster than they ever could at LaGuardia Field—one after another, circling, cutting on their landing lights, roaring down to the lighted strip. You could count for a while—then you lost count . . . this was an Army. General Wingate's Army. And Phil Cochran and his gang had flown it down deep in the heart of Jap-held Burma and the password was Mandalay!

"The 'Army Hour' now returns you to New York."

The uncertainty that any program would work out as planned continually filled the life of the radio reporter with suspense. In the annals of the "Army Hour," surprise endings were the rule, rather than the exception. The first program from North Africa was unique. As far as is known, the entire listening audience consisted of one RAF Beaufighter pilot who was scurrying through the clouds chasing German raiders. He dropped in about a week later to say he liked the show.

Major Kenneth W. Clark was responsible for this classic among "Army Hour" productions. In November, 1942, he received a cable asking for sixty minutes of material for the "Army Hour" of November 15. As executive officer of the AFHQ public relations staff in Algeria, Major Clark thought that sixty minutes were none too much to bring to the American public a sound-picture of our first big operation across the Atlantic.

Major Clark's facilities, staff, and knowledge of radio production and engineering were limited, but he tackled the assignment boldly. His duties at the moment were rather complicated, what with the war coverage, the Darlan-Clark negotiations, press communications, and the problems of feeding, transporting and housing a full contingent of correspondents. The sniping Germans and the hilarious French added to

the confusion. However, like a true impresario, Major Clark was determined that the show must go on.

Members of the public relations staff managed the necessary negotiations for the use of Radio Algiers, complete with engineers. The Major, relieved of his technical problems, began his search for talent.

First, a four-piece band—piano, harmonica, mandolin, and drums—was organized. The harmonica player came from the task force, the other three performers were local talent. What they lacked in variety—the entire repertoire consisted of “The Star Spangled Banner” and “Hold That Tiger”—they made up in enthusiasm. Recordings were unearthed of “La Marseillaise” and “God Save the King.” For seasoning, a few Arabic folk tunes were thrown in. To round out the show, several GI’s who had made the landing, and a French officer and a British soldier, for international solidarity, were to appear.

Before air time, however, either gremlins or Olsen & Johnson took over the production. The matchless troupe, after one desultory rehearsal, gathered at the now famous Hotel St. George to proceed *en masse* to the radio station. The French engineers were coaling up their generator. The cast was eager, and a little breathless.

Just then an air raid started! All light and power were shut off by the French authorities. Major Clark had to do some fast talking. As the power was restored, he was handed a message from the War Department. The “Army Hour” did *not-repeat not*—want a full sixty-minute show, but, please, just *six* minutes!

Now the radio show became a delicate diplomatic problem. The French officer was pacing the floor nervously, going over his speech. The British soldier was doggedly rehearsing his lines. The Army band was tearing into “Hold That Tiger” with increasing ardor.

Fifteen seconds before the deadline the Major felt he held the amity of the entire United Nations in the hollow of his hand. What to do?

His decision was a coup d'état. He put on the whole show and let the War Department make its own six-minute selection!

The "Army Hour" even covered the woman's angle through such sequences as that initiated by Captain Bea Parker, principal "Army Hour" WAC reporter in ETO. Captain Parker, a former newspaper woman in Springfield, Massachusetts, discovered a WAC mother whose son was in the Army. After an unofficial investigation, Captain Parker learned that the son was in Italy. She plucked him out of his division for a three-minute mother-and-son interview. The hearts of radio audiences at home had a new appreciation for those who appreciated America and fought for her.

Sometimes the "Army Hour" was the means of bringing direct assurance to the nation. In one brutally frank broadcast, three soldiers—the sole survivors of a force of 175 men in the Ardennes breakthrough—told of the ordeal they had endured. Their report was harrowing, but the dateline preceding it, as uttered by Lieutenant Colonel Howard Nussbaum, brought reassurance: "This is the 'Army Hour' in Luxembourg."

Listeners knew that Luxembourg *had* been one of the German strongholds. That Sunday afternoon, these tired American voices brought home to the radio audience the cheering news that Luxembourg was no longer under the shadow of the Swastika.

One of the great early dramas of the war centered about

the search for the plane that went down in the Pacific, carrying Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

Chances of ever finding that plane in the millions of square miles of ocean, largely under Jap control, were indeed slim.

After weeks of alternate hope and despair came the flash that Captain Eddie and his crew had been located alive.

The flash came on a week-end, after the "Army Hour" was set.

There was not a chance of getting word from Rickenbacker—because of his condition and because he was far removed from communications.

But the "Army Hour" did bring the nation the lovely and gracious wife of the national hero.

Mrs. Rickenbacker spoke for less than half a minute. But hers was one of the most inspirational messages of the war. She said very simply:

"I just want a word with the wives and mothers and sweet-hearts of men who are 'missing in action.' *Girls, don't ever give up hope. I didn't.*"

On the home front, radio personalities used their specialized material to convey to listeners significant elements in the struggle. Bill Stern, NBC ace American sports commentator, used football lingo to describe the work on a Camp Gordon, Georgia, rifle range:

"Out here on the firing range . . . I've been watching another incredible bit of teamwork. That's one word we've all got to know a lot better before this war is won—groups and individuals working together just like a well-trained football team trying to get the ball across the enemy goal line . . . You show your colors on the side of this All-American team . . . Even down to the smallest infantry squad we find teamwork playing the greatest part in the American technique of winning ground from the enemy—and holding it.

"Let's watch one of these teams in action right now. Just in front of us an infantry squad of twelve men is practising an advance against an imaginary enemy. It seems pretty simple, doesn't it? Just a line of twelve men moving forward and winning ground . . . But in football, did you ever hear of the whole team carrying the ball at once? . . . No . . . *Someone* has to take care of the interference and blocking. And that's exactly what happens here. Each squad of twelve men has *two* men who do nothing but block out would-be enemy tacklers. Only here, the enemy tacklers are anti-tank guns, machine gun nests, and pill boxes—and if they slap a tackle on an advancing infantryman, the chances are he'll stay down for good . . ."

The commentator then interviewed two soldiers, describing through dialogue the operation of a Browning Automatic Rifle.

Thus, in clear graphic terms Bill Stern gave "Army Hour" listeners a picture of what it took to win an Allied victory—on the ground—where all wars are won or lost.

The battalion was ready to cross the river and pounce upon the retreating Germans. "H-Hour" was ten minutes away. The Alsatian town was shaken by mortar blasts and machine gun bursts. The sharp *ping!* of a sniper's rifle and, on the road in front of a cottage, a medic dropped, screaming in agony.

Into this scene roared a jeep bearing Corporal Jay L. McMullen, of Cleveland, Ohio, and his wire-recording equipment. His assignment was to produce "frontline action" from the Sixth Army Group's Alsatian front. His wire-recording would be broadcast by shortwave to America so that millions of home listeners could get clear pictures of what went on in that theater of Army operations. The intrepid McMullen became the best known of the "Army Hour" reporters, and his scenes of life and death at the front made it easy to see why.

"There were all these engineers out in the yard . . ." McMullen related laconically, "and inside the kitchen were a lot of GI's trying to keep out the mortar fire falling around the backyard. One guy was in the corner intoning over and over again, 'They got me once; they ain't going to get me again. They got me once . . .'"

"I started my recorder to pick up some of the noise. It was sham, wham, tinkle, crash, bang—like all the earthquakes that ever happened, but a lot more personal, and there was this medic out front screaming. Something went wrong with the recorder, and I was leaning over it when there was a sudden flash. Plaster and laths spouted out of the wall beside me. When I got up, a soldier pulled a chunk of mortar shell out of that wall . . ."

These were the times when securing "Three minutes for the 'Army Hour'" called for frontline heroism.

With all the trials and tribulations besetting the "Army Hour" producers, never did they forget the purpose of the program and those it served. The gifted pen of Wyllis Cooper spelled it out early in the series in a work of radio literature. What he said then, stands today:

VOICE: We, the people of the United States . . .

CHORUS: We, the people of the United States; we the descendants of Pilgrim fathers; we the immigrants from Ireland; we the sons and daughters of African slaves; we whose fathers and mothers were Confederates; we who have fought in the wars of our country.

VOICE AND CHORUS: We the people of the United States . . .

CHORUS: Eagle Grove—Sauk Center—Green Valley—Dobbs Ferry—Tompkinsville—Lake Charles . . .

VOICE: We the people from the cities of majestic names . . .

CHORUS: New York—Detroit—Seattle—Chicago—La Ciudad de Nuestra—Senora la Reina de los Angeles . . .

VOICE: We the people from the states with the old Indian names:

CHORUS: Wisconsin — Oregon — Alabama — Iowa — we from
Alaska and Hawaii and Kentucky . . .

VOICE AND CHORUS: We have come from every corner of the
earth to this our country, and we are brethren dwelling
together in unity. We have put aside the customs of our
fathers, and made our own customs, and we are free.

CHORUS: We are free in America.

VOICE AND CHORUS: We the people of the United States:
We who were English and German and French and Scots
and Greeks and Russians . . .

VOICE: And if the day comes when the Schmidts and the
Zimmermans and the Schrodgers stand before the Germans,

CHORUS: Let the Germans beware, for we are Americans.

VOICE: And when Ianelli and Di Marco and Poggioli go to
war,

CHORUS: Beware, Italy; we are Americans.

Ein, zwei, drei, vier; uno, due, tre, quattro;

un, deux, trois, quatre; ichi, ni, san, shi;

uno, dos, tres, quatro; one, two, three, four.

VOICE (Over Chorus): We the people of the United States,
we march to war! (FINISH)

VOICE: That this nation, under God, shall not perish from
the earth!

For three and one-half years of the war, every Sunday
afternoon of the "Army Hour," such triumphs, flubs and
escapes lay behind the microphones.

The doldrums of the Cassino stalemate, the authoritative
wham of artillery at the surrender of Metz, the split-second
tension of air combat in the clouds—all these, and a thousand
other shreds and patches of history were transfixed for the
"Army Hour." From this broadcasting crucible emerged the
battlefront radio reporters, officers and enlisted men, who did
the actual field recording. They reported on the Army in its
darkest moments—at the surrender of Corregidor, during the
bad days at Anzio, at the Ardennes breakthrough. But they
were also there to hail the Army in its brightest successes.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, USA

EVEN AS HOME FRONT MORALE WAS BEING BOLSTERED BY THE "Army Hour" broadcasts, another troubling situation arose. For the GI, sweating it out in the African desert, or feeling cold and forgotten in Iceland, the interminable waiting was nerve-racking. Men were rushed to the Aleutians, to Greenland, and to Alaska to man cold-weather stations and lookout posts. They were shipped out to the Panama Canal on guard assignments and for training. They were ordered to lonely islands in the Pacific; or to crowded Britain where they trained and waited; waited for others to be trained or waited for production at home to furnish them with combat weapons. Time ticked on slowly, endlessly, and men lost sight even of the purpose of the conflict, so eroding was the effect of this waiting.

Delays in the mails gnawed at the heart and soul. As though to emphasize their loneliness, the troops were surrounded by strange customs, strange sights, and strange languages. There were few movies, few magazines, fewer books, and slim opportunities for recreation. But around the cook-house radios crowds gathered and hung on every word that blared from the loudspeaker:

"Who won the ball game?"

"What's the latest news?"

"How about Bing Crosby—Bob Hope—Dinah Shore?"

Lieutenant General L. J. McNair and his Army Ground

Force staff repeatedly reminded the War Department that the men desperately wanted to hear radio from the States.

Lou Cowan, later to become Robert Sherwood's righthand man in the Office of War Information's overseas broadcasting division, was asked by the War Department's radio chief to head up a special task force to determine a formula for overseas broadcasting to the troops. The owner and producer of "Quiz Kids," his radio know-how was invaluable. He selected Glenn Wheaton, a tall, wiry young writer, to take direct charge of the project. Both men proceeded to New York to contact talent and agencies, helped by a few subordinates with a gifted telephone technique.

The format of the show nearly shaped itself. The GI who was trained to obey commands in the line of duty could *now command* anything he wanted from the radio world in the way of entertainment. So "Command Performance" became the most spontaneous radio development during the war. Week after week its star-spangled cast consisted of top names offering their best. It added glory to show business and brought to the Army and Navy a hitherto undreamed-of instrument for building and maintaining the morale of the services.

Wheaton and his Army radio colleagues hot-footed it to the talent agencies. He spread the "Command Performance" gospel. The idea was startling: the GI would *command* the kind of show he wanted. It was unique, it was democratic, it was American. Wheaton collected gilt-edge assurances that show business would mobilize itself to be at the beck and call of "Command." From its inception a diminutive ball of fire named Vick Knight assured "Command Performance" a five-star rating.

Vick Knight had been producing the Fred Allen show; salary, about one thousand dollars per week. Through its first

fifteen programs he pioneered "Command Performance" as a dollar-a-year producer. His total take-home pay from Uncle Sam, after deductions and taxes, was twenty-four and one-half cents for a million dollar show!

The first "Command Performance" on March 1, 1942, corralled Eddie Cantor, Merle Oberon, Dinah Shore, Danny Kaye, Bea Wain, Joe Louis, Buddy Baer, Bert Gordon, the Ambassadors Quartet, Cooky Fairchild and his musicians. Harry von Zell served as M.C. Each performer was proud to be on Johnny Doughboy's very own show. Indeed, they clamored for a peek at the particular letter or letters which "commanded" their appearances. The Radio Branch men looked mysterious and whispered, "They're in a vault in Washington—Army censorship can't divulge the APO numbers and locations, obviously."

No one dared disclose that so far all requests had been verbal!

But Wheaton and Knight never had to wait long for an overseas mailbag with which to document any GI *command*. Wheaton declared, "The letters gave you such an emotional jolt that half the time you wrote your script through tears. Like the letter which read, 'Please have Bing sing "Dear Mom" for my own dear Mom. Dad wrote me she died the night I sailed.'"

A corporal in New Caledonia sent in: "I'm the father of a baby boy in Chicago, but I sailed months before his coming-out party. My wife Ruthie tells me the little guy is teething and I'd give anything to hear him howl!" Radio Row in Chicago went out to the address, recorded a few grooves of little Junior loudly blowing his top, and it was dubbed into a "Command Performance." Thousands of fathers wrote in that they felt better upon hearing that moppet yowl.

A Pfc in North Ireland wrote, "If you can solo a teething baby on our program, you can darn well put on the whimper of my little cocker spaniel!" Of course, it was done. Queenie, the cocker, scratched herself in Brooklyn and her whimper was heard halfway round the world.

Sailors and soldiers wrote in asking to hear "the symphony of fog horns on San Francisco Bay."

New Yorkers asked for the New Year's Eve bedlam in Times Square.

Two Las Vegas, Nevada, boys asked for another symphony: "We played those slot machines for years, and hearing another jackpot would be sweet music!"

From a gang of Yanks flying patrol on an oil pipeline, "a few miles west of Suez," came a letter commanding Bing Crosby to "stir us up a double bourbon and soda, and let us hear the tinkle of ice cubes, the gurgle-gurgle of firewater and the fizz of the seltzer!" Bing mixed the drink but when he pressed the siphon on the seltzer bottle, the fizz caromed off the ice cubes, splattered a copy of "Stardust" and soaked his fancy shirt!

"Command" tried to fill every request. Some were easy, like the thousands asking for Judy Garland to sing "Over the Rainbow." But every so often a serviceman would ask for something that was definitely on the pixie side. A boy still recuperating from the initial Jap raid on Pearl Harbor pleaded: "Please have Carole Landis step up to the microphone and sigh. That's all, brother, just sigh!"

Don Ameche read the letter as Carole stood beside him in a dress that accentuated her charms. Then Ameche said, "Gentlemen of the armed forces throughout the world, for Seaman so-and-so at Pearl Harbor, Carole Landis will now sigh!" That seaman must have made a quick recovery.

Wheaton added, "I don't expect ever again to recapture the

thrill of opening those daily letters addressed to 'Command Performance.' It showed me that 'There's no business like show business' and those letters convinced me there's no sickness like homesickness. . . . Farm kids would plead, apologizing profusely in the same breath, for a chorus of bullfrogs croaking it up in the pond on a muggy August evening . . . Or crickets chirping under the bedroom window . . . Or cows mooing their way to the barn for the evening milking . . . Or Uncle Arden calling the hogs . . . Or the echoes in the old stone quarry . . . Or the frantic peeping of baby chicks just out of an incubator . . . Or the bray of a jackass . . . Or the bleat of a billy-goat . . . Or the long, moaning whistle of the Limited as it rolls across the prairie . . . Or the pealing of the village church bell . . . Or the crunch-crunch of footsteps on crusted snow . . . Or the cry of a loon on the lake . . ."

Those boys were hankering for the sounds of home. One doughty, city-bred GI asked for something that had to be turned down, the sound of a flush toilet! Somewhere the line had to be drawn.

Then the overwhelming number of requests for Hollywood personalities made it necessary to move "Command" to the West Coast. For Glenn Wheaton it was a routine jaunt across the continent. But what about Vick Knight? Fred Allen had him under a firm contract. The comedian sighed, twinkled, "War is hell!" and released him graciously. "'Command Performance' has a bigger sponsor than I have," Allen observed drolly.

The star-studded show bill for "Command Performance" number seven of April 12, 1942, read like the listings for a whole week of top radio and movie entertainment: Gene Tierney, Betty Hutton, Gary Cooper, the Andrews Sisters,

Bergen and McCarthy, Ginny Simms, Bob Burns, Ray Noble's orchestra, and announcer Paul Douglas.

After the first Hollywood "Command," which had the solid support of the Hollywood Victory Committee both in corralling the talent and in firing enthusiasm for the project, George Rosenberg, the Victory Committee's radio director, sat back with a sigh of relief.

His reprieve was a short one, for Army representatives immediately brought up the question of a program for *next* week's show. "Rosie" nearly fainted. "*You mean you do one of these every week?*"

However, he became "Command's" most valuable missionary to the stars, to their agents and to the studios.

Thousands of radio and motion picture stars and musicians helped to put "Command Performance" over. But Army radio had these few nominees for the Khaki Hall of Fame, "a little handful of people behind the enterprise, who did nine-tenths of the work, and got one-tenth of the credit":

Radio producer Maury Holland, who took over when Vick Knight left for ETO; Cal Kuhl, who stepped in when Holland was transferred back East; Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, one of Hollywood's top-ranking gag-writing teams, who for two years managed to write full-time for "Command Performance," although they were at the same time holding down *full-time* writing jobs at Paramount; Jimmy Mayfield, a brilliant music arranger, who not only carried arrangements in his head, but also, when the "Command" offices were shunted hither and yon, lugged the "music department" with him in an old green satchel; Virginia White and Helen Bushee, who devoted their weekends to "Command's" secretarial chores, taking their pay only in the satisfaction that the job was being done for the GI's; and Dick Cherwin, the go-between with the Musicians' Association.

How did these loyal colleagues manage to find the time and energy for "Command Performance"? The answer lay in the overseas mailbags. Whenever interest lagged, a thank-you letter was selected from the many thousands received, and, presto! up zoomed the enthusiasm.

The mail carried everything from requests for The Groaner to warble "White Christmas," to missives which began, "Dear 'Command Performance': Returning last night from a bombing raid on Hamburg, we picked you up on the BBC beam. Thank Edgar Bergen for answering our command and tell Charlie we dropped a thousand-pounder especially for him . . ."

One night when Judy Garland was slated to be M.C., Wheaton showed her a letter from a gang of gobs on a cruiser. Their "Joe Pot" had been broken. "Joe Pot" was an 8-cup electric coffee percolator which kept them company and warmed the inner man during the lonely night watch.

"If Judy will sing," the men wrote, "we'll feel better about losing our old pal, Joe."

Judy sang for them, then secretly went out shopping for a new, unbreakable "Joe Pot," on which she had engraved, "To the Joe Pot Gang on Cruiser X."

The letter of thanks which Judy received had her walking on air; it was signed by 656 sailors, with a P.S. from the captain: "Morale on this ship has hit an all-time high!"

Kay Kyser, one of the most indefatigable supporters of "Command Performance" and of GI radio in general, received a long letter from a chaplain in a makeshift hospital on Guadalcanal which was still involved in fierce action.

The chaplain begged for more radio programs and more receiving equipment, "because you should see the light that comes into the eyes of these terribly sick and hurt lads when you folks from home make your jokes and play your music. Yesterday Tommy X passed on. I remember him just last

week listening to 'Command Performance' with his eyes closed. Some girl, it was Ginny Simms or Frances Langford, sang 'Night and Day' and Tommy surprised me by smiling. Surprised me because I know there wasn't strength left in his body to manage a smile. That smile must have come from Tommy's heart . . ."

On one of the early programs Edward Arnold, as M.C., signed off with the quip that "on 'Command Performance' you don't have to send in any box tops—just tear off the top of a Stuka or a Zero and enclose it with your request!" In the following weeks "Command" got practically everything related to a Stuka or a Zero plane, with the exception of the Nazi and Jap pilots!

One thrilling request arrived from the South Pacific inscribed on a captured Japanese flag!

Another enclosed with its "command" a picture of the six half-naked soldiers who signed it. They were sitting in a jungle clearing somewhere on Munda, listening to "Command" on a captured Japanese radio.

The GI fans were not blinded by the stardust of the celebrities. Many letters mentioned the great names, but they also asked, "Above all, please see that our thanks go to the little, unknown guys and gals who open the mail and keep the show going week after week." Somehow they understood these things.

Letters like these furnished the incentive that kept "Command Performance" a top-grade show.

"Command" broke one show-business tradition after another. One time the program lined up six top-flight girl singers to appear on the same hour. Those associated with the performance sensed trouble coming; the professional jealousy

engendered might even end up in a hair-pulling! But braver spirits prevailed, and this show became a Christmas custom on "Command." Judy Garland opened it, followed by Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, Frances Langford, Connie Boswell, and Shirley Ross. The girls all joined in their closing number and, contrary to expectations, all was peace on earth and good will to men—and to girl-singers.

When an all-"jive" program was planned, there was no stinting about the arrangements. A single show carried Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra; Count Basie and his orchestra; Lionel Hampton and his orchestra; Spike Jones and his City Slickers; Bob Burns, M.C.; Dinah Shore, vocalist; and Ken Carpenter, announcer. For "Command" had decreed, "they shall have music!"

One of the most unusual, as well as incongruous, shows resulted from a letter: "Let's hear a fiddle fight between the world's greatest, Jascha Heifetz, and the world's worst, Jack Benny."

This fantastic "command" took a bit of doing; Benny was willing, but he was a comedian. Would a great artist like Jascha Heifetz risk his dignity? After some persuading, Heifetz consented. There was never a funnier scene than that in which Jack Benny demonstrated to Heifetz the "correct" technique of violin playing.

The topper was Mr. Heifetz' unexpected ad lib. Above the lilting perfection of his rendition of "Valse Bluette" he asked, "How'm I doin', Mr. Benny?"

Gratifying as were the results of "Command Performance," they only emphasized the need for expansion of the entertainment facilities. One of the persons responsible for effecting this was Benn Reyes, a dynamic public relations man. As an Army staff sergeant, Reyes was assigned to the "Command"

unit to bring the little known story of "Command Performance" to news syndicates and magazines. In these publications was stressed the show's morale job and Reyes hammered away at the notion that the GI's wanted—nay, needed!—more such broadcasts a week.

In August, 1942, on the heels of this coverage, the Radio Branch Chief decided that it was time to prove the show before official Washington. The "Command Performance" roster for that evening read like a radio fan's dream: Bing Crosby, Larry Adler, Bert Wheeler, Hank Ladd, Paul Douglas, Dr. Frank Black, Ginny Simms, Jimmy Cagney, Hedy Lamarr, Abbott & Costello, Dinah Shore and Kay Kyser. (Kyser fetched his entire orchestra from Hollywood to Washington for this event and personally paid the transportation costs, \$8,500!)

The "Big GI Broadcast of 1942" was a success. In the months that followed, the expansion of radio broadcasts to our troops was rapid. Now a new organization, the Armed Forces Radio Service, took "Command Performance" under its wing after forty-four broadcasts initiated by the Radio Branch. Those associated with "Command" saw it shift residence with mixed feelings. On the one hand, they were glad to see it go, for the creation of this new agency, with greater budgets, meant more radio for the boys overseas. But "Command" had sprung up spontaneously; its operation had been such a human and heartwarming experience that its creators regretted just a little, secretly, that their fledgling could fly so well alone.

“THIS IS THE ARMED FORCES RADIO SERVICE”

IN THE SPRING OF 1942, AT THE TIME “COMMAND PERFORMANCE” was born, the Army had not yet formulated plans for extensive broadcasts to the troops. The Special Service Division, formerly the Morale Division, was still run by regular Army officers who naturally thought in terms of their experiences in the trench warfare of 1917-18. They therefore minimized the value of radio, if they saw it at all, as an instrument of morale.

These “old-timers” had devised kits which, they felt, would solve the soldiers’ recreation problem in one neat and compact little package. The kits were to contain items such as paper-backed novels, a combination radio receiver-phonograph, a turntable, and twenty-five transcriptions of well-known American radio programs.

Even here there were drawbacks. “Canned” programs were quickly dated, and twenty-five would not last very long. But the principal difficulty was that the radio-phonographs “Box B’s” as they were called, *were not available!* Like a thousand other items, they were “on order.” So for the first year of the war, when our troops left home shores, they left American radio behind.

Those were the dark days of Bataan and Corregidor. Few had any conception of the magnitude of the warfare we were destined to wage in the succeeding years, with American troops stationed on distant islands and in far-flung countries all over the globe.

In Iceland a few thousand troops began to gripe. They were not keen about "sitting it out on an ice-block." But if sit they must, they wanted as much of America as radio could bring them. From Iceland, Colonel R. A. Bolling returned to the General Staff in Washington with three questions: "When will you have broadcasts for the troops in Iceland? What kind of broadcasts? How many a day?"

The Special Service Division was stumped. It had a tiny radio section which had given some thought to morning disc-jockey shows at radio stations that *might* reach continental Army installations. But it had hardly considered regular large-scale programs for the troops overseas. Now it appeared that the Iceland contingent was but the advance guard of the additional thousands—and ultimately millions—who would be sent abroad. Something must be done.

After "Command Performance" proved how successful a radio show could be in strengthening morale, the Armed Forces Radio Service set about in earnest to build up a big-time schedule of American radio. T. H. A. Lewis, a former advertising agency executive in Hollywood, was chosen to become the head of this organization. He visualized his task as that of a client infinitely bigger than his biggest advertising account. Wherever the American serviceman was sent, the Armed Forces Radio Service must seek to reach him on the airwaves.

Technical obstacles arose. Overseas broadcasts had to be beamed by shortwave. The Office of War Information and the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs were already using *limited* American shortwave facilities, both government and commercial, around the clock. Up to now this time had been utilized for propaganda to our allies. How to allocate a few hours for America's servicemen?

One factor scored for the GI's. Lou Cowan, the Army radio liaison with OWI, sensed that the enemy would be vitally interested in what the War Department fed its troops overseas by radio. The world knew little about the American soldier and the enemy was anxious to learn all he could.

In formulating programs directed to American troops there developed an "eavesdropping technique," catering to the enemy's curiosity. Special OWI messages were often *planted* in the troop broadcasts. These messages were doctored so skillfully that neither enemy, Allied, nor American soldiers were aware of the device. This material capitalized on the morale-building nature of our troop broadcasts to feed information to the enemy with an eye to its effect.

However, it soon became obvious that the overtaxed short-wave facilities were not adequate for the growing demand. Moreover, short-wave static and fading often spoiled the audibility and effectiveness of the program.

Then a small group of snowbound soldiers in Kodiak, Alaska, gave the Army a lead. In the early days of the war Alaska was a vulnerable spot because of the threat of Japanese invasion. With characteristic American ingenuity the men stationed there, isolated from home, built a low-powered transmitter which they used to entertain the troops in the vicinity. The transmitter was completed only *seventeen days* after Pearl Harbor and was presented by a few GI's to their comrades as a Christmas present.

In many respects this was the most unusual radio station of the war. *For almost a year it was unauthorized and unknown outside of Alaska.* Its programs consisted chiefly of news picked up by shortwave and of entertainment provided by local talent, plus records contributed by GI's.

Two eager beavers, not content with this scant radio fare,

wrote to several Hollywood stars for special recordings. The idea of a show for the "forgotten men" in Alaska appealed to the stars. They recorded the shows, but ran into the war-born ban against the mailing of recordings outside the United States. Undaunted, the actors called Washington, and asked the War Department for permission to ship their programs to that Army *broadcasting* station in Alaska.

This was Washington's *first* inkling that the Army owned a *broadcasting* station in Alaska.

Indeed, not merely the War Department, but even the Department of the Interior and the Federal Communications Commission were jolted by the news. Meanwhile, a few over-conscientious workers at the OWI got the notion that the Kodiak transmitter was an "enemy clandestine station" and requested the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service to monitor it!

After the snarl of red tape was unwound, the station was licensed and the boys in the wilds of Alaska got their shows.

The episode proved to the Army how effective the low-powered radio station could be. Eventually such stations dotted the entire globe.

When General Eisenhower's armies stormed the beaches of North Africa, the business of furnishing the troops with low-powered transmitters was under way, but the facilities were not yet generally available. The resourceful GI's, under the direction of then-Lieutenant Andre Baruch, "liberated" a small French transmitter in Casablanca. Baruch dispensed with the "parley-voo" and gave out with GI jive.

Immediately General Patton observed what a salubrious effect radio had on his troops in Morocco. He sent an officer back to the United States to expedite the distribution of broadcast equipment. However, it was not until January, 1943, more

than a year after Pearl Harbor, that the low-powered transmitters were in general use.

Two types of stations were developed. Permanent installations were designed to reach audiences over a wide area; and portable radio stations, low-powered and so compact that one could be stored into five suitcases, complete with a supply of recordings, and set up or dismantled within a few hours. So American radio programs moved with the fighting men and were often available in battle sectors shortly after the enemy was driven out.

Radio's importance to the morale of the fighting men was quickly recognized.

One major stumbling-block remained: radio *receiving* sets. These had to be specially built, to withstand the humidity of the South Pacific, the cold of Kodiak, the dust of the African desert, or the heat of Iran. Fifteen thousand sets were manufactured before shortages of vital metals halted production. On the open market the Army purchased additional thousands. Overseas, commanders arranged to buy others in the foreign market. The Armed Forces Radio Service itself began to manufacture tropicalized receivers. Large quantities were captured from the enemy in Africa, in Europe and in the Pacific.

However, some GI's did not wait for the Army. With American know-how, they built their own receivers with radio parts appropriated from wrecked planes and tanks. When no parts were available, they contrived old-fashioned crystal sets from razor blades, safety pins, old wires and mess kits. These ingenious "foxhole" and "dugout" receivers resembled Rube Goldberg cartoons—but they worked!

The difficulties and delays were, at last, offset by the qualities of the broadcasts. The soldiers got the pick of the best programs from the home networks, minus only the advertising. Strangely enough, not a few of the men professed to miss the

commercials! Nostalgically, they yearned for the programs just as they had heard them in the States.

Yet the commercials were omitted to save the GI the irritation of hearing about things that were not available to him. A marine on Iwo Jima would get no lift from a spiel recommending ice-cold Coca-Cola. In the malaria-infested jungles of the Pacific the men might see only bitter irony in the warning to guard against "the dangers of the common cold." The most depressing commercials, heard via shortwave early in the war by the survivors on Bataan, had been descriptions of the feasts planned at home for Christmas dinners.

To the credit of the advertisers, it must be set down that not a single objection was raised to the Army request that they make their programs available for troops overseas *without commercials*.

The commercials were not the only parts of the program to be deleted. Each broadcast had to be scanned from the twin aspect of troop morale and of enemy propaganda. However, every attempt was made to retain all the entertainment value.

The Army watched its audiences closely. It did not take long to find out that soldiers did not enjoy gags about strikes in wartime industries, or about the minor shortages which civilians suffered. The worst morale destroyers were jokes about American women who ran wild when their men were overseas. Individual situations made special deletions necessary, and Army editors became adept at lifting the needle, skipping the offending passage, and dropping it back at the right place. Sometimes as much as ten minutes might be clipped from a thirty-minute show, but with an apt fill-in the listeners would never miss it.

Despite all the trials and delays and missteps, broadcasting to the troops brought its own rewards in the enthusiastic reactions of the GI's. They loved it!

In the summer of 1943, the billeting of thousands of GI's in England caused many new problems. The Americans scarcely knew the difference between a shilling and a sixpence. Better paid and better fed than their British cousins, they were "out on the town" every night, wherever they happened to be. The GI could afford a double Scotch-and-soda; the British Tommy sat in the background and sipped his mild and bitter beer.

With time on the soldier's hands and ready money in his pockets while he awaited the buildup for the invasion of the continent, problems of "fraternization" arose. Brewster Morgan, former CBS executive attached to the OWI in England, was convinced that if the men were offered good American radio programs they might stay off the streets and out of mischief. Morgan sold the idea to General Eisenhower. With another former CBS producer, Guy Della Cioppa, he worked on a plan for erecting radio transmitters of limited listening range (usually three to five miles) near United States Army installations. The troops would be furnished radio receivers.

It was agreed that under no circumstances would American programs be broadcast within range of London, home of the BBC. News was to be obtained from the established American and British news services and the *Stars and Stripes*. The bulk of the programming came from records supplied chiefly by the Armed Forces Radio Service from Hollywood. This was varied with typical "disc-jockey" shows. The most popular of the platter-spinners were Sergeant Johnny Kerr, George Monaghan and Dick Dudley in a request feature called "Duffle Bag."

The AFN (Armed Forces Network) went into business in July, 1943, and became the spearhead of our radio penetration into Europe. Through AFRS recordings and transcriptions it drew on the cream of American radio to entertain and inform our troops. AFN spelled home to the GI's, but to the slower moving non-competitive British it spelled trouble. The frequen-

cies used were to be out of range of British home receivers. Yet, within a year, some five million Britishers were tuning in on American Army radio and liking it immensely!

From our point of view AFN was a success because the nearly four million GI's packed on the island stayed close to their radios. "The old familiar places" were kept vividly alive in their minds by the old familiar voices. The broadcasting sequence followed, as far as possible, the programming of the big network shows at home: Tuesdays—Fibber McGee and Mollie; Wednesdays—Kay Kyser; Fridays—Kate Smith, etc.

Under the direction of Major John Hayes, now manager of WINX, in Washington, some 30 officers and 300 enlisted men developed a 55-station network in England. Later, two 100,000-watt transmitters operated on the Continent, at Munich and Stuttgart. Eventually, five of the seven stations in Germany were linked by land lines: Frankfurt, Munich, Stuttgart, Kassel, and Bayreuth. The Bremen and Berlin stations, after those cities had capitulated, picked up the central studios in London and Paris by shortwave for rebroadcast.

At its peak the AFN ran a twenty-hour-day broadcasting service, with its own "commercial" department under Captain Frank Danzig. During the heat of combat, AFN was "selling" by spot announcements the conservation of "Jerricans" (gasoline containers), cleanliness, War Bonds, V-Mail, and was urging precautions against trenchfoot disease. AFN even had its own version of "LSMFT." Over and over it announced: "*VDMT: Venereal Disease Means Trouble: For a moment of play you may have to pay.*"

AFN sent out its own combat reporters; two were killed at the front. Its broadcasts were heard by ships at sea and on the Channel, and by planes in the air. It told the men how the war was going in Europe and reminded them of the Pacific war as well. It answered the requests of men and women in the hos-

pitals, mentioning them by name with as much identification as Army security would permit.

Even today domestic American radio might do well to reconsider the AFN technique of repeating the more popular evening broadcasts the following morning for those whose jobs kept them from listening at night.

In a more serious vein, AFN undertook Army orientation programs to prepare bewildered GI's for what lay ahead and why.

The maintenance of morale aboard ship was an entirely different matter. Except close inshore, the reception of domestic programs was generally poor. The shortwave frequencies on which these same shows were broadcast did not always provide the best reception at sea; and often the scheduling of shortwave broadcasts did not fit into shipboard routines.

The needs of the fleet were met by the distribution of popular programs through the AFRS with which the Navy co-operated by assigning personnel. AFRS stations overseas did much to encourage the morale of Naval forces using foreign bases. Ultimately, AFRS made recordings and broadcasts at listening hours that would come conveniently to ships in all the varying time zones. There were also programs from land stations overseas, and also, by shortwave, weekly messages direct from Secretary Forrestal.

In the Pacific the equivalent of Europe's AFN developed as the "Mosquito" Network, comprising stations located on Guadalcanal, New Caledonia, and Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides. Credit for the name "Mosquito" Network was due Staff Sergeant George Dvorak, program director of the Guadalcanal station. That homely tag had a significance which endeared the

network to GI listeners in all the islands of the South Pacific Base Command.

Ordinarily, the stations programmed individually rather than as a network. However, they did exchange their better programs. In the winter months (July, August and September in the South Pacific) reception was so good that the tiny stations received with sufficient clarity and regularity to permit chain broadcasting. The signals of these pygmy stations of the Mosquito Network reached out unhindered over the salt-water miles that separated island from island, because there were no mountain barriers to block them.

The principal program of the chain was entitled "Report to the Troops," a "March of Time" format. It reported on the war generally, and attempted to show how events elsewhere dovetailed with the efforts in the South Pacific. As the center of action and frontline controls moved farther and farther north, and the South Pacific became more and more a supply base for operations elsewhere, this program had even greater value for the morale of the troops.

One of the most popular shows of the Mosquito Network, presented at dinnertime, was the "Atabrine Hour." (Atabrine was used as a prophylactic for malaria.) For a signature the program used Harry James' recording of "The Flight of the Bumblebee" to suggest the buzzing of the Anopheles mosquito. The announcer opened with this greeting:

"Good evening. Now dinner music from the Starlight Roof high atop the Wallpaper Castoria in downtown Guadalcanal, overlooking lovely Lunga Lagoon . . . This program is brought to you by Atabrine, spelled A-T-A-B-R-I-N-E, endorsed by leading Army medical authorities as just the thing to keep you healthy and vigorous. They may taste awful, but fellers, they're healthful—they're wonderful—

they're FREE. In fact, they're just in front of you on the table. Reach for Atabrine instead of dessert, while I reach for Benny Goodman's recording of 'Stardust.'"

Thus the GI's were cajoled into taking Atabrine, the single most important health measure in the tropics.

Radio was also effective in the anti-venereal disease campaigns. For the language used was much more direct than civilian radio regulations would have permitted.

The Mosquito Network did outstanding work with "commercials" on war bond purchases, GI insurance sales, conservation, personal cleanliness, security, and used even the singing commercial and the jingle. The soldier rather welcomed these because they sounded "more like home."

Major Parnell H. Gould, now a San Diego radio station manager, and Major Spencer Allen (of WGN, Chicago) can attest that the stations of the Mosquito network were run entirely in the interests of the ordinary soldier.

In the early days several high-ranking Army and Navy officers decided that the program schedule was not complete. They ordered the Guadalcanal station to initiate a daily program of stock market quotations. This financial abracadabra brought such a howl from the troops that it was hastily withdrawn after three days. The GI's managed to ferret out the identity of the officers who had ordered the quotations and made their lives miserable.

On another occasion, an orchestra scheduled to play for a Senior Officers' Club dance failed to show up. Several of them called the Guadalcanal station and ordered all remaining programs cancelled for the evening and dance music substituted. When the eager GI's heard Sammy Kaye's orchestra, instead of Kay Kyser—whom they had expected—Tommy Dorsey instead of "Mister District Attorney," and Guy Lombardo in-

stead of Fibber McGee and Mollie, the island rocked as though an atomic bomb had been dropped.

GIs rushed to the station to investigate, and soon the story spread all over the island. When the air cleared, no one was ever permitted to interfere with the scheduled radio programs again.

The worst case, however, occurred on the island of Espiritu Santo. The commanding general did not like "this goddam jazz," as he advised his radio officer.

In a polite memorandum full of Army double-talk, the radio officer responded that jazz was "tops" on the list of GI preferences.

The general fired back a direct order. The soldiers could have their jazz, but only when he was not likely to be listening to the radio. He even listed the prohibited hours. During that time, by command of the general, there must be no jazz!

Later, the general went one step further. He not only specified what he *did not* want at those hours, he also stipulated what selections he *did want!* The hapless lieutenant was on the spot: come storm or battle, if the general requested Lawrence Tibbett's rendition of "Old Man River," it was up to him to get it. There was no appeal.

This particular radio officer was a sensitive, high-strung youngster. His frustration made him ill, and he was finally hospitalized and later shipped home. As far as is known, he was the only casualty *directly* chargeable to radio.

But such interference was rare. Probably radio was nowhere held of more value than in this South Pacific command. For here the men were isolated, far from home and equally far from the center of action. Their only links with home were infrequent mail, occasional movies but, always, the radio.

It was therefore doubly important to the GI lying beneath his mosquito net in a tent on the jungle's edge that, although

his meal consisted of K-rations, he could treat himself to a feast of radio: Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Dinah Shore, Fibber McGee and Mollie, and Bing Crosby, all in a single evening. There were few places in the Pacific where American troops could not bring in these popular personalities with a twist of the dial.

The natives loved the American programs, even when they did not completely understand them. For a gag, the Guadalcanal station inaugurated a weekly news summary in pidgin-English, ostensibly for the enlightenment of listening Melanesians. Actually, it became a favorite with everyone.

A Fijian doctor, who treated the Melanesian natives in the Australian work camps on the island, was made commentator because of his knowledge of "pidgin" as well as of English. The station prepared a straight five-minute summary. The doctor studied it for about an hour, then, translating into "pidgin," gave out with linguistic acrobatics on the progress of the war and the state of the world in general. The GI's delighted in it, and many became "pidgin" experts themselves.

The Solomon Island natives tickled the fancy of the soldiers with their renditions of hymns taught to them by the missionaries, as well as such old favorites as "You Are My Sunshine" and "Hummon Derange" (Home on the Range). Some of the songs were sung in English, but the majority were rendered in "pidgin."

One day the Guadalcanal station took the recording equipment to the compound to record a forty-man chorus. The Americans had difficulty making the natives understand what they wanted. The natives grasped that they were to sing, but the words "radio" and "broadcast" were beyond them. Finally, their overseer, an Australian Major, managed to convey the word, "radio," to them in "pidgin": "*music-him fella-go-long-way-round come-out-some-place-else*"!

When the American station prepared to leave New Zealand it was viewed as almost a national calamity. Letters poured into the Army radio station. American radio, like the American soldier, would be missed and loved.

One New Zealander wrote:

Your broadcast last evening caused pain to my whole family. We know you must leave, and that your leaving means that the war is going well. We wish you the best of good fortune in your adventures to the north. But my whole family feels that a sense of real personal loss pervades our household when the voices of all you fine announcers are no longer with us. We shall miss you. And we shall miss your fine programs, especially Bob Hope and "People Are Funny." You have brought us an America we knew only distantly before. But we know it well and intimately, and love it as we love all you Americans who let us share with your soldiers these past months your wonderful American radio.

Thus American radio, like the GI himself, served as a goodwill agent in the Pacific. The Aussies and the New Zealanders, as well as the New Caledonians, the Filipinos and the island inhabitants over many thousands of square miles could share the pleasures and never ending wonders of America as reflected through its radio. More than providing entertainment, radio had mirrored for them the U.S.A. which had produced the GI, the easy-going, fun-loving yet brave young soldier who had been a friend and honored guest on their soil and in their homes. In the Pacific, American radio proved itself an effective and welcome ambassador.

As the tide of battle turned, radio's role in the war had assumed significant proportions. No other medium had done an equal propaganda and morale job.

When the war ended, those who had furnished entertainment

and information to our troops could have written a proud "mission accomplished" on their records. Instead, they prepared to reconvert to the requirements of a peacetime Army.

Today, the AFRS still beams its programs to our occupation forces around the world. Weakened by reductions in personnel and budget, it carries on, to remind the untried troops *why* we fought the war and *why we must still occupy foreign soil*, to win the peace and a place for the American way of life.



BY AIR, BY SEA, BY RADIO

RADIO WAS PROVING ITSELF INVALUABLE IN EVERY PHASE OF the conflict. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the Air Forces and the Navy wanted to reach the public with the story of their specific needs, they *chose* the airwaves as one of their major media.

General "Hap" Arnold's Army Air Forces formed the mightiest aviation armada of all time. It took intelligence, initiative and determination to build an air force from scratch. New ideas had to be sold to the American public and old fears had to be dispelled.

The Air Forces had to sell the idea of air-fighting as an effective arm of warfare. It had to propound the thesis that air-power could soften up the enemy for the infantry. It had to convince American women that aviation was not the hazardous undertaking *for their men* it had been in World War I. Last, and not least, it had to cling to those recruits who did not qualify as pilots, for they were still needed as navigators, bombardiers, gunners and ground crew.

General Arnold chose Rex Smith, former editor of *Newsweek*, and William Westlake, formerly in charge of public relations for TWA, to lay out the gigantic AAF promotion campaigns which eventually put the mighty air force into the sky.

In Santa Ana, California, Colonel James Higgs and then-Captains Freddie Brisson and Ted Steele were assigned the job of

setting up a radio production unit at the Western Flying Training Command. They called in the musical director, Captain Eddie Dunstedter, and launched one of the greatest talent scouting and recruiting missions that Hollywood had ever witnessed.

The Santa Ana unit produced four half-hour programs, each with an Air Forces mission. "Soldiers with Wings" used Hollywood personalities as guest stars, and at its peak had a Hooper rating of 12. "Hello Mom" was directed to the mothers of the United States, informing them of their sons' activities, in home training as well as in overseas combat. "Roosty of the AAF" was a serial dramatization of an actual combat crew. "Wings Over America" interspersed its musical selections with messages on recruiting, and on the advantages of being in the AAF. The writers of these programs included some of the top Hollywood scripters, such as Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Richard McCauley and Arthur Jones.

In the East, another production unit was set up by band-leader Glenn Miller, who had volunteered his services to General Arnold. His AAF band soon became a network favorite destined to become a potent morale factor in the European Theater of Operations. His program, "I Sustain the Wings," reached millions of teen-agers, from whose ranks the air cadets would be drawn.

Lieutenant Colonel Howard Nussbaum, who organized the AAF Headquarters Radio Branch in Washington, designed a program starring Sergeant Gene Autry. This program was under the commercial sponsorship of the P. K. Wrigley Company. Autry, one of the country's most popular cowboy singers, reached right into Main Street and brought in many of our best fliers. When he had completed his radio stint, Autry became a flight officer in the China-Burma-India Theater, and flew cargo planes over the Hump. He did the best war job of all the so-called "Hollywood cowboys."

If the AAF could offer inducements to prospective recruits,

it also had certain indisputable disadvantages. Hal Rorke, a Lieutenant Colonel who took Nussbaum's place when the latter was transferred to ETO, put it this way:

"The flying-boys were dashing types, the planes beautiful and thrilling, the entire concept of large-scale aerial warfare was romantic. But in mission after mission men were being killed . . ."

Another reason for the necessary aggressiveness of the AAF promotion was the fact that even when the recruiting rolls were filled, the Air Forces dared not stop, for fear the enemy might develop a new weapon the combating of which would require vast numbers of new trainees headed for the unknown blue horizon.

War is a ruthless and impersonal juggernaut. But every so often momentous problems of war and state are set aside for the performance of a personal service to dramatize military operations. Such an episode took place for the sake of one Mr. Michael Patrick O'Leary, pilot of the Air Transport Command. The "Army Hour" endeavored to help Mr. O'Leary, who "got around," to locate his laundry!

The pick-up in England drew a blank.

"This is London," said Brooks Watson. "O'Leary's laundry is not here. Try Cairo."

"Cairo speaking. O'Leary's laundry has been forwarded to New Delhi."

"India here, New Delhi speaking. The whereabouts of Mr. O'Leary's laundry is not really known here. Have you tried Australia?"

But Australia, too, pleaded ignorance of O'Leary's things.

Michael Patrick finally located his laundry in Iceland. It proved little help to him, for all his things were summer-weight! And the story of ATC's world-wide operations had been humanized and "sold."

When in late 1944, the country seemed overconfident of victory, the AAF felt that the public, and the major networks, were losing interest in many of radio's war features. To keep the message of the AAF before the American people, "The Fighting AAF" was originated. This series brought to the radio recordings of actual Air Forces combat missions, reported by special crews, edited by Lieutenant Joseph Brechner, manager of WGAY, Bethesda, Md.

On its final broadcast, General Arnold paid full tribute to radio as an invaluable asset to his branch of the service. He said:

"I have always regarded our Air Forces radio broadcast as a strictly military operation, whose objective, of public understanding and support, is just as vital as a mission in a theater of war. It enables us to write 'mission accomplished' in the log of our wartime programs."

The Navy, too, turned to radio, for it needed help both in recruiting and in gaining public understanding for its prolonged silence.

For a considerable time after the war started, neither the Navy nor the Marine Corps drew their men from the draftees, but depended upon voluntary enlistments. Through the National Association of Broadcasters, the Radio Bureau of OWI, and the Advertising Council, thousands of radio appeals for enlistments were carried by local and regional stations and the networks in the form of spot announcements, transcriptions and special features.

Radio also was responsible for the successful recruiting of the WAVES. A recorded WAVE show entitled "Something for the Girls" was booked by more than nine hundred stations for a period of twenty-six weeks.

Navy public relations were a difficult problem in the early days. After Pearl Harbor, the country, especially the West, felt vulnerable to attack and the query, "Where is the Navy?"

was often heard. It is easy for a nation to have faith in a fleet which is winning. It is something else again to believe blindly when, for security reasons, all information is blacked out and no one has any idea where the fleet is or what it is doing.

Radio sought to build confidence in the Navy by producing programs of an inspirational nature. These stressed dramatically the work of the personnel manning the great ships.

Many shows, notably "Vox Pop" and "Spotlight Bands," were broadcast from Naval Training Sections and Bases within our continental limits.

As special war contributions, several commercial sponsors presented Navy shows. Perhaps the best known were the Wrigley Company's "The First Line" series, and the Hallmark Greeting Card Company's and the Raytheon Company's "Meet Your Navy" series.

Navy public relations passed through two different policy phases. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox was a newspaper publisher, and not as taken with radio as he might have been. Under his jurisdiction, the attitude was one of strictly limited enthusiasm. Instead of using initiative to develop radio material, the Navy filled the requests of broadcasters, but hardly made any positive suggestions. The best example of this frame of mind was displayed when the Navy rejected the "Army and Navy Hour" idea.

Navy personnel with practical radio experience was disappointed for it was rightly felt that naval combat, whether aerial, surface, or submerged, could supply thrilling radio material. But the authorities were lukewarm. For many reasons: radio officers might be in the way aboard ship; the recording equipment might interfere with the communications system; the security of battle recordings was too important to entrust to a public relations man though he wore a Navy uniform.

However, Captain (now Rear Admiral) Leland P. Lovette,

then director of Navy Public Relations, decided to take the risks.

A radio officer was sent aboard the U.S.S. *Bogue*, a CVE ("Jeep" aircraft carrier) in the Atlantic. That officer, to his own amazement, got a complete recording of dramatic conversations between the pilots in the air and the carrier, and also between the destroyers and the carrier during a battle!

When Captain Lovette submitted the Sound-scriber discs to his superiors, the material was immediately cut to pieces by the censors. But the experience at least sold the Captain completely on the idea of battle recordings, and subsequent combat sequences were used widely on the radio.

The fact that the Navy regarded radio as a "stepchild" in the early days sometimes made the atmosphere sticky. When one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Navy indicated to the Radio Section that he wanted to make a recording, the staff was agog. Here was a fine chance to show off their elaborate equipment.

The Assistant Secretary arrived looking grim. He was comfortably installed in a cushioned chair.

A hush fell. The engineer in the control room nodded, a radio officer pointed respectfully, and the recording began.

The Important Man waxed enthusiastic. He reached the climax of his talk, and paused for effect.

At that moment a sustained, but very liquid Bronx cheer became audible.

Everyone froze.

The outraged official glared.

"I think we can *fix* that, Mr. Secretary," someone said, white-lipped.

"I should think you *could* fix it!"

"You see, Mr. Secretary, we forgot to cut off a little switch—"

Frantic hands yanked an electric plug from the wall. A sigh of relief swept the group.

All was quiet again.

The speaker took a gulp of water, and started over. He had recovered beautifully. Again he approached the high point of his talk. Suddenly he stiffened and sprang to his feet, his chair screeching halfway across the room. "*What was that?*" he yelled.

All heads turned. There sat a very small, demure mouse.

Quickly the Assistant Secretary's aides bundled him up and hustled him from the studio.

The recording was never completed. But for weeks many a nervous radio staff member suffered nightmares about sudden transfers to distant and lonely points on the globe.

Later the Navy's policy toward radio became more dynamic and constructive. For Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal saw the importance of radio as an instrument of Navy public relations. Under his aegis, the number of Navy network programs and features tripled, then quadrupled. At this time, rather late to be sure, a "Navy Hour" was launched on NBC. It achieved a high Hooper rating almost at once, for it featured movie stars who had been overseas with the naval service, and also the ninety-piece Navy Band-Symphony Orchestra. Pick-ups were made from carriers and submarines, and even one from the captured Jap battlewagon *Nagato*.

On Guam, the Navy Office of Public Information erected its own radio station, KU₅Q. Its facilities included the latest studio equipment, powerful transmitters, and directional antennae which permitted network news commentators to broadcast directly to the United States. The on-the-spot broadcast of the invasion of Iwo Jima and the surrender ceremonies

aboard the battleship *Missouri* were relayed to the United States by KU5Q. The station's transmitters were also used to send Navy radio photographs from the Pacific battlefronts.

In those crucial days before the invasions, men seized on anything which would lighten the tension. Out of a minor encounter grew the broadcast of a "world premiere" from Guam which became a wartime fable.

It all began one night shortly before the invasion of Iwo Jima. A group of naval officers on Saipan were hoisting drinks and singing old college songs. The regular Navy men sang the Annapolis classics, while the reservists intoned "Bulldog, Bulldog," "Far Above Cayuga's Waters," "Fair Harvard," "The V.M.I. Spirit" and others.

The men around the battered piano noticed one morose ensign sitting in a corner, dejectedly nursing his drink. The hearty choristers moved over and slapped him on the back.

"Sir," said a bluff Lieutenant Commander, "here we've been singing our songs, Williams songs, Princeton songs, Notre Dame songs, and we haven't asked you about your school! That's not very friendly of us. Now you lead off and we'll join in *your* school song!"

The ensign put down his drink and moved to the center of the room. Then to the tune of the "National Emblem March," he droned sadly:

"Three cheers for Jones Junior High!
It's the BEST Junior High in To-lee-do . . .
Its colors are Red, Blue, and White . . .
They stand for Purity and Might
(FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!)"

The company was floored. The song soon became a legend and spread through the entire Pacific theater. Marines, gobs and the Army sang "Jones Junior High" wherever they went.

Men shouted it in B-29's over Tokyo, in the landings on Iwo Jima, in the final bloody fighting on Okinawa. It was a gag—it smacked of “Our Town” and the 4-H club—but everybody loved it.

Around the “press camp” on Guam the correspondents became particularly fond of the song. Some of them, spurred on by St. Clair McKelway, then a lieutenant colonel with the B-29's,—and inspired by several rounds of a potent cocktail known as the Kwajalein Slow Roll—composed three more verses.

In the first week of April, 1945, ABC correspondent Larry Tighe had to fill a four-minute spot from Guam at midnight. The big story from that theater was about Okinawa. But communications between the Ryukyus and Guam were bad, and Tighe had no copy.

The other correspondents persuaded Tighe that this was the moment to give a “world premiere” of “Jones Junior High.” Led by Major Ted Steele, of the Army Radio Branch, the press camp rounded up an enthusiastic group of singers. Five men from the admiral's own band were routed out of their hammocks. The assembled performers heard the build-up from New York.

The announcer made the presentation in his best voice-of-destiny manner: “And now—for the latest developments in the area where action is most intense—we take you to the Pacific for news of the fighting there, to Advance Fleet Headquarters on Guam! Come in, Larry Tighe!”

It was Tighe's big moment. He said, “This is Larry Tighe on Guam. Gathered here in the room with me are forty of the world's finest newsgatherers (he named a dozen of the most famous) . . . They are here, however, not to discuss or analyze current Pacific operations, but rather to sing for you . . . the song which has become synonymous with Pacific warfare: ‘Jones Junior High!’ ”

The band played a two-bar introduction, and the forty correspondents, in voices ranging from whiskey tenors to benzedrine bassos, sang:

“Three cheers fo-or Jones Junior High!
 It’s the BEST Junior High in To-lee-do!
 Its colors are Red, Blue, and White!
 They stand for Pur-i-ty and Might!
 (FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!)
 Two cheers fo-or Smith Junior High!
 It’s-the-second-best-Junior-High . . . in To-lee-do!
 Its colors are Red, White, and Blue . . .
 They stand for, ‘Darling! I love you!’
 (Very softly)
 One cheer fo-or Brown Junior High . . .
 As a High—it’s the low, in To-lee-do.
 Its colors are Brown, Brown, and Brown.
 It’s (very loud) the . . . worst . . . damned . . . school . . .
 in . . . town!”

The band, which had been “jamming” around the melody in the last two verses, hit a fine, flag-waving finish. Larry Tighe said, “This is war correspondent Larry Tighe returning you to New York!”

“How was that?” they asked the engineer at the network control station, fourteen thousand miles away. In the headphones the engineer’s voice sounded thin and unemotional. “Brother, now I’ve heard everything! Goodnight, Guam . . .”

The worldwide conflict was now in full swing. All over the globe men were fighting and dying as they sought to loosen the tentacles of the two monstrous foes from their victims. At home the nation was spurred to ever greater effort and sacrifice to supply the fronts. Radio, achieving a new stature, performed errands, both of war and of mercy, and brought home the tidings, good and bad, of the battle, and explained their needs.

SOMETHING FOR SOMERVELL

IN EVERY WAR THERE ARE THOSE WHO, UNHERALDED, PERFORM the myriad thankless tasks, routine when compared to the more dramatic achievements, but which are, nevertheless, necessary and even significant. Such was the function of the ASF, the Army Service Forces, under the direction of Lieutenant General Brehon T. Somervell.

The ASF had to house the Army, feed it, ship it, supply it, and even bury the fallen. All the technical services and administrative agencies of the Army were under ASF, numbering some sixteen branches such as the Quartermaster Corps, Medical Department, Signal Corps, etc.

In a constant race against time and space Somervell's forces had to contract for land, supplies and equipment involving billions of dollars.

Before the enemy can be outfought, he must be outstripped in the production race. On that score two serious morale problems confronted the ASF. First, production must be pushed to the maximum of its potential. Second, *faith* must be instilled both in the civilian and the soldier that our weapons could, and would, administer a decisive defeat to a foe who had a four years' head start. To lick these two problems ASF turned to radio for help.

Somervell had surrounded himself with a staff of capable advisers, among others, Bryan Houston, an advertising agency executive; Larry MacPhail, the colorful baseball impresario; an-

other advertising expert, Jack Warwick, and Bill Slater, the sports announcer.

These men studied the special radio setup which General "Hap" Arnold had secured for the AAF and put pressure on the Radio Branch for more ASF representation on every Army show. From the reluctant Director of Public Relations they demanded a separate radio group similar to that which the AAF had.

Major Edward Byron of the Radio Branch was named ASF Radio Chief, with Jack Warwick as his civilian adviser. Formerly, Byron had produced the "Mister District Attorney" radio program. Now, instead of devoting his energies to a weekly demonstration that "crime does not pay" he had to sell the public the idea that the ASF *did* pay, no matter what the cost.

The new group went to work on "Weapons for Victory" (CBS). Captain Bob Weiss, an artillery officer on loan from the ground forces, supervised the research, since the program dealt with weapons used by ground force troops, although these were, of course, procured by the ASF. Major Andre Baruch, promoted and back from North Africa, was in charge of production.

But the most significant ASF program was the well-remembered "Assignment Home," which treated the heart-wrenching problems of the returning casualties. By the middle of 1944 the wounded were being brought back to the United States in ever increasing numbers. ASF was charged with the demobilization of all troops, able-bodied and otherwise. Robert Heller of CBS produced this daring series, which was based on secret visits to many hospitals by Sergeant Arthur Laurets and by Major Byron. The latter traveled as patients to make easier the gathering of the stark, real-life stories which were re-enacted on "Assignment Home."

Subsequently *Variety* hailed the show as one of the most notable of the war and awarded it a citation. More than any other program, "Assignment Home" emphasized that victory demands a frightful toll; that total war means *everybody's* war; and that, just as the soldier's job was fighting, the civilian's was the production of equipment.

It should be chronicled here that the much-abused "soap opera" also went to war.

Unlike some radio critics, the Army found "soap operas" had tremendous social values. They were reaching great masses of women who had reluctantly seen their husbands or sons go off to war; who were constantly reminded of their absence, harassed as they were with wartime restrictions. Wartime tensions were great, and the preponderance of war reporting was on the "military expert" level, leaving untouched a thousand and one questions in the woman's mind concerning the welfare of her son, how he was housed, clothed, fed, trained, and to what hazards he was exposed, both spiritual and physical.

To determine how the War Department could use these programs, Frank and Ann Hummert, the famous man and wife writing team, were appointed consultants to the Radio Branch. Between them they were producing some two dozen programs a week, and were largely credited with the development of the daytime serial form.

They went about their business adroitly. Army messages were inserted into the actual speeches of the program characters; characters who were living beings in the minds of millions, whose voices were as familiar as members of their own families. Thus the Army answered questions about the welfare of American sons and daughters.

The most successful "soap opera" was created by the Radio

Branch and developed by the Hummert writers. It was called "Chaplain Jim, USA." It was broadcast in early Sunday afternoon and provided listeners a direct contact with the War Department. Thousands of letters poured in every week to "Chaplain Jim," seeking his advice on moral problems; asking his help in locating neglectful sons or husbands who had not been heard from in months; seeking help in checking APO numbers, and in scanning casualty lists. Each letter was answered either in the Adjutant General's Office or by the Chaplain's office. "Chaplain Jim" soon became a reality and every week hundreds of gifts were sent to him to be used as "he" saw fit in aiding the war effort. Sunday School classes sent in collections of money and food, and several sent in knitted woolens to keep him warm and comfortable.

The "soap opera" had won its war chevrons.

The ASF also had to convince the nation that the Army was not kidding when it called for WAC's to "relieve men for frontline duty." The ASF had learned that there were many jobs for which the WAC's were better suited than were GI's.

Yet many prejudices had to be overcome before the WAC program was taken seriously.

Fortunately, radio lent a hand in its "soap operas," in storylines, and in special broadcasts. With the full approval of their gallant chief, Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, the nation was reminded that the WAC's were volunteers who represented American womanhood as the other services did American manhood, and that they would, and did, uphold the dignity of the colors with as great a pride as any citizen or warrior.

Later the program "WAC's on Parade," was inaugurated on CBS under the direction of WAC Captain Ruth Thompson, a former radio-station manager. It was on this show that Captain Katherine McCune read the now famous "Skirted Soldier":

"I am a WAC. •
I am a soldier in skirts.
Don't laugh, Mister. It is no laughing matter.
I wear the uniform of my country,
Because my country is at war.

"Why should I sit back in ease and let Joe and Pete
And George fight my war for me?
However you add it, subtract it or multiply it
It is my war, too . . .

"I swamped the recruiting station.
I got in the sergeant's hair, the captain's hair,
The colonel's hair.
'Are you sure you know what you're doing, Lady?'
Asked the sergeant, the captain, the colonel.
'This is no tea party, no glamor parade.'
'Glamor be—Excuse me, sir. What I mean is
There's a job to do
And I can do it.'

"So you went to Fort Des Moines and
They gave you a gold bar for each shoulder?'
'No! Mister, NO!
They didn't give me *anything*
Except shots in the arm, and
An ill-fitting uniform, and
Gigs opposite my name, and
Blisters—big raw blisters—on my feet.
I *earned* those gold bars—the hard way.'

"I am ready. I am trained.
If I'm needed in England, Iceland,
Australia, Alaska, Egypt,
The Solomons, Madagascar,
Mitchell Field or Fort Sam Houston . . .
There will I be. Prepared, eager, alert.

"I am proud to the last fiber of my body . . .
That I am privileged to wear the uniform
Of my country.
Proud that I am privileged to have a part
In making history.
Proud that I am privileged to play a role,
However small,
In this grim, necessary struggle to keep
Our country a land wherein we may
Live, love and worship God
Any way we please.

"Mister, if you'll excuse me
I have work to do.
I am a WAC."

These verses, strange to say, were written by a *man*, Charles Collins Aldridge, who was married to a WAC.

The poem inspired at least one war romance. For when Ed Byron, ASF radio chief, heard Captain Katherine McCune read it on the air, he was so captivated that he fell in love. Captain McCune later became Mrs. Byron.

THE "DEAD END KIDS" OF C-B-I

RADIO BROUGHT HOME TO THE NATION THE FLAVOR OF ALL the far-flung and exotic places on the globe where America's fighting legions were dispatched.

The work of the intrepid army in the China-Burma-India theater was dramatized in a program called "Yanks in the Orient." When the enterprise was first broached to hard-hitting General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, he approved, adding characteristically, "So long as you keep the brass off the program!"

"Yanks in the Orient" was to be transcribed, with the records sent to the States by plane for broadcast over the ABC network. Four men were in charge of the show: Lieutenant Colonel Paul Jones, who had served in Burma with "Vinegar Joe"; Lieutenant Colonel Rankin Roberts, Texas radio man; Lieutenant Finis Farr, erstwhile *March of Time* writer; and Lieutenant Bert Parks, well-known network announcer.

Of course, no one in the War Department or on the C-B-I radio team had ever produced a radio show in a monsoon-drenched jungle; or in blistering desert heat; or while soaring over the Hump in zero weather with Japanese nipping at the tails of the transports; or while slithering through the mud of China; or while crouching in Chungking air-raid shelters among goats, chickens, coffins—both empty and occupied—and swarms of small children always. But these men learned, while undergoing fantastic and exasperating adventures.

With the help of the Signal Corps technical experts, network

engineers and outside "authorities," the War Department shipped all the necessary equipment. Everything was "conditioned" to meet "all emergencies and situations which might be encountered." Most of the equipment arrived intact, but there had evidently been minor plundering en route, for some of the most important items, like microphones, were missing. The equipment was "portable." But what could that mean after a trek by jeeps, planes, Indian bearers, pack-mules, Chinese trucks (vintage 1915), and friendly Naga head-hunters via the imperial heights of New Delhi north to the head of the Ledo Road? If anything arrived whole it was a miracle!

Once under way, the production problems confronting the C-B-I radio team were maddening. These were, of course, over and above such minor obstacles as land attacks, air raids, censorship problems, and internal and international "channels" involving the British and the Chinese as well as the American commands.

There was a widespread notion that we had enormous forces in C-B-I. It was only a rumor. The total American ground force in Burma comprised *one* brigade—an infantry regiment, a regiment of dismounted cavalry and a battalion of field artillery! More ground force troops were on liaison and instruction duties with the Chinese on both sides of the Hump. The Tenth Air Force was in Burma, and the Fourteenth Air Force in China, but both could have been concealed in one Wing of the Eighth or the Ninth Air Forces.

The India-China Division of the Army Transport Command, hauling freight and passengers over the toughest stretch of country in the world, was then the biggest airline in operation anywhere. The men who built the Ledo Road made up, no doubt, the world's largest construction-gang. Yet at no time did the total number of Americans in the C-B-I theater exceed the quarter-million mark.

The job to be done was long, slow and tortuous. It was imperative to clear the Japs out of the Burma Road area in order to open a land supply-line in China. Once such a lifeline could be established, the Chinese could literally receive a transfusion of the blood of war: munitions, medicines, foodstuffs and parts. Only then could the Americans and the Chinese smash at the Jap armies on the mainland of Asia. But, alas, here the Jap was only one of the enemies to be faced, for rain and heat, jungle, desert, mountains, and tropical diseases hitherto unheard of in American medical circles, also conspired against our forces.

In Radio City, with the finest talent and equipment at their command, some of the best producers break down or develop ulcers from the trials of their jobs. Consider what Farr and Parks were up against when they produced *a network show in the jungle!*

A letter from Lieutenant Colonel Don Thompson, though it is full of restraint and understatement, speaks volumes in describing the enormous task:

*Chief, Radio Branch
War Department
Attention: Major Albert M. Wharfield*

DEAR AL:

Your radio of 28 April has thrown a bombshell into our happy little home. I know that Programs 29 and 30 were not up to technical recording standards, but it was impossible to repair them in the time we had. I should appreciate it, however, if you would ask the ABC Network to hold them as standbys. We will not call for them unless it is absolutely necessary.

Here is a complete tale of woe behind our operations for the past month. Farr took a self-contained recording unit into a Kachin perimeter behind the Jap lines somewhere below Lashio to get an action show. The night he arrived the Japs

attacked in force, and though they were repulsed the Kachins had to withdraw from their position. Farr got about seven or eight minutes of the battle during the night. Then, in order to get out, he had to bury his equipment and walk out with only a carbine, food and a spool of wire. He got back to civilization only in time to go on this Rangoon show, and so he has not yet been able to finish that program.

I think I told you, Farr is absolutely played out as well as written out. This is something which he recognizes as well as I. We plan to have him make one more show here in Delhi during the week of 7 May, and then I am going to send him (and Parks as well) to Kashmir for as long a rest as possible.

I am sorry to be singing the blues again about our work but it cannot be helped. We are doing everything possible to keep these programs up to the highest standard. However, with equipment which has been used long and hard and cannot be repaired with facilities available, with the heat and the monsoon which is now in full blast, and with the various diseases indigenous to this part of the world, all working against us, we really have to hump ourselves to keep up.

Best regards to everybody,

DONALD C. THOMPSON
Lt. Col., Infantry
Actg. Theater P.R.O.

One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome was the difference in the cycles of electric current in the C-B-I theater. Most of the power in the Orient is fifty-cycle A.C., which did not exactly match the sixty-cycle current of the American-made wire recorder in use. The combination of fifty and sixty produced some weird effects. The Radio Branch in Washington tried to minimize all that to keep ABC sold on the idea that the "recording quality was up to network standards."

To Lieutenant Colonel Thompson the biggest headache was the packing of records for shipment.

"We were using glass records at first," Thompson relates, "and at least every other shipment was broken in transit. The Radio Branch gave us all sorts of advice about how to pack records, using materials that were unheard of in India. Our only source of corrugated board, for instance, was the 'Army Hour' transcription packages that arrived every week and boxes from home and sawdust from beer cases. Once the Radio Branch cabled to ask what use we were making of the 'Army Hour' recordings. We were afraid that if we replied the only thing the 'Army Hour' was good for in India at the moment was to provide packing boxes for 'Yanks in the Orient,' our source of supply would have been shut off. That was one cable we conveniently 'lost!'"

When aluminum-base records came through, the shipping problem was easier. Thompson developed an almost foolproof method of packing. The records were placed between corrugated boards, then tightly packed in a cardboard case. This case, in turn, was set into sawdust in a wooden box. That box, surrounded by excelsior—salvaged from incoming shipments—was placed into *another* wooden box.

Imagine Thompson's dismay when he received word from the Radio Branch that these records had been broken in transit. He could hardly believe it.

"I packed some blank records in the same way," he recounts ruefully. "I threw the box off the roof, jumped on it, ran over it with a jeep, and manhandled it in other ways, but the records stayed intact. Finally, I succeeded in smashing the records, but only by demolishing the box with a fire-ax. So I sent a long and sarcastic cable back to the Radio Branch. It was only when I got back to Washington that I found out that the box in question had had an airplane engine fall on it."

Late in September, 1944, Farr, Parks and Sergeant Harold Lemke, who now comprised the C-B-I radio team, set out from Delhi. They planned to work their way up through

Assam and then down into Burma, then across the Hump to China. At about Christmas time, they figured, they would be able to follow the Chinese back down the Burma Road for the final joining of forces from China with those from Burma. In this way they would be present at the reopening of the Burma Road.

In October, at a Tenth Air Force base in Assam, Farr conceived the idea of a Christmas Eve broadcast of "Yanks in the Orient." He was with the "Burma Bridge Busters" squadron, a B-25 outfit that made a specialty of low-level attacks on strategic bridges. Farr persuaded the squadron that the destruction of a bridge, heard *via the radio*, would make a fine Christmas present for the American people.

Farr went out on one raid to obtain background material and to lay out the plan for his show. Lemke installed a battery-driven wire recorder in the nose of the B-25 which was to lead the next raid.

When they were ready to go aloft, Parks tucked the microphone into an oxygen mask to cut out some of the racket of the flying B-25. On this mission, Farr climbed aboard the flight's last ship, "Tail-end Charley," to pick up anything Parks might miss.

The flight "busted" its bridge, losing one plane in the operation, but the wire-recorder conked out and the radio team got no results. Lemke found the trouble and repaired it, and Farr and Parks again went up with the squadron. This time they succeeded. It was probably the noisiest program "Yanks in the Orient" ever had, but it was also the most thrilling. Farr and Parks, afterwards, were awarded the Bronze Star.

There was some question about "Army Hour" broadcasts from Chungking during the early part of the war. Transmission was no problem, but "production" at Chungking was

difficult. The only "open time" for "Army Hour" broadcasts was between two and three in the morning, from the studios of Station XGOY, the Chinese government transmitter. Since 1939, these studios had gone through every winter without heating facilities, for the Minister of Information, who controlled the power, was usually not on speaking terms with the staff of XGOY. Thus, it was a gamble whether the program would ever go out over the air!

Furthermore, since 2 A.M. seemed an outlandish broadcast time to the Chinese, they assigned the "junior" member of the staff to the controls. The microphone was held together with paper clips. The console, as always, was in need of repairs. At any moment the studio might be plunged into darkness—and silence—because of the failure of the power. "Junior" had been taught hand-signals to communicate with the English-speaking radio team. He was so impressed with his ability to make himself understood that, rehearsing a particularly sweeping gesture, he upset a large pot of boiling tea-water right into the console, just as the "Army Hour" was to go on the air! One way to drown out a program, but good!

C-B-I was but a small part of the global war. However, to those stationed there, it was the most important theater of all. The men there felt, with some justification, that their work was never properly appreciated, and as a result they were, by and large, a frustrated group. Even the war's outcome had for them a grim touch of irony: Japan surrendered before they had achieved their goal of presenting a common front to the Japs in that theater.

PACIFIC PATCHWORK

FOR MOST OF THE THREE AND A HALF YEARS OF FIGHTING IN the Pacific, there were, comparatively, fewer representatives of press and radio than were to be found in North Africa and Europe, which had been designated as the first major theaters of war. The Nazis were to be driven from North Africa first and broken in Europe later. After this, the united move would be made in force against Japan.

To anyone assigned to Pacific duty—from MacArthur down—this was anything but a welcome decision. Nevertheless, great American forces were being shipped into Pacific areas, and press and radio went along to report. However, communication facilities were primitive.

The four correspondents at Guadalcanal in the initial stages of the epic battles were not certain their dispatches were getting back to America. They handed them to a public relations officer, whence they went by boat to New Zealand for censorship and presumably for transmission to the United States. The decisive, headline-news phase of Guadalcanal was ended long before a speedy press communications setup was available there.

Over in MacArthur's theater, while the fighting was going on in New Guinea, correspondents had to cover the fighting principally from "Down-Under." The communiques were issued from the General's headquarters in Brisbane, for MacArthur was their principal news source.

Correspondents were not pleased with the necessity of covering the war from this distance, but there was little they could do about it. They depended upon the Army for everything: transportation, housing, mess, and *the communication facilities with which to get stories back to the United States.*

Mess and housing presented no obstacles, but transportation and communications were very real problems for MacArthur. He was fighting a *poor man's war* in the Pacific, while top priorities went to the European theater and to the Navy.

Moreover, it is doubtful that MacArthur himself was too much disturbed by the correspondents' inability to get to the front and report the war first-hand. From Brisbane, they had to rely on MacArthur's communiqués. That guaranteed the release of precisely the kind of stories he wanted.

At any rate, that was the technique until he himself moved up to advance headquarters at Hollandia and the tempo of the Pacific war began to be stepped up.

Then, press communications were established for the correspondents in New Guinea. Major A. A. (Abe) Schechter had just arrived at MacArthur's headquarters in charge of radio and press communications. He was a former director of news and special events at NBC, commissioned in the Army and associated with this book's authors prior to his assignment in the Pacific. Schechter (now director of news and special events for Mutual) is one of the ablest newsmen in radio, and throughout his army career probably employed the most unorthodox methods of any man in uniform.

Schechter arrived in Australia just before time for MacArthur to move into his advance headquarters at Hollandia. His executive officer was Captain Donald Weiss, and his staff was composed of Corporal Stanley Quinn, Sergeant Pat Kelley, Corporal Bill Merrick, and Sergeant Charlie Mack.

The same day the radio staff arrived at Hollandia, they

were advised that the invasion of Morotai was due *eight days hence*, and could they please have their radio station up and working in that time!

While the Signal Corps, headed by Major General Spencer Akin, went to work on the transmitter, Schechter's gang started building the first radio studio ever to exist in New Guinea.

They selected one of the pyramidal, wooden-floored tents, originally erected as sleeping quarters for four soldiers.

The "studio" was a folding table. At the four corners of its top were nailed upright sticks standing eighteen inches high. A blanket was draped over the sticks so that it covered the surface of the table and formed three slightly sound-absorbing walls around the table. On the blanket-covered table top was placed a battered but carefully adjusted microphone. No shiny ribbon or chrome-covered cardioid here, just a simple unidirectional dynamic finished in dull grey paint.

Backed up to the "studio" was the "control room" . . . just another folding Army table wobbling under the weight of a Signal Corps shortwave receiver to be used for cueing purposes, and an amplifier unit "stolen" from a mobile Signal Corps transmitter.

Extra antenna wire, strung on four poles nailed to the tent floor around this rustic setup, held up more blankets to dampen the roaring noise of military trucks groaning up and down the road some thirty feet away.

During the confused, hectic days which followed, MacArthur's radiomen ran into every conceivable kind of "snafu." First, they discovered that the electric power being supplied the press camp couldn't be used. It came from Australian-made generators, producing 240 volts. All their equipment required 110 volts.

The land lines from the "studio" to the Signal Center and from the Center to the fifteen-mile-distant transmitter were constantly being cut. The lines were not strung on poles, for there were no poles at this stage of the game. So, the lines lay on good old Mother Earth—for miles. Trucks going off the road, washouts, and the disgusting wet weather constantly interrupted line service. When the line went out, it took hours before the break could be located and repaired.

Whoever called the war in the Pacific a "shoestring war" must have had the Hollandia radio operation in mind. Nevertheless, by the time the network war correspondents arrived from Australia, the circuit was in operation. Hollandia-originated broadcasts were fed to Brisbane, Australia, on Signal Corps circuits. There the programs were relayed to the Army in San Francisco where they were piped to network newsrooms. The story of the Morotai invasion, a big step closer to the Philippines, came from Hollandia.

Schechter and his staff did not get much chance to enjoy their radio station on Hollandia. Admiral Halsey spotted a weakness in Jap defenses at Leyte and recommended that the Pacific timetable be stepped up. Results: MacArthur moved in for the invasion of the Philippines on October 20, instead of December 20, 1944, as originally planned.

When then-Colonel LeGrand A. Diller, MacArthur's able public relations officer, broke the news to Schechter, he knew he was asking almost for the impossible. For back in Sydney was the little ship *Apache*, being rigged into a floating invasion communications center, with a delivery date to New Guinea set for some time late in November. With frequent Australian strikes and with essential parts requisitioned from the United States with delivery dates uncertain, chances of getting the *Apache* into the October 20 action seemed remote.

For *Apache* was to do the job of voice broadcasting, and

the *FP-47*, an all-wood ship, was to be rigged to accommodate the transmission of press copy.

The *FP-47* was tiny, not more than 125 feet over all. She had been built for the Alaskan freight and passenger trade. Into her single forward hold went two Diesel generators to supply power for transmitting and receiving. Then the hold was closed over, the freight booms and winches removed, and a deckhouse built over the hatch. Into this space went two Army 500-watt dot-dash or "c-w" transmitters, eight operators' positions, a bank of receivers, and some additional short-range FM transmitter-receiver sets for local communication.

Up to this point in her reconstruction, the little *FP-47* had a fine outward appearance. Originally trim and compact, she was even more streamlined when her flopping booms were removed. Her open deck space was occupied by the new communications room. Then something happened. In extending her masts to achieve necessary antenna altitude somebody with bad bifocals decided that her nicely raked back masts should be pitched *forward* before extending. This was based on the theory that the added weight of power units and deckhouse would cause the *FP-47* to become stern heavy. Thus, the theory went, after the mast adjustment was made, the ship would have her customary silhouette. As it worked out, the poor *FP* ended up looking as though she were going backward. From then on, one had to figure out in which direction she was actually headed. Her smoke stack leaned aft and her masts leaned forward. She had the look of a plucky and determined bulldog, with a bone in its mouth, being pulled around by the tail.

The radio-broadcast ship was the *Apache*, old and venerable, destined for more fame in months to follow than she had achieved during fifty-five years of a distinguished sailing career. Originally a 158-foot Coast Guard cutter in the New-

foundland Ice Patrol, she had later been President McKinley's presidential yacht and after that, reception ship for the Maryland Yacht Club regattas. Now a dirty, war-stripped freighter, she was showing rust and layers of paint as testimony of more than half a century of service.

The *Apache* had to be completely rebuilt. All that remained of her original self was hull, power plant (installed before leaving the United States) and superstructure. All her freight gear was removed. Out came everything in her from port to starboard plates, down to her keel, aft from the engine room, forward to the foc'sl. Into her hold went two International Harvester fifty-kilowatt generators, a 10,000-watt medium frequency transmitter. Where the freight hatch had been on her main deck, arose a deckhouse, boasting a handsome studio and control room. With a luxurious handmade control panel, triple-glass control room window, and acoustic treatment, this part of the ship, together with the well-designed transmitter and generator rooms, was a show place.

In one of those many miracles which were performed almost daily during the war, the *Apache* and the *FP-47* were completed and started out from Australia for Hollandia. Only minor installations had to be made, and they were done while the ships were at sea, enroute to join the invasion armada.

Neither ship had been tested. Once underway they could not be tested, because radio transmission in enemy-infested waters would disclose our location. It was a risk we had to take. For without those ships, there was no chance to provide press and radio coverage for the Philippine show.

A coat of camouflage green was slapped on the *Apache*, food and supplies were laid in, and three days later, without escort, she started the 3,000-mile trip under forced steam from Sydney, Australia, to Hollandia, New Guinea.

The *Apache*, like the *FP-47*, was slow. Ten, maybe eleven,

knots was tops for her. Once at sea, she was out of touch. Only if she found herself in distress could she use her radio.

Then a tremendous problem arose. Every day for some time the network war correspondents had been making transpacific broadcasts over our facilities to the States. The Japs were monitoring these broadcasts. Those same correspondents—Clete Roberts, Art Feldman, Bill Dunn, Gordon Walker, George Folster, Pat Flaherty, and Royal Arch Gunnison—would leave for the Philippines on October 12. While under way there had to be radio silence on the broadcast ships. The Jap monitors would notice this strange silence immediately and they would know something important was afoot (for every American network correspondent to be away from Hollandia). There was only one event of such importance at that time—the Philippine invasion.

The only answer was to have the radio correspondents record several programs in advance, enough from each man to meet the schedules sent him by radio from his network—of which the Japs may well have had copies through radio interception.

These recordings would have to be played in accordance with the schedules by an engineer left behind. This was done.

The plan was foolproof, it seemed. While the radio correspondents were at sea with the invasion forces, the Jap monitors would be fooled by the recordings they had left behind.

No one could have reckoned with the blunder which almost gave away the secret. The engineer at Hollandia, in a lapse of memory, played the *same recording on two successive days!*

In San Francisco, the ABC network newsman heard Arthur Feldman start out talking about the same feature story he had used the day previously. Unbelievably, he listened as it appeared to be the same, identical script he had heard twenty-four hours previously. By the time Feldman's record had run

its course of the prescribed two minutes thirty seconds, this San Francisco newsman was convinced that his Pacific correspondent had been affected by the New Guinea jungles: he had told the same story on two successive evening broadcasts.

Hardly had the recorded voice of Feldman ended than the San Francisco newsman was screaming into the cue channel to Hollandia, "Art, didn't you know you did that same story last night?"

No answer from Hollandia.

"Art," insisted the San Francisco end of the cue channel, "what's going on over there? Have you gone nuts? You did that story last night."

Still no answer. In Hollandia, a horrified engineer realized he had pulled one of the biggest boners of the war. While he was probably pondering the neatest form of suicide, that voice on the cue channel from San Francisco, persisted:

"Arthur Feldman. Let me talk to Arthur Feldman."

By now, the engineer in Hollandia had recovered his voice, if not his wits:

"You can't talk to Feldman. Now get off the cue channel. That's an order, Bub! *Get off the cue channel!*"

The San Francisco newsman called New York, and Tommy Vellotta, New York news chief for ABC, was on the phone at the War Department in Washington. He was much upset, for fear Feldman may have become a psycho just before the big events were scheduled for the Pacific.

All the War Department could tell Vellotta was not to worry about Feldman; he was okay. "And for God's sake, tell that San Francisco newsman to stay off the cue channel and forget all about today's slip-up."

But what about the Japs? They were monitoring the cue channel. It is one of the mysteries of the war that they were not tipped off by this slip-up. Best guess was that some Jap

was napping when he should have been listening, or else had imbibed a bit too much *saki*.

The *Apache* itself almost missed the Philippine invasion. The *FP-47* arrived October 10, two days before sailing time. But there was no word from the *Apache*. It was just twenty-four hours before takeoff time that Schechter finally heard from the *Apache*. She was near Hollandia, at the mouth of Humboldt Bay, broken down! Tugs were rushed out to her, carrying marine engineers and repair crews to fix her engines. She was towed to a dock, and repaired with less than an hour to spare.

The *Apache* was equipped with two 10,000-watt transmitters, and other equipment comparable to that of a United States broadcasting station. She contained a well-equipped radio teletype and telephone room to provide local two-way communication, remote and relay facilities with a range of some twenty miles. Here, banks of VHF (Very High Fidelity) transmitters, carrier bays, printers, and related items were impressively displayed.

Below the main deck, the musty hold, long utilized for cargoes of a thousand kinds, had been completely rebuilt so that now it was the epitome of efficiency, with transmitter, power-unit, and repair-room arrangement.

Colonel Diller still did not know if he had a million-dollar bonanza or a million-dollar white elephant on his hands. Untried, untested, and as a matter of fact, incomplete, it was problematical whether her signal would reach ten feet or ten thousand miles (the range he had to have). He would not know until the all-important moment when he would announce to the world that Americans under MacArthur had returned to the Philippines.

Thus, dozens of rightly anxious war correspondents representing the world's great networks, press associations and

newspapers were forced to depend on the PRO alone, and the keystone in our communications plan actually was little more than an as yet incomplected experiment.

But it was too late to worry about it, so Schechter, and Pat Flaherty, NBC correspondent, played gin rummy and listened to CBS's Bill Dunn sing his wonderful parodies. One went to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and was about General MacArthur's "I Have Returned" speech, of which the correspondents had advance copies. The first verse went something like this:

MacArthur enlisted God's help with prayer, I have returned,
But God decided he couldn't be there, I have returned,
But God, he went to the utmost limits,
Instead of himself he sent Halsey, Kincaid, and Nimitz
So all MacArthur had to do was kibitz
Singing, "I Have Returned."

The night before invasion was black as the inside of the Trojan Horse with the trap door shut. Shortly before Pacific D-Day, small detachments of Ranger forces had landed on two small islands standing like sentinels at the mouth of Leyte Gulf. As the *Apache* passed between them, one could barely see the faint glow of signal markers planted to mark the channel. There wasn't much sleeping on the *Apache* that night.

Daylight came and the naval barrage began. The convoy began breaking column and spreading according to plan. The *Apache* moved in closer, finally dropping anchor about 400 yards from the Leyte shore.

Suddenly, Jap planes roared in to attack the fleet. The correspondents were on the bridge with the skipper. They had at least a half-dozen wire and film-recorders set up for blow-by-blow descriptions of the landing and the Jap air attack. Gordon Walker of Mutual and Art Feldman of ABC made a trial

recording. Every time the *Apache's* two 20-millimeter guns cut loose at Jap Zeros swarming overhead, the instruments jumped around so much that all but the wire-recorders were useless.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Al Pierce was working to establish contact with Colonel Diller on MacArthur's command ship, the U.S.S. *Nashville*, to get the broadcast go-ahead. Something had "snafued."

Everybody tried yelling into the hand-mike, calling Diller by the code name assigned him.

Later it was discovered someone had ordered a change in the transmission and reception frequency between Diller and the *Apache*, and had failed to notify him. Result: no contact.

The code words assigned to the *FP-47* and the *Apache* were unending sources of amusement. Whoever devised them had peculiar ideas on his mind. The *Apache* was "Leaky," and the *FP-47* was "Bedpan." When Leaky called Bedpan, or vice versa, other ships listening on the same frequency always had a wisecrack or two to throw in for good measure . . . like this one: "How about me, fellas? I'm 'Floor Mop'."

At 10 A.M. on October 20, General Walter Krueger's Sixth Army started hitting the beach. The naval gunfire had extended beyond the beaches and was pounding the Japs farther inland. At 10:30 A.M., word still hadn't come from Diller and the *Apache* still wasn't on the air. Now, from all directions, the correspondents began to arrive. Some had been in landing barges, others came from assault landing ships that had discharged their troops. Others had made their way over from the main press-party ship. All had one idea and they voiced it as one man: to get the stories and broadcasts through to the States *immediately*.

Unable to contact Diller for a go-ahead, Schechter decided that at least he had to make contact with San Francisco.

This meant running the risk of announcing the American return to the Philippines without having word from the "top" that we were there to stay. The correspondents were screaming. The press copy was piling up in stacks.

Schechter gave the word from the bridge. Down below, Hall Hendricks already had the big generators pushing out fifty kilowatts of power: Tony Borgia threw the switch sending current into the transpacific transmitter: banks of receivers were switched on.

Down in the newly wired-up control room and studio, closely crowded in with Signal Corpsmen, were various radio correspondents, and several press association chiefs—Bill Wilson of U.P., Yates McDaniel of A.P., I.N.S.'s Lee Van Atta and Reuter's John Leonard. Second Lieutenant Paul Juengel was at the control panel, making final adjustments before starting to call the United States. Standing beside him was First Lieutenant Sanford Terry, who had designed much of the control room installation.

The control room was hot and crowded as a jam-packed New York subway at rush hour. In the stifling heat there was no sound except for the rasping of the radio receivers. Nerves were rubbed raw. Lieutenant Juengel, the operating engineer, was having trouble at the control panel. Lieutenant Terry told him to throw a switch he had overlooked.

"Listen, Terry," Juengel snapped. "I'm running this goddam control room. Keep your mouth shut and leave me alone."

Terry saw red.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he barked. "I designed this place, so do what I tell you."

Whereupon Juengel offered to throw Terry the hell out.

Exasperated Terry, normally a quiet, unassuming pleasant guy, found this too much.

"I'm a goddam first lieutenant and you're a goddam second lieutenant and I'M telling you to throw that goddam switch!" Terry roared. "Now do it before I . . ."

Cheers rang through the room. Terry and Juengel hugged each other. They were on the air! The *Apache* worked! The microphone must have been open and somebody heard them.

The tension had eased. Juengel started calling the Army's radio station in San Francisco. They heard but the *Apache* couldn't hear them. Cue signals from the networks were relayed from the Army radio station at Hollandia.

Corporal Stan Quinn jumped to the studio microphone and at slow dictation speed read the historic communique. Then he reread it at normal broadcast speed.

Shortly before noon, the skipper called down from the bridge to announce that the flagship *Nashville* was coming alongside.

As the *Nashville* drew closer, Colonel Diller passed the word for Major Abe Schechter to come aboard—General MacArthur wanted to see him.

Schechter, as usual, took the bull by the horns, scrambled his way between the ships on a wobbly ladder, bounced up to the General's quarters and lost no time in popping a fast question to the Commander-in-Chief:

"Well, General, do we tell the world about it or don't we?"

"Go ahead," was the answer. Schechter returned to the *Apache*. The fact that he had "jumped the gun" by starting an hour earlier remained unmentioned!

Blackout regulations were in strict force, with destroyers gliding between anchored ships on blackout patrol. Jap planes attacked in small groups through most of the night. Everytime the *Apache* was warned of their approach through the local radio net, it had to shut down its big transmitter to prevent the Jap pilots from using it as a guiding radio beam. Once

during the night, however, it didn't get the word soon enough and a flock of Jap bombers came screaming in. Up on the ship's bridge stood a large candelabrum-like device used in navigation as a signaling device, and all of a sudden the whole thing lit up, red and green, like a huge Christmas tree. Without another light visible any place, that brilliant display was a perfect target.

The guard on the bridge whipped out his combat knife and cut the power cable leading to the lights. Of course, this did no good—the lights glowed. Shouts rose from all parts of the *Apache* and from near-by ships to "turn out those goddam lights!" Since the whole device was elevated above the superstructure they were out of reach. The only thing to do was shoot out the lights—which was done. The skipper was pretty unhappy about losing his nice signal lights, but it couldn't be helped.

After those early hours of excitement and tension, the *Apache* settled down to slow but sure transmission. The ship was a madhouse, jammed with staff people and dozens of war correspondents, some of whom went ashore during the day, returning at night to write their stories and broadcasts, to eat, and to find some corner where they might throw down a blanket and get a little sleep.

As the days passed and the Jap air raids continued, the *Apache* continued to have narrow escapes as bombs fell near by. It was assumed that Jap pilots were using its transmitter signal as a homing device and that was why the *Apache* was made the center of the target area.

It wasn't until Colonel Diller visited General George Kenney, Far East Air Forces chief, that he found out the real reason. The Air Forces general pointed out that the *Apache* was directly in the path of the Jap bombers and fighters as they made their runs on the American landing strip! All the

“longs” and “shorts,” depending on which end the Japs came in, fell around the little radio ship. The *Apache* left that hot spot in a hurry.

On January 9, 1945, the *Apache* moved out permanently, headed for Lingayen Gulf, near the little town of Dagupen, for the invasion to Luzon.

Lessons learned at Leyte made this job smoother. For one thing, General MacArthur decided to wait until he was sure his landings were going to stick before announcing them to the world. A twenty-five-hour delay was decreed. That gave the *Apache* and the *FP-47* a full day and night to get ready for the big story.

Colonel Phillip LaFollette, Diller's executive officer and former Wisconsin governor, was in charge of public relations on this invasion, as Diller was hospitalized. LaFollette was with MacArthur on the Navy cruiser, *Boise*, and he had instructed the *Apache* and the *FP-47* to stick with the *Boise*. That order also held for an LCI full of war correspondents.

MacArthur was curious about how things were going, and so the *Boise* darted in and out of the invasion armada. It afforded Navy men a big laugh, because right behind the *Boise*, like ducklings following mama, bobbed the unimpressive looking *Apache*, *FP-47*, and the correspondents' LCI.

Shortly after arriving in Lingayen Gulf, word went around from ship to ship that Jap suicide swimmers would be out to visit the *Apache* at night. These little devils would paddle out to American vessels with explosive charges which they would detonate against ships' sides, sinking the ships and killing those on board and, incidentally, themselves. Since it all sounded like a “latrine” rumor, and since it wasn't official, those aboard the *Apache* didn't take any extra precautions. Apparently, other ships didn't either.

Late on the second night in Lingayen Gulf, after both ships

had closed down transmission, there was a roar and a blinding flash about twenty-five yards away. It was so dark no one could see what was going on, but in the moment of the flash, Weiss had seen water and knew that whatever the explosion was, it had happened at a ship's waterline. Blackout conditions were strictly enforced so the *Apache* couldn't use its lights, but very soon they spotted little dots of light where the explosion had been. That meant only one thing: there were men in the water who had turned on the signal lights fastened to their life preservers.

It didn't take much figuring to guess what had happened. A ship had been sunk and its crew, or what remained of it, needed rescuing.

From then on, the *Apache* had roving armed guards posted with orders to use their lights and submachine guns on any suspicious floating object approaching the ship.

There wasn't much sleep after that. The crackle of small arms on ships all over the Gulf was almost a rhythmic sound all night, every night, as trigger happy GI's shot at anything and everything that moved in the water. It wasn't long before the area was almost as dangerous from ricocheting bullets as from the threat of Jap suicide swimmers.

But the time had come to move radio operations ashore. The Philippine phase of the Pacific war was changing its complexion. It was soon to become a land operation rather than a seaborne show. Naturally, the *Apache* and the *FP-47* would have to remain as overseas transmission facilities, but the war was fast moving inland.

In the Philippines, the newly arrived Americans saw familiar sights: telephone poles and long lines, just like in the United States. And modern, concrete highways. From the primitive conditions of New Guinea, they had come thousands of miles up the Pacific and struck civilization again.

Ahead lay Manila and the conquest of all the Philippines. Men and material were on the way. MacArthur's military machine was rolling into high gear, and the Pacific was emerging from its months-long reputation as a second-class war and reaching into the big black headlines of history.

The patchwork days of the Pacific war were at an end.

HERE COME THE MARINES!

SOME OF THE BLOODIEST CHAPTERS IN THE PACIFIC WERE written and suffered by the Marine Corps. From the Guadalcanal campaign, which was America's first offensive, to the end of the war, the Marines were in there, living up to the deserved reputation of the Corps.

However, there was no direct radio coverage of the Guadalcanal battle; indeed, during this jungle conflict reportage as a whole was rather primitive. The meager radio facilities on the island were needed twenty-four hours a day for urgent military business. Not until much later did radio-recording devices become standard equipment for all Marine invasions.

Yet radio had a representative at the original landings—in the person of Sergeant Jim Hurlbut, formerly a C.B.S. newsman, a devil-may-care “greenhorn” combat correspondent, who literally hitch-hiked a ride aboard the invasion fleet.

Hurlbut, along with Lieutenant Herbert Merillat, had joined the crack First Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, just *five* hours before it embarked for the South Pacific. Two weeks before that these men had still been civilians, and on such short notice they had been able to gather little essential gear. Their only equipment was a portable typewriter, which could hardly be transformed into a recording machine or a transmitter.

As happened in other branches of the service, the regular Marine officers could not fathom the purpose of Hurlbut's

mission. As a result, they were none too responsive to his requests for recording and transmitting equipment.

Before long he had created the "American Hour" and was presenting it over the New Zealand commercial network. He was writer, producer, director, announcer and even, when necessary, assistant to the technicians. Hurlbut's show was one of the first to be broadcast regularly over foreign transmitters on foreign soil.

However, when he learned that the Marines were being shipped again—this time for combat—he turned over his "American Hour" to his assistants, and went aboard as the troopships embarked for Guadalcanal.

During the first ten days on Guadalcanal only two correspondents were allowed brief radio transmission periods. Civilians Bob Miller of United Press and Richard Tregaskis of International News Service got their news through, but the dispatches were delayed, first for censorship, then in transmission. If they were lucky, a plane would carry their copy out; usually, they had to wait for ships to take the material back to New Zealand. As a result, the anxious outside world received its Guadalcanal bulletins days after the events had occurred.

The first actual on-the-spot recording in the Marines' Pacific combat area was made by Lieutenant Jack DeChant, in March of 1943. DeChant was a public relations officer for the First Marine Air Wing. He brought in a borrowed Presto K-recorder and a handbuilt wire-recorder donated by Dr. Harold Spivacke, Director of the Music Division of the Library of Congress.

DeChant and his recording expert, Sergeant Jim Hardin, formerly an Atlanta announcer, had their hands full with the makeshift gear. However, they obtained some excellent combat recordings, sequences which would have brought the

Guadalcanal campaign vividly into American loudspeakers, except that necessary censorship kept the material off the air.

The only show broadcast during this period—and that over a single station—was a thrilling account of the overland surprise attack on Viru Harbor, described by Sergeant Howard Biggerstaff. Cautious security officers felt that Biggerstaff's recording, too, violated censorship regulations, but Brigadier General Robert L. Denig, Marine Public Relations Director, got permission to have the show aired over WLW, Cincinnati, Biggerstaff's home town.

DeChant, Hardin, and Biggerstaff risked their lives to get eyewitness descriptions of Jap air attacks and hair-raising encounters along the thinly-held front lines. However, Marine officials and their Washington superiors held it dangerous to broadcast such data. If the enemy learned how grave we considered the situation, it might cost many lives. So the work of this valiant trio went for naught.

Another radio unit reached Guadalcanal in 1943, this one flaunting a fine new Presto Y-recorder. However, the new machine was used only to play records for the entertainment of the troops. A year later, Sergeant Ed Stodel, former Los Angeles broadcaster, came upon the equipment beneath a pile of gear in an Army warehouse. He reconditioned it and had it in working order in time for the Guam invasion, where he did outstanding work.

After the Guadalcanal campaign, Sergeant Hurlbut was brought back to Marine Headquarters in Washington. He was commissioned and placed in charge of the Radio Section of the Marines public relations division.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Roy Maypole, by sheer luck and Leatherneck determination, had managed to make recordings of the landing-operations at Bougainville. These records had

been sent back to Washington, where they were comfortably pigeonholed. Fortunately, Hurlbut found them. He recognized their effectiveness and urged them upon the major networks. So, by chance, Maypole's were the first battle recordings used on a national scale.

The landing on the Marshalls was covered by Sergeant Keene Hepburn and Gunnery Sergeant Fred Walker. Their wire recordings, also featured on the networks, were made literally within *yards* of enemy positions. The unpleasant, but unmistakably realistic, sound of small-arms fire rattled throughout their records.

Sergeant Hepburn was also present at the Saipan landing. With Lieutenant Loyal B. Hays, erstwhile director of the Marines' Mutual Show, "Halls of Montezuma," he recorded about fifty hours of battle action, including tank engagements, artillery bombardments, and a description of ground fighting as seen from the air. Somewhere they picked up the plaintive crowing of a Japanese rooster whose cries were punctuated by bursts of point-blank artillery fire. A selection of these Saipan recordings was used on "We, the People" over CBS; that was the first time a network commercial show used transcriptions.

The next step was the organization of combat recording teams for each Marine division and air wing. In theory this was easy to achieve, although the old-line Marine officers were still unconvinced that public relations had command value, or that radio coverage meant much. The herculean task was to get the men and the equipment. Announcers were available, but many of the men with technical radio backgrounds had been snapped up by units with higher priorities and by Army and Navy outfits that could offer higher ranks.

The Marines' number one problem was first to obtain the

equipment and then to deliver it in the field. The requisitions would be approved, but public relations had only a 1-A priority. In the midst of the wrangling in Washington for material by Army, Navy, WPB, OWI, OPB and others, a 1-A classification was about as useful as an expired sugar coupon.

For example, one article, a vitally needed portable field dynamotor, finally turned up—long after the Japanese had surrendered. Teams in the field constantly complained that equipment failed to arrive, and when something did come through it was often damaged beyond repair. Shipping space was also a factor. Marine officers who controlled the flow of equipment felt, rather reasonably perhaps, that bullets were more important than broadcasts, and generally gave priority to battle gear.

Between landing operations, the combat teams concentrated on the "Joe Blow" recordings—interviews with men from various localities, which were, of course, slanted for home town consumption. These brief sequences, turned out by the hundreds, proved tremendously popular with local station audiences, and provided an excellent backlog should the planned programs come through late.

However, the combat recordings added the most to the Marines' reputation. The little group of Leathernecks in the field performed real miracles to record the battle action and get it back to the home audience.

Sergeant Alvin Josephy, formerly of OWI, set down one of the truly magnificent eyewitness recordings of the war during the landing at Guam. Josephy, attached to the Third Division, was anxious to present the infantryman's point of view in a ship-to-shore operation. While still aboard the transport, he loaded his recorder into a half-track and began to talk just before the armored vehicle was lifted out of the hole. He was

still talking some ninety minutes later when he stumbled ashore on Guam's coral beach.

When the half-track rolled out of the tank-carrier at the transfer point, Josephy stepped down into the water. Carrying his microphone, he waded ashore, a distance of seven or eight hundred yards, under bitter enemy fire. All around him enemy machine guns and mortar fire registered hits with terrifying accuracy. Even the trailer being towed by Josephy's half-track was struck and overturned. But Josephy completed his assignment. It was one of many later chalked up to his credit.

At Peleliu, Sergeant Alvin Flanagan used a walkie-talkie for a close-up report. Suddenly, in the midst of his graphic, blow-by-blow description of the demolition of an enemy pillbox, he muttered politely, "Excuse me." He set down his microphone, snatched up his rifle, polished off an armed Jap who was rushing in to attack, and then, in good American tradition, returned coolly to his broadcast!

When in October, 1944, it became apparent that the new recording gear could not reach the field in time for the big offensives, it was decided that Hurlbut should personally round up the material in the United States, convey it to the Pacific, and deliver it to the various teams. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Hays had been assigned the task of co-ordinating the units in the field. Sergeant Henry Meisinger, former chief engineer of the Department of Interior's Radio Division, had been sent out to establish a field laboratory at Pearl Harbor. Sergeant Hepburn was placed in charge of the laboratory in Washington as Number Three man in the radio section, which also included Sergeant Bill Frank.

Hurlbut's job was monumental. Getting the equipment to the field was a colossal undertaking; delivering it to the individual units seemed well-nigh impossible. The most brazen

"stealing" and bold-faced "swindling" ever performed by a nonprofessional was required. However, before D-Day at Iwo Jima, the equipment was planted in strategic spots, and Hurlbut had gone on to "Cincpac" (Navy Headquarters) at Guam to cover the Marine operations there.

Obligingly, the Navy supplied him with a fine office. Here was to be his monitoring lab for the combat recordings which were flown back from Iwo. The office space turned out to be the officers' "head" (Navy lingo for lavatory), but fortunately for Hurlbut it was not yet officially in use. Hurlbut boasted that he was the only first lieutenant in the history of the Marine Corps whose office not only had running water, but a private bath and a flush toilet as well!

At Iwo, announcer Dick Mawson and engineer Harvey Williams, both sergeants and in combat for the first time, did outstanding work with the Fourth Division on the bitterly contested beachhead. Their recordings were superb, despite the fact that they worked under inconceivable pressure and handicaps, not the least of which was the blowing up of a film recorder by enemy shell fragments in the midst of a precious "take."

The Iwo campaign was also notably recorded by Sergeants Art King and Vince Lonergan with the Fifth Division, and by Sergeant Alvin Josephy who had already set a high mark with his work on Guam.

The Marines also proved their mettle in the Okinawa show. Jim Knox and Ed Stodel, attached to the Second Division, Lieutenant Ned Burman, Sergeant Tom Carson and Roger Roberts with the First Division, and Eddie Prendergast and Ernest Stanley with the Sixth, all did fine work, not only in combat, but in the "Joe Blow" Valentine and Mothers' Day greetings, which they later expanded to cover all holidays.

The Air Wings, too, had continued the good work begun at Guadalcanal. Sergeants Dave Stick and Jack Slocum went into the Philippines with the First Air Wing. They, too, were handicapped by a lack of adequate gear, and their orders were none too specific, but they obtained some fine material on the splendid performances of the Marine aviators.

Nor was all the good work done by officially appointed combat radio men. Captain Earl Wilson, a Washington newspaperman attached to the Second Air Wing at Guam, was to deliver a recorder to another unit on the island. He found himself in the midst of a gripping and terrifying scene when a Jap suicide pilot tried to blow up a Marine fighter plane. Immediately Wilson set up the recorder, although as a newspaperman he knew little about the strange machine, and breathlessly described the scene in such hair-raising word-pictures that network listeners were alternately chilled and thrilled.

Sergeant Bill Ross, former United Press reporter, also turned in excellent recordings on the operations at Guam. In a more solemn vein, Lieutenant Pete Zurlinden secured an unusual recording of memorial services aboard a Navy transport.

By V-J Day, Marine Corps radio had come into its own. Every division and air wing had been completely staffed, almost all the equipment had been delivered, and the laboratories at Pearl Harbor were fitted out and manned. With characteristic Marine self-confidence the combat radio correspondents griped that the atomic bomb was perfected by the Army and Navy radio sections simply to keep the Marines from stealing the whole show!



RADIO: WINGS OF THE SIGNAL CORPS

RADIO, THIS VERSATILE MEDIUM, WAS TO MEAN MANY things to many men in the war, but from a military point of view it carried out its most important—and complicated—mission for the Signal Corps. Under the direction of modest Major General Frank E. Stoner, who fathered the Army Communications System, the Signal Corps radio, telegraph, telephone and submarine cable networks, totaling more than 800,000 circuit miles, which handled a traffic capacity of about one hundred million words per day, or the equivalent of 1,310 full-length books! Printed messages were sent round the world more rapidly than the words could be typed: *9½ seconds for a ten-word message!*

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Franklin D. Roosevelt could go into the secret White House map room and *every hour*, through the medium of multi-channel high-speed radio, note the changes in the war situation, to the last battalion, as the word was flashed around the world.

During the first few months after Pearl Harbor, the Army depended heavily upon its own inadequate radio network, which connected the nine corps areas with Honolulu, San Juan, Panama, Manila and Seattle for relay to Alaska. It also utilized Western Union, McKay Radio, Radio Corporation of America Communications, and the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. However, these civilian facilities were

soon taxed to the utmost. Moreover, security was the paramount factor in military communications. It became obvious that the Army Signal Corps would have to establish its own communications, and on an unprecedented scale.

Within the Army itself, the different branches had tremendous requirements. The message-load of every Army outfit, from the General Staff, the Air Forces, the Ground Force, and the Service Forces, down to the lower levels, with whom contact had to be maintained, was staggering. (Radar and other discoveries added new complications.)

The Signal Corps summoned a committee from the radio industry to help solve the problem. As a result, the Government, in the majority of cases, contracted for the use of all the necessary licenses for one dollar and a waiver of omission of all indemnity clauses in contracts with the licensor. Delays due to patent arguments were eliminated overnight. More than 170 billion dollars' worth of equipment, covered by 25,000 patents, was obtained at a total cost of about 10 million dollars—an average royalty rate of less than three-tenths of one per cent under all the patents combined. General Stoner's group in the Signal Corps installed this equipment all over the world. Thus the Pentagon in Washington was linked with every vital spot on the war fronts.

By combining telegraph circuits with radio circuits, the Army Signal Corps produced a multi-channel system which became the backbone of fixed military communications between Washington and overseas points. A round-the-world belt-line of circuits—avoiding the polar regions because of magnetic disturbances—was built. It extended from Washington to Asmara, to New Delhi, to Brisbane, to San Francisco and back to Washington by land. Terminals at strategic points north and south of this belt-line tapped into it with secondary circuits connecting at the nearest major stations. If unusually

severe atmospheric conditions intervened, the Atlantic circuit traffic could be sent to General Dwight Eisenhower the other way round (westward) with no loss of time! If there was trouble over the Pacific, traffic to General Douglas MacArthur could be routed eastward!

By late 1942, the Army Communications System was beginning to operate with heretofore undreamed-of speed. Prior to the landings in North Africa, it was essential that our special G-2 Headquarters at Gibraltar be advised immediately of any hint from enemy or neutral sources that our offensive was expected. In the United States, ASC monitored all major foreign broadcasts—emanating from Algiers, Rome, Berlin, Madrid and Stockholm—translated them, and had the information in G-2's hands within two or three minutes!

In September, 1943, when the Italians were ready to surrender, President Roosevelt informed General George Marshall that, for diplomatic and strategic reasons, he wanted to announce the Badoglio proclamation at the earliest possible moment after its release. General Stoner arranged for our station at Allied Headquarters in North Africa to flash the code word, "Bosco," the moment Badoglio began his proclamation to the Italian nation. When the signal was received here it was passed, through the White House Signal Center, to Hyde Park. There the President released his statement to the United States networks within forty-five seconds, two minutes before Churchill made the announcement of the same event in England.

Our round-the-world system gave the President, his advisers, conferees and high command, remarkable service. The first difficult job involved the Quebec Conference in 1943. Since Mr. Churchill was to arrive by ship, security require-

ments made it necessary for ASC personnel to stay out of Quebec until three days before the conference. The proposed communications setup involved a complete signal center and code room with 33 major items of teletypewriter equipment, carrier equipment for a circuit to New York and Washington, a complete central office, and numerous telephone circuits.

ASC organized a motor convoy of 15 vehicles to transport equipment and personnel to Quebec. Within 48 hours ASC had the whole layout in operation, a task which for the local communications officials would have required weeks. Connections with the Signal Center in Washington made it possible for the conferees to communicate immediately with any major city in the world then in Allied hands.

During the second Quebec conference, in September, 1944, the combined Chiefs of Staff were attempting to decide whether General MacArthur should advance his scheduled attack on Leyte from December 20th to October 20th. As they discussed the question late one night, General Handy, Chief of the Army's Operations and Planning Division, said, "Well, I'll ask General MacArthur whether or not he can step up the time." He walked into the Signal Control Room and *within five minutes* returned with word that MacArthur could launch his offensive on October 20. The British conferees were amazed, and were not completely convinced until they were given a demonstration.

Through the use of regenerative repeaters at Washington, San Francisco, and Brisbane, ASC had set up a circuit between Quebec and General MacArthur's headquarters in Hollandia—by landline to San Francisco and by radio the rest of the way. General Handy simply dictated his question to the teletype operator and General MacArthur at the other end, read it as the words were typed on his machine. In a matter of seconds, General Handy had the reply on the Quebec printer.

In Washington, ASC had a more elaborate arrangement for teletypewriter conferences. If General Marshall wanted to discuss a matter with a field commander at any time, he merely stepped into the conference room, where both the incoming and outgoing messages could be projected on a screen to be read and answered immediately.

The conference at Yalta in February, 1945, was the most difficult to service because the site was so far from any point on the Army's round-the-world belt.

About 250 tons of equipment had to be transported to the scene, 20 tons by air from the United States to Naples. To save time, General Stoner decided to operate the long-range radio-teletypewriter transmitters and receivers from a ship, keying them from the Yalta Signal Center. In co-operation with the Navy, the headquarters ship *Catoctin* was outfitted at Naples.

At the last minute, it was discovered that it would not be safe to take the ship into the mine-infested waters of the Yalta Harbor. Instead, the ship would have to be anchored off Sevastopol, sixty-five miles away. This meant that the local equipment would have to be transported by vehicle over tortuous mountain roads. Nevertheless, within five days a joint Army-Navy Signal Center, a classified message center, a telephone network covering about 2376 square miles, landline telegraph circuits across two mountain ranges which connected Yalta with the ship at Sevastopol, and a VHF (very high frequency) radio link from a mountain top to the ship were all in operation.

From Yalta, the President had many teletype conferences with General Eisenhower—then at Rheims—with the White House and State Department in Washington, and even with Ambassador Hurley at Chungking. For the Chungking

hookup, regenerative repeaters were used at Algiers, Washington, and Honolulu to create a single circuit over which the President and Mr. Hurley could exchange questions and answers with absolute security.

For the Allied Conference at Potsdam in July, 1946, a complete Signal Center, including radiophoto facilities, was set up. From that conference, the first radiophoto for color reproduction was transmitted—a picture of President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee and Marshal Stalin.

Despite the heavy demands on his services, General Stoner and his staff continued to introduce refinements into the radio-teletypewriter field. Installations aboard the President's train and airplane now make it possible for him to remain, with security, in teletype contact with capitals throughout the world even while traveling across the country.

During the war, General Stoner's Army Communications System brought men everywhere closer together. It seems eminently correct, therefore, that in peacetime the General should serve the United Nations today as its Communications Officer.

These gigantic feats of communications deserved the plaudits of all, but few understood the magnitude of the tasks, and security regulations allowed none of this to be revealed to the public. That the leaders appreciated the accomplishment is indicated by President Roosevelt's succinct statement: "When we consider international relations, we must include international communications."



CONQUEST BY WIRELESS

A VICTORY ACCOMPLISHED WITH NO LOSS OF LIFE OR EQUIPMENT can be counted as doubly precious.

Radio deserves the credit for at least one such major triumph. On many other occasions radio served to undermine the enemy psychologically, to soften him up for the invasion, and at the same time to strengthen the morale of those underground forces who were eagerly awaiting the coming of the Allies.

By September, 1943, Italy was ready to surrender. But Mussolini was still alive and the Italian fleet prowled the Mediterranean. These hide-and-seek tactics hampered the Allied Naval Forces, for it meant that supplies to the Pacific must continue to be routed the long way around, instead of via the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

Obviously, it was vital that the Italian Navy surrender to us rather than fall into the hands of Germany. But where was the Italian fleet and how could we contact it?

AFHQ in Algiers consulted its Psychological Warfare Division under General Robert McClure. The General immediately recognized that here was a job for radio. He summoned Morrie Pierce, chief engineer of WGAR, Cleveland, then attached to the OWI.

Morrie and his staff went to work. They knew that the Italians were forbidden to listen to radio, other than their own programs. How to get their attention?

At last they hit upon a plan. *One* waveband was still international—even in the midst of a world war. This was the International Distress Signal, *on 500 kilocycles*, over which the SOS is flashed in the universally understood sound language of the radio operator. On this international frequency, it was a fair bet that a message would reach the Italian fleet!

However, the only available transmitter was tuned to broadcast 1226 kilocycles. It did not seem humanly possible to readjust this transmitter to 500 kilocycles in the time stipulated by GHQ in Algiers. And yet, if the Italian fleet could not be contacted at the precise psychological moment when Italy threw in the sponge, the enemy would surely get to it—and a golden opportunity to shorten the war would be lost.

In addition to the technical difficulties, Morrie Pierce, Major Charles Carson of Peoria and Lieutenant Joel Keller of Cleveland were ordered to work only at night so that the nature of their project would not be suspected. No secret was more closely guarded than the fact that one faction of the Italian government was plotting to overthrow Mussolini and to surrender Italy to the Allies.

Pierce, Carson and Keller needed crystals, coils and condensers to perform their technical surgery, but Algiers had nothing like these. Supplies which would have been readily available in the United States were absolutely unobtainable here. The work on the transmitter, therefore, called for one ingenious improvisation after another.

While the technicians toiled night after night against repeated disappointments, an announcer was locked in the studios in Algiers. He completed a recording directed at the Italian fleet, declaring to them simply that their country had capitulated, and on what terms. The statement included specific instructions to the Italian fleet leaders: they must surrender to the Allied fleet, *without resistance!*

The world had not yet heard of the Allied coup in Italy when the recording was broadcast repeatedly over the hastily rebuilt transmitter on the International Distress Signal.

When the Italian fleet steamed into Malta to surrender, Morrie Pierce, the man who had devised the unique means of its capture, was in the airport at Port Lyautey, on the coast of Africa, waiting for a plane to take him home. He heard the news over the radio and smiled, but made no comment. Like most of the men in the behind-the-scenes engineering of radio, he was not even present when his greatest success was scored. But the taciturn Pierce was greatly moved by the tribute which Admiral Andrew Browne Cunningham of the British Navy paid to radio on that occasion:

“Congratulate the Americans for me. They have accomplished in one day with radio propaganda what I have been trying to do for three years with my fleet.”

ABSIE, the American Broadcasting Station in Europe, was established before D-Day. The greatest amphibious operation in history was being planned by the Allies, and it was essential to prepare the peoples of the continent for this event. By this time the enemy was becoming shaky, and these broadcasts might help to unsettle him further. On this vital assignment ABSIE and the British Broadcasting Company co-operated.

The opening program went on the air April 30, 1944. Robert E. Sherwood, director of the Overseas Branch of the United States Office of War Information, keynoted the program with a message which was to bring new hope to Nazi-dom's millions of unhappy victims:

“This is the American Broadcasting Station in Europe. We have established this station after more than two years of preparation and work with the cordial co-operation of the BBC. We Americans are here to join with the BBC in telling

the truth of this war to our friends in Europe—and to our enemies. We are joined with our British Allies just as our American armed forces on land, sea and air are joined with the powerful forces of the British Empire. The BBC has rendered distinguished service in this war. In the dark days of 1940 and 1941 when Britain fought alone, the voice that you heard from London was the voice of an unconquerable spirit—the spirit not only of Britain, but the spirit of France, of Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece—all the nations occupied by the Germans but never vanquished.

“In this great historic year of 1944, the Allied radio will bring you tremendous news, and the day is not far distant when your own radio stations will again be free to tell you the truth instead of the tremulous lies of the Nazis, the collaborationists, and the Quislings. I wish to utter one word of warning to all the heroic men and women in Europe who are ready to fight the oppressors—to the Council of Resistance in France, to all the underground resistance movements in all countries—including Germany and the satellites.

“Do not be premature.

“Do not reveal yourselves before the proper time.

“Remember, we shall give you the signal when the hour comes for you to rise up against the enemy and strike. Together with all of you, the freedom-loving peoples of Europe, we are marching forward to the day of liberation—to the revival of European civilization.”

ABSIE was located in Soho, on Wardour Street in the heart of London. Phil Cohen, a career radioman became its chief. Assisting him in a sub-rosa manner was William Burke Miller, now a top NBC television executive. The new station occupied the building used by the Gaumont-British Film Company. Famous Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Circus were only a few blocks away. Many of the ABSIE staff experienced the little blitz of March, 1944, while they were preparing for the first broadcast on April 30. German bombers almost managed

to destroy the station even before it was launched, the missiles demolishing a building only a few feet away.

A week before ABSIE went on the air it started "dry runs" (rehearsals of complete broadcast schedules). Each rehearsal was recorded, and then checked and double-checked by all ABSIE officials, including the manager of the station, the heads of the language sections, the production directors and the special events director. After the recordings were played back, long discussions followed sometimes lasting throughout the night and into the next day. Thus the material was boiled down and distilled into the very best presentation of news, talks and music.

ABSIE carried programs in practically every European language, but each fifteen-minute broadcast ended with the familiar tune of "Yankee Doodle." The programs consisted mostly of news, supplemented by first-person accounts of significant events by well-known authorities. In French and German there were longer programs, of news, well-loved music, and talks by famous personalities; some of the talks were heard by direct pick-up from New York.

In Germany the radio sets were designed to receive only German stations. In occupied countries, the radios were confiscated, and even to listen to an Allied station was enough to earn a death sentence. Nonetheless, ABSIE reached its audience.

Then the Nazis employed scores of powerful transmitters to "jam" the ABSIE and BBC stations. They tuned their transmitters to the ABSIE wavelengths and broadcast a counterblast of unusual noises, sound-recordings of airplane motors, music notes, or siren effects. Yet they were never able to jam all the wavelengths at the same time, so that every ABSIE broadcast got through on one wavelength or another.

Germany's propaganda machine tried to counteract the

effect of ABSIE's broadcasts with a characteristic attempt to sow dissension among the Allies. "Lord Haw Haw" made this statement:

"There is a powerful American radio station transmitting broadcasts from Britain in various languages, established for the reason that Mr. Roosevelt thinks British propaganda inadequate or defective."

The Germans nicknamed the station "*Der Amerikanische Agitation Sender in Europe*" (The American Agitation Station in Europe). Did the German people listen to the programs? There is no question but that they did. A survey made later in Allied-occupied Germany showed that 50 to 60 per cent of the Germans at home listened to Allied broadcasts. More than a third of these kept tuned to ABSIE.

The first message beamed directly to the Germans was broadcast on May 27, 1944, a little more than two weeks before D-Day. The voice was that of Douglas Ritchie of the BBC who, as Colonel Britton, had launched the famous "V for Victory" campaign in the days when Nazi Germany had not yet suffered a major defeat.

Ritchie spoke as a member of the Staff of the Supreme Commander:

"Today, Saturday, May 27, the Supreme Commander wishes me to repeat the warning against premature ill-timed action. The time will come when our armed forces will attack the Germans in the west. The Supreme Commander counts upon you, the people of the occupied countries, to play an essential part in the plan to destroy the Nazis. But you must not jump to wrong conclusions . . ."

Practically every day and night the message went out, in English, and in French, Danish, Norwegian and Dutch, the languages of the occupied countries.

ABSIE recognized that the broadcasting of news to the continent was its first function: OWI held that the best psychological warfare was waged by the broadcast of straight news. Yet in occupied countries the enemy was also broadcasting news reports. ABSIE decided to play its strong suit: it could give its listeners authoritative interpretation of the news by persons of international reputation.

Such "stars" were recruited by the Special Events Section of ABSIE, which became one of the most important departments in the entire campaign. It was headed by Jack Stapp, of WSM, Nashville. The news reports were, for the most part, read by unknown voices. But the Special Events features carried the ring of authority, for these were offered by speakers whose organizations or affiliations were widely known on the continent. Among the European speakers for ABSIE were King Peter of Yugoslavia, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, Jan Masaryk, King Haakon and Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Sir Stafford Cripps, and hundreds of other international figures.

In addition to these European personalities, practically every American newspaper and radio correspondent stationed in Europe performed for ABSIE. Since many of the correspondents were linguists, they also broadcast in the foreign languages. The talks ran approximately four minutes and were inserted into news and musical programs.

After D-Day these correspondents were very busy people. It was difficult to persuade them to rush to the studio, get instructions on the radio directive for that day, write the talk, have it censored, and then record it. As they became more and more pressed for time they were increasingly reluctant to spend their spare time at the ABSIE studios.

When it seemed that the "Voice of America" would have to get along without American correspondents, a star fell on

the Special Events Section. A young Polish girl of twenty-three asked ABSIE for a job. This was a miracle being born. When she entered the ABSIE building, she happened to pass the open door of the Special Events Section. Two correspondents from well-known New York papers were sitting near the door sweating over a script when they sighted her. The two men made a mad scramble to watch her pass. Everyone thought the Germans had dropped a new secret weapon in the hallway.

After observing her effect on those correspondents, Special Events quickly decided that she might be the answer to a prayer. The blonde beauty, named Ewatersea Kamienska, later hailed as one of the most beautiful women in London, was immediately dubbed "Little Eva." A graduate of the University of Warsaw, she had just managed to escape from Poland before the Nazis entered. She took the fate of her country to heart and shed many tears at ABSIE when the grim news of the battle of Warsaw and the massacres of her people came through.

Eva became the Pied Piper of Special Events, a secret weapon if there ever was one. She frequented all the clubs and other hangouts of the American correspondents. When she spotted a likely prospect, she approached her quarry and fluttered her eyelashes. Then, widening her big blue eyes, she murmured, with just an appealing touch of Polish accent, "Won't you come up tomorrow and help us win the war by broadcasting to those nasty Germans?"

No one could resist her. The only trouble was that when the correspondent looked for Little Eva at the studio he usually discovered that she was out fluttering her eyelashes at others. Little Eva will never be forgotten by the correspondents of wartime London.

The European personalities were brought in by Bertha

Grossbard-Brinitzer, better known at ABSIE as "Big Bertha." A native of Vienna and former member of the BBC Special Events Staff, she knew practically every European dignitary residing in England. She could talk to the great with an easy familiarity. Members of Parliament addressed her as "Bertha" and any one of them would consent to broadcast at her request. No woman in England could talk as long, or as convincingly as Bertha Grossbard-Brinitzer—and she got results! The saying around ABSIE was, "If you want the big ones, tell Big Bertha, and they'll be over in the next cab—or in a lorry, if necessary!"

Many GI's and officers in the American armed forces spoke a European language, especially those whose parents had migrated from foreign countries and had taught them to speak the mother-tongue. The Public Relations Sections of the Army and Navy were on the lookout for such men. Whenever they discovered one who had any experience of psychological value in broadcasting to the Continent, they sent him to "Special Events" at ABSIE. As time went on, these men were used more and more, especially after D-Day.

They told of the bombing of important industrial sections, of the demoralization of the German troops they had encountered and of many other events, each calculated to weaken the fiber of the enemy's resistance.

Generals and other high-ranking officers were also heard on the United States Military Personnel broadcasts. When it was not possible to bring programs to the London studios, ABSIE staff members made recordings in the field. These outside features included reports of American fliers upon their return from bombing missions, or of descriptive trips to the country homes of notables and broadcasts direct from Channel-boats and from prisoner-of-war camps.

On May 10, 1945, SHAEF Message Number 83 was broadcast over ABSIE. It was an order of the day from General Eisenhower, directed to the resistance forces of France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway. The message ended with words of earnest appreciation of the loyalty of heroic peoples in a time of great stress:

“For most of you, your sole reward has been the knowledge that you have, by your efforts, helped to rid your homeland of a hated enemy. In this great hour of victory, as your Supreme Commander, we thank you, forces of resistance, for your discipline, for your great courage, and for your inestimable service to the Allied cause and to the future of all freedom-loving peoples.”

As the Allied armies advanced after D-Day, the emphasis in ABSIE broadcasts shifted, first, to foreign workers in western Germany, and then to the German people. German doctors were advised to remain with the sick. German police were urged to protect property against the SS. German civilians were warned of greater air bombardment of key industrial targets and told to evacuate the Ruhr. Those outside the battle area were asked to help care for the evacuees.

Finally, when the time was right, instructions were broadcast direct to the *Wehrmacht*. By the end of March, 1945, the German soldier was being told that the German government had ceased to exercise effective control over wide areas and that the German High Command was no longer in power. Instructions were broadcast outlining the procedure of surrender. The terrific punishment he had taken made the foe receptive to the voice of authority from SHAEF via the radio receivers. Many German soldiers declared that their capitulation was influenced by the ABSIE surrender broadcasts.

In the last few moments of ABSIE's life, Elmer Davis,

director of the United States Office of War Information, concluded the final broadcast:

“In our work, humbly conscious of the great tradition we served, we have continued as best we might to tell the story that America has had to tell in Europe for a century and three-quarters past. ABSIE has ended its work, but the voice of America will continue to tell the story of liberty and the rights of men.”

A few moments later French, Norwegian, Danish, German, and English announcers successively signed off for the last time:

“This is ABSIE, the American Broadcasting Station in Europe. Goodnight and goodbye.”

The first blow against the Japanese homeland was a great victory—if not in actual battle gains, then certainly in terms of the strengthening of morale at home and among our Allies.

Through radio, the Twentieth Bomber Command scooped the enemy and the world on the announcement of an epochal story of modern warfare: the first land-based bombing of the Japanese homeland by a secret military weapon—the B-29 Superfortresses.

The June 15, 1944, bombing of the Imperial Iron and Steel Works at Yawata, Japan, gave a tremendous lift to the Allied nations. Nine days after the Normandy invasion, the story seized the headlines of the world. Cheering throngs crowded Times Square in New York when the news flash came; jubilant celebrations took place around the globe.

The mission itself was a mammoth undertaking. Telling the world about it was another job of giant proportions: *one that could never have been done without radio*. There were radio transmitters in the planes; there were radio receivers at far-

flung bases in India, China, and Ceylon; and that wonder-machine, the radio-teletype, was hooked up from Hsin-ching, China, to Hijili, India, to the Telecon Conference Room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, D. C.

These installations made it possible to let the world know—*at the moment it was happening*—that B-29's were pouring death and destruction on an enemy 15,000 miles away. The plan was conceived by Major Hugh Higgins, Twentieth Bomber Command PRO. But his commanding officers also saw that this mission had propaganda value which far outweighed the usual security regulations for observing silence.

"I proposed to write the flash communique in advance, and cable it to Washington," Higgins relates. "Then, when we bombed the primary target, we would break radio silence over the target with a prearranged code word. This would be instantaneously radioed to Washington. Sixty seconds later, by the prepared flash communique, the world would know that the first installment on the Pearl Harbor debt had been paid. The operational communiques, broadcasts and eye-witness accounts would follow.

"At the next Twentieth Bomber Command staff meeting, I suggested my plan. Some of the officers thought I was either out of my mind or announcing my candidacy for a general court-martial. But the suggestion didn't even ruffle General Wolfe or General Saunders.

"That would do it, all right!" General Wolfe said.

"Some of the staff opined that breaking radio silence might alert the Japs.

"General Saunders laughed. 'If they don't flub the thing entirely,' he said, 'they should jump us on the way to the target.'

"The main advantage of the plan, of course, was that by the instantaneous release we robbed the Japs of a propaganda weapon. They couldn't make the announcement *first* with their own description of what had happened, with the usual

phony claims of aircraft destroyed, targets missed, etc. In his brisk way, Wolfe said, 'OK, Higgins, that's it! Cable Washington.'

The target was 1,600 miles away. By all reckonings, the "bombs away" should come something like seven or eight hours after the takeoff. That would be the time for release of the news flash.

Another eight hours would elapse before the ships returned to the four widely scattered China bases, and an additional two to three hours would pass before crew interrogations would be completed and sent in to Command Headquarters at Hsin-ching. These reports would be the basis of the operational communique. The eyewitness stories would follow. Clyde Farnsworth of A.P. had won the draw for first filing. Simultaneously, the late Roy Porter of NBC (representing the four American networks) would begin his broadcast. This meant a "beat" for radio, so the newspaper correspondents objected vociferously. But Higgins settled the matter:

"To hell with all the discussion, fellows! That's the way the pants are creased, and that's the way it's going to be!"

Colonel Jim Garcia, A-2, and a fine intelligence officer, furnished Major Higgins the code word. "If you can arrange it," Jim said, "I'd appreciate your making the code word 'Betty,' after you-know-who."

"Betty" was Garcia's wife. Higgins told Jim that he had never heard a better code word. (Garcia was killed in a crash on Guam shortly after V-J Day.)

Higgins composed the flash communique and cabled it to Washington.

Sixty-eight Superfortresses took off for Yawata. They started rolling off the two-mile runways around four of a sunny afternoon. Sixteen hundred miles away and several

hours later, the first bombardier pressed his bomb release. The pilot held his ship straight and level, 20,000 feet above the Imperial Iron and Steel Works, and the radio operator opened his key. In sixty seconds the code word, "Betty, Betty, Betty," flashed from Yawata, Japan, to Hsin-ching, China, to Hijili, India, and across the world to Washington, D. C.

In Washington, General "Hap" Arnold and the late Major General Surles had made arrangements for the B-29 scoop to reach press and radio. At the takeoff of the B-29's Washington had been notified and newsmen had been alerted to await a bulletin. Reporters gathered at the Pentagon for the flash.

In the Telecon room, General Arnold waited anxiously for the code word "Betty." That word came immediately after the first B-29 dropped its eggs on Yawata.

General Arnold picked up the phone. Quietly, with controlled excitement, he spoke to General Surles at the Bureau of Public Relations: "Okay, let it go, Alex."

General Surles picked up the one-line communique, strode fifty feet to the news conference room, and, without a word, began to hand out copies. It was one of the shortest—if not *the* shortest—communiques in the history of the War Department. It simply said: *B-29 Superfortress of the Twentieth Bomber Command of Major General K. B. Wolfe bombed Japan today.*

Reporters grabbed telephones and yelled for the city desk. Radio newsmen dashed for the Radio Branch studios, waving to their engineers and calling, "Get me the network!"

On the four networks excited voices told the momentous news: American land-based planes had struck the first blow at Japan. The B-29's, one of the war's most important secrets, were out in the open—the folks at home could know about them now, and so could the enemy! The war in the Pacific had taken a decisive turn. The air offensive, which was to be

climaxed by Hiroshima, was launched at last.

But the B-29 was a new weapon and the commanding officers in China and Washington had miscalculated the length of time it would take to get the complete story of this first historic raid.

To begin with, there had been several crack-ups on the take-off. That meant a lapse of several hours between the striking time of the first plane over Yawata and the last. The same time allowance must be made for the planes' return to the several bases in China. Those bases were widely separated with but poor communications between them.

Moreover, the crews that led the raid had been in the air more than sixteen hours when they finally got back to their home base. On their return, tired after a grueling fight, they were, nevertheless, interrogated for all essential details by intelligence officers.

In the meantime, the correspondents in Washington kept vigil for the details of this press-stopping story. All over America, anxious citizens waited to learn the outcome of the first major strike at the Japanese homeland.

Meanwhile, the communications, which had flashed the first news from China to Washington, sputtered and went dead. Connections were resumed spasmodically in the ensuing hours, but all China could tell Washington was, in effect, "Keep your shirt on!" The communique was not ready.

Washington itself, trained to receive prompt bulletins from the Eighth Air Force in Europe, was unaware of the fatigue element and so had no explanations ready. The press corps became more and more impatient as the hours passed, for the flash had made the afternoon newspaper headlines and by the following morning there was *no* additional news.

However, while the combat crews slept, and the official communique waited, NBC correspondent Roy Porter, who

represented all the networks, had made the most of his ride back. He slept in the plane and, when he landed in China, was ready to write his story and then make the hop to Chungking which had the only radio-voice transmitter capable of reaching America.

Porter had a number of possible broadcast hours, depending on the time of his arrival in Chungking. All the networks were to be ready and waiting to carry his eyewitness story. However, because of the moratorium on news in Washington, three of the networks assumed that there would be no radio broadcast either! So it happened that when the NBC reporter issued his story for the combined networks, the only one to carry it was CBS!

That day the city of Chungking was in a holiday mood: Parades, complete with huge masks, block-long dragons, fire-crackers and cheering thousands, while ecstatic Chinese carried Porter and other correspondents who had flown the mission through the streets on their shoulders. Souvenir-hunting citizens literally tore the shirts from these writers who had witnessed and reported this first blow against the Japanese industrial empire. Striking at a target of great industrial significance—Intelligence referred to Yawata as "The Pittsburgh of Japan"—the war had finally been brought to the Japanese homeland.

The balance was swinging unmistakably in our favor. It had taken many years of prodigious effort, but we had mustered our tremendous resources—of which radio was not the least—and now, increasingly, the enemy was to be feeling the weight of our blows.

HOW TO DEVELOP ANGLO-AMERICAN
FRIENDSHIP DESPITE THE BBC

FROM BENEATH HIS RED SHAGGY LOCKS, BRENDAN BRACKEN peered at the group gathered around his desk. It was May 19, 1944, in the Ministry of Information Building, London.

Present were W. J. Haley, director-general of the BBC; Major General R. W. Barker, Chief G-1 (personnel), Supreme Allied Command; his British opposite number, Brigadier Bosvile, and Edward M. Kirby, who had just re-flown the ocean for this very special meeting.

Its purpose was to set up an Allied broadcasting service, which was to serve the needs of the Allied troops under Eisenhower's command and to give him instant voice contact with his troops. It had the full support of every Allied element under his supreme command.

But to the astonishment of the military men present, it did *not* have the support of the BBC! In fact, the BBC was opposed to it and baldly said so!

After it was ascertained that no Army radio transmitters could be erected and put in operation in time for D-Day, the BBC had been approached to secure the release of its transmitter at Start Point, which had tentatively been arranged by then-Colonel Sarnoff. It was fully operational, with a signal sweeping across the Channel over the very areas where the assault was to be made. Use of the BBC transmitter was to be purely mechanical, unencumbered with BBC policy or program control.

However, Mr. Bracken stated categorically: "The BBC Board of Governors are unanimous in the opinion that such an allied radio service is impractical." In fact, he went on, they were "adamant" in opposing such an operation. Rather, it was their judgment that each Army should supply its own radio service, Bracken stated, adding that the BBC would continue to look after British and Canadian needs and that the American Forces Network could continue to operate independently for the Yanks.

General Barker sat bolt-upright in his chair, deeply disappointed. In his soft-spoken manner, Barker stated that it was his understanding that they were meeting not to debate the merits of an Allied radio plan already approved by the Supreme Commander and his staff; they were meeting to negotiate the terms of a lease for a transmitter. He added that despite the unanimity of the BBC Board's decision, it had overlooked the underlying military consideration implicit in such an operation. This invasion Army had been trained as a team; would hit the beaches as a team; that in the confusion of war, the transmission of correct information and the quelling of rumors at the front are vital to the forward movements of an army. The Germans' radio propaganda, directed at our troops, must be offset. This was the first time in history that an Allied commander had an instrument at his disposal that could reach every soldier under his command *simultaneously*. Obviously, the necessary Allied co-ordination and integration could not be achieved if separate paths on the airways were to be taken.

Bracken countered by saying, "You Americans are too sentimentally persuaded." He stated, further, that it was not possible to broadcast to the "simultaneous interests and tastes of Allied troops."

"Nonetheless," said Barker, "we think we know what our troops want and what interests them. We say it can be done."

Bracken smiled and said: "Let's be practical . . . for example, you have that fellow Bob Hope, very funny to your people, not funny to ours. Now, we have a fellow named Tommy Trindler (a leading British comic). I doubt if your people can understand what he is saying, much less laugh at him . . ."

Bracken reiterated that the BBC Board had never had such "unanimity" on a question and was quite "adamant."

Barker bit his lip and told Bracken that he was afraid the decision would not be acceptable; that the BBC had no conception of the military importance of an integrated radio operation. "I believe it vital not only to the winning of this war, but to the welfare of our two peoples to bring them together in bonds of understanding and friendship. Through this Allied radio service, we have the means at hand to lay the foundation. I cannot in conscience accept the decision of the BBC Board and will so report to General Eisenhower. I shall ask for reconsideration—on the highest level, if necessary."

Five days later, Eisenhower received a letter from 10 Downing Street. It stated that while the BBC people still felt the Allied plan impractical and would lead to countless "headaches," nonetheless, the BBC Board had been requested to reconvene and reconsider, and that a meeting in the immediate future could be expected. It was signed "Churchill."

Why did the BBC object to an Allied radio operation? Why did it remain "adamant" in opposition to the Supreme Commander Eisenhower, whose development of Anglo-American accord, so vital to victory, stood out then—as it does now—as one of the remarkable accomplishments of the war? Why, indeed, did it defy the wishes of the British and

Canadian Army staffs, whose needs it professed to serve? And why was it necessary to appeal to the Prime Minister of Great Britain to shock the BBC into agreement?

Even in earlier discussions, one had the feeling that the BBC people were suspicious. They feared an American effort to achieve a dominance on the air in ratio to the greater number of troops the United States would throw into the assault on Fortress Europa. This suspicion was unworthy and unfounded and was repeatedly allayed. Yet, somehow, it prevailed even after expressed denials and written agreements guaranteed British and Canadian troops equal time with their American buddies.

The suspicions were not shared by the British people. They were grateful that the might of America had at long last been brought forth, as America was grateful that England's gallant stand had given us the time to mobilize. We knew well enough why, after five years of bloody war, but half a million able-bodied Britishers remained to be thrust into the final campaign of victory. No responsible American quarter ever tried to make ignoble capital out of this for Uncle Sam. Yet the BBC remained suspicious and opposed establishment of an Allied radio service.

To understand the situation clearly, some knowledge of the BBC operation is necessary: the corporation is chartered by Parliament, wholly government owned as a "public corporation." It is without competition; its listeners pay a small license fee for the service it provides. Its Board of Governors, dominated by the Church of England, lays out the policy line to be followed by the director-general and his staff. Its gospel is that of the *status quo*. Its program policy tends to provide its listeners with what it believes they *ought to want to hear*. It gives only the right to listen. Its inflexible, stiff-necked indifference to the wishes of its audience is the despair of audi-

ence and talent alike. It seldom reaches a mass audience—such as we know it in American radio.

It has attracted loyal and, in many cases, brilliant craftsmen who, in time, become victims of the system itself. It is a system of enforced mediocrity, brooking no opposition from any quarter, in time of peace or of war.

Compare British government radio with the British press and theater where lively competition is at work. The contrast is startling and revealing. That is where the answer lies. It is clear and simple. In opposing an Allied radio operation, to be heard *simultaneously* by British, Canadian and American troops, the BBC wanted no yardstick of comparison with its own output! There is no other conclusion to be reached on the basis of logic and of the record.

An air of icy resentment permeated the room when, a few days after the meeting with Bracken, the SHAEF delegation walked into the conference forced upon the BBC by Mr. Churchill. In crisp-clipped sentences, Mr. now "Sir" William Haley, the BBC head, spelled out the conditions upon which the BBC would accede to the needs and wishes of the Supreme Commander, AEF:

"The BBC recognizes that the 'over-riding consideration must be that the programme will be at the service of the Supreme Allied Commander for giving instructions to troops.'

"SHAEF must recognize the responsibilities of the BBC to his Majesty's government and, therefore, the 'programme' will be under the direction of the BBC at all times.

"At the same time the BBC recognizes the responsibilities of the Supreme Commander to the governments of the United States, the United Kingdom and Canada, and therefore, his wishes and policies will remain paramount at all times as relayed through his radio liaison officer.

"The war news bulletins would be the 'world news bulletins' of the BBC.

“Cost of the programme to be shared equally between the United States and Great Britain.”

Here was mutual veto power, without a single authority.

On May 24, Haley informed General Barker that Maurice Gorham had been appointed director of the new BBC service. By this time, Kirby had been appointed “director of *SHAEF Broadcasting Services*.” In his note to Barker, Haley said of Gorham: “He and Kirby have worked together in the past and, therefore, already know each other. Mr. Gorham is already on the job. *Now that the BBC has undertaken this service, you may rest assured that every effort we can put forward to ensure its success will be made.*”

The War Department Radio head had “worked” with Gorham in the summer of 1943, coming to London as War Department liaison officer. He had been well received by Gorham, then in charge of the BBC North American service. They had disentangled many policy snarls involving the appearance of American soldiers and USO talent on the BBC. Despite the reluctant compromise, the apparently cordial relations between these two promised sensible, friendly solutions. But, again, the BBC system won out over individual inclinations.

Gorham was a former editor of the BBC weekly publication, “Radio Times.” A stickler for form and “heads of agreement,” he was the British counterpart of a Philadelphia lawyer placed suddenly in the radio business, with a stop-watch in one hand and a Petrillo problem in the other.

With high hopes, the two got together and summoned Major John Hayes, in charge of the American Forces Network, the BBC controller for the “Forces” program and Jerry Wilmott, of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, for the purpose of “laying on”—as they say there—or “laying out,” as

we say here—a seventeen-hour-a-day radio service, composed of program resources immediately available from the three nations.

Then came the big shock!

Gorham announced that the Allied radio service would be known as the *Allied Expeditionary Forces Programme of the BBC!*

To this Kirby objected.

But General Barker agreed for he felt that SHAEF had already caused so much embarrassment to BBC pride that the point should not be pursued at this time.

With the fear of God and the BBC in his eyes, Gorham stated that such a title was the requirement of the Corporation. The discussions went on with Barker unwilling to take a firm stand, despite the fact that Major General Royal B. Lord, Deputy Chief of Staff for Eisenhower on the ETOUSA staff, the American element of SHAEF, his public relations officer, Colonel Jock Lawrence and acting SHAEF Public Relations Chief, Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy, all denounced the designation "*of the BBC*" as presumptuous and demanded that it be removed.

They pointed out what later proved true: Such a designation was an unnecessary irritant to American troops, and would eventually make it suspect. While many, at the time, had complete confidence in the objectivity of BBC war reporting, the possibilities for misunderstandings under the pressure of wartime broadcasting were obvious to all, including the BBC, but they refused to budge.

This stalemate continued into 1945. Irritations accumulated, finally even reaching the ears of Steve Early, the White House Press Secretary. But when the title finally was dropped, the damage had been done. A great radio opportunity for Anglo-

American good will and accord had been lost, due to the stubborn insistence for bureaucratic prestige—the taking of credit for an operation which the BBC Board had initially declared wouldn't work!

There was no precedent in radio for such an undertaking as SHAEF proposed in June, 1944. Even without the BBC compromise, there existed delicate matters of policy, procedure and programming to be explored on an Allied level. These problems grew more complicated when BBC thrust itself and its deadly program policy into the picture. Nevertheless, there was nothing to do but make the best of a bad situation.

And on D-Day plus 1, the following historic statement echoed over the Normandy beaches:

“Here is an announcement from Headquarters of the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force.

“We are initiating today a radio broadcasting service for the members of the Allied Expeditionary Force.

“We shall call this service ‘The AEF Program.’ It is to be a service especially prepared for you, and we shall try to make it of a character suited to your needs.

“Its purpose is threefold: To link you with your homes, by means of news broadcasts from the United Kingdom, Canada and the United States; to give you the latest news of our own and other war fronts, and the world events; and finally, to afford you diversion and relaxation during those precious few moments of leisure from the main job now at hand.

“For this latter purpose, we shall bring you the best entertainment that can be summoned from our three nations.

“The British Broadcasting Corporation has given generously of its resources and skilled personnel. The American Forces Network and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation are participating in this project, making it a truly inter-Allied effort.

“We shall go forward together to victory, and on the forward road the AEF program will be constantly within

your reach and serving you in a manner worthy of your deeds."

Never in history was a radio premiere like this!

The skies were covered with planes; the Channel filled with ships; the eyes and ears of the world focused on Normandy. Would the new broadcasting service be worthy of the gallant men and women who were its audience on the far shore? There were no Hooper ratings to be had; there were no "co-incident" telephone surveys to be made.

Reports came straggling in. The mine sweeps were listening day and night. Airmen reported getting a "fix" on the station wave length for the homeward journey. Radios were being hung in field hospitals. But the information was scattered. No complete evaluation came in during the first week.

But the next week Major Arthur Goodfriend, chief of the ETO's Orientation Branch, wrote from the beachhead:

Probably the low point of the Normandy campaign in its initial stages occurred during four days of storm, which seriously interfered with unloading operations on the beach. . . .

I was there on the second day of the storm. . . . The rain coming down in sheets. The men were marching from their muddy and water-filled slit trenches, mess kits in hand and leaning into the wind in their quest for some hot food. The wind was reaching a velocity of 40 to 45 miles an hour in its worst puffs, and its whistle was audible above the dreadful sounds of clashing steel and pounding surf. It was about as dismal a scene as I ever recall, and I have seen such things as the Quetta earthquake in India and monsoons in the Indian Ocean.

The cook shack was nothing but a piece of canvas meant to keep the rain off the stove on which hot rations were being prepared. . . . There was just one other piece of canvas in the picture. . . . It had a regular outline and apparently was something exceptionally precious, something which even in the circumstances had to be kept dry. We had just picked

up our chow and were sitting around starting to eat, when from this piece of canvas came the sound of music. It was strange music. It was jive—American jive. I never did find out whose jive it was, but it was gay, rhythmic, and in no time at all had us feeling 100 per cent better.

We forgot the rain; we forgot our rations. We forgot our soaked clothes. We were able to take a more philosophical view of the destruction and dislocation on the beach. We felt revived and confident. It was clear to us that if Americans could listen to music in a spot like that, the situation could not be so bad.

The program went on all through the afternoon. As men came within range of it, you could see their shoulders straighten and their faces relax. It made the whole job easier.

This was the finest Hooper radio could ask for!

A new wave of enthusiasm swept over the staffs: Allied integration was being achieved! Everyone sought harmony. But again the system was to crush the individuals who stood up against it.

Vigorous new plans went forward. David Niven, the film star, was made the British deputy, in the traditional SHAEF team pattern. Then a Lieutenant Colonel, he had fought in the Commandos, had directed and played in an important training film, "The Way Ahead," and altogether had a distinguished war record. He was the first Britisher to leave the Hollywood colony when England declared war on Germany. His charm, wit, high level connections and understanding of both American and British idioms were invaluable.

SHAEF authorized immediate procurement of military radio personnel on the American, British and Canadian sides. Glenn Miller and his Air Forces band were the first to be ordered over. Vick Knight, Fred Allen's former producer, then a sergeant, was yanked out of a hospital in Florida and flown over in record time. Dick Dudley, training with a Special Service

Company in England, was pulled in from the Midlands. Writers like Alan Campbell, Bob Schall and Alan Surgal were separated from their outfits—and in a few weeks the operation had the looks of a full-fledged network operation in khaki.

Requests went forward for civilian name talent—Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore, “Information Please,” Jimmy Durante. Air priorities were set up; time was of the essence.

Offices were provided by BBC in Broadcasting House, London. Niven and Kirby occupied space immediately next to Gorham. It was indeed a good start and deserved an “E” for effort.

When Glenn Miller and his production chief, Paul Dudley, arrived in advance of the band, the buzz bombs were showering upon London. No “live” broadcasts were permitted from studios above the ground, for they were in danger of being bombed out. Obviously, if a program were suddenly cut off the air, the Heinies would have the time and location of target.

With an organization the size of Miller’s—sixty-two in all—here was a problem. The underground studios were small and generally well occupied day and night. The BBC had a similar problem with its excellent BBC symphony. It had solved it by moving the symphony fifty miles north of London to Bedford, out of the buzz bomb range. It was decided to do the same with the Miller Band.

London was not a very safe place in the summer of 1944. There was a current gag, “let’s go to Normandy and get some sleep.” Five hours after the Miller band had been moved from London to Bedford, a buzz bomb hit the very house in which they had been billeted, killing a number of WACS who had just moved in.

In Bedford, an old gymnasium, down near the “gas works” was taken over as studio facilities. Its steel beams supported a

high ceiling and created an acoustical difficulty, which the men solved by stretching their shelter halves together to form a canvas canopy. This the band drolly nicknamed "8-H" after Radio City's famous de luxe studio. In such makeshift surroundings, the most distinguished American popular orchestra ever assembled made history for both American music and radio.

Glenn Miller was more than a great musician; he was a great American. Here was a man at the peak of his fame, the idol of millions, his fortune made, beyond the age of military duty—chucking the whole thing to enter the Army.

Why? Did he do this with one eye on the grandstand?

At the time of his voluntary entrance into the Army, the sale of his records topped those of any dance band in the nation. His thrice-weekly coast-to-coast broadcasts were heard literally by tens of millions. And he was under Hollywood contract for additional pictures.

Those who knew Glenn Miller knew why he entered the Army to form an orchestra the like of which had never been heard, before or since. He never quite put it into words, he put it into music. This was the reason: The generation of Americans which had raised him from farm to fame was the same generation called up to fight. He spoke their language, musically. He understood them. He had a rendezvous with them. That rendezvous was to cost him his life.

You saw what he meant when you looked at the faces of the men in hospitals, at bomber bases, in rest areas. You saw what he meant when a pudgy waist-gunner from a B-17 came in and said: "Howya, Maje—we bombed St. Lo yesterday, and we had a radio 'fix' on that program of yours. Sure feels comfortable to bomb those bastards with that Miller music from home. We gave 'em hell."

You saw what he meant when the medic came up and said:

"Thanks, Glenn, for coming out. We've got several thousand wounded here. We told the guys who weren't doing so well—'Listen, if you want to *see* and *hear* that Glenn Miller band, you've gotta do better than this. Temperature down, pulse up, else you stay put in bed.' They all made it today, fella, on foot and on stretcher. Thanks."

You saw what he meant when Jimmy Doolittle called him, as he did often, to a bomber base to celebrate a fiftieth combat mission. They swung from the rafters and yelled "more, more, more." And when it was over, a young British RAF lad and an Eighth Air Force lieutenant came to the improvised bandstand mounted on crash trucks and said: "Sir, you and your men have put on a mighty good show for us. Come outside now, we've got one for you." Out there in the sky was a specially staged dog-fight between an RAF and an AAF fighter—an airborne thank-you note.

You saw what he meant when you looked down on the faces of three thousand allied soldiers in the Queensbury Club in London—British, Canadian, French, Polish, Dutch and American—their expressions and reactions the same. You couldn't tell their nationality by looking at their faces. You had to wait until the full lights were turned on to learn from the insignia on their breasts.

Here was being shared a rare experience that spanned the immediate distance of language, under conditions imposed by a common enemy. Then you knew why Glenn Miller was more than a musician. Then you hoped that the American State Department and the British Foreign Office and the BBC would understand the new coagulating forces which Miller and his musical contemporaries—American, British and others had brought into being. And you had a new respect for the dignity and the potential role of radio itself, including American-inspired "jumping jive."

The bandsmen Miller had collected were from the first chairs of symphonies and the front rows of top dance bands. He had violinist George Ochner from the first chair of the Cleveland Symphony; Hank Freeman from the front sax row of the famous Glenn Miller band itself; Mel Powell, pianist in the noted Benny Goodman trio, and so on through his roster. Ray McKinley, now again leading his own band, was top drummer and had the rating of a Tech. Sergeant. Carmine Mastern did a bit of work on the guitar and a little pompadoured haircut named Johnny Desmond did the vocals. Trigger Albert, the gum-chewingest instrumentalist this side of Wrigley's, handled the big bass viol, and Zeke Zachary played first trumpet along with red-headed Bobby Nichols, who outdoes Harry James on the high notes. The story was the same through the list—with the brilliant arranger, Jerry Grey, George Vontsas and Harry Harwick, both from NBC, as producers.

The Miller music hit the spot. It achieved an Allied integration of spirit and purpose, not only surprising to the skeptical higher echelon of the BBC Board of Governors, but also to those schooled in practical everyday broadcasting.

When the Miller band opened the London Stage Door Canteen, it received a prolonged and enthusiastic ovation from critical Londoners. Mrs. Anthony Eden came backstage to congratulate the band. And Winston Churchill's daughter and Jack Hylton, and "name" band leaders were there to signalize a great moment in American music. "Home Service" of the BBC (for the civilian population) requested permission to carry the Miller broadcasts to the troops, which was, of course, quickly given. The response of the British radio audience was the same as that of the troops, enthusiastic. Fan mail poured in.

And to Miller's amazement, a young man sought him out to

say that he represented the "Glenn Miller" fan club of Birmingham, England, with a membership 2,000 strong. It had carried on all through the war, holding monthly meetings, playing his records, sending out mimeograph reports to members in the armed service. Now the Club was meeting as a group to listen to his broadcasts over the "Home Service." To his embarrassment, everywhere he went Miller was received as a celebrity and he accordingly avoided London as much as possible. Reviews in the press were full of praise. British band leaders raptly attended rehearsals and were notably generous in their comments about the "modern maestro." In a few short weeks the Miller band was the favorite of England. Then the authorities of the "Home Service" of the BBC made an extraordinary decision: they decided to drop the Miller band entirely from its schedule!

Inquiries brought the statement that the "Home Service" authorities had engaged the band to fill a "limited period between the ending of one series of broadcasts and the beginning of another," and further found the "*band unsuitable for the Home audience,*" though in view of audience response, this was insupportable.

Both the British and American elements of SHAEF were embarrassed. The Americans were placed before the British public in a most ungenerous and ungallant light: that of refusing to share the American band of the Supreme Command with the war-tired civilian population, hungry for diversion from the drudgery of war, buzz bombs, night fire-watching, long queues, and slim war rations. In five years of war, British talent was also tired and worn; new talent was practically undiscoverable because the youngsters were away at war. The Miller Band brought new refreshment, however brief, and it had been appreciated by the public and by the British artists alike.

Certainly there was no jealousy on the part of British talent which could have influenced this decision: there was nothing but admiration for Miller's music. To this day, there seems only one explanation: It comes from the shrewd observation of Jack Hylton, the famous British band leader and more recently London's greatest producer. "Nothing can become bigger than the Corporation."

Increased badgering and restrictions made the situation intolerable to Glenn Miller, and he handed his chief the request below (never before published), dated 8 August 1944:

ARMY AIR FORCES BAND (SPECIAL)
HEADQUARTERS COMMAND, SHAEF
APO 757, U. S. ARMY

8 August 1944

SUBJECT: Broadcast Recording

1. Information available to the AAF Band indicates that the British Broadcasting Corporation refuses to record programs in advance of scheduled broadcast time.

2. This refusal precludes the playing of British and American Posts, Camps and Stations by personnel of the AAF Band.

3. It is the opinion, based on past co-operation shown, that the BBC is not only unconcerned with providing facilities which will make time available to the AAF Band to play British and American Posts, Camps and Stations, but is arbitrarily making it difficult for the AAF Band to play other than "live" broadcasts with the hopes that higher authorities will discontinue broadcasting by the AAF Band, thus removing a serious threat to the BBC's lackadaisical and ineffective broadcast methods.

4. It is urgently recommended that necessary steps be taken, immediately, to set up SHAEF controlled transmitters in England and France so the officers and enlisted men of the Allied Expeditionary Forces may be the recipients of expert

broadcasting efforts, and that they may have the pleasure of hearing and seeing as many "live" programs at Posts, Stations and Camps as is humanly possible.

5. Proof of the BBC's position as to a whole-hearted effort to promote inter-Allied relations and to provide recreation and entertainment is evidenced by the fact that the AEF transmitter is screened in Southern England so as to prevent any competition with regular scheduled BBC broadcasts.

6. Many of the Allied soldiers are evacuated or on furlough from active duty on the continent and, as a result of this transmitter screening by the BBC, are unable to "tune in" AEF programs.

7. It is the opinion of the CO of the AAF Band that BBC is more interested in maintaining its political "status quo" and antiquated type broadcasts, than in servicing the ultimate consumer, the personnel the AEF programs were designed to serve, namely GI Joe and Tommy Atkins and their counterparts with the various Allied nations.

ALTON GLENN MILLER
Major AC Commanding

The SHAEF Radio staff had been making plans in the general direction of the Miller memorandum. British and American Army Signals had blueprinted plans for a complete break-away when authority could be granted for the move to the continent. Major William B. Campbell, formerly in charge of *Press Wireless* in Europe, was assigned the mission. But, paradoxically, the BBC, which four months previously had opposed the formation of any inter-Allied radio service, now was determined to keep it! It resisted every effort at separation. No broadcasting service in the world could match its program potential, because no program service anywhere had first call on top-flight talent from the four American networks, from the stage, screen and concert halls of every Allied nation! The BBC was determined to keep its grip on the radio service and sought to destroy anyone who opposed its will.

The unwanted child had now developed into a most valuable property and, by coincidence, Parliament would be considering renewal of the BBC Charter the very next year!

In the midst of the growing tension, Miller concentrated on making more and more personal appearances at Allied hospitals, ground force installations and airfields.

In late fall, plans for the big move to the continent were on. On December 15, Glenn Miller made his fatal flight across the Channel.

From the Queensbury Club, one of Miller's favorite performance spots, John Harding, the manager, had this to report:

When on Christmas day, 1944, the dramatic message was received at the Club that Major Glenn Miller was reported missing on a flight to Paris, I witnessed the most spontaneous tribute in my forty years' experience.

Unrehearsed and unasked, three thousand uniformed men and women in the audience stood up together in silent sympathy for the loss of one who did so much to provide entertainment when and where it was so badly needed.

The night before Glenn Miller left on his ill-fated trip, Lord Queensbury gave a farewell dinner to him, and it was here that we at last succeeded in getting him to speak. Like the man himself, the speech was simple and direct. He said: "The Band and I tried to give the boys and girls something they apparently needed. We have done our best and if it brought them pleasure, then all this was worthwhile."

It was both amusing and incredible, sometimes bordering on the fantastic, this BBC "policy censorship."

Because so many hundreds of thousands of British soldiers had been sent to faraway places in the Orient leaving wives behind subject to the temptations of imported Canadians and Americans, no mention in overseas broadcasts could be made

of the great number of Canucks and Yanks being assembled in the Islands for the final assault on the Germans!

The fact that their presence should be encouraging, would hasten the end of the war, was ignored by the BBC morale experts.

Nothing in any orders from the British Army or the British censors could—or did—gracefully forbid mention in letters from home that the “Yanks are here,” and silence on the part of BBC actually aroused suspicions!

On a lower level of importance, but on a high level of significance, stands the performance of the BBC “Danceband Committee.” First of all it outlawed all “swinging of the classics.” This edict was imposed upon millions of Yanks who had left a country much of whose popular musical literature was based upon just that. This meant that American troops weren’t allowed to hear such popular favorites as “Isle of May” by Andre Kostelanetz, or the “Lamp is Low,” or “Tonight We Love,” by Freddie Martin.

The BBC Committee ruled that many songs were “too sentimental” to be played for troops, such as “Mandy is Two,” written by Fidge McGrath and Johnny Mercer. The Committee ruled that the song made troops think of their children back home and might, perhaps, make them resent that they were in the Army. Mr. Crosby’s fine record of the same number could not be played because of this ruling. (All this while the American Army shortwave was sending out everything nostalgic, including the sound of babies whimpering, dogs barking, street noises, and bourbon being poured!)

Another song, which dealt with the lush weather of the Mediterranean area, was banned because troops in other theaters, felt the BBC, would resent the other fellows in more clement zones! At the same time the War Department “Army Hour” was arranging for Christmas a two-way conversation

between GI's gathered around a pot-bellied stove in an Alaskan Quonset hut and GI's eating their Christmas dinner in the jungles of Panama!

The SHAEF Radio Directorate tried to overcome or circumvent this nonsense but it was a tedious process.

The very first broadcast program over BBC by the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program was a show typical of any local American station, "Rise and Shine." Dick Dudley, an American sergeant, now an NBC senior announcer, with broad radio background, was teamed with his opposite British member, A.C.-2 Ronnie Waldman, who had both BBC and stage experience. Between them, they were to work out the usual "disc-jockey" routine except that their mission was a bit more important than that of the Arthur Godfreys and other early morning broadcasters back home.

They began broadcasting the day after D-Day, June 7, 1944. They reached Allied soldiers in ships at sea, in planes, GI's on the ground, in rest areas, in hospital collecting sectors, and some at the front. It's a tough enough assignment to make with merry words early in the morning. It's a bit tougher to make with words and music starting at 6 a.m. to reach guys on a beachhead, some of whom are dying, some of whom are eating, and all of whom hate the guts of anyone not up front with them.

Dudley and Waldman had their assignments from SHAEF. Immediately the BBC "policy censorship" moved in. This "ad lib" program which obviously, from any radio point of view, had to be free and easy and depend upon the overnight communiques, was to be written twenty-four hours in advance and subjected to BBC policy censorship!

Meanwhile, David Niven had gone to Normandy and returned with the concept of a new radio program, designed for frontline listening, called "Mark up the Map."

The program had three objectives: (1) To make foreign place names readily understandable to troops of three nationalities; (2) to allow sufficient time for serious GI listeners to "mark up their maps" during the broadcast continuity, wherever they might be—in tanks, foxholes, rest areas, planes, ships at sea, etc.; (3) to hold the attention of military listeners who had no maps to mark up but who wanted to know developments.

The problems were met by using three permanent voices on the daily program, an American, a Britisher and a Canadian. The three developed as representative personalities and the variation in pronunciation highlighted the show. (Sgt. Brod Crawford, the actor, was the American voice.) The BBC didn't understand the technique. Lt. Robert Schall was the writer-producer of the program. He could never understand why his script, after passing SHAEF military censorship, had yet to be processed through the BBC's "policy censorship."

Typical was the day when the fall of Paris was announced. Early that afternoon the BBC had dropped the qualifying phrase in its broadcasts, "*General Koenig has announced,*" from the glorious news of the liberation of Paris. In marking up the map that day, Schall emphasized the source of the news and added that "*it has not been confirmed by Allied Headquarters.*" (A direct quotation from Colonel Ernest Dupuy, SHAEF, Public Relations Officer.)

Major Max Muller, British Army employee of the BBC, ordered Schall to delete the qualifying line on the premise that General Koenig was a member of "Allied Headquarters" and that in any event, use of the qualification undermined the reliability of the BBC news!

The following day it was announced that the Americans were still fighting on the western outskirts of Paris!

A similar disagreement arose later in September when Hol-

land was allegedly liberated (by the BBC). No confirmation from SHAEF was available. A short time following this announcement heard throughout Europe, Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands lashed out at the BBC, citing as "groundless" a report of victory which caused some Dutch to come out of hiding and into the streets waving flags—only to be mowed down by German machine guns.

This vexatious interference with the original concept of the SHAEF Broadcasting Service continued all summer. It was to lead to a desire on the part of American, British, and Canadian Army elements to seek a complete divorce from the BBC by the establishment on the continent of transmitters under Allied Army control, thus returning the transmitter at Start Point to the BBC with a thank-you note. But the BBC was now determined to resist all efforts of divorce because its "prestige" was involved.

With the breakthrough at Avranches and the subsequent fall of Paris, the SHAEF radio staff felt, at long last, that a blessed opportunity was at hand for escape from the BBC. Allied troops were getting beyond the range of the BBC Start Point transmitter. Start Point would no longer be needed; neither would BBC. Both British and American Army elements were prepared to take mobile transmitters to the continent, to secure suitable studio facilities in Paris and other centers as they were liberated. Major William B. Campbell was assigned the job of effecting the technical move. He knew the location of continental transmitters. The plan was approved by the engineers of ETO, ABSIE, SHAEF and by General Barker. On September 5, with orders signed by Barker and with a letter of authorization to the SHAEF Mission to France, Campbell proceeded to Paris—to the considerable alarm of BBC!

In fact, BBC denied the contention that its Start Point transmitter could *not* be heard in Paris. Certain members of the BBC staff undertook a campaign to discredit and undermine the findings of the SHAEF staff and its recommendations. For example, Major Max Muller who was, in early summer, billeted in a garage on the estate in which General Barker resided, managed to have occasional breakfasts with the General. It later became obvious that he was pouring more than powdered milk over the General's morning porridge.

On the several trips which Kirby had to make to the continent in connection with the contemplated move, he always found himself escorted by a member of the BBC staff, companions whom he himself had not requested but which personnel was always authorized by the General in his effort "to get things worked out."

When Campbell arrived in Paris, he found that then-Colonel David Sarnoff had already undertaken preliminary negotiations with the French Post Telephone and Telegraph Administration officials who did not yet know the condition of the French transmitters deserted just recently by the Germans. Campbell was given authority to visit all the facilities in the Paris area. He found that six of the seven transmitting stations formerly in operation in Paris had been destroyed by the Germans; that reception from the BBC's Start Point was unreliable. In view of this, he recommended that SHAEF take over the one remaining transmitter.

Upon receipt of this report Barker approved the leasing of Poste Parisienne at 128 Champs Elysées.

Meanwhile, Campbell had located a fifty-kilowatt transmitter in North Africa which had been used by OWI, and papers were executed for its procurement. The British side of SHAEF had a complete table of organization for their mobile

crews and everything was in readiness for liberation from the BBC by moving to the continent.

A meeting of all hands was called in London. The BBC violently disagreed with Campbell's report, again insisted Start Point was being heard in Paris; that it was needless to procure any new facilities in the Paris area.

At this moment the question of a successor to Kirby was raised. He had been loaned to SHAEF by Surles from the War Department on temporary duty which had been extended another 90 days at Barker's request. In a cable to Barker, Surles stated he wanted him returned for a special assignment in the Pacific (subsequently to be filled by Harris, who had been serving as Acting Chief of the War Department Radio Branch in his absence). With Kirby slated to leave, the succession was logical: Lieutenant Colonel David Niven, British Army, advanced to Chief, Major John Hayes, USA, in charge of the American Forces Network, to be made his deputy and American "opposite number." Niven would go to Paris, Hayes would backstop in London.

Privately, Barker asked Kirby for a final report and "your own recommendations." This was in early October, 1944. Here was a chance to speak out. He talked it over with Niven who had loyally stood by him in their weird fight. Since he was leaving, he felt he should, if possible, bequeath to his successor a clearly defined SHAEF authority. He wrote a frank and full report, substantially what has been reported in this chapter. He had copies delivered simultaneously to Barker, Haley, Gorham, the American, British and Canadian Army Authorities. Then, all hell popped!

On board a plane from London to Prestwick, Scotland, he was contemplating, like millions of others, the prospect of going home.

When he got to Prestwick, he was at once hauled into

Headquarters: he was to return not to London, but to Paris on the very next plane; he was to report immediately upon arrival to General Barker!

The return plane was grounded in London because of Channel fog. He found his way to Glenn Miller's secret rendezvous at the Mt. Royal Hotel. He found three worried friends there, Paul Dudley, Dick Dudley and Glenn Miller. The news of his recall had jubilantly been reported throughout the corridors of Broadcasting House and there were echoes of "court-martial." The BBC Board of Governors, it appeared, had met in solemn conclave, had called Barker at his Headquarters in Versailles, and insisted the General fly the Channel to London for a special panel. The integrity of the BBC had been attacked in time of war! That was in substance the charge!

In his Versailles headquarters, Barker charged his radio chief with "seriously jeopardizing" the high level relations of the BBC and SHAEF, censured his memoranda as "indiscreet," as dealing in matters he "was not competent to appraise." He demanded recall of every copy of the report distributed before he would permit him to leave Europe. He required an official "disavowal" of its contents and conclusions under threat of disciplinary action, although he was frank to state that he could not require an officer to withdraw his "personal convictions."

So it was that the SHAEF Radio Director was shown to a typewriter on which he wrote his disavowal to Gorham, declaring that his report had been written without the knowledge or consent of Barker, did not represent the "official" attitude of SHAEF, merely represented his "own personal convictions."

Silently, Barker read the report. "You may now leave the theater." Stiffly both saluted . . .

Kirby's "war" with the BBC was over.

The crescendo of complaints by GI's over the BBC's domination of the programming in the ETO reached a peak in the *Stars and Stripes* story on December 30, 1944, when a two column headline declared: "GI GRIPES WIN CONTINENT AFN TIME FOR MORE OF OWN SHOWS." The GI's had criticized the lack of American transcriptions, the absence of request programs, and the fact that BBC programs hogged the ether in the evening. Seventh Army doughboys who had had their own mobile radio station until November 1, were especially bitter. The right of the men doing the fighting to tune in on the kind of radio they wanted was ultimately vindicated despite the reluctance of the BBC.

Early in 1945 the "Allied Expeditionary Forces Programme of the BBC" was abolished by official order.

THE A B C OF D-DAY

LONDON, ENGLAND, JUNE 6, 1944; 9:30 A.M. BRITISH TIME; 10:30 A.M. Russian Time; 3.30 A.M. American Eastern Daylight time. In China, it was the *next* day.

Before the microphone sat an American Army colonel. He held in his hand the announcement for which the world had been waiting: a forty-four word communique.

Forty-four words to sum up the stupendous adventure of millions of human beings in the mightiest military effort in the history of mankind.

This communique announced *the invasion of Fortress Europa*, the opening of the Second Front which was to signal the beginning of the end of the European War.

The colonel, guarded outside by armed M.P.'s, was well aware of the importance of this moment as he sat in the small basement radio room of the Ministry of Information Building. His message would reach the entire literate and thinking world.

The colonel unfolded his paper, adjusted his eyeglasses, and pondered a moment. He was tall, lean Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy, acting Public Relations Chief of the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces.

The clock moved forward. He tensed as he heard the hum of the transatlantic circuits.

"Are you there, NBC?"

"Right." That was Bill Brooks, NBC news chief in New York.

The colonel relaxed. "Are you there, Blue?"

"Right!" answered Johnny Johnstone, from the third floor of Radio City.

"Is Mutual there?"

"Here we are," replied Johnny Whitmore, from MBS studios on Broadway.

"Is Columbia with us?"

"Right!" Paul White snapped back with a terse question: "Who the hell are *you*?"

"This is Dupuy, Paul. Ernie Dupuy."

"Well, what's going on?"

"Tell you in a minute."

Then followed the momentous news which was to electrify the world:

"The following is the Text of a Communiqué issued by the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces this morning: 'Under the Command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces, supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France.'"

Thus in a breath was the world informed of the assault on Europe, as more ships and planes made for the Normandy beachhead.

The peoples of the democracies took this miracle for granted—as their vested right to know at once what was going on. But little did the vast majority appreciate the immensity of the problem involved in the broadcast of those forty-four words.

In accord with the principles of our democracy, the entire American nation had to be kept informed on the progress of the war. Totalitarian states had no such problem or responsibility. With their press and radio gagged, they could create opinion unsupported by actual facts. They could fictionalize newspaper or radio victories or defeats at will. But the Ameri-

can people, a nation of free and equal men and women, demanded to *know*. In war or in peace, this was their right.

The planning of information coverage for D-Day and the subsequent invasion of Europe was a perfect example of the American Army at work as the servant rather than the master of the people. The Army had not only to win a war, but to report its progress.

Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., who was public relations chief for the Army before the outbreak of the war, put the situation briefly:

“The Army can be neither better nor worse than the American people. We are one and the same. The Army does not start wars. That is done by the people through Congress. We only fight and finish a war with the manpower provided by the people themselves.”

To make the necessary preparations, Major General Alexander D. Surles, who had succeeded General Richardson as Army Public Relations Director, dispatched a mission to England, consisting of Colonel (later Brigadier General) David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, Colonels Carl H. Hatch and V. B. Bagnall, of the Army communications service, and Edward M. Kirby, acting as liaison for the War Department Bureau of Public Relations.

Too often the impression was left that the war was reported *despite* the Army. Correspondents will testify to the contrary. Without the help of the Army, at home and abroad, hardly a line could have been filed or a word broadcast from the combat zones. Not only did the Army provide correspondents with transportation, food and shelter, it also provided the means of communication where no commercial facilities existed for press, pictures, and broadcasts.

The Army's responsibilities began with the need for accreditation. The citizenship, loyalty and character of those

proposed for overseas assignments had to be examined and vouched for, because war correspondents had access to map rooms and to confidential information. The enemy would pay any price and undertake any risk to obtain these secrets.

The accredited war correspondent held the assimilated rank of captain and, as such, was entitled to all the privileges of that rank. Thus the correspondent became another Army responsibility along with his problems of transportation, housing and communications to and from the front. And no one can become more obstreperous—or vocal—than a war correspondent with unfiled copy on his hands, or a radio commentator without an open microphone before him.

In England, in that spring of 1944, more than 300 war correspondents taxed the cable and wireless channels, which were exposed always to bombardments and subject to breakdowns. It was, indeed, a task of major proportions to provide for the news coverage of the invasion.

By March, 1944, American newspaper correspondents already were filing an average of 118,000 words *daily* to their publications in the United States. From D-Day on, 500,000 words were to be sent daily from Europe to the United States. Where would the extra cable and wireless capacity be found? The still-pictures situation, too, was difficult, for despite excellent transmission facilities from England, priority of government and Empire traffic prevented the dispatch of more than *two* American pictures per day. Other pictures were sent by airplane. But during the invasion such a traffic would have been too slow for impatient and news-hungry America.

The syndicates declared that they would need to have at least fifteen pictures wirelessly each twenty-four hours. SHAEF's Photo and Film Section estimated that it would need to send another ten daily. One hundred and twenty-five Army cameramen were to be placed in the field, in planes and



The Gramophone Co., Ltd., Photos

Major Glenn Miller and his Air Forces band broadcast over BBC in the early stages of organization of wartime radio. Miller was lost at sea in an air crash, December 15, 1944.

Dinah Shore was one of the first civilian entertainers asked for by BBC.





Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Bob Hope and his company on a hospital plane. The man behind the mustache is Jerry Colonna. To his right is Frances Langford.

Fred Astaire helps give Bing Crosby an "injection" on U.S.O. tour.





Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Marlene Dietrich at "chow" in enlisted men's mess hall in Belgium.

Gary Cooper (in specs) scans the sky from a "duck" in New Guinea.





Ingrid Bergman and Jack Benny do their act for GI audience in Gmund, Germany.

Photos by U. S.
Army Signal Corps

After performance at Army Base in Trinidad, GI's thank Ilona Massey.





Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

During tour of ETO, F. P. Adams, John Kieran, and Clifton Fadiman of "Information Please!" learn some fine points of "K.P."

Kay Kyser and "Ish Kabbible" (with bangs) at mess in Philippines.





Two types of "bazookas" as demonstrated by Bob Burns and an Army officer.

Photos by Gene Lester

Dorothy Lamour and Groucho Marx clown for a GI audience.





Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Al Jolson entertains soldiers invalided during the Sicilian campaign at a hospital in Palermo, Sicily.

In Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, Irving Berlin beats out a tune for a group of WAC's.





Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Joe E. Brown doing famous baseball stunt in Southwest Pacific.

Brooklyn in Japan. Danny Kaye; Leo Durocher, manager of the Dodgers; and J. Arbeeny, citizen of Brooklyn, pose at Atsugi Airfield, under street signs that were sent by Mayor LaGuardia.



in boats, to amplify the coverage by the syndicate people. These pictures would be available, on request, to any paper or syndicate.

It was clear that the commercial companies would be unable to expand in time to handle the great news-load of the invasion. There was only one thing to do: The United States Army Signal Corps would have to provide the additional facilities! A formula was finally evolved, although not without long and tedious negotiations.

The Signal Corps offered to carry—over its own circuits—an additional 50,000 words daily of overflow press copy. Immediately questions arose. Who was to determine when one company's facilities were loaded and another's were not? For example, who would have the authority to take from Western Union press copy delivered to it under contract by the Associated Press, and give it to Commercial Cables for transmission? The contracts provided for volume discounts for increased wordage. How would the bookkeeping be handled?

"Expediting" copy was the chief consideration. Some system of traffic control would need to be set up. On April 6, representatives of the American Newspaper Correspondents' Association reached an understanding on the desirability of traffic control under dual Anglo-American direction. A traffic director would be nominated by the press. In turn, traffic coordinators would be stationed at each message center of the commercial companies. These would keep the traffic director informed, and copy would be moved speedily to America over whatever facilities were open and speediest.

The question of the commercial companies' payment, which the Army might inadvertently interfere with, was a tangled one. For example, if a commercial company had accepted payment for a message which it did not, in fact, later send, a problem might arise as to the disposition of the funds involved.

The message could *not* be delayed while an accounting was made. Sarnoff proposed that such money be put in escrow with its final disposition to be decided *after* the war was won. To this day he is surprised it met with full approval!

About a week after the initial arrangements had been made, the British Ministry of Information balked. The MOI insisted that since all traffic control operations were to be carried out under its supervision, it must have full authority and responsibility; in addition, the traffic control director must be British!

The American faction immediately opposed such a position, for they could not commit to British control United States Signal Corps facilities which were for the benefit of the American press and public. Finally, friendly compromises were made, and on D-Day, through the combined commercial and Army circuits, 480,000 words of invasion copy were rushed across the Atlantic.

Under the same plan, the Army erected a fifteen-kilowatt transmitter for the sending of "still" pictures. On D-Day it delivered to New York forty-seven photographs taken at and over the Normandy beachhead earlier that same day!

But the radio network chiefs were still skeptical. So was the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose Long Island receivers were hooked up with the lone broadcasting circuit from England, which was controlled and operated by the British General Post Office—the G.P.O.

This lone circuit fed each of the four American networks, in much the same manner as the old-fashioned telephone party line serves its customers, for it was the only radio link between Britain and America.

Ever since the start of the European War, the eloquence of Ed Murrow's CBS reporting, and that of Fred Bate for NBC, from London, had had the networks clamoring for more radio facilities so that there could be *simultaneous* broadcasts. In

spite of the pleas, nothing had happened for four years. And nothing did happen until Major General Frank Stoner authorized the Signal Corps to provide one additional circuit. The Signal Corps built its own forty-kilowatt transmitter, two others were also set in operation by G.P.O., and, for the first time, it was possible for *three* American networks to broadcast out of England at the same time. With three frequencies to choose from, in the case of "pool" broadcasts beamed to all the networks, *one* would certainly come through clearly. The Signal Corps transmitter was christened FAX.

And FAX delivered on D-Day.

Atmospheric conditions that day were atrocious. Storms were brewing and static filled the air. The British G.P.O. circuits could not cut through to New York. But FAX reached the Signal Corps center. It was the only transmitter heard in America on that memorable day. Every broadcast, from land, sea or air, "live" or recorded, came through via the United States Army Signal Corps transmitter. So were the sights and sounds, the smell, and feel of battle brought to American listeners whose sons, fathers, husbands and brothers were fighting that day.

As the Allies mustered their forces for the big D-Day push, another security problem arose with regard to broadcasting. The plan was to use the big "name" commentators, like Murrow, Chaplin, Hicks and others from London on D-Day. However, sensitive German ears had become accustomed to the dispatches of "name" war correspondents. When these "names" suddenly disappeared from the air, and from newspaper columns, would not the Germans suspect that some campaign of tremendous significance was under way?

It was finally agreed that those correspondents who were to take part in the invasion would prepare advance material,

written or recorded, which could be released during their absence.

The "cover" plan worked well until Saturday, June 3. Every contingency had been anticipated except for what actually took place! General Eisenhower was pressing the weathermen for more information, for his was the crushing responsibility of delaying or of going forward at once.

Then an English apprentice teletypist in the A.P. London office filed a "practice" flash bulletin across the Atlantic: a bulletin *announcing the start of the invasion!* The men in G-2 were terrified, until they made certain it was not the action of clever enemy agents, but just an honest—though stupid—mistake.

A hurried council of war followed. The consensus of opinion was that if this premature message had thrown the Allies into confusion, the confusion of the Germans must be even greater! The Teutonic mind would never believe that such a message had been flashed without some hidden purpose. The *mistake* thus became a "stratagem of Allied psychological warfare."

To make the D-Day coverage successful well-timed co-ordination was required. To the complexities of harmonizing the national interests, one with the other, of Britain, France, America, Holland, Poland and the other countries, were added rivalries between the various American commands.

Before the formation of the SHAEF, there had been but two American commands in England: the European Theater of Operations (ETOUSA), and the Eighth Air Force. Each had an efficient and ambitious public relations staff. ETOUSA's public relations chief was Colonel Jock Lawrence, former press agent for Sam Goldwyn. The Eighth Air Force had Lieutenant Colonel Ben Lyons, the former movie star. He and

his wife, Bebe Daniels, had won a deserved place in British hearts because of their war service in England prior to our entry into the contest.

The invasion planning brought in new commands which the press and radio corps termed "The Rise of the Alphabets": the First United States Army Group, under General Omar Bradley, which became known as FUSAG; the United States Strategic Air Force, under General James Doolittle, which was abbreviated to USSAF; and the Allied Expeditionary Air Force, under General Carl Spaatz, which was called AEAFF. In addition, there were the Ninth Air Force, and the Services of Supply, S.O.S.

Each group had its own staff which was to contact the press, the radio, and the picture syndicates to publicize the command's particular activities. This meant healthy competition, provided the coverage was fair. Naturally, if one outfit got the glory in the headlines back home when another was actually doing the dirty work, the morale of the men at the front would suffer.

The lack of control in this competition was responsible for some strange situations. At one time a BBC producer succeeded in getting a GI on the "Home Service" to endorse "dog racing" as a great American sport. It developed later that the producer allegedly had an interest in a dog track!

Much more serious were the results of a broadcast made by an American Air Forces officer on BBC. His remarks seemed to be a direct contradiction of United States policy. The next day the German radio from Calais hurled these remarks back across the Channel and made the American position appear ridiculous in the eyes of our Allies.

To prevent recurrences of this type a directive was issued, subjecting each broadcast to a central control under SHAEF. The last paragraph of this directive is a further demonstration

of democratic procedure which operates on the principle of a *minimum* of control:

It is emphasized that the purpose of this directive is to set up an orderly procedure for the uniform enforcement of policy and security, and to provide the Army with a balanced representation on the air. It is designed to *increase*, rather than decrease, the volume of radio participation and representation of all commands under SHAEF.

The matter of balancing the British and American viewpoints was of utmost importance. For example, the BBC took it for granted that no "live" broadcasts from the beachheads would be possible until D-Day plus 21—three weeks later. On this score the American representatives would not agree.

Perhaps the British had good reason to want to hold back. During the five years of warfare their losses had been staggering. Field Marshal Montgomery had but 500,000 able-bodied soldiers left to throw into the 1944 invasion. Britain felt that if anything went wrong at this stage of the war—and in the invasion *anything* could go wrong—British morale would be shattered, for it might mean the loss of much of their remaining manpower.

On our side, however, the same factor made it important to *disclose* the news. So many millions of Americans were taking part in the invasion that those at home had to be informed from the moment the attack was launched. With the backing of the Army, and through the facilities of the Signal Corps, "live" broadcasts were sent from the American sectors of the beachheads as early as D-Day plus 10.

For the interim, the networks waived the ban against the use of recordings, so that on-the-spot recorded broadcasts could be flown back from the beachheads and transmitted from London. This flight, which went across to Normandy twice daily, was dubbed the SHAEF Shuttle.

The daily communique would be issued jointly: the air, ground, naval, and component commands all furnished their respective parts, and the entire report would be edited by the SHAEF Public Relations officer. The communique would then be turned over to the OWI, which would cable it immediately to Washington for release to the press and radio, thus eliminating duplication on crowded cable facilities.

There was considerable discussion as to the number of communiques to be issued and the times of their release. The morning papers, of course, proposed one period, the afternoon papers another. The networks, with both morning and evening news periods, had their own time preferences. It was finally agreed that at least *two* communiques would be issued daily, and everyone was satisfied.

The complicated job of "cross accreditation" took months. American and British correspondents who were accredited by their own authorities had, further, to be given permission by SHAEF before they would be allowed to accompany the Allied invasion forces. A number of basic factors were involved. Some balance must be maintained as to representation of the various nations; a limited amount of non-combat space was available on the early invasion ships and planes; and the loads of ships and planes had to be calculated down to the last ounce.

The British referred to the carrying of correspondents as the "lift." For the coverage of the initial assault, SHAEF permitted these lifts, including newsmen, photographers, and radiomen: American, 14; British, 14; Canadian, 9.

All copy was to be "pooled," that is, made available to any paper or radio network or station without charge. This was only fair, since the selection of those who accompanied the invasion had, perforce, to be arbitrary.

A small group was allowed to accompany General Eisen-

hower at Advanced Headquarters on the Channel coast: their copy was also to be "pooled." Later, when the situation in France permitted the unrestricted entrance of *all* accredited correspondents, the pooling arrangement was dropped by mutual consent.

What did the D-Day preparations look like from the inside of a London network office? Miss Doris Hoskins, a charming Englishwoman in charge of ABC's London office, set down her impressions at the time in a letter to the SHAEF broadcasting chief.

The month of May in Britain—1944. Imagine a rather solid gray building of six floors with a little trim garden in front, in a quiet London street. You enter the big iron door and the interior looks very much like an English cinema—wide halls and dark red carpets—a staircase at either end. Opposite the porter's office you'll find a door marked 11. You ring the bell and the door most probably will be opened by a girl (unmistakably English). Behind her you will see three news printers all ticking merrily away and opposite them a Coca-Cola cooler. A hall stand is there, too, adorned with civilian hats and coats, army raincoats, and battered tin hats. You enter the hallway and go through a glass door to find yourself in the London office of the ABC network. An office which doesn't look much like an office, more like a sitting room with its shaded table lamps and green and gold drapes, but you discover there are desks there adorned with telephones, typewriters, and papers scattered around.

You'll most probably find an assortment of odd-looking characters there too, mostly men, some in civilian clothes and others in khaki; some display a little green tab on their left breast with the words "War Correspondent." You'll also probably find a few Army pilots lounging on the couch. They're waiting to be interviewed for a forthcoming program. There's a constant hubbub all the time, telephones keep ringing. The air has a certain tenseness in it. Everyone seems

keyed up. Everyone has one thought: the coming *Invasion*.

The Fortress pilot is probably thinking it's just about going to be another day's work for him. The Bureau Chief is thinking any moment he might be alerted and called out by the Navy and all the planning is not through yet; if only he had three more commentators like the Competition! How is he going to cover the show properly? He rushes out to another committee meeting. Another correspondent dashes in, this time to say he's alerted and called out of town. Doesn't know where he's going or if he'll be back. There's a mad rush to pack his field equipment, hurried good-byes, and he's off, dressed up in all his gear, complete with tin hat . . . Everyone wonders, will he be back, or is this IT? No one has time to wonder for long; there are too many things to do; programs to go on, and there's one man less to do them . . .

June 5th dawns (the day before D-Day but no one in London realizes it). Meetings still go on and those left still have no idea as to what his or her job will be. It's an unknown quantity.

That evening the English girls from the four American networks get together to discuss the secretarial rota for hired temporary girls. This meeting takes place in the Network occupying office space two floors above the ABC office (NBC). The girls mix themselves a potent drink (to forget their troubles) and then some of the correspondents come in to continue the argument as to who's going to do this and that, and compose cables to their respective New York chiefs. They drink, too, and the party finally winds up at 2:30 in the morning of June 6th—everybody more or less tight, and blissfully unaware that it's D-Day.

About 6 A.M. in the ABC office the telephone rings. It's answered by a very sleepy English girl. A message from Army Public Relations. "Will all correspondents leave at once for the Ministry of Information for a press conference?"

This *is* IT. One has a bewildered, sinking feeling. It's come at last. It can't be true, we're not ready! The boys have got to be called—how to get a conveyance to the studios is a

problem. Eventually we get a jeep—everyone looking like nothing on earth. Everyone has a hangover.

At the Ministry of Information headquarters, one correspondent from each radio and press bureau is locked up in a secret conference. In the Army recording room, they're playing a jazz record—which, incidentally, goes on all day. No one can speak to New York yet—no one can get in touch with his office. Then the Army personnel form a line and the American colonel who is going to read the first communique over the air walks in with M.P.'s (incidentally, he looks somewhat bewildered, too).

At 9:32 A.M. the communique is read. The Army moves out and the broadcasters take over. There's a mad scramble to book circuits to talk to New York. The transatlantic commercial circuits go haywire. Chungking comes streaming in on the cue channel, so the Army channel is used. The little censor's room is crowded. People are queuing up to have their copy censored. The place is in chaos—only one telephone among about thirty people. All the men look awful, unshaven and disheveled—and the girls don't look much better.

Then the correspondents who have taken D-Day flights over the English Channel come in one after another, all carrying their little portable typewriters, and all looking very bleary-eyed. One immediately asks for a bowl—he feels air-sick. They start to madly type their stories. The girls rush around carrying one page at a time to the censor. The place is in a continual uproar. There is still one Network not arrived. Their New York office keeps calling for them. At 10:30 A.M. they turn up and ask with amazement how long this has been going on. No one called them! The hubbub goes on. Everyone is busy—all sorts of Army officers and BBC personnel walk in and out and stare, but no one pays any attention.

Then two funny-looking characters appear, dressed in overalls, with huge bundles over their backs. No one looks up. Then one shouts out, "Where d'ye want the carpets laid?" They've only come to lay carpets in the studios on D-Day of all days! We tell them to get out and come another

day. Then two girls dressed in trousers appear holding phones in their hands. They say, "Where do you want the phones put?" Whether they ever got fixed is not clear.

So D-Day wore on. No one ate, no one slept, but everyone got their programs over. How they ever did it, will always remain a mystery.

Five minutes after the momentous D-Day communique had been read, Ed Murrow of CBS, reporting for the combined American Networks, read General Eisenhower's Order of the Day:

"Soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Forces: You are about to embark on a great crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere go with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers in arms on other fronts you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

"Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well-trained, well-equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight, fight savagely. But in this year of 1944 much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940 and 1941.

"The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats in open battle, man to man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air, and their capacity to wage war on the ground.

"Our home fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and have placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men.

"The tide has turned. The free men of the world are marching together to victory. I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory.

"Good luck and let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking."

This order was read to all troops in the Allied Expeditionary Forces. Then King Haakon of Norway, and the Prime Ministers of the Netherlands and of Belgium spoke to their people.

But radio did not limit itself to reports and communiques. It actually reported the invasion from the scene of the invasion. Wright Bryan of WSB-NBC described action from inside a paratroopers' plane over France:

"Are you all set?" asked the Colonel. They blinked as the pilot threw the switch and before I could look up they began jumping. I wanted to know how long it would take the eighteen men to jump. I tried to count, 101, 102, 103, to estimate the number of seconds. Before I had counted to ten seconds—it may have been eleven or twelve—our passengers had left us, all but one of them . . . The man behind shoved him aside and jumped. Before the unhappy soldier could get to his feet the plane was well past the drop zone and in a matter of minutes was back over the water and setting a course for home (England)."

At home in the U.S.A., within an hour of the D-Day communique, commentators were busy analyzing and evaluating the big push. On CBS, Quentin Reynolds reminded the nation of the Dieppe raids. "There are those who still say Dieppe was a failure. But if you think of Dieppe *in terms of lives saved during the past seven hours*, Dieppe was not a failure. It was a glorious success."

One of the most thrilling and vivid broadcasts was that made by George Hicks, chief of the ABC Network in Europe, from a Navy ship in the Channel:

"This is George Hicks speaking . . . from a tower above the signal bridge of an American naval flagship, and we're lying some few miles off the coast of France where the invasion of Europe has begun. It's now twenty minutes to six and

the landing crafts have been disembarked from their mother ships and are moving in, in long irregular lines towards the horizon of France which is very plain to the naked eye.

"Our own bombardment fleet lying out beyond us has begun to blast the shoreline and we can see the vivid yellow burst of flame quite clearly, although the sound is too far away to be heard, and at the same time from the shore are answering yellow flames as the Nazi batteries are replying.

"Overhead, planes are high up in the thin cloud which is a gray screen over the sky but which is not thick nor heavy, and is not low enough to be an inconvenience to bombing.

"It's now becoming quite near daylight as 6:00 A.M. approaches on June 6, 1944 . . . We can hear the thud of shells or bombs landing on the French coastline, perhaps eight or ten miles before us, and the steel bridge on which we stand vibrates from the concussion of the heavy guns that are firing on the American and British battleships and heavy cruisers in the long line right behind us. I can count twenty-two of the squat square-nosed landing crafts, carrying vehicles . . . as they turn and bounce in the choppy sea awaiting the exact time to form their line and start in toward the beach.

. . . "The first Allied forces are reaching the beaches of France . . .

"That baby was plenty low! . . . The first German plane we've seen so far . . . just cleared our stacks . . . let go a stream of tracers that did no harm . . .

(Sound of ship's whistle)

"Our own ship has just given its warning whistle and now the flak is coming up in the sky . . .

"It's planes you can hear overhead now . . . they are the motors of Nazis coming and going . . . the reverberations of bombs . . .

(Sound of a crash)

"That was a bomb hit. Another one that was a tracer line shaped arching up into the darkness.

"Very heavy firing now off our stern . . . Fiery bursts, and the flak and streamers going out. *(Static)*

(Sound of explosion)

"Now, it's died down . . . We can't see the plane . . . here comes a plane . . . More anti-aircraft fire . . . in more toward the shore . . . the Germans must be attacking low with their planes off our stern because the streamer fire of the tracers is almost parallel with the water. (*Noises in background*) . . .

"Flares are coming down, down. You can hear the machine-gunning. The whole seaside is covered with tracer fire—going up . . . bombs . . . machine-gunning. The planes come over closer (*sound of plane*), firing low, smoke . . . brilliant fire down low toward the French coast a couple of miles. I don't know whether it's on the shore . . . or in a ship on fire.

"Here's very heavy ack-ack now right close . . . the plane seems to be coming directly overhead . . . (*Sound of plane, machine-gun fire, and ack-ack*)

"Well, that's the first time we've shot our guns . . . directly right over our heads . . . as we pick up the German bomber overhead . . .

"If you'll excuse me, I'll just take a deep breath for a moment and stop speaking . . .

"Here we go again! (*Noise*) Another plane has come over . . . right over our port side . . . tracers are making an arc over the bow now . . . disappearing into the clouds before they burst . . .

"Looks like we're going to have a night tonight. Give it to her, boys, another one coming over! . . . a cruiser . . . is pouring it out . . . something burning is falling through the sky and hurtling down . . . it may be a hit plane (*terrific noise in background*) . . . Here he goes . . . they got one! (*Voices cheering*) They got one! Great splotches of fire came down and are smoldering now just off our port side in the sea . . . smoke and flame there . . . The lights of that burning Nazi plane are just twinkling now in the sea and going out . . .

"It was their first kill for this gun, and the boys are all pretty excited about it. A twin-barrel 40 mm anti-aircraft piece.

"They are already thinking of painting a big star on their chart and will at that, first thing tomorrow morning . . .

"It's daylight . . ."

The news of D-Day electrified the U.S.A. from coast to coast. Emotions were mixed. Everyone had been awaiting this hour in the war, the *big* push in Europe. Now that it was at hand every man, woman and child felt the solemnity of the moment, and the danger.

No one could be light-hearted on D-Day, not even Bob Hope. The radio comedian's antics and wisecracks had brought pleasure to millions of servicemen, but as Hope himself said over the air, on the evening of June 6, 1944:

"Folks, nobody feels like getting up and being funny on a night like this . . .

"What has happened during these last few hours not one of us will ever forget. How could you forget? You sat up all night by the radio and heard the bulletins, the flashes, the voices coming across from England, the commentators, the pilots returning from their greatest of all missions—newsboys yelling on the street . . . it seemed that one world was ending and a new world beginning, and that history was closing one book and opening a new one, and somehow we knew it had to be a better one.

"You sat there, and dawn began to sneak in, and you thought of the hundreds of thousands of kids you've seen in camps the past two or three years . . . the kids who scream and whistle when they hear a gag and a song. And now you could see all of them again . . . in four thousand ships on the English Channel . . . tumbling out of thousands of planes over Normandy and the occupied coast . . . in countless landing barges crashing the Nazi gate and going on through to do the job that's the job of all of us . . .

"God bless those kids across the English Channel."

For anxious America the day ended on a spiritual note. At 10 P.M. President Roosevelt spoke on the combined networks and voiced the prayer that was in the heart of every citizen:

"MY FELLOW-AMERICANS:

"Last night I spoke with you about the fall of Rome. I knew at that moment that troops of the United States and our Allies were crossing the Channel in another and greater operation. It has come to pass to success thus far.

"And so in this poignant hour, I ask you to join with me in a prayer: Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

"Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith.

"They will need Thy blessings. The road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

"They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest—until the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violence of war.

"For these men are lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good-will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

"Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy Kingdom.

"And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers are over with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice . . .

"Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in a continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new

day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts. Give us strength, too—strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and the material support of our armed forces.

“And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrow that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

“And, O Lord, give us faith. Give us faith in Thee; faith in our sons; faith in each other; faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these deter us from our unconquerable purpose.

“With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogances. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

“Thy will be done, Almighty God.

“Amen.”

As the President's magic voice faded from the airwaves, the nation was spiritually united and uplifted. People had found new courage with which to face the difficult days ahead.

Radio again had united the nation.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTEBOOK

THE MATERIAL WHICH CORRESPONDENTS BROUGHT TO THE radio was vivid and exciting. Of necessity, they could only recount, on the air, a minute portion of their personal experiences. Moreover, radio audiences were so concerned with hearing the reports that they often lost track of the fact that the reporter was not merely a detached voice, but a *man*, and often a *man or woman who was risking his or her life* to report the war.

Some of the correspondents' unusual off-the-record experiences which never reached the airwaves deserve to be remembered as a permanent memorial, not alone to the compelling ability and courage of the authors selected here but to *all* radio correspondents who helped to do the job in World War II.

John Hersey, noted author of *A Bell for Adano* and *Hiroshima*, tells of his only attempt to use radio as a means of combat reporting:

"Without so much as a tryout of the magnetic wire-recorder, I took off from Tunis one afternoon for Ponte Olivo Field, near Gela, Sicily. On landing there, our plane hit an old shell hole in the runway, and crashed and caught fire. My only injury was a set of embarrassing cuts from a bottle of quinine I carried in my hip pocket.

"I found the recorder fifty feet from the plane, and it

looked a mess. I picked up spare parts all over the place. My typewriter (for comparison on ruggedness) was twisted and absolutely useless. The whole of the next day I spent in the field's radio shack with a couple of local operators. Neither of them had ever seen a wire-recorder, but with the help of the operating and maintenance manual, and a few standard parts of their own, they made it work. That night I drove in a borrowed jeep with Bob Capa, *Life* photographer, north toward the lines.

"Besides a lot of incidental stuff, I made more or less set pieces on the Tenth Field Hospital and its methods and accomplishments; on a field kitchen of an advance unit; one very funny broadcast, I thought, thanks to a fat cook from Brooklyn; on an engineer unit with the job that was so dirty in Sicily—clearing mines; on an hysterical Italian who had just been released from the Italian army only to be put to work on the roads by ours; on some Rangers in action near Messina; on some songs, in an encampment at night, by a quartette of the Forty-seventh Infantry, one of them the haunting 'Those 88's Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine.'

"Technically, the quality of the recordings was lousy. But there were passages that had a real, earthy, immediate feeling, and gave a pretty good sense of how some of the off-beat units operated. There was no decent action—the Sicilian campaign was petering out. Yet the recordings were at least a *first*, and I thought they might have some historic value, if nothing else.

"So I turned my jeep and rushed around Mt. Etna, down to the PRO camp near Syracuse for my first sleep in about four days. But before I went to sleep I tried to play back some of the recordings, and one spool of wire hopped off the spool. It was precious stuff, and I was determined to wind it back without kinking, which meant breaking it. So there I was, up to my hips in the damn wire, when I walked Colonel Joe Philips, AFHQ public relations officer. 'Having trouble, John?' he smiled. Uncertain of my credentials at the time, I could make reply only with a very wry smile.

"Next day I set out for Gela, and spent that night in an open field, with a flat tire. I begged a tire from an airfield about four miles away and finally made Gela. There I hopped a transport plane for Algiers. Then two miles out from the field the plane ran into a barrage balloon cable, tore a six-foot hole in its right wing, and crash-landed near Licata. (The Navy had put up a new barrage balloon over a supply dump ashore, and had forgotten to tell the Army.) I gathered up what was left of myself and the equipment, got on another plane for Algiers, ran off the broadcasts once, got orders home, cabled Frank Norris, the editor of the radio program, the 'March of Time,' that I had at least a *first*, flew to New York (though I was by this time no friend of aviation), and a few nights later sat in Kirby's apartment in Washington with a highball in one hand, and an Army censor sitting near the other, and 'listened,' hoping the censor would let us salvage something for broadcast. He was o.k. and we returned to New York in high hopes.

"Next day Frank called me and said that he was sorry, but a network rule would prevent the use of recordings!

"And this is the account of my first and last job for radio."

An account of two expeditions to Mount Vesuvius—based on the notes of Lieutenant Colonel Frank Pellegrin, radio-press officer of General Jacob Devers—is on a different note.

The first climb had a holiday quality. The day was fair, the trip a jaunt for men "playing hooky" for a moment from war. The second excursion, undertaken to make a record of the volcano, was impressive, awe-inspiring, even frightening. For the party was caught in a storm at the edge of the crater! But, like true correspondents, they got their story through, in this case a wire-recording.

For a couple of nights a red slash down the north slope of Mt. Vesuvius had been clearly visible across the mist of the Bay of Naples. It glowed like a neon light.

Every change in the Vesuvius mood was the source of much

comment, like weather during the haying season near Peeled Chestnut, Tennessee.

One realized that here was a phenomenon that had to be witnessed at close range, even though it meant resolutely shelving one's dread of climbing the steep mountain. For Lieutenant Colonel Frank Pellegrin, who panted and puffed after the three-flight climb to the mess hall, this was a resolution of magnitude and depth.

The morning dawned brilliantly. Visibility was unimpeded to Capri and beyond. This was the perfect day: warm, sunny, clear. Pellegrin put on his field clothes and met the rest of the party at nine, among them Major Luther J. Reid of Army Service Forces, Captain Ralph Hotchkiss of Allied Military Government, and Eric Severeid of CBS.

Major Reid's jeep honked its way through the donkey carts and jaywalkers of Naples, sped briefly down the pocked Autostrada, turned off and began the serpentine climb up the narrow, rocky road.

Halfway up, past the weather station, a little white building sat astride the trail. A heavy chain with two Italians tending it, blocked progress. One man approached with a card printed in English: this was a "private road," and farther advance was possible only upon payment of a fee. Impatiently, the party haggled briefly and handed over five lire apiece.

Private roads indeed! The one-lane trail was so narrow that two vehicles could pass only if one stopped and edged over. It was so steep that it ascended in a succession of hairpin curves which even small trucks could not negotiate without backing and filling.

All about were great piles of old lava, ancient stuff that had tumbled down centuries ago and heaped and piled and coiled and twisted to form giant hills and caves and ravines, like the folds of chocolate cake batter magnified a billion times. Gen-

erally it was brown, with varying shades of grey, dark red, dark yellow, and black.

Around a sudden bend a glowing river of lava ran parallel to the road. This was the main stream pouring out of the exploding cone. It had already destroyed hundreds of homes on the mountainside, had already caused the evacuation of thousands, and was now biting into the little city of San Sebastiano at the base of the mountain.

A great wide stream it was, of red-hot, flowing, steaming, and hissing lava, perhaps a thousand yards wide, running downhill and rippling over little cliffs and falls like a great torrent of water. The jeep pulled up and everyone jumped out, hurrying down the roadside embankment for a closer view of the strangest, cruelest river on earth. The heat was intense for several hundred yards. Although the hissing and crackling were audible, the relative silence of this hellish mass was amazing. The sound was no louder than any small mountain stream might make, or a small grove of trees rustling their leaves in autumn.

The river ran swiftly at this point—perhaps as fast as a man could walk—and it was difficult to realize that those were huge boulders of red-hot rock, often the size of box cars, cascading down like small chunks of wood in a rapids.

The only terrifying feature was the heat—no power on earth to control it, to quench it, to cool it. The heat was so tremendous that you felt it could melt steel, or consume a human body in one hissing instant and leave not even an ash.

A quarter-mile onward the road was again blocked. There a narrow river of lava had cut across it the day before. This river had stopped, and the narrow lava bed—perhaps a hundred yards wide—had cooled sufficiently so that one could cross it with no more discomfort than a hotfoot.

At the roadblock were several other jeeps, parked and

empty. Little figures could be seen here and there higher up the slopes. Three or four Italians, ragged except for shining visored caps, like doormen at the Ritz, were clustered about a black-and-white sign which read, "Obligatory for All to have an Official Guide before Ascending the Mountain—by Order of the Commanding General."

"Commanding General, hell!" said Major Reid. "They faked the sign. Which Commanding General? We only got about fifteen or twenty around here. What's his name? What rackets we let our co-belligerents get away with!"

The chief guide, an elderly man and voluble, had approached. He was the type who will talk but never listen. The rate for a guide, he said, was one dollar apiece.

So a guide was assigned: a husky old gentleman, unshaven for several days, dressed in ragged black clothes, carrying a stout cane, and topped by a shining cap. Halfway across the first lava bed he offered a handful of souvenirs for sale.

The slope was steep, so steep that the trail twisted back and forth in easy laps. In places the trail was soft and shifting so that their feet clutched for footing and they slid to their ankles in yielding sand and rock. At times it would cross hard lava rock, rough, jagged, treacherous because of the danger of crumbling, but otherwise affording excellent footholds. Occasionally, especially when the trail was westward away from the heat of the running river of fire, it crossed *patches of snow* in the crevices of rock!

Pellegrin picked up a big snowball and carried it until the trail neared the river of leaping coals. He threw it in as far as he could.

"*I just threw a snowball into hell!*" he cried. Thus was an ambition accomplished.

After nearly an hour of steep but leisurely climbing, they approached the rim, the old rim of the crater of Vesuvius.

The piles of lava became blacker, and bigger, and more jagged. At times the men reached for support as they climbed over high porous boulders. The scene became grander, more grotesque.

It was like nothing one had ever seen before: a vast mountain of desolation, an endless waste of twisted, tortured rock. And yet it wasn't rock, but rather some dead substance that looked like clinkers from a furnace, porous sometimes and sometimes as hard as flint, great round billowing masses, smooth like monstrous mushrooms piled together.

There were jagged, saw-toothed peaks, tilted at bizarre angles as though shot up when the mountain had suffered stabs of pain. Inert matter: no growing thing appeared anywhere, not a blade of grass or even a weed.

They topped the rim, and a quarter-mile away in the crater was the *new* cone of Vesuvius, the fiery blast furnace that was throwing molten rock and steam and dust skyward in great thunderous explosions, and feeding the rivers of death that ran down the burning ravines.

No words could describe it. Eric Severeid reminded them that it was here Dante found his "Inferno" and there had been no such eruption for *him* to watch.

For a half hour the men watched, alternately terrified and thrilled as they skipped from rock to rock. The guide was impatient to go back. But Major Reid, an inveterate collector of souvenirs, wanted to get closer to pick up some of the fallen lava. He and Pellegrin both started out. The guide shouted and waved his arms. As the officers continued, he shouted louder.

"Gentlemens! Gentlemens! The risk of the life! I am not responsible!"

Finally, with souvenirs stowed in their pockets and others clutched in their hands, they started down.

"Short cut," announced the guide. He led the party to a spot on the north side of the rim. There, extending all the way down, was a ravine of reddish gravel. Down the steep slope he started, with long, sliding steps, little avalanches of pebbles rolling behind him. One by one, the men followed. In the insecure footing they had to check themselves to keep from plunging forward. They soon mastered the knack of taking long scuffling strides and leaning well backwards like a man trying to walk on the seat of his pants.

"Look mama! No hands!" mimicked Sevareid, gliding from side to side like an ice-skater. Behind, Captain Hotchkiss practiced what he called Christiana ski turns and emitted Swiss yodels, with a net result that a couple of tons of pebbles and small rocks came tumbling down the back of Pellegrin's neck and out the bottom of his leggings. Major Reid, braked by the weight of the lava he was carrying in both arms, staggered happily with a minimum of noise and foolishness. The guide, long since outdistanced, skated sedately down on his cane.

While they were driving down the hill, an idea was born.

"Why don't we try to make a recording of Vesuvius erupting?"

The idea was revolutionary, but in no time everyone was enthusiastic.

"We can haul our generator only up to the roadblock but we can get a Signal company to string a power line from there!"

"We could hire a couple of guides to carry the wire-recorder up the mountain!"

The jeep raced back to town. A Signal company was found. A line crew gladly volunteered for the job, with plenty of wire. Other preparations were made swiftly and simply.

So the next morning the expedition set forth again. This time it was followed not only by a quarter-ton trailer with a

generator and by a line truck with an augmented crew aboard (several men in the company with a day off had joined the party) but also by an extra jeep carrying three Signal Corps lieutenants on a free day. They had heard of the project and had volunteered to come along and supervise the linesmen.

The plan was to leave the generator on its trailer at the roadblock, climb the mountain with the recorder and wire, lay the wire down the "short cut" in a fairly straight line, and thus run the electric power up the mountainside to the recorder on top.

For some reason the climb was much more difficult. It was a cold and dreary day. Yesterday's brilliant sun had been hidden by dark clouds, from which alternately mist and a light rain fell, chilling everyone thoroughly. The climb had lost its exhilarating novelty: no longer was one boosted by eagerness to know what lay ahead. The packs were light enough at the bottom but it was surprising how fast they took on the weight of a young horse.

"Get off my back, somebody" was a frequent echo. Overnight new lava slides had narrowed the accessible slope. Consequently the trail was new in spots and less firm underfoot, as well as steeper.

Behind could be seen the soldiers on the twisting trail, one man with a coil of wire over his shoulder, and another man below and behind him, not loaded, but shoving upwards with both hands to keep his buddy upright on the slippery path.

At last the firm lava was reached and the going was easier. By the time they reached the top, despite the cold, driving rain that had soaked everyone, they were steaming hot from exertion.

Fortified by yesterday's experience they picked a spot inside the rim of the old crater, but about four hundred yards away from the erupting cone.

The view, if possible, was more desolate. To the utter ruin

of the scene the day before, in bright sunlight, was added the crushing depression of driving sleet, of thick clouds of grey mist that at times closed everything in to a distance of a few yards.

There was no protection. Jutting rocks partially cut off the rain, but the strong wind whipped it around corners from all angles. Cold water dripped from every rock one leaned against.

Then the rain turned to hail—small, stinging pieces of hail that struck every inch of exposed face and hands like little needles electrically charged.

The linesmen laid exactly a mile of wire down the slope. While the splices were being made, the other equipment was arranged in the lee of the biggest rock projection. To protect it from the rain and hail the recorder was wrapped in the only blanket they had carried up the mountain, and topped with a canvas musette bag.

Everyone shivered.

The weather closed in. Clouds so heavy one could almost cut through them hung around the group like a dripping necklace. Visibility was perhaps ten feet, hardly more. There was almost no conversation—just waiting, waiting, for the linesmen to complete their arduous job and signal up by phone.

For a little while, when the storm was at its worst, the power of the gushing mountain of fire shook the men from head to foot. They were completely cut off from everything, except the white-hot rocks that fell about them and flowed away in a ravine of fire. Everyone felt he was close to the complete and terrible despair of hell.

And this was *one* point, *one* emotion, on which all members of the party were later agreed. There are no atheists in fox-holes, said the men who were in them, and surely none were quaking on the top of Mount Vesuvius that day, either.

At last the clouds lifted a bit and the rain gradually dwin-

dled to a fine mist. Eric Severeid opened the big, dripping package of sandwiches he had crushed against him all the way up the mountain, and passed them around.

Pellegrin had brought a canteen of coffee. To keep it warm he had set it in one of the cracks of rock from which hot steam curled. Now the coffee was more precious than gold as the canteen cup passed from man to man.

Toward two o'clock the wire had been connected to the electric generator, communication had been established by a field phone tapped briefly into the wire at stated times while the electric power was cut off, frequency and voltage tests were completed, and everything was ready for the recording.

Eric Severeid took the microphone first and recorded an on-the-scene description of Mount Vesuvius in its most violent eruption in several generations. This was punctuated by several warning shouts of "Look out for that one!" as hissing hot rocks fell around and behind the men, some of them passing over their heads. Thus was the voice of Vesuvius recorded for posterity.

Then Pellegrin followed. He introduced the Army angle, interviewing Major Reid on the manner in which the Army's Special Services Division in co-operation with the Red Cross was running tours to the more accessible parts of Vesuvius.

Captain Ralph Hotchkiss added in a letter to Pellegrin on April 8, 1944:

I went back up Vesuvio the other day to get some more souvenir rocks and met the guide who carried the sound equipment up that day. He tells me that the place you guys did your show from *fell* into the crater shortly thereafter. What a story . . . only you spoiled it by getting down in time!

Jim Cassidy, radio reporter for WLW, Cincinnati, and the NBC network, went out to cover the war, and did his

share with courage. His diary, rich in the universal experiences of war, and the emotions they aroused, ended with a simple tribute to a fallen colleague. The words could apply to any soldier, including those whose only weapon was a typewriter or a microphone.

September 4, 1944

As a correspondent for both WLW and NBC I had a double reason for wanting to get the first broadcast out of Germany. When Press Wireless took over Liege with its direct beam to the United States, nobody was paying much attention to old Jig Easy Sugar Queen (phonetic spelling for mobile station JESQ). It had been furloughed to an inconspicuous spot on one bank of the Meuse while Lieutenant Jim Rugg and his boys were reduced to aimless fiddling with service messages to London.

Rugg and I were discussing the idleness of JESQ one afternoon when it occurred to me that the venerable Queen might be just the lady to do another job. I talked to Lieutenant Colonel Andrew, the head of the First Army press camp at that period (later killed in the Battle of the Bulge), and he agreed that since JESQ was living a life of idleness it might be wise to dispatch her in the general direction of Aachen to try for the first broadcast from German soil.

Rugg and I were joined the next afternoon, September 4, 1944, by Dick Hottel of CBS. We began the circuitous crawl through First Division territory toward the Siegfried Line.

Unfortunately, the aged Queen got mired down, about two miles from where the Siegfried dragon's teeth crossed the road between Eupen and Aachen. There was an hour of frantic ripping of branches and of stuffing of stones beneath the tires, and at last we were able to get under way again.

It was close to twilight when we got within sight of the dragon's teeth and what we knew for sure was German soil. The scene was perfect—the only shells were our own traveling overhead with an occasional *swoosh* towards the out-

skirts of Aachen, which was still in German hands. The nearest Tiger tanks, we were told, were three or four miles up the road. The *Luftwaffe*, as it had been for weeks, was conspicuously absent. And so while we were congratulating ourselves on this happy lack of threat, we took a good look at the peaceful scene in the twilight ahead of us. Directly in our path was a set of monstrous steel spikes sticking up in the road, sunk deep in concrete. On either side of the road were the rows of dragon's teeth. In front of the dragon's teeth was a field—green, uncultivated, and unwalked upon. The dew on my brow was matched by that on Rugg's. It seemed perfectly clear that we were to be "often a bridesmaid and never a bride" on this deal, for while we could have broadcast there and then it would not have been a program from German soil.

Comes now the part they used to call "*Deus ex machina*" in the Greek plays. Bounding out of nowhere we observe a crew of engineers. We explain we are stuck. This bothers them in no particular for in five minutes they are sweeping the field with their detectors. In ten minutes they have attached about three dozen sticks of TNT to the appropriate dragon's teeth, and there follows a terrific set of explosions which destroy the teeth in our path and a few moments later we drive aboard JESQ into Germany.

There might have been an anti-climax to this—it was by then dark and the static between there and London was terrific. Stanley Richardson, NBC's London man, signaled to me to start several times before I was ready and then when I was ready, he couldn't hear the talk-up. But at nine-twenty German time I did get the first report from Germany through to London and to the United States . . .

October 18, 1944

This afternoon I sat awhile with David Lardner (one of the three sons of Ring Lardner), who is now over here for the *New Yorker*, taking Liebling's place. He was very quiet and preoccupied as we drank our beer apiece in the hotel. He sat next to me at the Spa Theatre tonight where the film was "It Happened Tomorrow" . . .

Thursday, October 19, 1944

David Lardner was killed today. So was the driver of the jeep, Litwin, the tall, blond, very shy kid who has driven me several times. They ran into a mine coming back from Aachen. The news threw a hush over the correspondents' camp tonight. I got to thinking about the picture we both saw last night, "It Happened Tomorrow." This is about a newspaperman who miraculously got the power to know tomorrow's news, and the high point is when he reads of his own *death* the next day.

Sunday, October 29, 1944

To my great delight, the broadcast of the first Jewish show from Germany, on which I've been putting most of my effort this week, not only got through to WLW and NBC, but included some sudden German and American artillery that started near Brand. The sound was picked up in New York, which afterward reported the show "excellent." It was done by relay from JESQ in Germany to Press Wireless in Spa, thence to New York.

Rabbi Sidney Lefkowitz was very good, as were the fifty plus Jewish soldiers who stood underneath the roof of an abandoned cement factory and chanted two songs. A Protestant minister and a Catholic priest, significantly, also spoke. Berlin papers, please copy.

Monday, December 18, 1944

This was a hellish day. We didn't even know if we would make it home safely to Spa from Luxembourg, for already the Germans were reported nearing St. Vith, on the back road that Jack Frankish and I had taken on our last trip from Bastogne. Frankish, of United Press, was my more or less constant companion at this time.

At the Spa Press Camp, nobody seemed to know just how serious this situation was. Some said a five-pronged attack. An alert was ordered, and the camp was told to pack up packable belongings and be prepared to move by six tonight, if necessary.

But by two it was evident that we had better go sooner.

The Germans were reported, incredibly, to be in Stavelot. Stavelot, six miles away from Spa.

Unbelieving and halfheartedly, Frankish and I began to pack our things. It was impossible that we were being forced to leave. Our whole outlook was being twisted, unforeseeably, out of focus. Was it a joke?

Little rumors continued to float in. Tom Yarborough of A.P. had just talked to a medical unit, and they had been told to get out of Spa immediately, that the town was getting hotter than hell.

I hurried up the street. Convoys were moving noisily down the street, with stuff piled up in them in a great jumble. Suddenly I knew what this meant. This was a retreat!

Retreat! Men and women standing around in knots with their children, watching the dirty trucks, bumper to bumper. An air of expectancy, tenseness, and increasingly, an air of dread. As I hurried along, sweating under the exertion of the packing, and now the half-running walk, I could scarcely fathom the implications of all this. We were leaving Spa. That meant that the Germans might be in it. And soon. Germans in Spa.

Overhead, P-47's were circling, and then they would dodge off to the east and downwards. That meant cover for the convoys. Thank God for the air cover.

I hurried back to the hotel. As I reached the room, there was a sudden roar and a crashing of glass. I ducked: a bomb! It had fallen just across the street, in the motor park. But it seemed no one had been hurt. Somebody said it was a shell. Later I found it was one of our own that had come loose in its rack. The pilot had to get rid of it. But I didn't know that. Nobody was sure. Quickly and frantically we finished packing, and then, while waiting for the jeeps, went down to the bar for a couple of quick drinks.

Frankish wanted his laundry, clean or not. They couldn't find it. Hal Denny stumbled, purple-faced, down the stairs, with his heavy bedroll. John Hall, patch over one infected eye, went to look for Bob Brocker, the jeep driver. We had a couple more drinks. The Germans were coming. The big

counterattack, and we were getting out, Headquarters was getting out, and a little girl in the bar began to cry and scream, saying "*Les Americains partent!*" Her wails made us all nervous. Brocker was late, hauling some buddies around. I finally saw him and let out an angry bellow.

Where would we go to get a story or a broadcast? Chaudfontaine was where we were headed for, and "*Prewi*" (*Press Wireless*) wouldn't be operating by tonight. Maastricht? We finally decided to head for Brussels.

Past Liege, once we had gone through a belt of ack-ack shooting at buzz bombs, the going was rapid, despite a twenty-minute wait at a railroad crossing, and fifteen minutes taken out while we hunted for Frankish's helmet which had bounced off to the dark roadside. In Brussels we went to 5 PRS, at 49 *Rue de la Loi*, and there found a stiffly, unperturbed British censor—one that I'd met while with the Canadians, and an accommodating London *Daily Mail* colleague of John Hall's. It was he who had put me in touch with Squadron Leader Caverhill, who in turn arranged for me to relay my broadcast from *Radio National Belgique* to London and then, with whatever luck, to New York. I already had an attack script which had failed to get through earlier. I brought this up to date with some description on the reaction of the Belgians as they saw the Americans moving out, which the censor in Brussels passed.

But getting on the air proved an ordeal. When finally I got out to the fancy structure occupied by the *Belgiques*, who were good enough to wait for me till this late hour, they proved reluctant about giving me access to a microphone. . . . Finally the guy at the other end of the phone said okay. I got to the studio five minutes ahead, began my talk-up, and did the broadcast, which went out over the regular Brussels longwave length. Later, I found they had got it in London, but that the transatlantic circuits had failed, and that only a cable of the script had gone to NBC.

Tuesday, December 19, 1944

Hall and I were up at six-thirty with Bob Brocker, the driver, but Jack Frankish had overslept and we didn't get

going until a quarter of nine. We passed through Liege and on the far side of Chaudfontaine found the press camp people milling around in front of a big chateau, where we ate lunch on the steps, heating coffee over Jack Coleman's stove.

I was terribly tired. Robot bombs had been making tracks over the hills to the left and the right of the house, thudding on their target a couple of miles forward, on the poor unfortunates of Liege. About three o'clock there was one that seemed very low. The roar of the engine made the very walls of the chateau shudder.

Then suddenly it went dead. Silence.

I was in a hallway near the front of the building. Panicky, I looked around and in a split second remembered—get away from glass. I stepped into a doorway, but as I did so I saw a red flash at the far end of the sloping lawn. There was a tremendous explosion, and a wave of air like a blow. The windows of the building, the tall panes of the doors and windows, exploded inward in a deafening breaking of glass.

I was on my hands and knees. The building was shaking. I thought the walls would crash in, and felt sick with horror. But the walls did not come in. Only the glass.

In a moment it was over. The correspondents and the soldiers and officers had been caught in a hundred poses, and in the building and out on the sloping lawn I saw them picking themselves up. Sliding on the chaos of broken glass inside and outside, I made my way down the front steps. Somebody was peeling the shirt off Clint Hough's back. Blood was oozing from several places. They took him in and laid him on the couch. Somebody else had been hit at the base of the spine and was bleeding dark blood just over the cheeks of his backside. Eddie, the mess fellow, came in with a first aid kit and began probing for glass. He poured white sulfa powder where the blood was coming out.

I felt terribly shaky. This had been the nearest yet. When the next bomb came over we all went down, but it didn't fall this time.

The news that came in was equally shocking. Much of it was rumor, but it was hard to say which was rumor and which fact. The Germans were supposed to be three and a

half miles from Spa. They had taken Stavelot. They hadn't taken Stavelot. They were in Bastogne, where Wilhelm and I had stopped Saturday. They had already driven to Marsch, on the road from Liege to Paris. The enemy was in Eupen. They were fighting in Verviers.

It was a muddle, and I remembered the muddle in Tolstoi's book, and realized that now I was seeing the same thing happen. The confusion of battle. The wild reports.

But this much was certain. This was the big attack. Von Rundstedt had told his men it was now or never. Aachen back to the *Fuehrer* as a Christmas present. Liege by Christmas. Paris for New Year's Eve.

Equally certain it was that our Army wasn't looking for it, not in this strength, and not in this way. Certain high officers had been taking a leave in Paris when it came. The Germans had smashed, and hard and well. Their tanks were filtering into towns and past them. Soldiers were appearing in American uniforms, with American dog tags and jeeps, with the job of disrupting our communications, capturing our fuel dumps, acting as an advance Fifth Column.

The whole damned world seemed gone vomiting mad. The bombs, the retreat, the bad news.

Down in Chaudfontaine, on the main street, Frankish and I were assigned a room with wash basin (haul your water) at Number 47. It was a poor place to have a room. Right on the bomb path, with a railroad to the rear for an added inducement, and an even more important target than that elsewhere (Hodge's Headquarters, down the street).

I should have gone to bed, but instead of Dick Hottelet occupying the other room, it was assigned to Lee Garson of I.N.S. She and Frankish and I sat around for a nightcap to rest our nerves, and one called for another as the minutes passed and we began to listen breathlessly and then more carelessly to the bombs arching overhead. We talked a long time. I launched again in my blue-gas theory about the hereafter and it was nearly three by the time we got to bed.

Wednesday, December 20

By this afternoon I felt terrible, what with the necessary

and the unnecessary lack of sleep in the past few days. But I was cheered by the fact that my NBC broadcast from the 399 called JESQ-1 got through at noon, and another, a special, made the network grade at five-thirty despite noise via *Prewi*. Cheering also was the news that we had begun to blunt the German attack, though not stopping it.

By midafternoon I was feeling so lousy I picked out an old mattress in one of the upper rooms of the chateau and lay down for half an hour next to a blown-out window. After that I felt better.

Adjustment comes quickly. Spa seems in the long ago.

Frankish and I got to bed early. About four the robots started coming and woke me up. Then Jack's snore kept coming, and kept me awake. His are loud, snorting, violent, and defiant snores, impressive, unique and fantastic. I'd like to make a recording of them some night.

I hope all this hellish news isn't worrying Rita and Mom too much. Nor the story that I cabled WLW when voice on *Prewi* faded out.

Friday, December 22

The German attack is going forward. They are now about forty miles into Belgium, with the northern thrust around Stavelot being pretty well contained and the one toward Bastogne still hitting with great force. This is really the big thing. The slaughter on both sides is terrific, with the Germans pouring in more men as fast as we can knock them down. They have already committed at least twenty-four divisions and are supposed to have that many more in reserve, and it looks as if now there will be a second great slam: to follow up and exploit what has already been gained. And what has been gained is plenty. Already they have gone farther in the first three days than we did in three months.

My NBC broadcast at one o'clock came on a minute late because an incompetent operator flipped off a switch, knocking the transmitter off the air, and then couldn't get it started again. But part got through.

After the program I lit out to Henri Chappelle to witness the execution of three Germans found behind American

lines in American uniforms, and now condemned to death. A couple of rows of M.P.'s were standing in a courtyard to do the dirty work. Most of the rest were correspondents. When I came in Lee Garson yelled, "Too late—they're bringing up the bodies now." But she was only fooling.

A group of German women internees had just fulfilled one of the last requests of the condemned three . . . to hear Christmas carols. The women had sung "Stille Nacht" and a couple of others.

The public relations tail again was wagging the Army dog. Available were the complete backgrounds of the three prisoners, who had been selected to filter into our lines, get military information, and send it back by a portable short-wave radio. They had orders to get to the Meuse area and wait for the German attackers to join them. Also available was a piece of cloth of the type to be bound around the prisoners' eyes (they have to wear it; no choice); the dimensions of the stakes (4 × 4) and what the chaplain had had to say to them when he offered last rites (which they refused).

The afternoon wore on. We had coffee after two hours. It was getting dark. Then word came that Hodges had not yet been able to sign the death order; the permission had to come from Twelfth Army Group or SHAEF; the shooting would be deferred to tomorrow.

"They shouldn't do that, even to a German," I said. The M.P.'s walked away disgustedly.

Tonight, some late SHAEF news being announced as releasable at eleven o'clock, including the thirty-mile penetration; I again made the hundred-mile trip to Brussels and did two broadcasts; one right after the deadline at 11:02 and the other at 12:15. I had no idea and still haven't whether they got through; but this time the Brussels radio people offered no argument; and their chief French announcer took the driver, Caswell, and me, up to his apartment between shows and his very nice wife gave us bacon and fresh eggs. I was pretty much moved by this performance.

We slept at the Canterbury Hotel, getting to bed after five.

Saturday, December 23

I sweated it through the Liege buzz bomb area as we came back this morning. At the main road intersection building after building had been leveled, and I was almost speechless with tensivity as we were held up in a convoy and finally decided to scramble through a detour. Again, that hellish half-mile area was negotiated, and it was with relief that I got to the new press camp, an ultramodern building at Chaudfontaine, which had been occupied by Army Headquarters until yesterday.

Jack had moved my bedroll and knapsack from Number 47. We both decided to stay in. I did my one o'clock show, and again an amateur Army operator screwed it up, and New York only recorded the show.

I was mad as hell about that. I was expostulating with Lieutenant Hillikan back at the Statler-like hotel when there was a sudden explosion near by. Buzz bomb we all thought, and went to look through the window.

It wasn't a buzz bomb.

It was a plane. Several planes. Dive bombers, and German ones. There was a terrified shout from the front yard, and I saw figures rushing from the center in terrible haste. The word spread like lightning. I dived into a corner next to the press room. There were already six or seven bodies huddled there, the head of one man burrowing between the torsos of two others in animal fright. I burrowed, too.

George Hicks jumped in on top of me, knocking the wind out of me.

It happened in a split second. A horrible drone, downward and unbearably loud, then the infinitesimal silence, then the bomb.

Glass exploded from the windows. Walls rushed inward, plaster fell and a dense cloud of it, churned to dust, filled the room. I trembled with fear and tried to burrow closer. We all did. We knew there would be another, and in an instant it came, rocking the building, sending down more glass, more plaster, filling the air with a tremendous, unutterable, fearsome, and unbelievable sound.

Suddenly I realized that I might die. I was frightened, and

yet not completely terror-stricken. Something might save me. Something.

Another drone, and I felt a sob of sheerest terror in my throat. The third bomb attack, then a fourth, farther off.

I was holding my glasses in my hand. Foolishly, I was dismayed at the thought they might be broken. I tried to put them in my pocket, burrowing the while. Then I simply held them in my hand, carefully.

Some of them had started to get up. I saw a dinner table and dived under that, trying to pull a chair over me for protection. Then they all scurried and fell to the floor again. The planes were coming back. I remember trembling and saying, "Oh, my God. Oh, my God," and was struck by the theatrical character of my own thoughts and words. I still held my glasses in my hand. I was wishing I had my helmet.

This time they strafed. I hadn't heard that awful sound since our own dive bombers hit Aachen. Now I knew what it must have been like on the receiving end. But I wasn't frightened by the strafing, being inside.

The planes went away. Shaking I arose. My hand was bleeding. I felt around my head to see if anything was wrong there. All right. Others were getting up. They had not been as lucky as I. There was one man moaning and another was sobbing. The plaster fog filled the air. Glass was on our clothes and in our hair.

Bill, of *Press Wireless*, had been out front when the first bomb went off, in the yard by the bridge. He was bleeding like a pig near the shoulder. Others came by, dripping blood onto the white plaster. Pieces of ceiling hung down. I slithered along on the glass. A moment ago this had been the most beautiful building I had ever seen in Belgium. Like the Statler. Now it was a wreck.

But I was alive. Outside I saw two trucks on fire. The flames, gasoline fed, were leaping fifty feet in the air, silently, as in a dream. The only sounds were the moans of the wounded. They brought them in. Wounded Bill almost sobbed. "Oh, them poor God damned GI's—get them! Oh, those poor bastards out there! Their bodies are blown to pieces!"

I thought I heard planes again, and we ran down in the cellar. Medics came in and treated the wounds. There were civilians huddled in one corner in the dark. In another corner, a GI sat quietly, bleeding from the forehead. Another boy, one of the shellshock cases, came by trembling and sobbing violently. I felt sorrier for him than for anyone else.

The planes seemed gone. Still shaking a little myself, I went upstairs. In front I saw Jack Shelley of WHO. He had just come in from Ninth Army and had missed it all.

"Did you hear about Jack?" he said, looking pale.

"Frankish?" I said, and almost broke into tears. I looked at him with unbelief.

He shook his head: yes.

"Dead?"

"Yes, over there. It was a little hard to tell, but it looks like Frankish. Want to look?"

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus!" was all I could say. I started over.

"Better not go look," Shelley said. I didn't. I could see enough from where I was.

Frankish dead. Even as I write it has not penetrated. I have lived closer with him than any other human being in the past four months. The pictures from his wife. The Scotch for Christmas Eve. Oh, Jesus, help him!

He was dead, all right. I was stunned by it, and then fearful.

Wilhelm was lying downstairs, in the hallway. He had bruised his leg leaping over a railing into the cellar entry. A medic told him it wasn't broken.

I went upstairs, through the rubble, and found my bedroll, littered with glass. My pyjamas were out. I left them. Jack's bedroll was there, but I left it. I knew his other stuff—his EFFECTS, now, no longer just his stuff next to mine—were still in the trailer from Spa. I saw the colored pictures of his wife and kids, and put them in my pocket. Then, with Wilhelm and Harold Denny, I got the hell out of there. As we prepared to go, I saw somebody, halfheartedly, messing around trying to move something white over by the bridge. With a sensation of nausea I realized it was a human torso. Jack hadn't been as badly torn as that.

I choked up as I remembered how Frankish, greatly encouraged by the plaudits given some of his eyewitnessers for the UP had on several occasions gone into invaded towns right in back of the tanks.

I had upbraided him. "I don't want to have to be the guy who writes home for you one of these days and tells them what a swell fellow you were."

"Hell," he had shrugged. "If you're going to get tagged, you're going to get tagged."

These combat correspondents, and hundreds of others, did an essential, arduous and dangerous job. The battles they reported made them soldiers, too, but instead of rifles, their weapons were microphones and typewriters.



RADIO REPORTS THE VICTORIES

ON A SATURDAY NIGHT IN APRIL, 1945, THE RADIO ANNOUNCED, "Steve Early, White House Press Secretary, has just authorized a statement that President Truman is en route from Blair House to the White House to make an important announcement."

Earlier, there had been official assurances to the Army Radio Branch that it was still too soon to expect the German surrender. Now the President's secretary had declared that the Commander-in-Chief was preparing an official statement. Moreover, the Washington network newsrooms had been requested by the White House to get their facilities over in a hurry for a *most* important broadcast!

On the ABC networks, San Francisco had previously reported that the first intimation of German capitulation had come from Senator Tom Connally of Texas. He had announced exuberantly, at the opening of the United Nations Conference, that he was "expecting great news at any moment now!"

The Army Radio men dashed for the Pentagon. At the entrance they collided with Major General Frank Stoner, head of Army Communications.

He eyed the group grimly. "What do you men know about this?"

Everyone was taken aback. The man who had covered Casablanca, Teheran, Yalta—the head of Army Communications was asking *them!*

"Nothing, sir!" they chorused.

"Neither do I!" said Stoner. "But there's hell to pay. Let's call Steve."

Steve Early answered the phone through the mutter-mutter of the press and radio corps surrounding the President's desk.

"Hello, Steve, this is Stoner. What's going on?"

"Why, General, we were just fixing to call you. Have you got anything official on this?"

Stoner almost strangled. This was the first night in six months that he had taken time out to relax. He had accompanied Mrs. Stoner to a neighborhood movie. In the middle of the feature, the lights went up and he was paged. As he rose to leave, the audience, noticing his two stars, figured something important was about to happen. Many filed out after him, some even following him to the Pentagon.

"Steve!" sputtered the General. "My office knows nothing about this. That's why they notified me. What's the basis of the White House statement? What's the score?"

"That's what we'd like to know, General. The radio reports seemed very well substantiated, so we thought it prudent to stand by just in case. Will you please check?"

"Immediately. I'll get Bedell Smith." (Lieutenant General W. Bedell Smith was General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, later became Ambassador to Russia.)

By this time Stoner, ordinarily the calmest of men, was sizzling. He and his companions made for the Signal Center on the fifth floor. Stoner commandeered a transatlantic circuit to raise General Bedell Smith.

It took some twenty minutes. After all, it *was* about four in the morning in France.

Smith was furious. "It's preposterous!" he asserted. "We have an agreement with the Russians. We will not cease firing

until we are assured of surrender from both the East and the West. There is no surrender in sight tonight."

The rumor had alerted every network to the fact that peace was imminent. Each was making ambitious plans to give the nation the news. However, this was not a simple and joyous report of total victory. For even with the defeat of Germany there was still the war against the Japs.

In the midst of the premature riotous celebrations, the Pacific War still loomed as a large order. Months earlier Under-Secretary of War Patterson had called in the Army Radio staff to find ways and means of releasing the news without denying the fighting men in the Pacific even one day's productive output.

Moreover, the European victory had been the result of the teamwork of all the Allies, of air, sea, and ground forces, of fighting fronts and home front. This had to be reflected in the official radio reporting of the great event. Each program must also appeal for continued teamwork until the defeat of the Japs.

The usual competitive feeling arose between the networks. Each one wanted the big Army and Navy "names" *exclusive*. Finally, a compromise was reached. Following the proclamation by the heads of State, from Washington, London, and Moscow, the biggest names would be combined in a special "Five Star" broadcast. The outstanding figures of the war, Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, Arnold and MacArthur, Admirals King and Nimitz, and the Army and Navy chaplains would appear on a program to ask the nation to rededicate itself to an all-out drive against the Japs. Other important personalities would speak on subsequent programs. These official programs were offered as "pool" broadcasts, to be carried by all the networks, made possible by the skillful diplomacy of

Major Bob Pollock, then radio chief of SHAEF. The "pool" broadcasts would be given the first fifteen minutes of each hour and the networks might then fill in with whatever features each considered most notable.

The Navy Department and the OWI both agreed that the radio aspect of European victory properly should be handled by the Army, and graciously bowed out. However, the labor-incentive man for OWI, troubled by the possibility that the V-E announcement might come during the day, and draw celebrating workers away from their machines, kept things in a turmoil. But the Army Radio section proceeded with its plans, even in the face of ultimate reprimands from the OWI.

Monday morning, May 7, 1945. The air was electric with excitement. Networks were calling; overseas commands were cabling; the question was "When will victory be proclaimed?" No word had yet come from the White House, or 10 Downing Street, or SHAEF. Suddenly, on the news ticker appeared the lead of Ed Kennedy's alleged "scoop" for the A.P.

Rheims, May 7, 1945. Germany surrendered unconditionally to the Western Allies at 2:41 A.M. French time today. The surrender took place in a little red schoolhouse which is the headquarters of General Eisenhower.

Everyone was astounded, including General "Hunk" Allen, Eisenhower's Public Relations Officer, and the wheel-horse of SHAEF Public Relations, Major Frank W. Mayborn, Texas publisher and broadcaster. Kennedy had violated an agreement signed by fifty-three of his fellow war correspondents not to release this story—which they had all witnessed—until final approval from General "Ike." It was not merely the violation of a reporter's word. The premature announcement put General Eisenhower in an embarrassing posi-

tion with his fellow-commanders in the field, for the release of the announcement was to be made simultaneously by all. Kennedy lost his credentials as a war correspondent and his colleagues signed an unprecedented resolution of censure against him.

By this time the world was agog, but still nothing official could be announced.

In the Radio Branch, final plans were being made. At nine o'clock the morning of May 8, President Truman would issue the proclamation. The "Five-Star" broadcast would be made at one in the afternoon, and then would follow the other programs. The Army again set up a central traffic control, as it had done on D-Day, presided over by Major Albert Wharfield. The rehearsal for victory was patterned after the D-Day plan—this time with smiles.

The V-E Day program read like a section of *Who's Who*:

Group I: (The "Five-Star" broadcast—)Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Arnold, Admirals Leahy, King and Nimitz, and the Army and Navy chaplains.

Group II—Generals Montgomery, Bradley, Devers, Smith, and Francis Morgan.

Group III—Generals Craiger, Dempsey, Hodges, Simpson, Gerow, Patton, Patch, LeClerc, Martinaux, Brereton, and Lee.

Group IV—Admirals Halsey, Mitscher, Spruance, Vandegrift, and other Navy and Marine officers.

Group V—Marshal Alexander, Generals Clark, Truscott, and McNarney.

Group VI—Air Marshal Tedder, Generals Spaatz, Doolittle, Eaker, Vandenberg.

Group VII—Generals Kenny, Krueger, Richardson, Buckner, Eichelberger, Hale, Wedemeyer, and Sultan.

So the European victory was celebrated and radio once

again was the bond that united the nation, this time in rejoicing. It was a sober joy, nonetheless, for ahead still loomed the Pacific War.

On August 15, 1945, a group of Signal Corps men in the communications room at Manila were discussing the atomic bomb, trying to guess what effect it might have on the war's outcome. They knew that in just seventy-seven days (November 1) the D-Day plan for the Pacific would go into action. The plan was known as "Operation Olympic," and would hit the Japanese home islands (Kyushu). They knew, too, from highly secret documents, that the price would probably be high—even higher than in the other Pacific campaigns. They were hoping that the B-29 raids of Generals Spaatz and Doolittle would force the Japs to surrender before that day.

In the midst of their speculations the teletype machine began to click off a message.

The officers glanced toward it casually. The message was not even secret. They resumed their conversation. Messages sent "in the clear" (uncoded) were never important.

A few minutes later one of the officers happened to look at the completed message. His eyes goggled:

FROM: General Marshall
TO: General MacArthur
INFO: Nimitz (Guam), Deane (Moscow), Wedemeyer
(China) NR. 1408

With reference Paragraph 2 of WARX 49182, you are hereby officially notified of Japanese capitulation. Your directive as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers is effective with receipt of this message.

Five pairs of eyes stared unbelievably at those words. As good Signal Corps men, they had naturally dreamed that some day *they* would flash word of the Jap defeat. But like every-

one else who had faced the stubborn enemy in fierce combat from Australia to the approaches of the Japanese home islands, they were convinced that the defeat would be administered by American troops upon the enemy's soil.

This surrender, in which the Emperor and the Japanese government asked the Swiss government to act as intermediary, was far different from the European capitulation. In Europe, we had hundreds of Allied divisions in Germany—American, Russian, British, French, Canadian, Polish, Brazilian, and others. The principal problem of the Allies was to set up an orderly occupation.

In the Pacific, the Japanese armies were not yet disarmed. *More than two million* troops were in Japan itself, and they far outnumbered the military forces at the disposal of General MacArthur. Against these two million, MacArthur had less than a dozen divisions.

But MacArthur's greatest obstacle was distance. Those two million Jap soldiers were in their homeland. MacArthur's forces were from one thousand to two thousand miles away. Not only was the number of his troops inadequate for an occupation, he had not even enough ships to transport them.

Such problems, plus the vastly more complicated one of ruling the Japanese, confronted General MacArthur on short notice. He had not been advised in advance of the imminent atomic raids on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The moment General MacArthur received General Marshall's notice of the Japanese surrender he went into action. His first problem was to establish contact with the Japanese. That, too, was something of an assignment. The Japanese radio operators had not been advised of the surrender. Their government's decision had been a closely guarded secret, for the Jap leaders were fearful of extremist uprisings. Thus, while the Army Signal Corps used every frequency at its disposal to

get the Japs, the vanquished enemy radio went blandly on its way, pouring out propaganda to American troops on the uselessness of continuing the struggle(!) on the faithlessness of their women at home, and on the duplicity of the Allies . . .

The Signal Center was meanwhile transmitting General MacArthur's first message to the Japanese Imperial Government, directing them to designate a radio station in the Tokyo area for the handling of messages between our headquarters and theirs.

Since 1942 there had, of course, been no radio communication with the Japanese. The Signal Corps sought to establish contact with JUM, which had handled commercial traffic with the United States before Pearl Harbor.

Meanwhile, the war continued.

The Army Signal Corps tuned its transmitters to JUM's receiving frequency and set its receivers to JUM's transmitting frequency.

In English, in Kana and in Romaji (the latter two adaptations of the Japanese language to Morse Code) they began to send our preamble:

JUM—from WTA (Manila). We have an Urgent Message for you.

JUM did not reply.

The Signal Corps tried to contact other Tokyo stations, any Tokyo station. They could hear the Japanese broadcasting and receiving on many circuits. But no Japanese station would acknowledge us.

Tokyo was talking to Geneva. The United States Signal Corps came in:

Tokyo—from Manila. We have an urgent message for you.

No reply. Now Tokyo was talking to Singapore . . .

Tokyo—from Manila. We have an urgent message for you.

Tokyo was talking to Stockholm, Saigon, many other places. The Japs played deaf, although the Army Signal Corps knew our transmitters were blanketing their other receptions because we could hear them exchanging signals that were unreadable as the result of our interference.

Using the same device which had brought about the surrender of the Italian fleet, the chief Signal officer arranged for a battleship in Manila Bay to broadcast a message to JUM on the International Distress frequency. He also had the Army Airways Communications Service send the same message on our meteorological frequency, to which the Japs were known to listen regularly.

The first message had not yet cleared, but a second had come through. This dispatch, aimed at the cessation of hostilities, was even more important than the first. The Japanese were required to fix a time for and to notify General MacArthur immediately of the date and hour set. In addition, there were instructions on the sending of a competent representative of the Japanese government to Manila. General MacArthur's orders were to "send my second message first." The important thing was to stop the fighting.

Tensely, tirelessly, the operators kept on trying to make Tokyo listen, not only from Manila, but from all over the world. General Akin, MacArthur's chief Signal officer, got word that the message had been transmitted via Berne, Stockholm, Madrid, Lisbon, New York, Washington, Alaska, Honolulu, San Francisco, Moscow, and Chungking.

The hours ticked on; still guns and bombs blasted away, and blood was shed needlessly, while man's most powerful agency

of communications the world over tried to make one city respond.

Sweat drenched the shirts of the men laboring in the radio-operations room of the Signal Center in oven-hot Manila. They had been at the keys for ten futile hours now, and each man knew that lives were being lost for lack of an acknowledgment to the message they were seeking to put through.

The walls of the radio-operations room were black with the smoke of battle fires nearly six months old. There were holes all over, little shallow ones from bullets, and a great gaping hole, all the way through, from a shell. The keys continued to pound their unheeded monotone.

Now Tokyo was talking to Taihoku. Our transmitters tuned to the proper frequency.

Tokyo from Manila. We have an urgent message for you.

And again, in Romaji, in Kana . . .

Suddenly the Tokyo station acknowledged the Kana preamble.

With painful restraint, slowly, so that the Japanese operator would not miss it, our operator began to send General MacArthur's second message.

The text was in English. When it was half transmitted, the Jap broke in with a flood of questions. Evidently, he had been trying to receive it in Japanese. Then he began to send us cryptographed Japanese traffic. It was incredible! He apparently thought we were a *Japanese* station—in *Manila!*

Again we had to go back and monitor JUM and the other Japanese circuits.

All around the world, powerful radio stations repeated the same signals, *calling Tokyo, calling Tokyo, calling Tokyo!*

In bland disregard of this electronic commotion, JUM was sending financial messages to Handelsbank, Stockholm.

Suddenly the operator held up his hand for attention and began to type:

KER DE JUM ZOK GA 40/SWO ZHC? 2105JIT.

The Japanese station, using commercial radio procedure, was saying:

KER from JUM. OK. Go Ahead. Send 40 words per minute. Once. How are (receiving) conditions?

The next interception was:

KER DE JUM ZSF FIVE.

The Jap operator was boasting. He was telling KER, the commercial station in San Francisco, which was transmitting our message, to send five words a minute faster.

After that came:

*KER DE JUM MR MSG BQ NR 76500 RVD OK BT
(Your message with text 76500 received OK. Break.)*

At last—Tokyo had acknowledged!!!

Immediately JUM became very busy sending regular commercial messages to San Francisco, resuming its traffic suspended three and a half years ago, just as though there had never been a war!

Manila (WTA) tried in vain to break in. Finally, JUM sent back a request that WTA transmit to JNP, Tokyo.

JNP finally replied:

GA (Go ahead).

MacArthur's second message followed. Receipt for it came at 2333 hours.

Then WTA sent the General's *first* message, and gained a receipt at 0025 of August 16. A little later JNP came back to inquire:

Do you want an answer to your message?

The officer in charge snapped a terse affirmative:

Hell, yes!

On August 16, 1945, the violent commotion of war in the Pacific was halted almost as suddenly as it had begun nearly four years before. Manila had contacted Tokyo . . . *by radio*.

Imperial family emissaries were to be dispatched to all zones of the Pacific war to explain the defeat to the troops and to apologize to them. Only a member of the Imperial family in person could persuade most of the troops to lay down their arms. In the instance of those troops which had been by-passed in the New Guinea campaign it would take eight to ten days for the spokesman to reach their mountain hideouts.

In the ten days between the arrival of the Japanese emissaries at Manila, and the actual takeoff for occupation, General MacArthur weighed and discarded eight plans for his entrance into Japan before he decided on the most daring plan of all. He would go into Japan *without combat troops*. He would fly, practically unarmed, into a land that still held more than two million troops under arms, whose population might at a signal rise up in rebellion against the surrender. Combat troops (the Eleventh Airborne and the First Cavalry) were flown in *after* MacArthur had already landed in Japan.

What delighted the one hundred fifty correspondents, and practically prostrated MacArthur's public relations and radio officers was the General's magnanimous invitation that the representatives of radio, press and magazines accompany him

to cover the occupation and the formal surrender! Where were communications facilities for all these men to be found?

General Diller, PRO, and his radio and press-communications chief, Colonel Harris, decided to emulate their chief's example. They transmitted instructions to Radio Tokyo to have a branch office of Radio Tokyo set up in the Customs Building at Yokohama, fourth floor, with two complete, experienced staffs for twenty-four hour operation. There were also to be spare parts for all the equipment, three capable interpreters, and the most experienced English-speaking announcers on their staff.

It was a gamble, but it worked. The Americans landed at Atsugi airport on August 28, at nine in the morning. In about four hours, the Army was in touch with San Francisco from Radio Tokyo.

The first message read:

This is San Francisco. RCA San Francisco. You're coming in like a million dollars! Congratulations!

The network announcers tossed for the privilege of being the first to broadcast over Radio Tokyo. The lot fell, oddly enough, to Bill Dunn of CBS, who had been the last American commentator to talk over Radio Tokyo before the Japanese decided American broadcasters were persona non grata, several months before Pearl Harbor.

However, the very first stories on Japan had come from Manila. Since one hundred fifty correspondents could hardly expect to write and dispatch their stories over the extremely limited Army Command communications, it was arranged that each write a short, one-hundred-fifty-word dispatch, stating that they had landed in Japan, that the first contingents of the American Army had arrived, that MacArthur had stepped ashore, and then append whatever additional material the lim-

ited space would allow. In a matter of seconds after the actual event occurred, on a go-ahead signal sent from Atsugi to Manila, radio stations in every Allied world capital were reporting that the occupation of Japan was under way.

Now everyone prepared for the final flourish: *formal surrender!* The President had issued a firm order that the surrender proceedings take place aboard the battleship *U.S.S. Missouri*. This complicated coverage of the event, for there were more than three hundred accredited correspondents from half a dozen Allied nations, American generals from every island in the Pacific, and the crew of the *Missouri*.

For a while it looked as though there might not be room enough for the Japs to come aboard to sign the surrender document!

Originally, the plan had been for President Truman, General MacArthur, and Admiral Nimitz all to make separate V-J speeches. However, *fourteen hours* before the scheduled time of the ceremonies a message came through from the White House. Immediately after the actual surrender broadcast aboard the *Missouri*, General MacArthur would toss the radio cue back to the White House; President Truman would make his V-J Day speech, then toss the cue back to MacArthur. After MacArthur completed his V-J Day proclamation, he would toss the cue to Admiral Nimitz for *remarks of the day!* Then would come the Army Band with The Star-Spangled Banner.

This plan meant that all the cues, signals and timing arranged with the Navy would have to be changed. The twenty-four mile round-trip to the *Missouri* would consume fifteen hours. The only way to change the arrangements was by shortwave radio. However, in order to reach the *Missouri* from Yokohama it was necessary to arrange hookups through

Washington, New York, San Francisco, Honolulu and Guam. So their voices traveled more than 25,000 miles in order to reach a ship anchored *twelve miles out*.

However, the results were worth all the complicated effort. The co-ordination was perfect. And Americans at home heard clearly, and without distortion, by radio, the final, dramatic highlights of the scene that rung down the curtain on World War II.

STARDUST AND CHEVRONS

WAR SOMETIMES HAD ITS LIGHTER SIDE. TO THE HUMBLEST GI's as well as to the world's greatest celebrities little events afforded a chuckle, or a sigh, or perhaps only a quiet smile.

When Bing Crosby arrived in London in the summer of 1944, it was like Uncle Sam himself arriving, *without the whiskers*.

Nothing short of a procession for the King, or an open car parade by the Prime Minister, Eisenhower, or Montgomery evoked such wildly shouting throngs.

Through Bing's records and his pictures, immensely popular throughout England, his voice had become a symbol of the friendly, genial Americans who were now fighting by their side.

When it was announced in a press conference that he would broadcast the very next day from the Queensbury Club, thousands of people began queuing up around the theater early in the morning.

Many more thousands waited outside the star's hotel as he made a dash for the waiting Army Packard. When the car neared the theater it took fifteen minutes to move half a block. Fenders were dented, doorknobs were twisted, one light was smashed.

"Good ole Bing."

"God bless Bing!"

"How's Bob Hope?"

"Look at that tie!"

Buzz bombs were coming over in increasing numbers, but the Londoners were wildly happy to have Crosby in their midst.

Inside the theater Bing had to do three shows to satisfy the all-soldier audience.

Following the broadcast, the Marquess of Queensbury was giving a dinner for Bing, at Kettner's Restaurant, barely half a block away. It was impossible to walk; almost impossible to move the automobile. The dinner was to be held on the second floor of the restaurant and the crowd in the narrow London street outside soon spotted the windows, now blacked out. Five thousand voices sent up a chant, "We Want Bing. We Want Bing!"

Suddenly, the eerie, piercing sound of the air raid siren signalled that a buzz bomb was on the way!

The security people were in a frenzy.

Here were five thousand people, jammed together, a nice, juicy human target for Jerry!

But the crowd wouldn't budge. The chant continued.

Crosby stepped out onto the balcony. As the crowd recognized him a great shout went up. "Good people," Bing said, "I'm mighty glad to be here and I want to make a little deal with you. If I sing one song will you go home where it's safer from those things?" pointing skyward.

"Yeah, Bing, one song," the crowd responded.

And as the buzz bomb raced overhead, with the devilish looking flame jutting from its tail, Crosby faced an audience in pitch-black darkness and sang "Pennies from Heaven."

Spike Jones and his group added to the mad cacophony of

Normandy, touring about in trucks and jeeps, giving their musical nonsense to GI's in the field wherever they found them. The number one tune on the Normandy hit parade was Spike's "Der Fuehrer's Face."

But one day, it wasn't funny—to Spike, that is.

Hearing that an outfit had just come out of the line in a village some five miles away, Spike immediately ordered his gang into jeeps. The streets were suspiciously empty, no GI's were in sight. The lead jeep slowed down, then suddenly from the other end of the main street a German staff car whirled around and let loose with a burst of gunfire. Spike wheeled down a side street and headed for open country. "It's wonderful," he said, "what a jeep can do. Thank heaven."

The Germans still held the village. Little did they know that within gunshot distance was the *one* man who had more times than any man in the world publicly insulted their Fuehrer!

Edgar Bergen chose the Arctic circuit for his war stint. Charley McCarthy and his whole show were practically fitted into one suitcase and off they went to the Aleutians, Alaska and Greenland. It was a mighty cold trip. In the Aleutians, Bergen played a hospital date. Afterwards a medic came forward and told him of a "psycho" case, who was in solitary confinement. The soldier had failed to respond to any treatment. He would sit for hours staring vacantly into space. He was mentally blank.

Bergen got Charley out of his suitcase. He started his "act." Slowly the soldier turned. A faint glint of recognition came into his eyes; a trace of a vague smile gathered on his lips: he recognized the voice of Charley! The soldier eventually recovered.

The Queen of England was visiting the town of Bedford where the Glenn Miller band was billeted. She was to inspect the Red Cross Clubs there, and Glenn thought it would be a good idea to split up his fifty-piece band so that wherever she went, Her Majesty would have music. In one club, the twenty "Strings with Wings" players were waiting. Many of these men had been drawn from the first and second chairs of leading American symphonies and popular bands. Their leader, Sergeant George Ockner, late of the Cleveland Philharmonic, was conducting.

Her Majesty entered and graciously approached the Sergeant. She said: "I'm so happy to see the violinists. The violin is my favorite instrument. May I make a request?"

"Of course, Your Majesty," said Ockner.

"My favorite number is Grieg's 'Spring Sonata.' Would you be good enough to play it for me?"

"We would be honored," said the Sergeant as he suppressed a gulp.

Her Majesty retired to a seat to listen.

The Sergeant about-faced.

His group had never before played Grieg's "Spring Sonata" together. He directed in an undertone: "You heard her, men. Make it *a-god-a-damned a-good!*" He beat off the count, *a-one, a-two, a-three. . .*

Her Majesty reported she had never heard the number played *with more spirit*.

Dinah Shore came to England just after D-Day. She was sent to Bedford, a small town fifty miles north of London, to make some recordings with the great Glenn Miller band.

Word spread round the town, and soon a group of snaggle-toothed kids—mostly girls—refugees from the buzz bombs in London, assembled outside.

When Dinah emerged for lunch, the "leader" of the little

group approached her and said, "Are you Miss Dinah Shore, THE American singer?"

Dinah replied modestly, "Well, I do sing—yes."

The little girl, pigtails dangling shoulder-length, replied with great dignity, "Well mum, we're here to welcome you." She turned and gave her group the downbeat.

There, from the hearts of these homeless little waifs, Dinah Shore received the finest recognition of her career. The kids burst forth with:

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
You make me happy when skies are gray
If you should leave me, it would grieve me,
Please don't take my sunshine away." *

With tears in her eyes, Dinah embraced the taffy-headed youngster, then like a mother hen, gathered the youngsters around her and sat down on the steps. For thirty minutes, she sang with them—Christmas carols, English folk songs, and a number of American songs which the kids surprisingly knew from her past.

The General understood why Dinah was thirty minutes late for lunch that day.

Christmas Island in the Pacific has a famed "blister bug." This small bug is attracted to exposed skin and releases a potent fluid which raises ugly blisters.

When Jerry Colonna was there with Bob Hope, the blister bugs pounced upon him. They had been attracted by the strong lights over the improvised GI stage.

Jerry says, "They were a threat all evening. In singing my songs, I found I had to cut my long notes short, so the creatures wouldn't sail into my big open mouth!"

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After three weeks of rugged going in the field in North Africa and Sicily on cold rations, Bob Hope and company hungered for some hot chow. Their prospects were enhanced by the fact that Tony Romano, the guitarist, spoke Italian and Ernie Pyle, whom they'd met in the Sicilian village where they were billeted, had a mighty fine "in" with the mess sergeant. Tony soon found an ample-bosomed Italian housewife anxious to make friends with the Americans. Her kitchen and her skill were at their disposal, if the Americans could produce some flour and meat for real Italian spaghetti. This the redoubtable Ernie accomplished and soon the entire Hope gang was gathered in the kitchen watching the lady's wonderful ministrations. Eight bambinos scampered to and fro shrilling thank-yous in all directions for the chocolate bars Bob and the rest had given them.

Throughout the day on the road the pungent kitchen odor of the spaghetti sauce lingered in their nostrils. When the last show was over, they all piled into jeeps, headed for the big feast. Then a Colonel appeared and called Bob aside. "The General would like you and your party to have dinner with him tonight."

"Well, that's mighty nice of the General," said Hope, "but perhaps another time. We've made other plans for this evening."

"I don't think you understand," said the Colonel. "*The General wants you to have dinner with him tonight!*"

"Look, how about lunch tomorrow?" said Hope. By now he could well nigh taste the hot spaghetti.

"Mr. Hope, I repeat: *The General wants you and your group to have dinner with him tonight. I cannot return without you. When General Patton says you are to dine with him, brother, that's more than an invitation, that's an order! Come along!*"

But they were glad they went. Here was Patton, one of the greatest generals of history, taking time out from his routing of the Germans to play host to a group of Hollywood radio characters, showing *them* inside bits of the Sicilian campaign. Hope asked had he "caught their show?" Patton said he hadn't, *deliberately*. Seeing the hurt in Bob's eyes, he quickly explained.

"You're over here for the GI's and they deserve everything you can give them. If I went to your show, they would be watching the 'old man' to see if I was laughing at the same things they were. A GI show is no place for brass, Bob."

Immediately the entire group, which included Frances Langford, volunteered to do the show for the General and his staff. The General roared with laughter. When it was over and the party was about to break up, Patton rose from the table and thanked them. He proposed a toast "to the best god-damned soldier in the world—The American GI." He had a tear in his eye—no one else was dry-eyed.

Sergeant Charles "Commando" Kelley had just been decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor and was being interviewed on a radio program.

"What was the most dangerous situation you were ever in?" the announcer asked. Kelley described the Rapido River crossing.

"Yes, yes," cried the enraptured announcer. "So, there you were in that desperate situation. It was a case of fight, surrender or die! So what did you do?"

"We ran," said Kelley.

Lieutenant Gerry Kisters, 24-year-old cavalry soldier from Bloomington, Indiana, was the first member of the Army in the war to win the nation's highest military decorations: the

Medal of Honor, and the Distinguished Service Cross. Ceremonies were held in both General Marshall's office and the White House where FDR pinned the medal on the soldier's blouse.

On the way to the broadcasting station that night, the escorting officer was commenting on his feat "above and beyond the call of duty."

"The Army's mighty proud of you, fella," said the officer. "You must be a crack shot with that old Army rifle. Bet when you were a boy you did a lot of hunting."

"No, sir, I didn't," the modest hero replied. "Never had a gun in my hand before I got in the Army two years ago."

"What!" gasped the astonished officer. "Well, what was your occupation in civilian life?"

"I was a window dresser, sir!"

When Sgt. Vick Knight, former Fred Allen producer and first "Command Performance" producer, was summoned to the ETO by the SHAEF radio staff, buzz bombs were falling, and the invasion had just begun. In the twilight of his first day in London he took a walk around Piccadilly into Parliament Square. There he was amazed to see a statue of Abraham Lincoln. He looked at and listened to the people about him. That night he wrote what he had felt and heard: ENGLAND'S A LOT LIKE ILLINOIS.

ENGLAND'S A LOT LIKE ILLINOIS

I walked last night in Parliament Square.
I saw Abe Lincoln's statue there.

Old Backwoods Abe, with a stove-pipe hat.
A long frock coat and a bow cravat!

A man with patches on his jeans,
Consorting here with Kings and Queens.

I gazed at his face so great and kind.
And these were the thoughts that filled my mind.

Just then, a moonbeam kissed his cheek—
And I heard old Abe Lincoln *speak!*

He said: "It ever strike you, boy,
That England's a lot like Illinois?"

I turned around with a sudden start,
A drum began to beat in my heart.

For how could Lincoln be alive?
He died in eighteen sixty-five!

As dead as Adams, Tyler, Polk,
And yet, I say, Abe Lincoln spoke.

He said: "It ever strike you, boy,
That England's a lot like Illinois?"

Like Illinois? It couldn't be!
He'd never show the likes of me.

I, too, left home as a raw-boned kid
And settled there, like Lincoln did.

I know that country, know it well,
The marsh, the meadow, field, and dell.

I know the farmers, what they raise;
I know the cattle, how they graze.

I know the highways, wooded lanes,
The silos, elevated trains.

STAR-SPANGLED RADIO

I know the flowers, know the birds;
I know the music, know the words.

The sultry Summer, Wintry ice,
The Windy City; been there twice!

The Cubs, the White Sox, how they play;
The fireworks, Independence Day.

If these make up an English scene,
Then black is red; and brown is green.

Yet Lincoln said: "I tell you, boy,
That England's a lot like Illinois."

Without so much as batting an eye,
Abe Lincoln up and told me why—

"It's not the soil that makes the land.
It's the grip of a friend when he grasps your hand.

It's not the hay in the lofty mow;
It's the man who stands behind the plow.

It's the fear of God, the love of peace,
The will to make the tyrant cease;

It's man's respect for others' rights,
The pauper's chance to scale the heights.

The Speaker's rostrum in the park,
The lighted lamp when night is dark.

The printer's press, the preacher's prayer,
The schools, with books from ev'rywhere.

It's Rosh Hoshana, Christmas, Lent,
The rule of man with man's consent.

All these are gifts that man can give.
They make bare land a place to live."

That's why Abe Lincoln claims, my boy,
That England's a lot like Illinois.

Oliver Nichols with ABSIE came to SHAEF to see if Crosby would broadcast to the Germans in their own language.

Bing had a tight schedule in personal appearances and broadcasts before the troops on the continent and he didn't speak German. To learn it parrot fashion would take too much time. So Nichols came up with the idea of spelling it out phonetically from which Bing could read.

In just about fifteen minutes Bing had mastered it and this is how he came to be known as "Der Bingle."

Talk spelled out phonetically (accent is indicated in CAPS):

Hahl-LOH, DOIT-Sheh Zohl-DAH-ten!

Heer Shpreekht Bing CROS-by.

Eekh KOHM-meh zoh-AYBEHN. . . . Ouse Ah-MEH-ree-
kah,

dehm LAHN-deh . . . voh NEE-mahnd Zeekh . . . fohr dehr
Geh-SHTAH-poh FUERKH-tehn mooss-voh YEH-dehr-
MAHNN

dee FRY-HIGHT haht . . . Tzoo ZAH-gen oond tzoo
SHRY-ben vahs ehr vill.

Eekh KORM-meh Ouse dehm LAHN-deh LIN-kohl'n's,
voh ehss KY-neh HEHR-ren . . . Oond KY-neh KNEH-
khteh gibt.

Eekh HOHF-feh, dahss OON-zeh-rah REH-khteh . . . oond
OON-zeh-reh FRY-HIGH-ten Oukh bahld VEE-dehr . . .
in OI-rehm LAHN-deh EYN-TZOOK HAHL-ten VEHR-
den;

dah-FUER KEMP-fen veer Ah-meh-ree-KAH-nehrr---

AH-behr Eekh been neekht heer oom tzoo oikh tzoo
 PREH-dee-gen, ZOHN-dehrn fuer Oikh eyn PAH-ahr
 LEE-dehr tzoo ZEEN-gen.

Translation:

Hello, German soldiers! This is Bing Crosby speaking to you. I just came from America, the country where nobody needs to be afraid of a Gestapo—where every man enjoys the same liberty to say and write whatever he wishes. I come from the land of Lincoln where there is no master, no slave. I honestly hope that our liberties and rights shall soon return again to your own country; for this, we Americans are fighting for—but I am not here to preach to you, I am here to sing a few songs.

Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux, pastor of the Negro "Happy am I" Church of Washington, called on the War Department Radio Branch early in December, 1944.

"Colonel," he said. "Miss Gladys Hall sent me over here to get a 'clearance' on this record I got."

(Miss Hall was secretary to the vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Washington.)

"What I got here," continued the Elder, "is the greatest morale message of the war for the home folks. I have a message for General Eisenhower from his wife, and I think everybody in the country ought to hear it. That's why I've come to get the 'clearance.' It isn't generally known," he continued, "that the Supreme Commander is the Honorary Deacon of this here church of ours."

The Colonel concurred that "it wasn't generally known."

"And more than that, Mr. Steve Early himself is also an Honorary Elder Deacon, too. I've known these fine gentlemen for fifteen years or more," he said. "In them days, General Eisenhower was a major and he and Mr. Early and Mr. Harry Butcher used to stop by the church on Saturdays and

Sundays sometimes and join in the singing. That's how come Mr. Butcher put me on the radio and he's responsible for what I am today.

"So you see down at the church, we feel quite proud," he continued. "And we got together to see what was the best thing we could do for the Supreme Commander this Christmas. We all decided that the best thing we could do was to have a special Christmas service, asking God's blessings on him and his boys. It's right here on this record, and Mrs. Eisenhower was good enough to come down and join in the services."

The record was playing. It opened with the ingratiating "*Happy am I*" theme, which millions of radio listeners recall. The Elder spoke direct to the Lord, stating the purpose of the services was to invoke "your blessings, Lord, on the Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, and all his boys over there," adding, "incidentally, Lord, the Supreme Commander happens to be an Honorary Deacon of this here church." After a hymn and a brief inspirational talk by the Elder, he introduced Mrs. Eisenhower.

From the tone of her voice, you knew that she was deeply moved by the simple sincerity and honest enthusiasm of the congregation. In effect she said, "Dwight, like every other serviceman's wife, I'm going to miss you this Christmas. We're going to have the same old place for you at the table, and your presents will be under the Christmas tree. But as much as we want you home for Christmas, I know, and all of us over here know, it's far more important for you and your boys to stay over there and get this thing over with so that we'll always have happy Christmases forevermore."

The Elder was visibly moved, too. "Play that back, boy. Now, what is this fine woman saying? Right there is the biggest morale message of the war. She's saying, 'husband of mine, don't you worry about me! I love you and miss you,

and as long as you and your men are fighting this war, I'm going to stay just as nice and sweet when you get back as the day you left.'

"Now, if it's good enough for the Supreme Commander's wife to be nice and good, then it's good enough for every GI's wife to be the same. So, what I want the clearance on is this: I want to send this record to every radio station in the country and I'm ready to pay for it."

Hal Block is the only radio gag-writer ever to get an autographed picture of General Eisenhower during the North African campaign.

The circumstances involve an odyssey, which might well make the screenplay for another Hope-Crosby "road" picture. The cast of characters includes Bob, Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, General Patton, Eisenhower, Doolittle, half the Air Transport Command's North African staff, practically the entire American Army, with a few squadrons of German raider planes thrown in.

It all started in England when Bob's ETO tour was winding up in 1943. Mussolini had "resigned" and Hope wanted to extend his trip to North Africa, but it required an "invitation" from the High Command to get the USO booking people to move.

Hope called Ed Kirby who was leaving soon for Algiers. In Algiers Kirby told the story to Harry Butcher who immediately secured Eisenhower's permission to invite Bob and his group to the North African theater. But no provision was made for Block, who actually was not an official member of Hope's party. Block was being then retained by the BBC to help "Americanize" some of their offerings. However, Hope had asked him to come along throughout his tour of the

British Isles to "advance" his material, pointing it up to the local situations. He had proved invaluable and the overworked Hope now wanted him along in North Africa.

It took a great deal of writing and rewriting of a military cable to get a civilian gag-writer aboard a plane in competition with high-ranking military personnel, even though many of them were on what was known as "inspection" trips. But Butcher whipped out some impressive "cablezeze" which ended with the sentence, "Upon arrival in Algiers, *you will report to these Headquarters immediately.* (signed) *Eisenhower.*"

With his musette bag over his shoulder and his hat with the upturned brim (which made him look as though he was always leaning against a breeze) Block proceeded to Africa to join Hope and Company.

Maison Blanche was a pretty busy airport in July, 1943. Planes were coming in from the front, cargo ships were moving to and from the States, passenger planes were bringing Allied military leaders and diplomats to and from all parts of the globe. The airfield also served as a relay point for Cairo and the Middle East, despite the fact that it was subject to nightly raids by the German air force.

Generals were a dime a dozen and a mere civilian didn't stand a chance for service-with-a-smile. Hal was bewildered. He'd been waiting for thirty minutes to find out how to get to Eisenhower's headquarters twenty miles away in Algiers, when a jeep drove up bearing an Army Major and driver.

Block asked if the Major were going to Algiers. The Major eyed this civilian with the upturned hat and said, "*What business is it of yours, sir, to know where I'm going?*"

A bit scared by now, Hal remembered the fine cablegram he had in his pocket with his orders, and showed it to the Major, underlining with his finger the "report-to-these-headquarters, immediately" part.

The Major was impressed. "Oh," he said in a whisper, "you must be a member of the group. Right?"

"Right," said Hal. "A member of the group."

"Well that's different," and turning to the driver he ordered him to take Hal back to Algiers.

Things were looking up, Hal felt as he sped along the crowded military highway, even though the French driver spoke not a word of English.

The jeep pulled up to the gates of a large French estate, heavily guarded by MP's, who recognized the driver and opened the gates.

"*Voilà, monsieur,*" said the driver pointing to the large entrance. Hal picked up his things, walked into the mansion, saw a full colonel seated in a nearby office and entered.

"Sir, my name is Hal Block and I just arrived from England to . . ."

The Colonel's fist smashed on the desk.

"Confound it," he said. "How many times must I tell you men not to reveal your identity and your destination to anyone until you are told to do so! Sergeant, assign this man a room. You'll get your instructions later!"

Hal was in the middle of OSS, the cloak and dagger boys, the most hush-hush operation of the war! He had gotten there through no spoken word of his and without false pretenses. He was just there, that's all, and he was sure he would be shot in the morning.

Shortly after six that evening a bell rang announcing supper. Hal descended the stairs and was shown the dining hall. Around the table were seated the oddest assortment of uniforms, dialects and characters, ever dreamed up by Hollywood at its best. Some had been dropped over France, then, of course, unliberated. Others were in Italian uniforms, Yugo-

slav, Greek and other nations. They were speaking freely and Hal tried to close both his eyes and his ears.

Hal didn't say beans. He was afraid to open his mouth.

Supper over, the men were given the liberty of the city and Hal made a break for it. It began to get dark and the blackout curfew would soon be on. He became a bit frantic. He saw a GI and collared him immediately. "Say, Bud, how do you get to General Eisenhower's Headquarters?"

The GI was leery. After all there were all sorts of spies in Algiers, and he was taking no chances on this civilian with the funny hat and brief case. So he turned him over to the MP's as a suspicious character! Protesting his innocence, Hal flashed his magic cable and again it did the trick. The MP's *escorted* him back to the OSS enclosure!

The next morning Hal didn't wait for breakfast and talked his way out into the street again. In about twenty minutes he came to a large building where the North African edition of the *Stars and Stripes* was published. Above it he found Al Wharfield and Charlie Batson of the Army Radio Branch.

"Where in the world have you been? Hope's been hollering for you from here to Bizerte!"

They whisked him back to the airport which was still brimming with brass.

"Come back in about two weeks and we might get you up to the front," said the GI clerks.

Block had to do some fast talking. He told the GI's about the charms of Frances Langford, the great comedy of Hope, and Colonna's moustache. "Now if you want to see them, brother, you gotta get me up to Bizerte somehow and I'll route them back this way!"

The GI's held a consultation and then *they* called for a jeep. "Hop in, brother, and don't say nawthing!"

They skimmed clear across the airport to a cargo plane

whose propellers were turning. Another hurried consultation with the crew and the doors were opened as they literally hurled Block and baggage upward and aboard. The cargo was lashed in the center of the plane.

"You'll have to sit here on the boxes," said the captain. "It's the only place we can strap you down for the take-off and landing." Block was dubious but meekly watched them tie him down tight to the cargo. "After the take-off we'll untie you." The take-off was uneventful and Block began to feel better. He looked around at the boxes, and then his eyes popped. *He was sitting on live ammunition en route to the front, without escort!*

"And I'm supposed to be thinking up jokes for Hope!" he said to himself.

Bob greeted him leaning on a cane. He had sprained his ankle leaping from a jeep to take cover from a German plane which had suddenly appeared from nowhere to strafe the highway. That night Hope and company played to some 10,000 soldiers, sailors, British and American, billeted in the Bizerte sector. In the midst of the show an officer called Bob aside to tell him he would have to stop the show immediately. An air raid was expected and the crowd would have to disperse right away. Reluctantly he made the announcement.

Returning to his quarters that night, Block said to Hope, "It's a fine thing to stop a show right in the middle and then run for your life."

"Think nothing of it, boy. I've been doing it for twenty years!"

After a few weeks, the tour was to be climaxed by a broadcast from Algiers over NBC. As they sat waiting for their plane, a major crisis confronted them. Hal had lost his typewriter, just one day before the broadcast. When the plane arrived at the Bizerte airport, they spotted the trim figure of a

Red Cross girl. In her hand she carried a portable typewriter. Before she knew it, she was on the plane going back to Algiers, being entertained by Hope and Colonna, as Block pounded out the script. When the plane landed they rushed down to the Radio Branch to go over production details.

In the midst of a rehearsal in the Red Cross Hall, Block looked up to notice that the entire Hope party had disappeared.

"Those so and so's! They've gone off to see Eisenhower!" He handed the lone stop-watch in Algiers to a Radio Branch man asking him to time a couple of numbers. He'd be right back.

He got a jeep driver to take him up to the Hotel St. George, Eisenhower's Headquarters. He darted up the stairs to the second floor as Hope and company were coming down, each with an autographed picture of General "Ike" in their hands. This infuriated Hal. He ran into Harry Butcher's office which adjoined the General's.

"Butch," he said, "the one keepsake I want out of this war is an autographed picture of the General for my grandkids. Could you squeeze me in just to shake hands? Won't take thirty seconds."

In a few minutes Butch heard the General's door open as a visitor left. He popped up and opened the door saying, "General, will you take just a second to meet a friend of mine? General Eisenhower, this is Hal Block, a man who helps make Bob Hope funny."

"Well, come in, Mr. Block, and sit down. I want to thank you and Bob and the others for the splendid work you have been doing here. I've had fine reports."

The General asked questions about this unit, that division, the men in Sicily.

Block answered, interlarding each retort with a gag or a

twist that soon had the General roaring with laughter. He kept on, prodding Block for more. Nearly a half hour had gone by. Then the phone rang.

The General picked it up.

"Yes. Oh! It's for you Mr. Block."

Hal approached the instrument sheepishly. "Yeah. . . ."

It was Hope on the other end.

"Listen Block, are you gonna produce this show or aren't you? What's keeping you?"

"General Eisenhower," grinned the jubilant Block.

"Well, you better get out of there. You're holding up a war as well as my broadcast."

Block got his picture. Now he's waiting for his grandchildren to show it to!

General "Hap" Arnold got a big kick out of the AAF anniversary broadcasts each August 1. On that day the "Army Hour" devoted the entire program to the five-star general as he called in his air force commanders around the world.

Sometimes, the generals in combat areas could not be in the studio at broadcast time. Then a record would be made in advance and played on cue. Sometimes, too, atmospheric conditions made it impossible for the radio operator in China or Alaska to hear the cue. Then, they would go on the air "blind"—on a time cue.

On the AAF anniversary broadcast of August 1, 1943, General Doolittle was away from headquarters. A recording was to be played from Algiers. Moreover, reception made it necessary for the portion from Algiers to come in on a time cue.

All this had been explained to General Arnold by "Army Hour" producers Jack Harris and Ted Steele. But the General was so pleased with the immediate response to his "com-

mands" to "Come in, General Kenney in New Guinea," "Come in General Harmon in Panama," "Come in General Whitehead in Alaska," "Come in General Spaatz in England," that he galloped through the introduction to "Come in General Doolittle in North Africa."

He gave the command 30 seconds early.

Naturally, nothing happened. General Doolittle wasn't there; a radio operator was waiting to play his record when the clock said so. He couldn't hear General Arnold's command.

Arnold brushed aside the remonstrances of the uniformed producers of the show, and commanded again, this time in a bit more clipped accents: "Come in, General Doolittle."

Again—naturally—nothing happened.

By now, General Arnold was mildly burning.

"Come in, Jimmy!"

Only silence.

Arnold was red-faced by this time. He fairly sputtered into the microphone.

"This is General Arnold. I say—Come in, Jimmy!"

When the clock on the wall in Algiers told the radio operator it was the moment to spin the record, calmly—exasperatingly so to General Arnold—Jimmy Doolittle said his piece, paid his compliments to the Chief, and returned the "Army Hour" to Washington.

General Arnold was slightly calmed down by now, but commented to a still unhearing Doolittle: "That's a fine report, Jimmy. *But next time come in when I tell you to!*"

Many Army Signal Corps teams were dispatched to isolated places in the Arctic to install communications facilities.

Anxious for a report on the morale of the units, a request went out seeking pertinent information.

From one outpost in Greenland came a reply at once, pertinent and to the point:

"No AWOLs. No trials by courts martial. No desertions. No women. No nothing!"

It is doubtful if David Sarnoff, chairman of RCA, and Bill Paley, chairman of CBS, were ever as close before or since as they were during their service in London in 1944.

Sarnoff moved into Claridge's on a Saturday night. He had been working about eighteen hours a day on Army Signal matters and looked forward to getting some extra sleep on Sunday morning, buzz bombs or no buzz bombs. But no such luck. Early next morning a ring at the door; a waiter in a long-tailed coat wheeled in a breakfast tray with the London *Times* on it.

"What is the meaning of this?" stormed Sarnoff.

"You always have breakfast at this time, sir. Standard order, sir, you know."

"But I just moved in here," he said, signing his name to the bill, resigned to eating now that the food was in the room.

Soon after came another ring, and the sound of a key unlatching the door. This time it was a maid. She had a bundle in her arms. "Your laundry, sir."

Astonished, Sarnoff blurted, "But I just got here. I didn't send any laundry out!"

Puzzled, the maid said, "But the gentleman gave it to me last Monday. Certainly sir, someone from this very room gave me the laundry to do, else I wouldn't have done it, now would I, sir?"

The logic of this was inescapable, so Sarnoff suggested she leave it. He would ask the management to find the previous occupant.

Halfway through breakfast, the phone rang and a lady's

very pleasant voice said, "Good morning, Bill . . . you are joining us for tea this afternoon. . . ."

"But my name isn't Bill," interrupted Sarnoff.

"Then what are you doing in his room?"

"My name is Sarnoff," he said with authority.

"Good heavens!" she screamed. "Where's Bill Paley? What are *you* doing there?"

By this time, Sarnoff had what is known as a "slow burn."

It became a fast burn when the waiter, now suspicious, returned to question Sarnoff's signature on the breakfast check!

The day before Sarnoff moved in, Paley had requested the suite next door to the one he was occupying. Sarnoff, the chairman of RCA, owner of NBC, had moved into premises vacated by the chairman of CBS, eaten his breakfast, received his laundry, and answered his phone!

War is the great leveller!

One of the most remarkable stories of the war concerns the training of the illiterate African natives in French Africa, to receive radio Morse Code.

Monsieur Phillip Desjardines of Radio Diffusion is the author of the story. After the fall of France, the secret underground radio established communication with the Free French in Bougainville. Daily communication through Morse Code was maintained. But there was a scarcity of trained operators. The French hit upon a novel scheme. Did not the native Africans possess sensitive ears, able to distinguish sounds in the jungle? Did they not distinguish between the sounds of tom-toms and discern animal noises in the dark?

Very well.

Let them listen to the dit-dat of Morse Code.

Let them associate each sound with a picture. There would be twenty-six, one for each letter of the alphabet.

Let them mark each picture as they heard it spelled out through ear phones.

In three months here was the fantastic scene of natives, who could neither read nor write, receiving Morse Code!

Without a doubt, says Desjardines, their sensitive, jungle-trained ears were responsible for an all-time record in accuracy!

Lieutenant Colonel John H. DeWitt, the modest radio scientist who made the first successful radar contact with the moon, was somewhat bewildered when overnight he became a front-page celebrity. Program producers were calling him from both coasts. He phoned the Army Radio Branch for guidance.

"I don't want to make anybody mad, but some of these programs are unsuitable for a man of my habits. As an example, the last fellow who called me, said 'Hobby Lobby' wanted me to go on."

"What did you tell him, Jack?"

"Hell son, I'm no freak and this isn't my hobby! It's my life's work!"

Clark Gable had been a damned good soldier, but his appeal to women plagued him wherever he went.

When he was doing patrol duty at the AAF Training Center at Miami Beach, the word spread among the lady vacationers and they would follow him back and forth as he undertook to walk his post in a military manner. Commissioned and sent to England, he made a fine record in combat photographic work, and earned the right to return State-side.

When he reported to AAF Headquarters in the Pentagon, the word spread. So far as the thousands upon thousands of Pentagon stenographers were concerned, Gable broke the

Sinatra swoon record. In fact, his appearance in the Pentagon corridors unwittingly caused cable delays, letters dictated but not typed, and emotional turbulence in the powder-rooms.

Word reached Washington newswomen who demanded a press and radio conference. This was the last thing Gable wanted, and that went for the War Department too! But the pressure was too great. The wire services were ringing teletype bells asking: "What about the Gable story?" And most of Washington newswomen had booked facials, permanents and orchids.

Before or since, Washington newswomen never looked or smelled better. Gable was honestly modest and shy and insisted on answering questions from his experience as a soldier and not as a Hollywood glamor boy. But still the questions rolled. Toward the close of the conference one woman asked, "Captain Gable, it is a fact, isn't it, that after each mission you lose many men; you gather before the fireplace to toast their memories. Then you crash your glasses against the brick?"

Gable answered, "No madam, that is not true. When they fail to return we don't talk."

"But Captain," she insisted, "I've seen that in a dozen Hollywood movies. You always gather around for a drink and break your glasses against the fireplace, toasting your fallen comrades. Don't tell me I've been wrong these many years!"

Rising from the table, Gable retorted, "Madam, I said we just don't talk, we hurt." Then he left the room.

On Saturday, December 23, 1944, Major Thomas Bennett, executive officer of Army Public Relations, handed Ed Kirby a cable from SHAEF announcing that Major Glenn Miller had been missing in a flight across the Channel since December 15. This, he knew, would be a frightful shock to Mrs. Miller, for Glenn had just recently told her to be certain to

listen in on Christmas Day to a special broadcast from Paris where the famous Miller Band would be entertaining thousands of troops.

As was his habit, Glenn was to announce most of his own program, but this particular announcing assignment he had planned with unusual care; his two little boys would be glued to the loudspeaker, and while he was speaking to the radio audience, his heart would be speaking to his wife and youngsters.

Red tape in the Adjutant General's office had to be cut before authority would be granted to notify Mrs. Miller. Quite thoughtfully there is an established Army policy that notification-of-death, killed-in-action or missing-in-action telegrams are to be deferred until after Christmas Day. But this case was different. *By his own absence on the Christmas program, Glenn would be giving his own notification.*

One will never forget the great courage of Helen Miller when she heard the news on Christmas Eve. After recovering from the first shock, she said, "I know many, many Army wives have to go through this sort of thing. But as long as you tell me he's 'missing,' there is always hope for his return, and I shall have faith. *You know, it isn't like Glenn just to go off like this.*"

The late Vice Admiral John McCain—nicknamed "Popeye the Sailor man," was about to go on the air from a Washington studio.

The announcer, beaming, placed the last-minute glass of water beside the Admiral's script.

"Thanks, son. Right thoughtful of you," said McCain, whipping out his dental plates and putting them in the tumbler.

On another occasion the same unpredictable McCain, while

on the air over 100 stations, stopped dead in his tracks and, leaning over toward the announcer opposite him, asked, "How'm I doin' on time, young man? This speech looks too damn long to me."

When American forces entered Japan, three days before the actual signing of the surrender aboard the *Missouri*, most soldiers and correspondents proceeded to the temporary headquarters at Yokohama.

Tokyo was strictly off-limits.

One important reason for this restriction was that Tokyo held literally thousands of Japanese troops, none of whom had been disarmed; and General MacArthur was anxious to keep American and Jap troops as far apart as possible. One incident, MacArthur knew, might ignite a fuse and cause an awful explosion.

To go into Tokyo in the pre-surrender period, an American soldier had to have a permit signed by either General MacArthur or his chief of staff, General Sutherland.

MacArthur's radio and press communications chief (then Lieutenant Colonel Jack Harris) was handed one of these rarities, in order that he might make plans for the Army's occupation of the Radio Tokyo Building, one of the structures untouched by the B-29 raids.

With Joe Kagawana, chief announcer for the Radio Tokyo as his guide, Harris started a tour of the studios in the seven-story building. Commencing with the seventh floor he worked his way down to the basement, withstanding the cold, sometimes hostile glares of the civil servants who made up the Radio Tokyo staff. When he inquired where "Tokyo Rose" worked, he was shown three young ladies—all of whom used the name "Tokyo Rose."

Everything went smoothly until Harris and Kagawana

reached the basement level. There, as he started down a long corridor, Harris spied Jap troops—at least a battalion—sprawled on the floor in dirty uniforms, eating a luncheon of rice.

Their rifles were neatly stacked in front of them.

In a flash, Harris recalled the MacArthur edict for all who got passes to Tokyo, "Stay away from any building where Jap troops are quartered."

In the same instant, he saw the Jap sentry, who had already caught sight of him.

To obey MacArthur and leave the building would mean losing face with the Japs, Harris reasoned (his past life began unreeling before him) and would only mean getting shot in the back.

Harris and Kagawana walked stiffly forward past the troops. As they came abreast of the sentry, the air was split with the shrill cry of the Jap's voice.

Harris anticipated the worst. He heard the Jap soldiers scrambling to their feet and grabbing their rifles from the stacks. He stiffened his back and awaited the rifle blasts. All was quiet. Not a sound, except the click-clack of his and Joe's steps.

Harris kept his head straight forward. Out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the Jap battalion lined up in smart formation, their rifles at the ninety degree angle of "present arms." The sentry was almost decapitating himself with a salute.

Harris managed to keep his knees from buckling, and returned the most military salute of his career!

Before being admitted to an audience with the Pope, members of the American Broadcasting Mission to Europe were told that cameras must be left behind. Only the official photographer would be tolerated.

Seated before His Holiness, among others, were Mark Woods, president of the American Broadcasting Company, Leonard Reinsch, manager of WSB Atlanta, President Truman's radio consultant, and Harry Wilder, owner of WSYR, Syracuse, and a string of stations in upstate New York. They all had cameras concealed under their blouses. The Pope was affable, charming, inspiring. He was in a mellow mood as he told the Americans about his visit to this country, his travel across by plane. He spoke reverently of FDR and said that scarcely a day went by that his "memories and his prayers did not go back to Hyde Park where that great man rests." He inquired about the conditions of the children in this country and in Europe. A stout red-cassocked Cardinal approached from the rear of the room pointing to the clock, but the Pope smiled him aside. Everyone in the group had an opportunity to exchange remarks with His Holiness.

Then the three broadcasters, encouraged by the informality of the prelate, made bold to expose their cameras on their laps!

The Pope smiled.

"Would you gentlemen," he inquired in good English, "desire a photograph?"

"Yes," came the chorused response.

"Why not? Very well. Gather round me at the desk." He stood up and extended his arms to indicate the background of the picture.

Woods, Reinsch and Wilder took positions in front of the desk, eyeing their cameras for focus. Woods fussed with a light-meter beamed on the window.

The Pope caught it at once. He said, "You need more light, perhaps, yes?"

"To be honest," said Mark, which seemed required in this presence, "we do need more light."

Whereupon His Holiness, in his white cassock, glided to the

window and pulled the venetian blinds upward. The portly Cardinal, taken unawares, stumbled ineffectively like the guard on a football team who suddenly intercepts a pass and doesn't know what to do with it.

His Holiness turned to Mark and said, "High enough, young man? Enough light?"

"Yes, Your Holiness, thank you," Mark beamed.

The Pope returned to his place. "Now, then!"

The shutters clicked and clicked until some thoughtful person said, "Excuse me, Your Holiness, but would you mind if I moved out and took some more pictures so that these three men may be in the picture with you?"

The Pope smiled again, and said, "Of course not." As the change was made, the countenance of the Cardinal, now hopelessly outmaneuvered, matched the color of his robe. This was unprecedented!

There were only two Catholics in the group, but each of the sixteen will tell you Pope Pius is a great man and citizen of the world. The pictures were not bad, *but they still needed more light!*

Thrill of the lifetime is one Kay Kyser loves to relate.

He was doing a show in the hills of the Philippines during his 1945 tour of that area. One of the girls, Jeannie Foreman, was dancing and Kay was clowning on the side of the stage. Suddenly, the CO of the camp beckoned to him from the side . . . Kay walked off and the colonel asked him if he wouldn't like to read a communique to the boys. Kay looked at the message and started to cry! Recovering, he admonished his recording unit to be certain to "get" the next few minutes . . . or else!

He then went out on the stage, and addressed the men, some of whom had just come in from foxholes. "The Colonel

has asked me to read a message just received from Headquarters," said Kay. "The Japanese have accepted . . ." and that's as far as he ever got. . . . The boys realized what it meant and they started screeching, and shooting off whatever guns they had, knowing they wouldn't have to go back to the war. Kay stood there and bawled unashamedly, and the only thing you can hear on the record, over the screams and shouts, is the great master of the ad lib, repeating over and over . . . "Holy Mackerel" . . . "Holy Mackerel" . . .

BEAMED TOWARD THE FUTURE

THERE IS ONLY ONE CONCLUSION TO BE DRAWN FROM THIS summing-up: *American radio was lucky*. It ad-libbed its way through its first war—and without government control. Private management continued to operate on public franchise, and at a profit. The industry sent forth its young men and women and *they* made the American concept of radio under free enterprise work even during wartime.

There is scant comfort in the fact that when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor no plan existed for the use of radio as an instrument of either defense or offense, or for anything else, for that matter. For that oversight both government and the radio industry may be criticized. Furthermore, as long as no M-Day plan for radio for the future exists, so long will the public welfare be imperilled.

Our age has been transformed from the electronic age to the atomic age. It is not warmongering to talk about war, any more than it is inviting fire to insist on fire-escapes. No one is eager for more bloodshed, but if the nation learned anything from the recent conflict, it was the need for preparation. Yesterday's weapons are today's museum pieces. Our entire war machine has been outmoded by the development of atomic energy. Split seconds, as well as split atoms, are now in the calendar of Mars. Now, every human being on the face of the earth is exposed to the possibility of germ warfare, guided missiles, and atomic bombs. Without warning ruthless ma-

chines of destruction may descend through the night, and large sections of the population may be cut off and isolated. Then will rumor spread and multiply—and rumor, too, demoralizing as it is, must be reckoned a weapon of war.

What can be the role of radio in such a war? It is not too early to ask the question. American radio cannot permit its future during another war crisis to be left to improvised planning *after* the war is upon us. Neither war nor peace can be won merely with good intentions. By all means, let us endeavor to have radio speak the language of brotherhood and understanding between all peoples at home and abroad. But let us not overlook radio's responsibilities *tomorrow*, should men fail each other again *today*.

As a first step, regular liaison should be established between the Armed Forces, the State Department, the Federal Communications Commission, and the radio industry. The mechanism is at hand in Washington. The National Association of Broadcasters should be geared to handle such an important assignment. The Armed Forces should welcome an NAB committee composed, not only of management, but also of operations men as well: engineers, newsmen and program people.

The work of this joint military-civilian committee would be of a fluid nature, changing from year to year as the political and technical picture developed. But always it would include a workable "radio plan" in every blueprint for the nation's defenses. The industry may count on it—the military *will* have such a plan in a new emergency. Therefore, radio should help formulate it, with the best brains in the broadcasting business, for the mutual protection of an American free radio and of the nation.

With Washington likely to be the number one target in the next war, provision should be made for the broadcasting of communiques and news from bomb-proof studios scattered

throughout the nation. *Both government and radio must be mobile.* Provision must be made for the inter-connecting of all network and non-network stations. A means of transmission of network broadcasts, other than by telephone landlines, must be utilized. The United States is a big country, and no single radio transmitter can be heard from one end of the nation to the other. No network broadcast can now be aired from one coast to the other without the use of landlines which, in a war, might quickly be bombed out. There must be alternate facilities which could be brought into use.

The plan should also include the *revival* of some central government information clearing house like the old OWI. Should this evoke cries of "censorship" or "government control," set them down as irrelevant, immaterial, and irresponsible. What we are talking about here is *a sensible means of survival.* The orderly flow of information from the government to its people in time of war or emergency is vital. Should war come again, we will not be permitted the leisure to set up a war plan. Because the fighting front will be, immediately, in *our own* front yard, not on some far-off front in North Africa or Guadalcanal. We had better select our Elmer Davises and Byron Prices now.

Radio is naturally reluctant to relinquish its competitive practices. Yet, in some cases this can be—and was—carried to injudicious extremes. For example, during the last war, it became necessary for the Army to take over the railroads during a strike that threatened to cut off the supply of ammunition and food to our soldiers. It became desirable for the Secretary of War to make a public proclamation and statement to prevent possible riot or rebellion. The networks, when first approached, refused to carry the talk unless each could have it "exclusive." Later they reconsidered. In other cases, however, the networks did not always relent from their policy of ex-

clusiveness. As a result, important war messages met the stiffest kind of entertainment competition.

Certainly the talk by the Secretary of War was *not* a radio "feature" in the usual sense of the word. It was a *functional* wartime use of broadcasting. Statements by the Eisenhowers or MacArthurs of the future can never be designated "exclusive" for any one network, nor should they be. *With a war in our own front yard* these questions become academic, and one more reason why the broadcasters and armed services should set up a pattern *now*.

Consideration must further be given to the use of new technical advances. For example, what is the place of television in a future war? What security problems are involved? What is to prevent the technical sabotage of the radio spectrum? References have been made to "jamming," a practice wherein one station's wavelength is overwhelmed by another's, so that it cannot be heard. What civilian chaos could result, under the stress of war, if the entire spectrum became an unintelligible blur of sound while citizens groped desperately for information? These are questions requiring answers which can be found only in the closest co-operation of the armed services and the radio industry.

The armed services themselves should undertake serious self-examination with respect to their public relations policies and procedures. These gradually improved during the course of the war, but little has yet been done to assure the elevation of public relations to a position of respectability at the war council table. In all fairness, it may be said that the present system results inevitably in a defensive policy rather than an open, forward-looking policy.

Consider the difficulties of Army public relations officers in Washington after Pearl Harbor. They had a worldwide war on their hands. Yet their jurisdiction ended at the shore line

where their problems began! No direct chain of public relations authority linked the Pentagon with the overseas theaters. Each commander set up his own public relations organization, and, to a large extent, formulated the policies he deemed most satisfactory. If the picture coverage was poor or unrepresentative, if radio facilities were inadequate, if censorship was too restrictive, all that Washington could or would do, was to "inquire," "request" or "suggest." Only intervention by the Secretary of War or the Chief of Staff could change the picture, and these persons were not always accessible.

Confusion in the public mind could be avoided by the issuance of communiques from a central authority, rather than by means of individual public relations offices in different branches of the service.

Serious thought must also be given to plans for international co-ordination in time of war. The experience of the Army with the BBC in England is a striking example of a warped situation. It would have been far better if the co-ordination arrangements had been made on a high government level. International good will was lost, and effective propaganda was jeopardized because of the highhandedness of one powerful group.

A strong plan for radio should therefore contain certain provisions for the use of radio on an international basis, if the contingency arose.

Radio and the public welfare will benefit from a unity of control and purpose of the armed forces public relations. For example, in too many cases inexperienced regular Army officers, rather than take a chance, played the old army game of do-nothing. The movement of information to the public and to the troops cannot be accomplished by "buck passing." In other situations, officers trained in the ways of the daily newspaper were in control of media which they did not under-

stand, or which they resented. Many times an alert enemy caught the ear of the American audience by resorting to shortwave radio, thus scooping both our press and our radio. It is poor psychology to be forced to confirm *later* what one's enemy has stated *first*, for that builds confidence in enemy sources and undermines confidence in one's own.

The psychological block which seems to separate our Armed Forces from our citizens in time of peace, should be broken down once and for all. As General Richardson said repeatedly: *The American Army and the American people are one and the same*. In radio, the Armed Forces have a medium through which this understanding may be brought about. The radio industry, in turn, has an opportunity to add to its service chevrons—if it undertakes in its own manner this peacetime mission to bring about better understanding of our military services. No nation ever owed more to those professional men of arms who carried on to keep this nation strong. For they certainly got little reward save the satisfaction of serving honor, duty and country.

In this atomic age the interests of the civilian are identical with those of the soldier. Now in our quest for peace and security the good soldier and the good citizen are one, as exemplified in the role of George C. Marshall as soldier and statesman.

Certainly, as they work for peace, the good citizen and the good soldier must keep war in mind. For in another war, our enemy will have a plan before he strikes. We would have no time for conferences or compromises. *The time for preparation is now*. With the first radio-controlled missile, with the first germs to infest our reservoirs, with the first terrifying blast of atomic energy over some American target would come, simultaneously, the effort to seize or destroy our radio

communication facilities. Destroy an army's lines of communications, and you destroy the army.

No country places such reliance on its radio system as does the United States. For it is a part of the daily lives of its citizens. We *depend* upon the American radio for information and news, as well as for entertainment.

Without a plan for radio's protection and utilization in time of emergency we might find our great resources transformed into a national liability, a perilously vulnerable point in the armor of national defense. Every radio transmitter in the country is now a potential target for the enemy . . . to seize or to destroy.

While we hope fervently that radio, henceforth, will bring only tidings of peace throughout the world, let American radio draw upon its great potential to fortify the peacemakers, that mankind may be spared another—possibly a last—fearful holocaust.

But let the broadcaster be realistic *NOW* in appraising the possibilities of war. For American radio cannot hope to ad-lib its way through World War III.

APPENDIX

They Have Not Been Heard in Vain

HONOR ROLL OF AMERICAN RADIO *

- Anderson, Ervin E.
(WHKY) S. 1/c.-N (killed in action)
- Anglin, Grady
(KFQD) (killed in action)
- Barton, Bus
(WLW) M (killed)
- Baumann, Jay
(WJAG) Sgt.-A (died of wounds)
- Bebb, Charles
(KCKN) AAF (missing in action)
- Blossom, Charles
(KOMA) (missing in action)
- Boice, Orrin Kendall
(Son of Hugh Kendall Boice, WQXR) Lt.-N (missing in action)
- Bowers, Jerome K.
(WMSL) 2nd Lt. (killed in action)
- Brimberg, Isaac
(WNYC) Maj.-A (died)
- Brunner, Russell
(WBAA) Lt. Col.-A (missing in action)
- Burch, Joseph
(RCA) Maj.-A (killed in action)
- Byers, Ben
(NBC) F/O-A (missing)
- Carleton, Samuel
(KFAB) Ens.-N (killed in training)
- Carroll, James
(WCSC) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Carter, Kenneth
(WNAC) Lt.-A (killed)
- Case, John W.
(Son of FCC Commissioner N. S. Case) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Chapman, Don
(Don Lee) Sgt. (killed in action)
- Chase, Donald
(WTMJ) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Clapper, Raymond
(MBS) war correspondent and commentator (killed in plane crash)

* A—Army; N—Navy; AAF—Army Air Forces; M—Marine Corps; MS—Maritime Service; CG—Coast Guard. This list was compiled by *Broadcasting Magazine*.

- Clifton, John
(KVEC) A (killed in action)
- Council, Carlyle C.
(Son of C. C. Council, WDNC) Pvt. (missing in action)
- Cox, Vern
(KSO-KRNT) Lt. (missing in action)
- Crocker, Don
(NBC) N (killed in action)
- Cuhel, Frank J.
(MBS) war correspondent (killed in plane crash)
- Dalby, Carl
(KOMA) MS (missing in action)
- Dalley, Fenton
(KSUB) (killed in action)
- Dodd, LeRoy
(KUOA) Lt.-A (killed)
- Dodson, Lee
(KUOA) Lt.-AAF (missing in action)
- Doherty, J. E.
(Son of Frank P. Doherty, KRKD) Capt. (killed in action)
- Donohue, William J.
(WGN) Lt. (missing in action)
- Elliott, Douglas A.
(RCA Communications) Lt. Comdr.-N (died in service)
- Frear, Robert
(WIBX) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Freeman, Robert L.
(KFPW) Sgt.-A (missing in action)
- Fuld, Stephen
(CBS) Ens.-CG (missing in action)
- Gillett, David L.
(Son of Glenn Gillett, consulting radio engineer) PFC-A (killed in action)
- Glenn, Leigh
(KGKB) (killed in action)
- Gorsuch, Ken
(KFXJ) Sgt.-AAF (missing in action)
- Graeser, Judd
(KUOA) Pvt.-M (missing in action)
- Graham, Charles
(WSOY) Sgt.-AAF (Missing in action)
- Green, Robert
(NBC) Ens.-N (killed)
- Gunn, Bill
(KHMO) A (killed in action)
- Guthrie, Walter Russell
(Son of Frederick P. Guthrie, RCA Washington Manager) Capt. (missing in action)
- Harbert, Dick
(KTFI) Lt.-AAF (missing in action)
- Heitoff, Bob (Red)
(CBS) Lt. (missing in action)
- Johnson, Basil
(WDBJ) Sgt.-A (missing in action)

- Johnson, Curtis Gillman
(radio sound effects technician) Capt. (missing in action)
- Johnson, Mark
(WSAV) N (killed in action)
- Kalligeros, Val John
(NBC) Lt. (killed in plane crash)
- Kearney, Francis
(WRUF) Lt.-A (missing in action)
- Kops, Stanley
(KFWB) Pvt.-M (killed in action)
- Lovejoy, Alice E.
(Blue) WASP (killed in plane crash)
- Mandia, John
(KGLO) Sgt.-AAF (killed in service)
- Massomiam, Zavian
(WQXR) Lt.-A (missing in action)
- McClelland, Thomas
(KLZ) Ens.-N (killed in action)
- McDonald, George
(WCOP) S/Sgt.-A (died in service)
- McGlogan, Frank J.
(WJR) Lt.-AAF (killed in action)
- McIntire, Roger R.
(KADA) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Meininger, Walter
(KMBC) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Miller, Glenn
(radio orchestra leader) Maj. (missing)
- Miller, Sam
(KLRA) RM1/C-N (killed in action)
- Mills, Alma "Buddy"
(KVRs) A (missing in action)
- Millsap, John
(WMGA) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Morris, Tom
(KMBC) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Naeseth, Franz
(WMFG) Pvt. (killed in action)
- Nash, Herbert
(WSTV) Pvt.-A (died in service)
- O'Neil, Hugh F.
(Son of W. O'Neil, Yankee Network) Lt. (killed in plane crash)
- Orr, Ben, Jr.
(KTRH) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Osborn, Wendell
(WWJ) Lt. Com.-N (missing in action)
- Pavlis, John K.
(WMT) Lt. (missing in action)
- Peterson, Robert
(KYSM) 2nd Lt. (killed in plane crash)
- Poore, J. E.
(WHBQ) A (killed in action)

- Pulver, Buzz
(WJOB) Pvt. (missing in action)
- Rapley, Frank
(WMJM) (missing)
- Reeves, Don
(KFH) N (died in service)
- Sanford, Larry
(WDZ) Cpl.-A (died in service)
- Schoener, Gilbert R.
(KFAM) Lt. (killed in action)
- Seale, E. E.
(KSAM) Ens.-N (killed in action)
- Smith, B. A.
(KGKB) N (died in service)
- Smith, Robert
(KRBM) ARM₂/c-N (killed in action)
- Snyder, Bob
(WGBI) Lt.-A (missing in action)
- Snyder, Geo. K.
(WHLS) Lt. (killed in action)
- Speas, Robert
(WHEC) Lt. (killed in action)
- Sproul, Derby
(KLZ) Capt.-A (killed in action)
- Stronks, Jack
(KTRI) (killed in action)
- Sullivan, Burr L.
(KTSA) Lt.-A (missing in action)
- Swallow, Charles
(Son of John W. Swallow, Television Enterprises Inc.) Lt. (killed in plane crash)
- Symons, Tom W. 3d
(KFPY KXL) Lt. (missing in action)
- Thomas, Bob
(WFLA) 2nd Lt. (killed in plane crash)
- Thompson, Browder Julian
(RCA radio research specialist) (killed in action)
- Treanor, Tom
(NBC) war correspondent (killed in France)
- Trocha, Dick
(WALL) N (killed in action)
- Utley, Louis
(NBC) Lt.-A (killed in action)
- Williams, Tom
(WLS) (killed)
- Young, Douglas
(KMTR) (killed in action)

PRISONERS OF WAR

- Brown, Theodore
(WSLS)
- Bryan, Wright
(WSB NBC) war correspondent
- Carey, William
(WRUF) Lt.-A
- Chandler, Barron
(NBC) Lt.-N

Hart, George
(Radio Engineer) Maj.-A
Clinton, Jack
(CBS) Ens.-N
Garey, John
(NBC) Lt.-A
Hansen, Kermit
(KOWH) Maj.-A
Jacoby, Elliot
(WIP) Pvt.-A

Kalbfleish, Edwin E.
(KWK) Lt.-A
Warnow, Morton C.
(Son of Mark Warnow, CBS
conductor) Sgt.-A
Watts, Lowell
(WLW) Lt.-A
Winterman, Mike
(KFPY) Cpl.-M

ROSTER OF RADIO WAR CORRESPONDENTS

CORRESPONDENT	AFFILIATION	AWARD AND DECORATIONS
Adams, John B.	CBS	Pacific Ribbon
Bain, Leslie B.	WIOD	Med. Ribbon
Baylor, Dave	WGAR	European Ribbon
Bell, Don	MBS	Pacific Ribbon
Bjornson, Bjorn	NBC	European Ribbon
Brooks, William	NBC	European and Pacific Ribbons
Bryson, John B.	ABC	European Ribbon
Burdette, Winston M.	CBS	European and Med. Ribbons
Calmer, Edgar M.	CBS	European and Med. Ribbons
Cassidy, James F.	WLW	European Ribbon
Chase, Milton	WLW	Pacific Ribbon
Chaplin, W. W.	NBC	European Ribbon
Coe, Donald G.	ABC	European and Med. Ribbons
Collingwood, Charles	CBS	European and Med. Ribbons
Combs, George H.	WHN	Med. Ribbon
Cravens, Catharine	MBS	Med. Ribbon
Crost, Lyn	MBS	Med. Ribbon
Cuhel, Frank	MBS	Pacific Ribbon
Daly, John C.	CBS	Med. Ribbon
Dennis, Gene	KMBC	Med. Ribbon
Desponey, Rene A.	NBC	European Ribbon
Downs, William R.	CBS	European Ribbon
Driscoll, David E.	WOR	European and Med. Ribbons
Dunn, William J.	CBS	Pacific Ribbon
Edmonds, James E.	WLW	Med. Ribbon
Elliott, John	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Edwards, Webley	CBS	Pacific Ribbon
Ekins, H. R.	WSYR	European Ribbon
Feldman, Arthur S.	ABC	European and Pacific Ribbons
Flaherty, Pat	NBC-KPRC	Pacific Ribbon
Folster, George T.	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Foster, Wilson K.	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Fowle, Farnsworth	CBS	Med. Ribbon

CORRESPONDENT	AFFILIATION	AWARD AND DECORATIONS
Fraser, John Gordon	ABC	European and Med. Ribbons
Frutchy, Fred	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
George, Carl	WGAR	Pacific Ribbon
Grandin, Thomas B.	ABC	European and Med. Ribbons
Haaker, Edwin	NBC	European Ribbon
Harsch, Joseph C.	CBS	Pacific Ribbon
Hicks, George	ABC	European and Med. Ribbons, Medal of Freedom
Hill, Max	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Hinde, John	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Hollenbeck, Don	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Hooley, John A.	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Hottelet, Richard	CBS	European Ribbon
Howard, Ralph	NBC	Med. Theater
Howe, Quincy	CBS	Med. Theater
Janssen, Guthrie A.	NBC	Med. Theater
Jordan, Max	NBC	European Ribbon
Lawton, Fleetwood	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Leader, Anton	ABC	Med. Ribbon
Legg, Frank G.	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Leggett, Dudley	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Lennard, Wallace W.	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Leseur, Larry	CBS	European Ribbon
Lewis, Ervin	WLS	European Ribbon
McCall, Francis C.	NBC	European Ribbon
McCormick, Robert K.	NBC	Med. and Pacific Ribbons
MacVane, John	NBC	European and Med. Ribbons
Mahon, Jack	MBS	Pacific Ribbon
Mann, Arthur	NBC	European and Med. Ribbons
May, Foster	WOW	European Ribbon
Meier, G. Lawrence	MBS	European and Pacific Ribbons (Purple Heart)
Moorad, George L.	CBS	European and Pacific Ribbons
Morrison, Chester	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Morrissey, John W.	NBC	European Ribbon
Mueller, Merrill	NBC	Med. and Pacific Ribbons
Murrow, Edward R.	CBS	European Ribbon
Nichols, Leslie A.	MBS	Pacific Ribbon

CORRESPONDENT	AFFILIATION	AWARD AND DECORATIONS
Parker, Jack D.	WJIM	European Ribbon
Parr, William G.	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Paull, Raymond A.	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Peters, Harold A.	ABC	European Ribbon
Plambeck, Herbert H.	WOW	European Ribbon
Porter, Roy	NBC	European Ribbon
Pyle, John H.	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Pyle, John	KTAR	Med. Ribbon
Rapaport, Jean (Ann Hunter)	WAIT	European Ribbon
Redmond, Richard	WHP	European Ribbon
Richardson, Stanley	NBC	European Ribbon
Rider, Eugene	CBS	European and Pacific Ribbons
Robson, William	CBS	Med. Ribbon
Roberts, Cletus (Haase)	ABC	Pacific and Med. Ribbons (Purple Heart)
Russell, Frank (Ted Malone)	ABC	European Ribbon
Sevareid, Eric	CBS	European and Med. Ribbons
Shaw, Charles	CBS	European Ribbon
Shaw, Jack	MBS	Pacific Ribbon
Shayon, Robert	CBS	Med. Ribbon
Shelley, John D.	WHO	European Ribbon
Siler, Bert	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Slocum, William	CBS	European Ribbon
Slosberg, Marvin	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Smith, Howard K.	CBS	European Ribbon
Souder, Edmund L.	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Steel, Johannes	WHN	Med. Ribbon
Stowe, Leland	ABC	Med. Ribbon
Thomas, Lowell	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Vadeboncoeur, E. R.	WSYR	Pacific Ribbon
Vandercook, John W.	NBC	Med. Ribbon
Wallace, Ed. R.	NBC	Pacific Ribbon
Waugh, Irving	WSM	Pacific Ribbon
Wheeler, George	NBC	European Ribbon
Williams, Oswald M.	ABC	Pacific Ribbon
Young, Murray	MBS	European Ribbon

ROSTER AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATION IN EUROPE

Philip H. Cohen
Robert Saudek
Templeton Peck
Oliver Nichol
J. Barry Mahool
Joseph Close
E. Shields Dierkes
Gerald Maulsby

Richard Condon
George Hanfman
K. D. Groot
Lowell Clucas
Carl Ostertag
Brewster Morgan
David Davidson
Jack Stapp

MEMBERS OF THE BROADCASTERS' COMMITTEE ON DEVELOPMENT OF A CODE OF WARTIME VOLUNTARY CENSORSHIP

(positions held at that time)

Arney, C. E., Jr.	Secretary of the National Association of Broadcasters
Bennett, Andrew	National Independent Broadcasters
Berkeley, Kenneth	General Manager of Radio Station WMAL, Washington, D. C.
Craig, Edwin W.	President of Radio Station WSM, Nashville, Tennessee
Dolph, W. B.	General Manager of Radio Station WOL, Washington, D. C.
Driscoll, Dave	Radio Station WOR, New York
Dupuy, Col. R. E.	Bureau of Public Relations, War Department
Gillin, John J.	General Manager of Radio Station WOW, Omaha, Nebraska
Hartley, Jack	Chief, Radio Branch, Public Relations Office of the Navy Department

Kesten, Paul W.	Executive Vice-President Columbia Broadcasting System, New York
Kirby, Col. Edward	Chief, Radio Branch, Public Relations Division of the War Department
Lewis, B. William	Chief, Radio Division, Office of Facts and Figures
Loucks, Philip	FM Broadcasters Incorporated
Maland, J. O. (deceased)	General Manager of Radio Station WHO, Des Moines, Iowa
McDermott, Michael	Chief of Current Information Division of the State Department
Miller, Neville	Then President of the National Association of Broadcasters
Morency, Paul W.	General Manager of Radio Station WTIC, Hartford, Connecticut
Myers, C. W. (deceased)	General Manager of Radio Station KOIN, Portland, Oregon
Place, Russell	Director of the Legal Division of the National Association of Broadcasters
Reichelderfer, F. W.	Director of the United States Weather Bureau
Russell, Frank	Vice-President of the National Broadcasting Company
Schechter, A. A.	Director of News and Special Events, National Broadcasting Company
Shepard, John III	President of the Yankee Network
Sholis, Victor	Clear Channel Stations
Shouse, James L.	General Manager of Radio Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio
Slater, Tom	Special Events, Mutual Broadcasting System
Smith, Calvin	General Manager of Radio Station KFAC, Los Angeles, California
Smith, Carleton	General Manager of Radio Station WRC, Washington, D. C.
Spearman, Paul	National Association Independent Broadcasters
Storer, George B.	National Association Independent Broadcasters

Taylor, O. L. Ted	Broadcasters' Victory Council
Weber, Fred	Executive, Mutual Broadcasting System
White, Paul	Director of News and Special Events, Columbia Broadcasting System
Yourd, Kenneth	Columbia Broadcasting System

EXECUTIVE PERSONNEL OF BROADCASTING
DIVISION, OFFICE OF CENSORSHIP

(in order in which they joined operation)

Ryan, J. H.	Vice-President, The Fort Industry Co., Toledo, O.
Richards, Robert K.	Editorial Director, Broadcasting Magazine, Washington, D. C. Now, Director, Public Relations, NAB
Richardson, Stanley P.	Manager, International Dept., NBC, New York
Carr, Eugene C.	Vice-President, Brush-Moore Radio Inc., Canton, O.
Heslep, Charter	Editor, "Congressional Reports"
Halpin, Lester	News Editor, KOIN, Portland
Bronson, Edward G.	General Manager, WJEF, Grand Rapids
West, Wallace	News Department, Mutual Broadcasting System, New York
Fetzer, John E.*	Owner, Fetzer Broadcasting Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Cousins, Peter	Assistant Director of Information, Radio Manufacturers Association

* Succeeded Ryan as Division chief when latter joined NAB as president.

MILITARY ROLL CALL OF NAME PERSON-
ALITIES WHO ENTERTAINED OVERSEAS

Adams, Franklin P.
Adler, Larry
Aherne, Brian
Allbritton, Louise
Amos 'n Andy
Amsterdam, Morey
Anderson, Judith
Andrews Sisters
Annabella
Astaire, Fred
Autry, Gene
Barclay, Don
Barton, Joan
Bartram, Isobel
Benny, Jack
Bergen, Edgar
Bergman, Ingrid
Blondell, Joan
Blue, Ben
Bogart, Humphrey
Bolger, Ray
Bracken, Eddie
Brian, Mary
Brooks, Phyllis
Brown, Joe E.
Butterworth, Charles
Cagney, James
Calleia, Joseph
Carroll, Ruth
Carson, Jack
Clyde, June
Colonna, Jerry

Cooper, Gary
Cornell, Katharine
Crosby, Bing
Darnell, Linda
Deering, Pat
DeHaviland, Olivia
Devine, Andy
Dietrich, Marlene
Dowling, Constance
Downey, Morton
Draper, Paul
Dunn, James
Durocher, Leo
Eddy, Nelson
Fadiman, Clifton
Falkenberg, Jinx
Flynn, Errol
Fontanne, Lynn
Foy, Eddie, Jr.
Francis, Kay
Froman, Jane
Gardiner, Reginald
Garfield, John
Gargan, William
Gilbert, Billy
Goddard, Paulette
Goldman, Edwin Franco
Golenpaul, Dan
Haley, Jack
Hamilton, Neil
Hardy, Oliver
Harris, Arlene

Hart, Moss
 Hatfield, Lansing
 Heifetz, Jascha
 Heinie, Sonja
 Hervey, Irene
 Holm, Celeste
 Hope, Bob
 Hotshots, Hoosier
 Hunt, Marsha
 Hutton, Betty
 Jenkins, Allen
 Jolson, Al
 Jones, Allan
 Jones, Spike
 Karloff, Boris
 Kaye, Danny
 Kieran, John
 King, Clyde
 Kostelanetz, Andre
 Kyser, Kay
 Landis, Carole
 Langford, Frances
 Laurel, Stan
 Lawrence, Gertrude
 Lee, Anna
 Levene, Sam
 Lewis, Joe E.
 Lillie, Beatrice
 Logan, Ella
 Lombard, Carole
 Lukas, Paul
 Lunt, Alfred
 MacArthur, Edwin
 Manning, Irene
 March, Fredric
 Markoff, Gypsy
 Martini, Nino
 Marx, Chico
 Massey, Ilona

Massey, Raymond
 Mayfair, Mitzi
 Menjou, Adolphe
 Menuhin, Yehudi
 Merkel, Una
 Methot, Mayo
 Milland, Ray
 Moore, Garry
 Moore, Grace
 Morrison, Patricia
 McClintock, Guthrie
 McCrea, Joel
 McGuire, Dorothy
 McHugh, Frank
 McKenzie, Ella
 McKenzie, Fay
 McKinney, Florence
 Natwick, Mildred
 Oberon, Merle
 O'Brien, Pat
 O'Driscoll, Martha
 Opry Units, Grand Ole
 Paxson, Theodore
 Pearce, Al
 Pickens, Jane
 Pons, Lily
 Raft, George
 Rainer, Louise
 Raye, Martha
 Ritz Brothers
 Robeson, Paul
 Romano, Tony
 Ruggles, Charles
 Ryan, Peggy
 Schacht, Al
 Scott, Randolph
 Sheridan, Ann
 Sherwood, Robert
 Shore, Dinah

Silvers, Phil
Sinatra, Frank
Skelton, Red
Templeton, Alec
Thibault, Conrad
Thomas, Danny
Tilton, Martha
Tracy, Spencer

Treacher, Arthur
Warren, Leonard
Wayne, John
Wheeler, Bert
Wong, Anna May
Wynn, Keenan
Vague, Vera
Van Kirk, Mary

ROSTER OF THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING MISSION TO EUROPE

Alicoate, John W.	Publisher of <i>Radio Daily</i>
Campbell, Martin S.	Managing Director of WFAA, Dallas
Csida, Joe	Editor of the <i>Billboard</i>
Fetzer, John E.	Managing Director of WKZO, Kalamazoo
Green, Abel	Publisher of <i>Variety</i>
Hedges, William	Vice-President of NBC
Miller, Justice Justin	President of NAB
McCullough, Clair R.	Managing Director, Mason-Dixon Group
Novik, Morris	Manager of WNYC, New York City
Ream, Joseph H.	Vice-President of CBS
Reinsch, J. Leonard	Managing Director of the Cox Radio Stations and Radio Advisor to President Truman
Swezey, Robert D.	Vice-President of MBS
Taishoff, Sol	Publisher of <i>Broadcasting</i> magazine
Wilder, Col. Harry S.	President of WSYR, Syracuse
Woods, Mark	President of ABC
Kirby, Col. Ed	Chief, Radio Branch, Army Public Relations; Escorting Officer (now Vice-President) Station WMAK, Nashville, Tennessee

