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DECEMBER

7

THE FIRST THIRTY HOURS

DECEMBER

7

The First Thirty Hours

BY THE CORRESPONDENTS OF
TIME, LIFE, AND FORTUNE



NEW YORK: ALFRED·A·KNOPF: 1942

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FIRST EDITION

P R E F A C E



A great many people will unquestionably write a great many books about this War. Some of those books will be good and some bad. But, presumably, each in its own way will be the final word on some phase or all phases of the War—the result, perhaps, of painstaking research or deep analysis, or both.

In the sense that all those books will be historical works, *The First Thirty Hours* is no book at all, and must deny any claims to such pretension. It has no historical perspective whatsoever. It was written in just a little over thirty hours, not by one historian but by 50 journalists—50 working reporters called from golf courses and football games, from unfinished mid-day dinners and symphony concerts and favorite radio programs, to tell the Editors of *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE* how, on that quiet Sunday in December, war came to the U. S.

These 50 reporters were well prepared for the assignment which resulted in this book. For months before Pearl Harbor, they had been regularly reporting

to us on the People of the U. S.: what the People were seeing and doing; how they felt and what they said about a new America, a new way of living. The inspiration for these nationwide reports came largely from one of the Editors of TIME, Robert Cantwell, who long ago foresaw the necessity for this fresh and vital form of U. S. journalism.

We have already expressed our thanks individually to the correspondents for their contribution to this book. I would like to thank all of them again, herewith, a little more publicly. Some of them are regularly on the News Bureau Staff of TIME, LIFE, and FORTUNE, and some of them are working newspapermen who report for us as a sideline to their day-to-day jobs. Each of them, whatever his job, has never hesitated to come to our aid when the Editors have needed him for an assignment, no matter how rushed it was, or how tough.

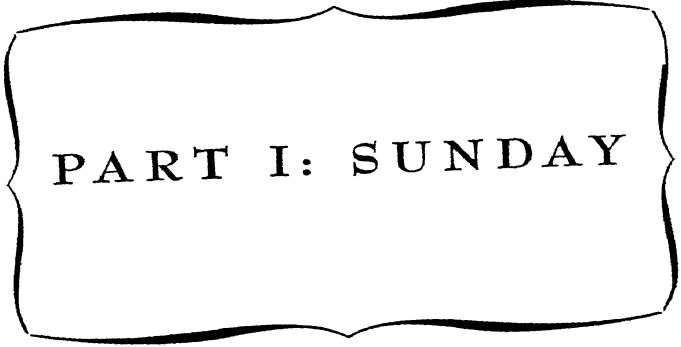
Since December 7 we have lost three members of the News and Picture Bureaus. Carl and Shelley Mydans, LIFE's famous photo-reporter team who helped prepare the cables to TIME and LIFE reporting those first exciting moments of the attack on the Philippines, were taken prisoner by the Japanese and interned in Manila. And Melville Jacoby, who was with the Mydans at Manila but escaped with his wife to Corregidor and Bataan and then to Australia, was killed in an

accident in Australia on April 29. A brief biography of Melville Jacoby, one of the really great reporters of the War, appears at the end of this work, where he would want it to appear—along with the others who contributed to *The First Thirty Hours*.

DAVID HULBURD

Chief of the News Bureau

TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE



PART I: SUNDAY

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7



WASHINGTON: *wire from Wilmott Ragsdale*
at the State Department

1:00 p.m.—Japanese envoys asked for an appointment with Hull. It was scheduled for 1:45 p.m.

2:05 p.m.—Envoys arrived at the State Department, twenty minutes late. They sat alone in the gloomy, diplomatic reception room under the portrait of Elihu Root. They were stared at from across the room by the cold bronze busts of Washington and Lafayette until:

2:20 p.m.—They were led into Hull's office through the office of the Secretary's office force instead of directly through Hull's office door as usual. To a score of photographers and reporters, they nodded "yes" when asked whether they had asked to see Hull. At this time Hull must have known about the attack. The Japanese may not have known the exact time or at all.

2:26 p.m.—The radio flash gave Roosevelt's statement that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. The Japs had handed Hull the reply to his "document" or prin-

ciples presented last November 26. Hull "carefully read the statement . . . turned to the Japanese Ambassador and with the greatest indignation said: '. . . never seen a document more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions.'"

2:40 p.m. (about)—Two Japanese masks walked out of Hull's office, got their hats, and pushed through forty reporters to the elevator.

"Is this your last conference?" No reply.

"Have you any statement? Will there be a statement from the Embassy?" No reply.

"Did you reply to Mr. Hull's document?" "Yes."

2:50 p.m.—A telephone conversation with an official at the Australian Legation who said: "Of course I can't tell the strategy but we will follow you immediately. We hope Russia will let us use Vladivostok, but we don't know. We will ask immediately. Of course we can't get there with ships, but we could fly in."

3:10 p.m.—Department of State Chief of Information Michael McDermott came from Hull's office to the pressroom and read the Secretary's statement on his meeting with the Japs. Forty British and American correspondents crowded around to get Mac's husky words. One Japanese correspondent for the Tokyo paper *Asahi*, Paul Abe, an American citizen and former student of Oregon State College, wrote the statement down carefully, presumably for dispatch to his paper. Chief Domei correspondent Kato

was at the Embassy. He is a Jap citizen and will be held with another Jap reporter for exchange for the American newspapermen in Japan and Occupied China. Abe and the other American correspondent for a Jap paper, Clark Kawakami, are expected to stick in the U. S. Clark was married two months ago to a Japanese movie actress and had planned to send her back to Tokyo on the next boat. Another correspondent for the Tokyo *Asahi*, Nakamura, received the news first from a UP reporter. His face contorted, his hand went up to his shoulder, he said: "serious."

A reporter telephoned the Jap Embassy and asked whether it would seek police protection. The spokesman replied: "No, we have great faith in the fairness of the American people."

3:38 p.m.—Dutch Minister Loudon called to see Sumner Welles. He said Welles may have been surprised by the character of the attack, "but you know Mr. Welles, he certainly didn't look it." Loudon said, "We will attack Japan with you. The Indies have been notified of the attack and are ready."

Upstairs in the Far East Division, the foreign service officers were gathered in the halls talking about the attack. There was criticism of the Navy. "Where were the patrols? How could they have let an aircraft carrier get so near the Islands? The carrier must have got within two hundred miles. Are they playboys or sailors?"

5:14 p.m.—Reporters were called into Howard Bucknell's office (Assistant Chief of Information, Department of State). Before he read a statement, the crowd heard the radio flash from Tokyo that the Japs had declared a state of war. Bucknell's statement was that all official Japs and official Japanese establishments in U. S. territories would be accorded full protection.

The question whether the U. S. can use Vladivostok—the only near base to Japan—is hot under the surface. Hull and Roosevelt may see Litvinoff tomorrow. Vladivostok is 600 miles, Manila 1,600 miles. Previous guesses have been that Russia would not let Vladivostok be used because of fighting one war in Europe. But I gather the Russians would let Vladivostok be used “if they think it is in their interest.”

The Chinese in Washington were hilariously happy at having for fighting allies both Britain and the U. S. People in corner drugstores were not excited by the news. Said one guard at the State Department: “We have been talking about this since I was a boy. I'm glad it's decided now.”

The war with Japan means immediate “dislocation of vital supplies of tin, rubber, etc. from Malaysia, Dutch Indies, and India.” The Department has one report, not released, that the Japs have made a landing on the Thailand coast and that a Japanese submarine has been sighted 800 miles off the U. S. West

Coast. Off the record this Jap landing on the Thai peninsula will be to cut the railroad from Singapore to Bangkok.

Subs and raiders will immediately begin attacking supply ships bringing vital materials from the foregoing three areas to the U. S. "It is our first worry. It all comes back like a nightmare to me now. How we pleaded on our bare knees, four years ago, that the U. S. buy and stock-pile these materials so the Navy could be free when this happened. We have been getting it fast these last three or four months, but before that we didn't get enough. The first thing Japan will do will be to dislocate these roots. Of course they can't cut off our supplies, but they can divert much of our Navy and cut some of them."

Thailand forces: From a military intelligence report, a State Department official told me these are the military forces of Thailand: 80,000 regulars and 300,000 reserves. The Thai minister told me several days ago: "Of course we have all our mechanized equipment on the French Indo-China border." The fellow telling me of the Thai forces remarked, "Mechanized equipment means they have got spears."

There are 40,000 Japs in Peru. Some people here fear they may attempt to blow up the Cerro de Pasco mine which is American-owned and a big producer of copper and lead essential to U. S. defense.

Japan has been importing half the rice necessary

for her city population from Formosa and French Indo-China. The Navy may cut this.

Department of State has no new figures on Japan's oil supplies. Last July the Army Military Intelligence said Japan had enough oil for about a year of all-out war. Since the freezing order Japan has not got a drop of gasoline from the U. S. or the Netherlands Indies; has got small quantities from Sakhalin, the island they own half of with the Russians, directly north of Japan.

The Japs forced the American oil companies in Japan to acquire a six months' advance supply back in 1934.

Kurusu, who was then Director of the Foreign Office Economic Bureau, was the chief negotiator with the American Embassy and oil companies in forcing the companies to store this oil.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Ed Lockett*

At the White House

Tall, bald Eric Friedheim, INS roving newsman in Washington, was having a drink in the Press Club at eight-forty Saturday night. Just as he was finishing the scotch and soda, someone came up to the bar beside him. He turned, recognized an acquaintance: small, brown-skinned, black-haired Masuo Kato, jovial little Washington correspondent of Japan's

Domei News Agency. "Hi, Kato," said Eric, "did you hear about the President's message to the Emperor of Japan?"

"Good God, no," said Kato, "I just cabled the office: all quiet here tonight; no news."

If Kato is telling the truth, he was as unaware of Japan's plans to invade Hawaii and the Philippines on Sunday at dawn as apparently was the U. S. Navy, the U. S. Government at home, and, conceivably, Japan's own Ambassador Nomura and Special Envoy Kuruusu.

Washington was recovering from Saturday night peacefully enough on Sunday when the news came. In the AP newsroom, on the third floor of the Washington Star Building, Bill Peacock, running the Sunday desk, was busily laying out the report for the wires. In the UP newsroom, black-haired, swarthy Arthur de Greve, veteran night-wire top reporter, was at his desk going over the big batch of handouts, culling the useless material from that which would go into the night report. Tall, lanky Arthur Hatchten, INS oldster, was in the INS newsroom preparing for the work that would come a little later when the night wire opened at 3:00 p.m. Big, heavy Harold "Duke" Slater, running the Sunday day wire, was reading the paper, his work nearly done. At approximately two-twenty the telephone rang in all these offices, and all three men picked them up. From the other end of the

wire came these words: "This is Steve Early. I am calling from home. I have a statement here which the President has asked me to read." Then Early read to the three services the President's statement which told the U. S. that Hawaii was being bombed. He closed up the brief conversation with the observation that he was going directly to the White House, and "I will tell you more later."

Before Early could get out of his house, however, he had to make another telephone call to the press associations—this time again on a three-way hookup, to advise that at two-thirty-six there had also been an attack on Manila.

Eddie Bomar, the AP's military analyst, was in the office at the time of the calls; he and John Lear and an AP feature writer set out for the White House, were the first to get there, and were in the pressroom five or ten minutes before other newsmen turned up. They learned from the police guards that Mr. Early had arrived, but wasn't quite ready to see them. Meanwhile, the offices started mobilizing their staff. Stocky, black-haired, taciturn Douglas Cornell, AP White House man, was painting a door in his basement when his wife called him to the telephone, and the office told him to get the hell over to the White House pronto. He got.

Heavy, jovial, fat Mike Flynn of the *Wall Street Journal* was getting ready to go to an oyster roast

when his wife called him, just after his office called him. His oyster-roast host telephoned, asked him why he was late getting there. Mike said: "Sorry, but I'll see you after the war," and lit out for the White House.

Merriman Smith, small, black-moustached UP White House man, was shaving when his wife told him she had heard a radio announcement about the attack, and as he picked up the telephone to call the office, he found the office was calling him. He set out for the White House too.

Eric Friedheim was at the Redskins-Eagles football game as was his boss, bald William K. Hutchinson, INS Bureau Chief in Washington. "Hutch" knew where Eric was sitting, and after the boys in the press box got the news and passed it around, "Hutch" sought out Eric, sent him Whitehouseward. Half a dozen other reporters were in Griffith Stadium watching the ball game and didn't get into the busy scene of operations until afterward.

Hardly half a dozen reporters had got to the press-room when the blue-coated policeman stuck his head in and announced: "Mr. Early will see you." The reporters filed into Steve's office and found the red-faced secretary hunched behind his desk, looking very serious, unruffled. On his right sat his secretary, pretty, blonde, blue-sweatered Ruth Jane Rumelt, her notebook ready. "I have just a little additional information

to give you, besides that I have already flashed to your offices," Steve began. "So far as is known now, the attacks on Hawaii and Manila were made wholly without warning—when both nations were at peace—and were delivered within an hour or so of the time the Japanese Ambassador and Special Envoy Kurusu had gone to the State Department and handed to the Secretary of State the Japanese reply to the Secretary's memorandum of November 26.

"As soon as information of the attack on Manila and Hawaii was received the War and Navy Departments flashed it immediately to the President at the White House, thereupon and immediately the President directed the Army and Navy to execute all previously prepared orders looking to the defense of the U. S.

"The President is now with the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy and steps are being taken to advise congressional leaders."

As reporters raced back to the pressroom, half a dozen late arrivals tagged at their heels, demanding a fill-in, and soon the pressroom was filling up.

At 3:23 p.m. Early's girl Friday popped her blonde head into the room, interrupted top-speed preparation of bulletins based on the opening press conference, reading from the shorthand in her notebook:

"So far as present information goes, and so far as we know at the moment, the attacks are still in progress. We don't know, in other words, that the Japa-

nese have bombed and left. So far as we know both attacks are still in progress.”

She had hardly gone before she was back again with another bulletin which she read from shorthand notes:

“The President has just received a dispatch from the War Department reporting the torpedoing of an Army transport, thirteen hundred miles west of San Francisco. Fortunately, the transport was carrying a cargo of lumber rather than personnel.”

Back the reporters raced to their phones and by this time NBC had received permission from Steve Early to set up its microphone right in the pressroom. This had never been done before, but Steve said certainly and the electricians moved in and started setting up things.

At 4:09 p.m. and 50 seconds, Baukage of NBC was on the air, cut directly into the national network from the White House pressroom for the first time in history. Too late, CBS saw the NBC preparations under way, got permission from Early, and started setting up. CBS was more than two hours getting on the air direct from the White House.

Sharply at 3:35 p.m. Steve Early deserted his own office, walked into the pressroom himself, said he had an announcement: “The army has just received word and reported to the President signals of distress sent out by an American vessel believed to be an Army-cargo ship, seven hundred miles west of San Fran-

cisco." This concluded, he turned to go, then halted a moment to say: "So you can see that the Japanese submarines are well out in the Pacific."

This news threw the pressroom into another dither of flashes, and reporters were battling for the two booth telephones in the White House pressroom that are for public use. All of the press associations and many big newspapers have direct telephones into the pressroom. Copy paper was getting scarce by a little after 4:00 p.m.; the newshawks used it up taking notes and a few were writing. Mostly the news went out from the White House by telephone, however, and was rehandled in the newspaper offices.

At 3:57 p.m. Miss Rumelt brought word that Steve again wanted to see reporters, and they crowded into his office. Steve looked very serious. He was looking down at the floor intently as the newsmen crowded around his desk. He carefully waited for them all to get inside, had attendants close the door when the men were in, said:

"I have just called you in to bring you up to date on developments. The President now is with the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, and the Chief of Staff, General Marshall. The President has just decided to call a Cabinet meeting for eight-thirty this evening, and at nine o'clock to have the congressional leaders join with them in a joint meeting."

Here a reporter inquired if the President intended

to call in the leaders of both parties in Congress. Steve said yes and added: "I call your attention to the fact that is the same group he has been meeting with in the past. I say that, so you can give this an international meaning. He has not yet called in the chairmen of the military committees of Congress. You can also say that the President is assembling all the facts as rapidly as possible, and that, in all probability, he will as quickly as possible make a full report to the Congress. That's all I have, gentlemen."

At 5:58 p.m. came another call from Steve Early's office to the pressroom, and by this time the pressroom was packed with reporters, radiobroadcasters, and both CBS and NBC had set up microphones in the White House pressroom itself.

The press packed Early's office to the walls, and this time photographers, both stills and movies, were permitted to go in, and cameras ground as klieg lights turned the office into daylight and sent sweat streaming down the faces of tired newsmen.

"I call you in," Steve said, "to tell you that both the War and Navy Departments, since the first report (of action in Manila), have been endeavoring to get in touch with commanding officers in Manila, and have been unable to do so. I suppose they are busy. Therefore, the President is now disposed to believe, and to hope, that the first report was an erroneous one.

"However, the President has just talked by tele-

phone to Governor Poindexter in Honolulu, and he confirms the report of heavy damages and loss of life there, including the city. He said that a second wave of planes was just then coming over."

Only a few minutes later, at 6:07 p.m. exactly, Early left his own office, came to the busy pressroom where reporters were still handling the bulletins from the latest press conference, and announced:

"The Navy has just reported a squadron of unidentified planes over Guam."

By this time, the photographers were taking pictures of the hot, busy, noisy and crowded pressroom itself. Some reporters had sent out for sandwiches and coffee. It looked like a long vigil.

At 6:24 p.m., blue-sweatered Miss Rumelt came back into the pressroom again, waved reporters to silence and attention, announced:

"The Navy just advised the President of dispatches that Guam has been attacked."

Again, at 6:54 p.m., Ruth Jane was back in the pressroom, and for the first time, her announcement after the pressroom snapped to attention was something of an anticlimax. She had come, merely, to say that the President had added white-haired Hiram Johnson to the list of congressional leaders invited to the White House tonight. She explained that Johnson was invited in his capacity as ranking minority member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

By 7:00 p.m. the pressroom was a mess of torn papers, cigarette stubs littered the floor, the atmosphere was stuffy, hot, and reporters were growing very tired. Glamorous Lee Carson of the INS was sitting at a typewriter, hammering out a night lead, her long bob, unusual dark coloring, and pretty gray suit much the most attractive spot in the room. Big, fat Fulton Lewis got on deck about 6:45 p.m., relieving his pretty secretary; the Nelson Rockefeller office had its bald, blue-suited Robert McGill sitting in on the goings-on; Western Union had a flock of delivery boys popping in and out.

The White House boys got bits of developments in other departments by grapevine during the afternoon, and a small portable radio in the corner was running all afternoon. The folks in the White House pressroom learned, for instance, that Speaker Sam Rayburn was out riding in his automobile when the news of the attack broke, that his frantic office was unable to get him and notify him until he returned to his home late in the afternoon.

Vice President Wallace was in New York City, heard the news presumably over the radio, quickly got in touch with the White House by telephone.

The President was in his study most of the afternoon, close to the telephone, constantly in touch with the Army and Navy by telephone, an anxious listener who finally, dissatisfied with the reports he could get

indirectly, put in a telephone call direct to Governor Poindexter in Honolulu.

Silently, during the afternoon, the secret mechanism always ready to swing into action for over-all defense of the U. S. swung into action. Big, rugged Colonel Ed Starling, White House Secret Service detail chief, was quickly telephoned at his home after the news of the attack came; quickly came to the White House, started the process of calling in every one of the men assigned to the White House. The White House guard noticeably thickened; White House and Capitol police were stationed at every one of the entrances to the rolling White House grounds.

By 4:00 p.m., fully 500 persons had collected on Executive Avenue just outside the west side entrance to the Executive offices, attracted by the photographers' activities and the news they had heard over the radio. For a while they gathered around the southeast entrance to the State Department Building across the street, but finally the activity around the executive offices drew them away and to the White House entrance.

Shortly before 7:00 p.m., Solicitor General Charles Fahy slipped into the White House, probably through one of the living-quarter entrances, was only discovered by reporters when he left at 7:09 p.m. He said he had been closeted with the President for only a few minutes, was very reluctant to talk at all. Finally,

as reporters crowded around him when he was leaving, he thought a few moments, intently, announced in his whisperlike voice: "My visit had to do with the aliens—the Japanese—living in the United States."

It was just after this that the White House, fast coming all-alert to the critical situation, clamped down a ban against any photographs in the White House grounds when George Dorsey, one of the newsreel men, went into Steve's office, asked him what about pictures of the Cabinet entering tonight, and the congressional leaders to come later.

"No, sir, no, sir," Steve cracked. "We're not going to have the White House lit up tonight. Absolutely no pictures of the Cabinet."

This was emphasized about ten minutes later when a Secret Service man called on the picture boys to halt as they started taking pictures of Fahy.

"No more pictures on the White House grounds," said Mike, and that was that.

Shortly after this, Stephen Early told a half-dozen pressmen, for their own information and not for publication, that henceforth reporters could expect reports on developments following and concerning land-based operations, but that nothing could be expected from the Navy for obvious reasons.

"Every ship afloat has killed the radio, of course," he said. "We cannot expect to learn anything about sea engagements. About all you fellows can do now

is clean up the story of land operations.”

At 7:44 p.m. tall, graying Bill Hassett, Steve's assistant, came out into the lobby of the executive offices, gathered newsmen about him, and announced:

“The War Department has supplied the White House with a preliminary—it is only preliminary—report on casualties. This report places the military dead at 104, and the military wounded at more than 300, on the island of Oahu alone. This is only a preliminary report, remember, and it gives no information whatever on civilian dead and wounded.”

By 8:20 p.m. the pressroom was a complete wreck, with new telephone wires littering the place, tripping reporters up occasionally as they dashed about; all the radio networks had installed mikes by a little after 8, and each of the broadcasting announcers had little staffs of secretaries, researchers and reporters clustered about him.

Funniest diversion of the tense, wearing afternoon and evening was when slight, extremely comical Fred Paslay, crack reporter for the New York *Daily News*, thought his telephone was installed. It looked very formidable and official, wearing a sort of skirt of wires around its base, and Fred picked it up to call the office. But no office did he get. Instead, as he put the receiver to his ear, the lilting, breezy tunes of a dance band came to his ears. Nothing else could he get, for half an hour. He tried innumerable times; each time he got

an orchestra. Finally, one of the two dumb-looking telephone company workers tangling up the wires in the room did some giggling, got the phone working right.

The Cabinet got to the White House right on time, for once—although Secretary of the Navy Knox just got in under the wire at 8:30, the appointed time.

The first member of the Cabinet to arrive was big Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, at exactly 8:20. Vigilant police carefully checked his big limousine through the Pennsylvania Avenue gate and into the grounds of the White House. In the order named, then came Wallace, Perkins, Ickes, Wickard, Morgenthau, Stimson—tall and white-haired Hull, with two bodyguards; Biddle, and finally Knox. They entered the living quarters of the White House.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Felix Belair*

At the Japanese Embassy

Early in the afternoon the crowd began gathering across the street from the Japanese Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. Occasionally, slant-eyed houseboys could be seen peering out from behind drawn curtains. Police orders were enough to keep back the constantly growing crowd that kept on the lookout for the storybook smoke that always comes from the chimneys of foreign embassies of nations

about to sever their diplomatic relations with their resident countries. The Japs had used more modern methods. Just before three o'clock in the afternoon a couple of lackies were seen by local reporters to carry out half a dozen square five-gallon tins stuffed with papers over which they poured an unidentified liquid. There were a few whiffs of yellow smoke and, presumably, the papers were gone. Reporters were unable to go within fifty feet of the scene.

Around seven o'clock, Major Ed Kelly, Superintendent of Metropolitan Police, approached the Embassy gates but was refused admittance. He went around to the side door to the kitchen, emerged a few minutes later to say he had come to inquire how many policemen the Embassy required. (As if he didn't know.) If he received any reply from the kitchen door, Kelly kept it to himself. Then he got into his car, blew the siren and moved down Massachusetts Avenue.

A Japanese correspondent said upon leaving for his Embassy: "Am I happy that Otto Tolischus and other American correspondents are in Tokyo."

WASHINGTON: *wire from Wilmott Ragsdale*
The Marines

War caught approximately 200 U. S. Marines at post in North China. They are stationed in Peiping, Tientsin and Chinwangtao.

Roughly, there are 5,000 Americans in Occupied China and 500 in Japan proper. Since last May, the number of Americans in Japan proper has dropped from 5,295 to 500. There have been several warnings from this government that they should evacuate. The figure for Occupied China is about the same as it was last May.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Crosby Maynard*
Army Statement on Censorship

“Gentlemen, I need not tell you that the U. S. is at war. You all know that. I have no additional news for you, now. I have called this conference so that we can have a clear understanding of the position of the U. S. Army in the future, as concerns the news which will be released and which you can print.”

The speaker was long, lean, hook-nosed Brigadier General Alexander D. Surles, Chief of the Army's Press Relations Section. The occasion was an emergency meeting the Army and the Press held in the untidy pressroom of Washington's Munitions Building at 7:30 p.m. tonight, scarcely five hours after the announcement of the bombardment of Pearl Harbor.

More than 50 reporters were crowded in the small room a few minutes before General Surles arrived. Many of them were White House correspondents,

comparative strangers to the War Department, seeking an additional shred of news. Most were in evil temper, because getting into the Munitions Building had suddenly become very difficult. The mild-mannered police who had patrolled the building on Saturday afternoon had been replaced with regular Army men, in full equipment, gas masks, fixed bayonets, their rifles loaded with live cartridges. The soldiers had orders to exclude all who did not have full War Department credentials and were doing so very effectively.

Throughout the afternoon the radio had issued frequent bulletins telling all officers on active duty to report for work tomorrow in uniform. Most of those at the War Department tonight had put away civilian clothes. General Surles was in mufti, apologized, said he hadn't had time to change.

He came to his point immediately. After emphasizing the gravity of the occasion, he said:

"I know there will be questions you will want to ask. I am here to answer them, so far as I am able. But first, let me say this. Our relations in the past have been very pleasant. Now, we reach a new phase in those relations. All irresponsibility must stop.

"I shall do my best to keep you informed of all events that concern me and would be of interest to you. But the time has now come when any failure to protect any information which comes to your possession can

mean the loss of American lives.

“So, it has become necessary for the War Department to invoke the act of April 16, 1918 (50 U. S. Code 34). It is a somewhat detailed act but, as it concerns you immediately, I emphasize these points. You and your papers cannot print any reference in any way to troop movements, disposition, location, designation, components or strength outside of the continental U. S. No references can be printed to the movements of troop transports, even if they are in the waters of the continental U. S. That is about all. Are there any questions?”

General Surles was asked almost at once to define irresponsibility, in the sense which he intended it to be taken.

“I mean,” said Surles, “that in the past, certain information has been printed by certain publications which must have given considerable comfort to potential enemies. Now, all loose observation of our regulations must cease. I don’t want, even now, for the word ‘censorship’ to be used, unless it becomes absolutely necessary. Restrictions are necessary. Restrictions are what we are imposing tonight. They must be observed and I am sure that they will be.”

He added that there would be no relaxation of the restrictions until conditions warranted, but that when and if conditions changed, the regulations might be modified.

Surles was not prepared to say tonight what the penalty would be for violation of the April 1918 regulations. The statute provides for fine and imprisonment but the severity of the penalty varies, depending on war footing. Presumably, the more severe penalties will be meted to convicted violators but Surles said that was entirely a matter for the courts and not for him to say.

As Surles was finishing, an aide brought him a note, and he announced that orders had been dispatched to Hawaii and Panama authorizing the immediate arrest, by the Army and the FBI, of suspicious aliens.

Finally, as an afterthought, General Surles said that Secretary of War Stimson, Assistant Secretary McCloy and General Marshall had been at their desks when the news broke and, as he was going out the door, he said in answer to a question that he did not believe Christmas leaves would be cancelled.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Jerry Greene*

Color

Washington tonight is a city stunned, not afraid, not excited, but like a boxer who, after three rounds of sparring, catches a fast hook to the jaw, rocks back, rolls with the punch. Tonight Washington is rolling back from the clout but in the rolling, sets itself grimly, solidly for the counterpunch.

Thin, sharp remnants of the afternoon's cold wind dither across bleak LaFayette Square directly in front of the White House; tree limbs stick up bare and stark above the scant light of the posted lamps. Benches are deserted for the first night in weeks; two draftees hurry past the bronze of Andy Jackson in LaFayette Square, the snap in their steps, the square of their shoulders a sudden contrast to the demeanor of the draftee who slouched across the mall in early afternoon. Across the square from the White House, the massive Veterans' Administration Building remains one of the few in Washington without lights burning late into the night.

Pennsylvania Avenue is a mess for blocks on either side of the White House, traffic jammed, moving slowly with waits for from three to five light-changes before cars can move a block. There is a silent deliberation in the movement of the cars. The driver and passengers in each turn their heads, stare with unmoving lips at the White House from the time they come within range until they are beyond.

Hundreds of pedestrians in a steady flow ease past the tall, iron picket fence separating the White House grounds from the avenue. They are in groups of three to five. They move along quietly, talking if at all in whispers, subdued murmurs. Silence on the avenue, despite the mob of cars, the mass of people, is apparent, deep enough to gnaw at the nerves.

Significantly, two fur-draped "chippies," passing up business opportunities, grasp the iron pickets, stare wide-eyed at the softly lighted white expanse of the executive mansion, mumble to themselves until the cops tell them to move along with the rest of the crowd. Even then the gaze of the girls turns backward toward the President's home, not toward business.

From outward appearances, there is little unusual going on in the White House. Across the leaf-littered lawn shine the soft beams of the great lamp hanging in the portico in front. A chandelier blazes from a thousand facets inside the main door. One cop walks his beat in measured steps directly underneath. Upstairs, deep inside are other burning lights clearly evident through uncurtained windows. A line of cars reaching almost from the brilliantly illuminated executive offices to the Pennsylvania Avenue gate is first indication that business progresses. Further evidence is quickly apparent in the appearance of West Executive Avenue. Cars pack every parking space.

A stocky motorcycle cop, without his overcoat and sneezing frequently, blocks the entrance, permits only those cars which are on official business. Along the iron picket fence, an occasional cop keeps the crowd moving. But across West Executive Avenue, in front of the State Department, a mass of neck stretchers fumbles around unmolested and unseeing.

East Executive Avenue is bare, deserted, despite

the lone light burning over the east portico of the White House.

One cop and three smutty red lanterns block traffic off East Executive Avenue at the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance. The traffic block extends over the entire White House area. On Fifteenth Street, at the west side, lanterns, cops, barricades have closed the entire ellipse to traffic.

There are few cops, comparatively, around the White House itself. Patrolman Edward H. Ring of the Third Precinct, pacing back and forth before the main entrance gate, on duty six hours, cold and nursing a pair of hurtful feet, had this explanation:

"They sent a bunch of us up here this afternoon but we had to break it up. You know how people are. This is the worst mess at the White House I have ever seen. I mean in the way of traffic. But let two cops get together and four people come up to see what's going on. Let 10 cops gather around and a hundred people come around. So that's why there are only a few of us here. Excuse me. You'll have to move along, there (to the crowds). Sorry, people, but move one way or the other.

"I hear the Army is coming up here tonight or tomorrow. Now don't quote me. That's just a rumor. But I guess they need it.

"I had a fine one while ago. A young draftee come along with his girl and asked me what all the fuss was

about. I said, 'Brother, you better take your girl home and get some sleep. You are in a war.' He says, 'You're nuts. What war?' So I told him and his girl turned pale and he give her the eye and they went off in a hurry. I guess it was the old last-chance game."

Strangely, there were few lights on in the State Department Building, but those few, on the east side facing the White House, were staggered in the form of a rough "V," running from roof to basement.

At Treasury, as at State, there are more milling crowds, moving around slowly, aimlessly. Yellowish lights flicker out from scattered offices in the nation's counting house without pattern.

Down on Constitution, past the dark, empty ellipse, there is a renewal of the same quiet, questioning, endless stream of automobiles, all eyes turned toward the squat, trim Navy and Munitions Buildings. And there, Washington is seeing war close at home for the first time in a generation.

There aren't many lights on in either building, peculiarly. Navy flickers out at intervals like the orange spots on a new checkerboard. But there are more of the usual uniformed guards inside the brightly lighted entrance.

The cold steel of war shimmers icily along the front of the War Department Building. Troops in tin hats, with full equipment, packs, rifles, ammunition, fixed bayonets, stand stiffly before the entrances. The bayo-

nets are like swift licks of flame in the moving, switching glow of a thousand automobile headlights. Faces under the tin hats are hard, lined, unsmiling. Before the main door of the Munitions Building one nonchalant husky eyes the mob, a submachine gun slung over right shoulder, close at hand.

There are more of these troops at the new War Department Building a few blocks to the north, where the engineers are hurrying in and out with more signs of hot activity than was seen at any other one spot.

But most significant of all was this: Of all the government buildings seen in a quick survey of downtown Washington, in only one were all lights flaring, were all offices obviously occupied, with all help moving at top speed. That was the narrow, tall office building just to the north of the Munitions Building—the headquarters of Selective Service.

PITTSBURGH, PA.: *wire from Robert Hagy*

The strangest development here involved America Firsters assembled in Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall in Oakland Civic Center, three miles from downtown Pittsburgh. Senator Gerald P. Nye, talk, dark, handsome North Dakotan, spoke to 2500 rank-and-filers (capacity) from hall-wide platform above which Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is spread

in huge dark letters against a dirty buff background. I was assigned to cover it for the *Post Gazette*, and just a few minutes before leaving the office, flashes and bulletins came over the AP wire on the Hawaii and Manila attacks.

I arrived at the hall at 3:00 p.m., the time the meeting was scheduled to start, and found Nye in a two-by-four room backstage ready to go on with the local officials of the Firsters. I shoved the pasted-up news at him. Irene Castle McLaughlin, still trim wife of the dancer killed in World War I, another speaker, and Pittsburgh Chairman John B. Gordon, clustered around the Senator to read. It was the first they had heard of the war and Nye's first reaction was: "It sounds terribly fishy to me. Can't we have some details? Is it sabotage or is it open attack? I'm amazed that the President should announce an attack without giving details." Cool as a cucumber, he went on to compare the announcement with the first news of the *Greer* incident, which he termed very misleading.

I asked him what effect the Jap war should have on America First, whether it would disband. He replied: "If Congress were to declare war, I'm sure that every America Firster would be cooperative and support his government in the winning of that war in every possible way . . . but I should not expect them to disband even if Congress declared war." Nye and

the others then paraded on to the platform as if nothing had happened.

Although the news had come over the radio, apparently nobody in the audience knew anything, and the meeting went on just like any other America First meeting with emphasis on denouncing Roosevelt as a warmonger. Mrs. McLaughlin expressed concern for America's wives and mothers, her voice catching as she referred to Vernon Castle's not coming back; dabbed a tear from her eye as she sat down.

The next speaker was ruddy, ruralish Charlie Sipes, Pennsylvania State Senator, locally famed as a historian. Routine America First stuff until, in the midst of an attack on Roosevelt for trying "to make everything Russian appealing to the U. S.," he cried: "In fact, the chief warmonger in the U. S., to my way of thinking, is the President of the U. S.!" While the hall, decked in red-white-and-blue balcony bunting and "Defend America First" signs, was still full of roaring approval, a white-haired, heavy-set man stood up from an aisle seat well to the rear. The man, although nobody knew him and he was in mufti, was Colonel Enrique Urrutia Jr., Chief of the Second Military Area (Pittsburgh District of Third Corps Area) of the Organized Reserve. "Can this meeting be called after what has happened in the last few hours?" Colonel Urrutia—an infantryman 31 years in the Army—burst

out, livid with incredulity and indignation. "Do you know that Japan has attacked Manila, that Japan has attacked Hawaii?"

Apparently the crowd took him for a plain crackpot heckler. They booed, yelled "Throw him out" and "Warmonger." Several men near Urrutia converged toward him. According to Lieutenant George Pischke, in command of a detail of ten policemen assigned to keep down disturbances which usually mark America First meetings here, the committee's blue-badged ushers "tried to manhandle" the colonel. Cops were in quick though, and Lieutenant Pischke escorted Urrutia out of the hall (through a blizzard of "warmonger" shrieks and reaching women's hands) at the latter's own request. "I came to listen," he told me in the lobby, purple with rage. "I thought this was a patriots' meeting, but this is a traitors' meeting." Inside, Sipes, a cool hand, tried to restore calm, said soothingly, "Don't be too hard on this poor bombastic man. He's only a mouthpiece for F.D.R." Then Sipes went on with his speech.

A couple of other people addressed the crowd. Finally came Nye. Still no word from leaders about the war. Nye started at about 4:45 p.m. For nearly three quarters of an hour he went through his isolationist routine. "Who's war is this?" he demanded at one point (referring to war in Europe). "Roosevelt's," chorused the rank-and-filers. "My friends," said Nye

callously, "are betting 20 to 1 that if we don't stop in our tracks now, we'll be in before Great Britain gets in." Howls of laughter. A few minutes after this, I was called to the telephone. The city desk had a bulletin on Japan's declaration of war and asked me to get it to Nye. On a piece of copy paper I printed in pencil: "The Japanese Imperial Government at Tokyo today at 4:00 p.m. announced a state of war with the U. S. and Great Britain." I walked out on the platform and put it on the rostrum before Nye. He glanced at it, read it, never batted an eye, went on with his speech . . .

For 15 minutes more, Nye continued his routine, "I woke up one morning to find that we had 50 ships less, that the President had given them away despite laws forbidding it." "Treason," yelled some. "Impeach him," yelled others. Finally, at 5:45 a.m., more than two and a half hours after the meeting started, Nye paused and said: "I have before me the worst news that I have encountered in the last 20 years. I don't know exactly how to report it to you; but I will report it to you just as a newspaperman gave it to me." Slowly he read the note. An excited murmur swept through the packed hall. Nye continued: "I can't somehow believe this. I can't come to any conclusions until I know what this is all about. I want time to find out what's behind it. Previously I heard about bombings in Hawaii. Somehow, I couldn't quite believe that, but

in the light of this later news, I must, although there's been many funny things before. I remember the morning of the attack on the destroyer *Greer*. The President went on the radio and said the attack on the *Greer* was without provocation; but I tell you the *Greer* shot first. That was the incident the President said was unprovoked—and that's cheating."

With that, he disposed of the new war, but more or less upset and flushed in the face, he didn't do much more than flounder through five or six more minutes of stuff about America's prime duty being to preserve democracy lest "victor and vanquished alike fall" and communism "grow in the ruins." Loud applause. "Keep your chins up," said Senator Nye and sat down. Benediction, a couple of announcements and the meeting was over.

Plowing through his fanatical followers, I gave Nye a third piece of intelligence—that Roosevelt had called a 9:00 p.m. meeting of the Cabinet and Congressional leaders. I knew he was scheduled to talk tonight at the First Baptist Church (pastor of which is pacifist) and I asked him if he intended to fly to Washington. Flustered, grim-lipped, rosy-faced, sweating, he muttered, "I must, I must try . . ." and strode quickly out of the hall talking to somebody about plane reservations. . . Whether he couldn't get a plane or what, he nevertheless ended up keeping the church appointment, announcing he would take the train to Wash-

ington later tonight. At church, before 600 people, he was grim, bitter, defeated. "I had hoped for long that at least the involvement of my country in this terrible foreign slaughter would be left more largely to our own determination."

Then he reviewed events leading up to the war, accusing Roosevelt of "doing his utmost to promote trouble with Japan." Inferring that we were already at war with Germany, he declared: "I am not one to say my country is prepared to fight a war on one front, let alone two." When several people laughed at a reference (out of habit?) to "bloody Joe Stalin," Nye said coldly: "I am not making a humorous speech." But on the Jap attack he said: "Here is a challenge. There isn't much America can do but move forward with American lives, American blood and American wealth to the protection of our people and possessions in the Pacific."

Leaving the church, another *Post-Gazette* reporter caught him, asked what course he would prescribe for the nation. Finally he gave in completely, the fight gone out of him except for enough to make one more crack at Roosevelt. "We have been maneuvered into this by the President," he said, "but the only thing now is to declare war and to jump into it with everything we have and bring it to a victorious conclusion."

PITTSBURGH, PA.: wire from Robert Hagy
Color

The weather is fine, sunny and clear and brisk (in the thirties).

Many people were downtown with children looking at the Christmas window displays at Kaufmann's, Gimbel's, Horne's and other department stores.

Everything is calm. There is no evidence of street excitement in the afternoon. You wouldn't know war had broken. "Calm Pervades the City on the War's Outbreak," was the *Post-Gazette's* two-column Page 1 reaction-story headline.

The *Post-Gazette* editorial comment: ". . . wanton attack . . . there is no doubt that the U. S. armed forces will give a good account of themselves. There must be redoubled effort at home to see that they have the weapons and equipment which they need. Certainly this challenge must galvanize the entire nation to immediate and effective action. Since Japan has elected to fight, it is perhaps as well that she chose to attack the U. S. directly. Nothing could have united the American people so immediately and completely."

Sunday-night crowds were as big as usual in the busy city. Hotel lobbies were quiet. Newsmen reported seeing a railroader grab an extra at Pennsylvania station, take one swift look at the banners and say quietly to no one in particular, "Goodbye Tokyo."

"Well, that settles it," was common comment. Most people appeared to be stunned briefly, then stoical rather than aroused, determined but not excited. A middle-aged newsy at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth Street said, "We'll know how to fight this war—I was in the last one."

The nearest thing to excitement outside the newspaper offices and radio stations was apparent in the city's dinky little Chinatown, just one block in size. The usually stolid Chinese padded up and down Third and Second Avenues, shaking hands with each other, slapping backs, smiling happily while the youngsters hopped about them in the sunshine.

Swiftly moving into action to protect this "stock room of a far-flung arsenal" against they hardly knew what, top city officials held a tense, serious half-hour meeting starting at 7:30 p.m. around Mayor Cornelius Decatur Scully's big oval conference table on the fifth floor of the City County Building. Department heads gave the mayor, head of Pittsburgh's Civilian Defense Council, brief, terse reports on what they were prepared to do; what they might need in money and men for fire-fighting, antisabotage work, etc.; what steps they had already taken for emergencies. Half an hour—that was all. "We mustn't waste any more time on discussion tonight," said the mayor finally. "There are grave problems we must meet as best we can and money will be no consideration in this emergency."

Police Superintendent Harvey Scott later held a special meeting of his inspectors, told reporters he already had 150 men on extra detail guarding bridges, plants, reservoirs and main highway junctions. Both Scott and Fire Chief Nick Phelan said they would ask City Council Monday for extra appropriations to augment manpower and equipment.

Army and Navy recruiting officers prepared for a brisk business Monday morning. Out for dinner tonight, I walked behind five apparently carefree young men who acted as if they were starting out for an evening of fun. "Well, you guys," I heard one of them say as they passed a newsstand, "what'll I do—enlist tomorrow?" He seemed very happy about the whole business. "Why not?" said one, and then they changed the subject.

A cab driver, after reading the Nye story in the *Post-Gazette*, told me: "That guy committed treason out there this afternoon. If I'd known what was going on out there, I would have had a hundred drivers out there and we would really have strung that guy up." Man next to me (grabbing coffee in a greasy spoon), a laborer, said between gulps of spaghetti, "Now maybe Wheeler and Lindbergh and these other guys will shut their traps."

The downtown theaters were jammed Sunday afternoon and night, but I was unable to find any case

where the show was interrupted for a war flash. The biggest crowds were at Loew's Pennsylvania, playing Crosby in *Birth of the Blues* and at the Fulton, playing Abbott and Costello in *Keep 'Em Flying*.

Word was spreading today of bizarre ads in the lost and found column of the Sunday *Press* classified section (paper out Saturday night). Between two ads about lost rat terriers appeared the following:

"Tokyo—8:05 p.m.—News in English JZJ, 15.10 MEG., 19.8 M; JZJ, 11.80 MEG., 25.4 M."

Farther down the column there was another: "Tokyo—12:25 a.m.—Children's Hour. JZJ, 11.80 MEG., 25.4 M; JZJ, 15.16 MEG., 19.7 M."

The *Press* was mum on where the ads came from. FBI was flooded with calls from ad spotters. The local FBI boss told me he saw no significance in the ads but admitted he had never seen others like them in Pittsburgh papers and that they certainly appeared in a strange place. He said he had turned the matter over to the Federal Communications Commission.

At 10:00 a.m. today, Pittsburgh police radiobroadcast an alarm to pick up men in a car with Michigan license plates, and query the occupants on taking pictures of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. plant at East Pittsburgh, booming with defense orders. A few minutes later, police radio, WPDU, announced that military police at West Point wanted

three Japanese in a brown sedan, adding: "These may be the same men wanted in connection with the taking of pictures at Westinghouse." Panic, probably.

PORTLAND, ME.: *wire from Harold Boyle*

Portland, a big new naval base for the Atlantic fleet, is just recovering from the shock of the *Reuben James* sinking after that ship left here for Iceland. It received news of the Japanese bombings with more excitement than is common to the Yankee temperament. The news first came by radio (Columbia chain). The newspaper office was bombarded with telephone calls asking "Is it true?" "Does Associated Press confirm it?"

A cold but sunny afternoon here with little going on in a city still somewhat under the influence of the old blue laws except for theatres being open. Most excited were about a thousand sailors on shore leave from boats just back from convoy duty. Many expressed real concern over the report that the *Oklahoma* had been hit. Several in the newspaper office commented that they had mates on the *Oklahoma*.

The most common statement in middle-class circles, "Now we can be unified; no more strikes; let's get down to business. Entrance into European war next." A small isolationist group here, followers of Congress-

man James Oliver, who is an outright isolationist, changed its tune. One: "There's no answer to this one. Give them (the Japs) as good as they send."

General reaction here, from bus drivers to a few wealthy: "A typical, underhanded way of acting. Americans are through taking it lying down." Typical Yankee reaction: "They stabbed us in the back."

There are very few Japanese in Portland; this city, which is a No. 1 defense site with a naval base, two large shipyards and four Army posts, is interested in the reaction of the West Coast to talk of bombings, blackouts, etc. Portland is the nearest Atlantic port to Europe and expects similar reaction in the case of war with Germany.

My honest opinion is that the news affected many the same way as in 1917. People are serious; no wise-cracking or grumbling about meddling. Said one newspaperman: "I feel sure of one thing. Up to today, I wondered whether we were another France: too soft. What I have seen today convinces me that American (at least Maine) people can fight in the old way."

Quote from the lead editorial in the *Portland Press Herald*, largest newspaper (morning) in Maine, in the Monday issue:

"No better proof of fundamental Japanese treachery, of which the country has been hearing for many decades, could be found than the foulness of conduct that launched attack upon this nation while it was

earnestly trying to seek a peaceful settlement of the Far Eastern question. In 50 years of public life, Secretary Hull said he had never known a document so filled with infamous falsehoods as that delivered on Sunday to him by the Japanese emissaries in this country. Of that we shall hear more today.

“The issue is between democracy and despotism. It is we democratic powers against world slavery. It is the U. S. against Hitler, his satellites and stooges. If Congress has the guts which an American Congress ought to have, it will refuse from this day to blink at duty. It will recognize verities. It will declare war upon every enemy of peace and decency. We must not only furnish the tools; we ourselves must help finish the job.”

BOSTON, MASS.: *wire from John Durant*

In Boston, five days of unseasonable warmth and fog lifted and a sharp, cold wind needled down from the north across clear skies in which the fiery sun was preparing for the final plunge into the west. Boston was pervaded by Sabbath calm with folks, after a hearty noon meal, slouched in their chairs beside the radio, in movies, Sunday driving in the country, or visiting neighbors. There were few people on the streets. All was quiet. Then electrification came at 2:29 p.m. as local radio stations announced, “Uni-

identified planes, presumably Japanese, have just bombed Oahu."

Editorials in Boston Papers:

Herald: "America's period of 'blood, toil, tears and sweat' is at hand"; *Post*: "This attack in one instant has destroyed the disunity which has been disturbing America. The causes of this war can be left to the historians to evaluate. The twilight of peace is over"; *Globe*: "United as never before, we will meet this challenge"; *Record*: "We are all Americans now, united, strong, invincible."

As people clung to their radios, announcements came piling in—Report for duty at once; Navy recruiting stations will be open at 8 a.m.; all manufacturers of defense materials are to take immediate precautions against sabotage; metropolitan police ordered to 24-hour duty to protect Boston's water reservoirs; John McCormack, Majority House Leader, receives a telephone call from Roosevelt, and his wife at Dorchester home hastily packs his bag for his return to Washington; extra guards rushed to Charlestown Navy Yard; ex-Governor Curley wrapped up the Japanese decoration presented to him by the Japanese Embassy in 1917 and mailed it to the Japanese; at all power plants guards are detailed; Civilian Defense workers are requested to stand by for instant action; at Newton, hundreds of people were in the midst of anti-airraid practice when the news came and they

simply kept on with their rehearsal with grimmer sense of reality; Mayor Tobin spoke, Governor Saltonstall called out the National Guard. One sad note is that Boston still has no airraid warning siren.

Immediate public reaction in the following order was: unbelieving astonishment that the Japs would have the nerve to attack Oahu; wrath at the treachery of the Japs; spontaneous recognition that we are united in the common goal to lick the Japs.

The most important developments were the speed with which the people were notified for events and mobilized for emergency via radio, and the unquestionable and immediate reaction of "at last we are united."

For quotes of the man on the street, I like best the fellow who said to me, "That settles it, we're united now." A waitress—"There's been too much talk and not enough action. Let's get going." A schoolteacher—"Let them have it, they asked for it." A sailor—"It's me or them—and I'll make damn sure it's not me." A shopkeeper—"This is one war the U. S. will approve of." Everywhere you went it was the same, united at last, go out and get those Japs.

NORFOLK, VA.: *wire from Charlton Whitehead*

The midday-dinner stupor of the majority of Norfolkians, who were kept home by the coldest

day of winter, was broken at 2:26 p.m. by a brief bulletin over local NBC outlet WTAR, stating that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Incredulous listeners swamped newspapers and radio, but 10 minutes later NBC newsroom confirmed the report. Indignation mixed with fear was most noticeable.

Within less than two hours, Police Chief John Woods had rounded up and jailed 14 Japs in Norfolk, all known.

Movies report no bulletins issued, moviegoers not knowing of the war until they got out. However, after 6:30 p.m., the Navy's request that men on the *Delta* and the *Little* report immediately to their ships, was announced in all theatres. No falling off of attendance was reported, although the day was poor due to cold. No football or other big crowds were out today.

The first and only extra was put on the street about 7 o'clock, four pages, published by the *Virginian Pilot*, morning sheet. All carrier boys were recalled from morning and evening papers. The extra was a sell-out within an hour, never reached the suburbs.

The local recruiting office announced that it would remain open all night. Only one man has enlisted so far. He wanted to beat the Japs with his own two hands.

There was much consternation when the night train arrived from New York as no passengers knew of the war until their arrival here.

As a typical Navy town, Norfolk is ready for whatever happens and the consensus is that our Navy can whip the pants off the Japs in a hurry if given a chance. No one seems sorry to see war come, except that they hate to see youngsters killed.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.: *wire from Grover C. Hall Jr.*

When Jean Harlow died the telephone exchange here literally burned up; fuse after fuse was replaced. The war flash did not jam wires nearly so much, but the calls mounted approximately a third. The flurry continued until nightfall.

Saturday night I attended a dance at the Officers' Club, Maxwell Field, headquarters of Southeast Air Training Center. Flying officers at my table agreed that the Japs were only bluffing; returned to their puerile pontifications about the dullness of British cadets in training; paucity of trainer planes. There was no sense of the immediacy of conflict at all.

Sunday I had dinner at a lawyer's birthday celebration. The phone rang. "Mr. Pickens says Pearl Harbor and Manila have just been bombed by the Japs." Everybody looked at their plates, while he turned on the radio. "I don't see why in hell they don't let the older men do the fighting," said a 47-year-old lawyer. This was a typical scene.

The war flash caught Montgomery at dinner. The weather was crystal-clear, nippy. Christmas decorations were up on Dexter Avenue, along which Jeff Davis rode to the Capitol on Goat Hill. There was a lot of talk about the Blue-Gray game in January.

A self-conscious flying cadet who wants to fly a bomber lay down on the floor to listen to radio flashes.

At a suburban tavern dozens of young people sat in booths at dusk drinking beer and whisky. I listened to the radio, but even more to personalized chatter. I saw one girl looking furtively at her draftee-fiancé.

That night I watched a stenographer and a first-grade schoolteacher. They indulged their escorts in close attention to radio bulletins, but they didn't care so much about the details.

A drugstore waitress: "This is it." The State's purchasing agent: "Something, isn't it?" Our lady Sunday editor: "Fight like hell."

Essentially, Montgomery was deeply shocked. They had thought and never doubted that the Japs were bluffing. They were deeply resentful over the treachery. Vengeance-bent, confident of victory, dazzled by cataclysm, but with little second thought yet of cost. They think it's a damn good thing. There is a sense of relief, like the passing of a painful kidney stone—"hop to it, get it over with."

From the *Montgomery Advertiser*: "Here was a different America, an America that had been surprised,

but one in which surprise quickly gave way to determination. Whatever initial advantage Japan may have gained by choosing Sunday morning for an unannounced and unprovoked attack upon the U. S. bases, has been more than offset by the effect upon the people of this country.

P.S. *Sergeant York* is playing here to capacity.

NASHVILLE, TENN.: *wire from William S. Howland*

Most Nashvillians were at dinner when the news came. Many heard it by radio on autos. Because many did not hear it, as apparently dead listening time is just after church, there was not a big rush on phones then. The *Tennessean* came out with a swell extra at 4:30 p.m. Standard Time.

The general reaction was: "What are we going to do about it?" That was heard on every side. There was not much indication of amazement that Japan had attacked but everyone was asking what the American Navy was doing.

I honestly believe that Tennesseans generally are greatly aroused. They always have been among the first to fight for the country and I heard no pacifistic comment tonight. Indication of how seriously people are aroused is that recruiting stations in Nashville have been jammed with calls for men wanting to enlist.

Also the Union Station was jammed with soldiers, who had been on weekend leave, rushing to get back to their post at Camp Forrest. All were vigorously expressing eagerness to get at the Japs.

When the news came, Nashville and the middle Tennesseans were enjoying a brisk, sunny Sunday. Churches were well-filled. Most people were on the way home. Sunday dinner was what most were looking forward to. There were no football games, and movies do not open until mid-afternoon.

The *Tennessean* slammed a hot editorial and cartoon in the first edition:

“Like a gangster whose ego has broken all bounds, the Japanese have decided to stake all in a desperate challenge to the U. S.

“The Rising Sun they hope is to shine over the teeming millions of the Asiatic world and even beyond. But in reality that sun is destined to set. The war that Japan has started will be ended by the U. S. on its own terms.

“There can be no compromise with the Japanese. They have staked their own fate on the sword and the sequel must be victory or hara-kiri.

“And though we shall win, we may as well understand at the beginning that it will not be an easy way. But we can say here and now that the sun of Nippon has reached its height and will rise no more.”

MIAMI, FLA.: *wire from Bob Munroe*

The outstanding reaction here was first disbelief, then a rush to newspapers and radio stations to confirm, swamping switchboards already congested due to lack of trunk lines, apparently continuously tied up with government and other emergency traffic. It is estimated that more than 90% of callers expressing opinions said U. S. should have entered the war sooner. Exceedingly vague geographical sense was apparent. One man inquired seriously of radio station WIOD: "Will President Wilson speak tonight and if so, what time?"

University of Miami, Coral Gables, was officially ordered closed for the day, Monday, but neither of two Deans in charge during the absence of President B. F. Ashe from the city would say anything except, "no special reason," and no plausible reason was apparent to the outside observer. The university has a large number of cadet fliers in training, both American and British. Guards have been placed around the campus.

The *Miami Daily News*, owned by former Ohio Governor James M. Cox, presidential nominee in 1920 with Roosevelt as running mate, was on the street with an extra edition at 5:13 p.m., claiming 12-minute beat over the *Miami Herald*, morning-paper opposition.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: *wire from Clayton Fritchey*

There is a good angle here on the impact of the Jap attack and how all conflicting opinion on the Far East instantly crumbled before the reality of actual war. Yesterday and today eighty delegates to the Institute of Pacific Relations met in Cleveland to thrash out Oriental problems and find the best course for the U. S. to pursue. Many of the nation's greatest authorities on the Far East are in confab, along with Congressmen, prominent industrialists and such journalistic experts as Hugh Byas and James R. Young, both Tokyo correspondents.

The Institute met here under the auspices of Cleveland's Foreign Affairs Council, directed by Brooks Emeny. Everything was done in a very swank way. Delegates and guests gathered at the Cleveland Country Club Saturday, had lunch, cocktails, dinner, spent the night at the club, then started over again Sunday morning. No speeches were allowed; all back and forth discussion. Almost a complete cross-section of people. I never saw a greater mixture of men and women and never heard a greater mixture of opinion—until the radio flashed out the stunning news.

News of the attack broke at the start of Sunday afternoon's round table. There was dead silence for two minutes. In those 120 seconds, 80 different opinions were resolved. It was unanimously agreed, as

one delegate put it, that "Japan has handed America its long-needed unity on a silver platter."

· It is understood that everything said at these conferences is off the record, but after a radio bulletin had come in, the chairman of the meeting finally broke the silence by turning to one Isolationist Congressman and asking what answer America would give to the Japanese attack. The reply was: "Our answer is probably being given by the American fleet right now." Applause.

An interesting fact is that not one expert present had foreseen such a drastic offensive. Up to the moment the news broke, the overwhelming opinion was that Japan had no wish to fight the U. S., that the peaceful solution of all Pacific problems was possible, and the Japs were too intelligent to commit "national suicide" by going to war.

The only speaker to come close to the mark was James R. Young, who said the action of the Japs had nothing to do with "Government" or "Intelligence" or anything else. Japan, he insisted, was being run by a gang of gangsters in the Army and Navy who were responsible to no one. These "gangsters" he maintained, would do anything to perpetuate themselves in power, no matter what the certain consequences to Japan. Young brought a portent to the meeting. Four days ago he suddenly received through the mails a file the Japanese had kept on him since his arrest in

Tokyo. There was no note of explanation, just the file, sent from the New York Japanese Consul. There was an air about the incident of someone cleaning out papers before moving. Young also told Congressmen present that in Washington there was available to them Japanese war plans which had been seized three or four years ago. These plans, he said, called for the identical operations which the Japs followed today. If what Young says is true, then the Germans didn't plot the strategy of this attack.

Hugh Byas pointed out that the Japs had struck the same kind of surprise blow at Port Arthur against Russia, and recalled the story of how the Jap Ambassador went to the Russian Court Ball while an attack was being carried out without knowledge of the Russians. Byas said he had thought in the present situation the Japs would try to keep the U. S. divided by pursuing the war in such a way as to put us in the position of helping British imperialism.

In an effort to explain the seemingly insane attack, one Institute official said the State Department had received a story to the following effect: The Japan war-lords knew they could not win in China, but could not afford to admit and withdraw. A defeat by the U. S. and Britain combined would cause no loss of face. Therefore, the best solution was a short war with the Allies and quick surrender.

BUFFALO, N. Y.: *wire from Jack Medoff*

Most interested person scanning the last war news and listening avidly to the radio is Frederick W. McMillin Jr., of 176 Sanders Road, Buffalo, a salesman for the Federal Portland Cement Co., whose brother is known as the Navy's "dictator" of the Pacific Island of Guam—Captain George Johnstone McMillin, 52, who makes his home in Youngstown, Ohio. Said McMillin: "My brother is known as 'King' by the 23,000 natives of Guam—the Island—and, this is little known—is actually the property of the U. S. Navy and not of the Government. My brother was sworn in as Governor-Commandant of the Island April 19, 1940, for a two-year term."

McMillin's last letter from his brother came two weeks ago. McMillin said his brother has pointed out in letters that Guam has no natural harbors and only one landing field and there is a visible Japanese island only forty miles away. Said McMillin: "In his last letter my brother told me of evacuating the island of all women and children six weeks ago. This left him without his family, consisting of his wife and two children, Adelaide, 16, and George Jr., 14. They are in Long Beach, California, having arrived in this country the day before Thanksgiving Day. Another daughter, Ruth, 21, is with her husband, Lieutenant William Mack, in China, at present. Captain McMillin

is an Annapolis graduate, 1911; took part in Veracruz disturbances and then was on the U.S.S. *Delaware* in the World War and served aboard the battleship *Sacramento* on convoy duty off Gibraltar; was later assigned to Mare Island Navy Yard off California. On Guam Island he lived in a palace built by the Spanish in the 1600's in the capital city of Agaña, population of 12,500, a modern little city. The palace is as large as a city block and its attached gardens also are a block in area. Seven miles away is the seaport town of Piti which is in command of a Marine Corps battalion headed by a colonel. They supply the police force. There are only 53 Japs on the island but they have lived there a long time."

DETROIT, MICH.: *wire from Robert Strother*

The news that war was on reached Detroit via radio. CBS had a flash at 2:29 p.m. and then led off "The World Today" with a Washington announcement at 2:31 p.m. An NBC flash broke in on the "Chicago Round Table of the Air." The reaction was an unsurprised: "Well, there it goes." It was a clear crisp day after a succession of murky ones, and an unusually large number of people were out riding with car radios turned on. Many of them caught the tail end of the bulletin or oblique references later, and

newspapers and radio stations had a flood of calls between two-thirty and four o'clock. Movie houses were playing to capacity crowds, including many workmen with pockets bulging with cash from paychecks fattened by defense overtime. The Michigan Theatre was playing Fibber and Molly in *Look Who's Laughing* and had a long queue in front of the box office. Theatres didn't announce the outbreak, but new arrivals brought the word, and it spread swiftly. Many outgoing patrons stopped at the office to ask if the news was true. Station WJR in the Fisher Building has a big bulletin board in the lobby. A throng gathered at once and the consensus was: "Well, I hoped it wouldn't come, but they asked for it and now they're blankety-blank well going to get it."

Men who called newspapers were generally both angry and cheerful. "Here we go. Happy landings," one said when told the news was true. One fellow was good and mad. "Why those Japs. Sitting down in Washington talking terms and then—whambo!" Some women callers burst into tears when the news was confirmed. "Oh gee, gee! Now he will probably get shot," one said as she hung up. Several men asked newspaper switchboards where they could join the Navy. A large proportion of callers wanted to know if the U. S. had also declared war on Japan. Some asked how far it was from Los Angeles to Hawaii and others how many ships in the Japanese Navy.

Attorney General Francis Biddle was addressing 1,200 Americans of Slavic extraction at a meeting of the Slav-American Defense Savings Committee in the Masonic Temple. He interrupted the speech and made dramatic announcements. "I have just received word that Japan, who only yesterday announced its peaceful motives, has bombed the harbor at Manila." Governor Murray D. (Pat) van Wagoner and Detroit's young Mayor Edward Jeffries were with Biddle. Virtually every newspaperman in town was attending the Newspaper Guild's annual bingo party at the Book Cadillac Hotel. Shortly after 3 o'clock messages for various ones to report to their offices began coming in and most of the working newsmen among the 1,000 people present left. The *Detroit Free Press* was the only paper to extra tonight, however, and the *Free Press* as a morning paper had little difficulty in hitting the streets at 6:45 p.m. and again at 8:40 p.m. The *Detroit News* and the *Detroit Times* both plan to have extras out tomorrow morning around 7:30, but they couldn't round up printers, etc. on Sunday afternoon.

The Chinese Merchants Association went into meeting tonight. There are at least a thousand Chinese here, but almost no Japanese. Hotel lobbies tonight are strangely deserted, and managers guess everyone has his ear glued to the radio. The radio stations are breaking in often with bulletins and with messages for all soldiers and sailors to report to their stations. This

seemed to bring the gravity of the situation home to the listeners. There are no editorials yet. The most important immediate reaction here will be a redoubled precaution against sabotage of defense plants.

CHICAGO, ILL.: wire from *Fill Calhoun*

The *Sun* at 7:00 p.m. came out with a "War Extra No. 2" which was virtually the same as "No. 1" except for fresh bulletins and a new banner "Japan War on U. S." The thought occurs that inasmuch as the *Herald American* ran the first Hawaii attack news as a regular peach edition and without the "extra" slug, the *Sun* in one way can claim, in its first week of existence, having beaten all other Chicago papers with an extra on the biggest story yet. The *Tribune*, for reasons I wish I knew, held up their plans for an extra and didn't come out until the regular time at 7:00 p.m. with a "metropolitan" edition of tomorrow's paper. The *Tribune* bannered "Japan attacks U. S." and above a column of war bulletins ran the following editorial:

"War has been forced on America by an insane clique of Japanese militarists who apparently see the desperate conflict into which they have led their country as the only thing that can prolong their power.

"Thus the thing that we all feared, that so many of us have worked with all our hearts to avert, has

happened. That is all that counts. It has happened. America faces war through no volition of any American.

“Recriminations are useless, and we doubt that they will be indulged in, certainly not by us. All that matters today is that we are in the war and the nation must face that simple fact. All of us, from this day forth, have but one task. That is to strike with all our might to protect and preserve the American freedom that we all hold dear.”

Incidentally, note the *Tribune's* big scoop about U. S. war plans followed the *Tribune's* previous blasts about Roosevelt and his map of Nazi plans which the *Tribune* pooh-poohed because any country naturally has war plans. Now where is the *Tribune* again?

I was listening to the Chicago Round Table when the argument over Canada's war effort was snapped and a brief flash read of the Hawaii and Manila bombings. The next program, the New York Philharmonic, was broken up, one time by an announcer so excited or inept that he twice pronounced Philharmonic as Philharminic, apologizing only for the first slip. There was an added rush of telephone calls as friends called friends, but no jam-up of lines.

The first flash came just as Chicago home dwellers and suburbanites were digesting the roast beef and mashed potatoes of Sunday dinner which traditionally starts at 1:00 p.m. Many cancelled visits and plans to

go to the movies to sit by their radios awaiting later bulletins. It seemed to me the radio took an unearthly time getting background together and any color into its newscasts, but it was telling the people long before the newspapers.

First comments almost invariably were: "Well, it's here," or "Those Japs must be crazy."

Typical comment from a formerly Isolationist mother was: "If Hitler had just let the Japs alone this would never have happened. How terrible for the Japanese—it's mass suicide."

Another mother, interrupted by the news while playing rummy, said: "We're in it and we'll just have to make the best of it." From younger men generally came this comment: "Well, we've got to whip the whole world—and we can do it." What I'm trying to drive home is that nowhere did you hear comments about the possibility of anything but a U. S. victory. Some said, "What an insult to the President when he was trying so hard to get things settled peacefully." And many were the comments here, as probably different from those on the West Coast, that "it really is too bad for the Japanese people." Whether rightly or wrongly, people seem to believe all the so-called experts' claims that Japan has only two bathtubs in the Navy, no money, no oil and all Japanese fliers are so cross-eyed they couldn't hit Lake Michigan with a bomb.

Another lovely comment, which also indicates how the war news first came to those who bought newspapers, was from a fat woman at Michigan and Randolph. She approached a newsstand where the boy was shouting inaccurately, "U. S. declares war on Japan," and apparently paid no attention to what he was saying. "What's this?" she asked when she saw the big headlines. "We're at war, lady, for crying out loud." "Well," she said, "what do you think—who with?"

From all sides one first comment was: "This may be just what we needed to get us together and stop all these strikes and funny business." No matter what drivel they have been fed, the people occasionally seem to hit down to fundamentals as exemplified by comments such as: "Now we'll start turning out something. . . Watch us go now. We'll turn out planes now or by God we'll know the reason why."

The Midwest, in my opinion, has known very well that they weren't doing half enough and that we were playing at business-as-usual.

Summing up comments and what they mean comes to three main points: 1) Japanese attack has got people mad because they think this is a dirty deal pulled while the U. S. was trying all peaceful ways for a settlement, 2) they don't blame the Japanese people so much as they do "them war-lords" and the Nazis egging them on, 3) they are glad in many ways that a

break came the way it did because now we have God and everybody on our side and, boy, just watch us go.

The city, as such, was just getting ready for a good after-dinner belch when the war news came. The temperature was 37° above, nippy and overcast with a threat of snow that is now falling tonight. The usual wind was revealing legs in silk and nylon on Michigan Boulevard; torn up Loop streets were beginning to fill with window-shoppers and matinee crowds. Newspapermen were spreading rumors about what was going to happen with the new *Sun* cutting into Chicago circulation and advertising. Cops were tweeting their strangely shrill whistles, bookies were wishing the newest gambling investigation would get over with, drunks were beginning to show up on South State Street and on North Clark where there is one place which advertises: "2 Big Shots of Whiskey and a Cold Bottle of Beer—10 cents."

There was a pro-football game between the Chicago Bears and Chicago Cardinals, where, before the game, the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the audience, as usual, rose and actually sang it. By half time the *Herald American's* extra was out and there was a rush from the stands to buy it with word spreading through the whole place that "the Japs are raising hell and attacking Hawaii." The audience buzzed and papers passed along the rows. It was like Podunk High School suddenly walk-

ing on to the field to play the Bears. Theatres, having no sense of the theatrical here, interrupted no programs and matinee crowds learned about the news when they came onto the darkened streets.

The biggest single development here is, of course, that the *Tribune* has pulled in its horns and that for all intents and purposes Isolationism and America Firstism are deadlier than a bombed soldier at Hickam Field. I tried to reach General Wood fifteen minutes after the first flash but his telephone is "temporarily disconnected." I presume he'll come out with a statement tomorrow ala Wheeler's. The Jap attack was all that was needed to cut the ground from under America First's feet. It will be ridiculous to talk Isolationism in the next few days, dangerous to your own health in a few more after that.

Some one just phoned to say the *Tribune* has revived its banner reading "My country, right or wrong."

MILWAUKEE, Wis.: *wire from Harvey Schwandner*

The war news came as a profound shock to Milwaukee, strongly isolationist, happy hunting ground of the America First Committee. Wisconsin football fans were listening to the broadcast of the Chicago Bears-Cardinals game (of interest because Wisconsin is the home state of Green Bay Packers) when the announcer interrupted the game to give the

first flash of war. The news was startling to Milwaukeeans. Thousands telephoned to the *Milwaukee Journal* for verification. The switchboard was jammed with calls for hours. Reporters had to wait for 15 minutes to get through the telephone jam. Radio men from WTMJ swamped out operators.

Lansing Hoyt, chairman of the strong Wisconsin charter, America First Committee, told a *Journal* reporter at his home that the U. S. would "bomb to the ground" Japanese cities. He said: "We have been for defense all along. Now we are for offense. It looks like war against the Axis." Hoyt is Milwaukee Republican chairman and a brother-in-law of John Cudahy. Hoyt has been a leader in arranging Isolationist mass meetings in Milwaukee, at which Wheeler *et al.* spoke. Edmund B. Shea, prominent Milwaukee attorney and president of the Milwaukee chapter, Committee to Defend America, said that all Americans should unite in the common cause of defending the nation. Shea had announced earlier Sunday a series of meetings to whip up sentiment in Milwaukee against isolationism, with Senators Pepper, Murray, Ball, Lee Bridges as speakers. Governor Heil sent this telegram to President Roosevelt: "The news of Japanese aggression is a distinct shock to citizens of Wisconsin. I pledge you the full and unified support of our people. May the Lord give you help and strength in this hour of grave peril."

The general Milwaukee scene: It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, with no big events to attract crowds. The city's main street, Wisconsin Avenue, was jammed with parents and their children looking at Christmas store-window displays. A raw wind whooped in from the south at 25 m.p.h., lashing Lake Michigan into whitecaps and foam. Lead clouds hung over the city, blotting out the sun. A favorite Sunday pastime of Milwaukeeans is to drive slowly along Lincoln Memorial Drive along Lake Shore through the city's beautiful parks. Thousands were doing that Sunday when their cars' radios gave them the first war flashes. Many startled listeners parked along the drive to listen to the bulletins. As word spread along Wisconsin Avenue, crowds gathered in knots to exchange news. Downtown bars suddenly were jammed with pedestrians who wanted to get close to a radio. They talked earnestly and grimly. Milwaukeeans who have long felt that the U. S. should stay out of Europe's war were fighting mad that the Japs had attacked the U. S., killed U. S. soldiers. They felt that here at last was something to get mad about, fight for.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: *wire from Arnold Aslakson*

There were dozens of calls to the radio stations asking "Is it true? Will the boys home on Christmas leaves have to go back?" One asked: "Is it an-

other play?" Several women who called KSTP choked up. One said she had a boy in Pearl Harbor. Another one had a boy in Honolulu. Number 1 couldn't believe her ears. A man who phoned WTCN exploded: "Why those sons of bitches!" Radio switchboards were not jammed, however, apparently because of fast radio follow-up of the first flashes. We are unable to check the phone company on traffic yet. But several people, fifty of whom I called at random, told of running to friends' homes or phoning friends the news.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* extraed at 4:00 or 4:15 p.m., the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* at 4:30 p.m. The *Trib* had two extra pages in the first extra, upped it two pages more for each extra up to the fourth.

Curtis Edwards, WTCN announcer: "I didn't think they'd stick their necks out. I didn't think they'd have the guts." A young newspaperman (not I): "Oh, are they a bunch of damn fools." A painter and decorator: "Oh, oh. We're in it. I didn't think it was going to happen—yet. We got to go at 'em." A retired realtor, who described his views as modified America First, though not an A.F. member: "How in the hell could we get caught napping like that? To think they were able to come over our base at Pearl Harbor is beyond my comprehension when we know how treacherous those Japs are. I'm disgusted." Draft-age men to each other—several such conversations: "Well, we're in it. Our number's coming." Bakery stock clerk: "Well, it

won't last long. They asked for it. We tried to be white and they turned on us like rats." Shoe salesman's wife: "Oh. It's happened. But Japan will take a beating." 16-year-old: "Japan must be about out of supplies. But glad I'm not 17 yet."

An investment secretary and his wife: He: "The U. S. will declare war now." She: "Do you think so, really?" He: "I wonder how long they'll be able to hold out. Will the Russians attack Japan now?" A credit man who said he wanted to "go get 'em" after the *Panay*: "I think we ought to declare war on the whole Axis. But how could they get caught napping at Pearl Harbor?" A bank auditor: "That bunch of double-crossers." An architect: "It's here at last. Might as well get it over with." Two neighbors to whom he passed the news phlegmatically just said "thanks." They went to turn on their radios. Numerous others "hadn't thought much about it," "expected something, but not so soon." A majority expected an attack on Thailand or the Indies. Not Hawaii or the Philippines.

You can't help thinking that people are now more aroused, but it is too early to use any superlatives.

TOPEKA, KANS.: *wire from James Bell*

War came to Topeka at 1:30 p.m. on a quiet, warm, 56°, sunshiny Sunday. Most Topekans had finished big Sunday dinners and were napping on their

sofas. First flash over Columbia's WIBW came at the end of the Spirit of '41 program. I got it over NBC Blue network while listening to the Great Plays series. I was in the bathtub. The second bulletin regarding the attack on Manila made me sick. My parents, brother and sister are in Manila. * My wife turned pale and said, "There it is."

My telephone rang a few seconds later. I was called to help issue an extra and write a "What it's like over there" story. *Daily Capital* switchboards were jammed immediately. One man, with distinct rural midwestern accent, asked: "What the hell's going on out there? Has Uncle Sam declared war yet? Why in hell hasn't he? How old do you have to be to get in the Army and Navy?" Others wanted to know if it were true. One mother, with a son at Pearl Harbor, choked up when told that Hawaii had been bombed and said, "Maybe they'll kill my boy, but I know he will be avenged." The telephone company says lines have been unusually busy since the first flash. Several persons have attempted to put in calls to Honolulu and the Philippines, without success. The *Daily Capital's* 4-page extra hit the street just before 7:00 p.m. The *Kansas City Star* had its extra in town an hour and a half later. Thousands of persons were waiting to get copy of the *Capital*. They went like hotcakes. People drove in

* Correspondent Bell has since received no word from or about his family.—Ed.

from the residential districts to get them.

There was no hysteria. Everyone was interested. No one was very excited. My wife's first expression, "There it is" was a common phrase. I would say that Topeka is taking the news with grim determination. Most Topekans, I believe, didn't think it would ever happen. When it did, they took it calmly. There are isolated cases of panic. One woman called the *Capital* frantically saying that a Jap plane had just dove on her house. It turned out it was a private plane flying over the city at high altitude. Capper and Ratner, with radio addresses coming up, had to change their texts in a hurry. Both pledged their wholehearted support of the President. Alf Landon, in a telegram to Roosevelt, said: "There is imperative need for courageous action by the American people. The Japanese attack leaves no choice. Nothing must be permitted to interrupt our victory over a foreign foe. Please command me in any way I can be of service."

Capper said, "Japan's attack means war and we will see it through. I will support our President."

Junior Senator Clyde Reed, ill in Parsons, left immediately for Washington by plane. Capper is returning by train. No moving picture shows were broken into to give the flash. The biggest crowds were at Bob Hope's *Nothing but the Truth*. I saw them come out. They were laughing and gay. When they heard the news, their faces sobered rapidly, then they went

away quietly. One man said: "Guess we'll have to lick the sons of bitches." An indication that Topeka is taking the news calmly is that all theatres reported nearly normal attendance at night shows. The people are not aroused in the usual sense of the word. They are quiet, calm and determined that the U. S. will win.

Three members of the local Navy recruiting office staff have requested sea duty. I've talked to several dozen persons and none express regret that war has come. All feel it is necessary. The feeling is this:

Right or wrong, we are in this thing now and we've got to win. No use singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* or shooting Jap restaurant owners. We're ready to do whatever is asked of us. Poor old Capper is broken-hearted. He wandered about the *Capital* newsroom with a long face. I believe there were tears in his eyes. He kept saying: "It's too bad, it's too bad." Later in the evening when preparing to leave for Washington he was brighter and more determined. "I will support the President—it's the one thing left to do," he said. The only sporting event in process was the State Field Dog Trials (hunting). The news took the kick out of the dog-lovers' sport. The afternoon, which started off spirited, ended rather flat. "I guess our hunting will be confined to those god damned slant-eyed bastards from now on," said one sportsman. In Topeka, I would say the single most important development of the day was the joining of Capper and Landon behind Roose-

velt. Landon's statement was the most sincere he ever made. When I talked with him I got the impression that he would gladly do any job the President required of him. *Capital* won't have editorial comment before Tuesday morning.

KANSAS CITY, MO.: *wire from William Vaughan*

It was cloudy this morning when Kansas Citians went to church, but by the time they started home for the traditional Sunday dinner of the Middle West the sun had come out. It was another perfect, unseasonably warm day in a string of similar ones. The temperature was to rise to 55° by 4 o'clock. Before then the news had come that Japan was at war with the U. S.

The first word came through radios and was missed by many families who were at dinner when the flash was read. A copy reader on the telegraph desk of the *Kansas City Star*, down for an early trick, caught the flash from the Associated Press and sprinted up a flight of stairs to the studios of station WDAF. At 1:33 p.m. the news of the first White House announcement went on the air, interrupting the Chicago Round Table. At 1:39 p.m. Station KMBC broke in on the religious Round Table, a panel of Kansas City pastors, sponsored weekly by the council of churches. Other sta-

tions hit at about the same time, but WDAF claimed the first break, beating the regular network flashes by about ten minutes.

Although it listened to its radio, quickly bought out extras and flooded newspapers with telephone calls, however, Kansas City took the news more or less in its stride. There were cars on the streets, many of them with horns tooting. They arrived downtown and on the country-club plaza where colored lights outlined the Spanish-type buildings in the spectacular annual Christmas display.

At Loew's Midland Theatre, the manager, John McManus, seized an opportunity in a B picture called *Niagara Falls* when the sound track contained no dialogue and announced to his audience that Japan had declared war. He was the only first-run theatre manager to do so. The Midland, where *Sundown* was the A picture, and the Newman with *Skylark* reported good houses tonight, perhaps better than average. The Uptown *Swamp Water* and the Orpheum *Look Who's Laughing* decided people were staying home to listen to their radios.

Most conversation about the war, on the streets at least, was good-humored, almost gay with a sense of relief, of "Well, here it is at last." Newsboys yelled, "Gotta whip those Japs," and their customers grinned back at them. Calls to the newspapers indicated, however, that in many a Kansas City home, the bombing

of Hawaii held more of sorrow than of adventure. Mothers of sailors on the *Oklahoma* who had been looking forward to Christmas visits from their soldier sons, called for more information, many of them in tears. Service men themselves wanted to know about the cancellation of furloughs, about any orders for reporting to ships or camps.

At the U.S.O. club soldiers danced to a juke box, played ping-pong and gathered around copies of newspaper extras. They spoke bravely of what "we'll do to those blankety-blank Japs," but their interest did not seem particularly deep.

In the afternoon, 1,000 Catholics gathered for the dedication of a De La Salle Academy gymnasium, heard the grim news from their bishop, the Very Reverend Edwin Vincent O'Hara. Other Kansas Citizens heard further bulletins at a sparsely attended night hockey game between Kansas City and Omaha.

OMAHA, NEBR.: *wire from Edward Morrow*

Omahans who generally follow the midwestern custom of dining Sunday shortly after 1 o'clock were mostly finishing dinner when the radio programs (one was Sammy Kaye's orchestra) were interrupted to bring news of the bombing of Hawaii. Half-empty theatres interrupted pictures to flash the news on the

screen and some customers got up and left. The show at the biggest house, the Paramount, was *Sergeant York*. Movie business thereafter was very light.

Telephone calls, both local and long distance, shot up as friends and relatives called each other with the news. The Omaha office of the Northwestern Bell called 12 extra operators, mostly for long-lines work. The *World Herald* did not have an extra until 4:45 p.m. The *World Herald* sold 19,200 extras containing a fairly complete account of what had happened. This was the entire run and newsboys were unavailable to handle more. Many of those who bought said they were going to keep the first extra, which had an 8-column "War" across the top, as souvenirs.

There isn't the faintest doubt that people here are aroused, as indicated by quotes of *World Herald* reporters picked up on the streets.

Best came from one of three soldiers who stopped to read a radio bulletin. The one soldier whistled, said, "Boy, take your last look at Omaha for a long time. Which way's the war?"

The afternoon in Omaha, after a sunny morning, was windy and cloudy and bleak. Soon after word came here, FBI men plucked K. Hayashi, member of the San Francisco Japanese Consul staff, from a United Airlines plane here. He wanted to proceed by train but was told to stay here. He refused to go to a hotel and remained overnight in the airport waiting room.

The *World Herald* was swamped with calls from relatives of soldiers, sailors and civilians in the Orient and had to call three extra phone operators. Nebraska has always been a great feeder for the Navy and probably has more men per capita in the Navy than most.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.: *wire from Clem Hurd*

No paper was published until about 6 o'clock when the *Globe Democrat* got on the street with an eight-page paper. The *Post Dispatch* and *Star Times* each has its own radio station, which supplied frequent bulletins. The *Globe Democrat's* second extra contains a disconcerting one-column headline MANILA QUIT; Army placed on alert. It was merely a typographical error—quit for quiet. At radio station KSD of the *Post Dispatch* a local program of champion buglers of Jefferson Barracks and Fort Wood had just finished a program at 1:30 p.m. with Sergeant C. K. Bob Young, champion of Jefferson Barracks, blowing to the colors. Few minutes after the program ended the news came in by A.P. An interruption was made in the University of Chicago Round Table program just started.

There was unusually heavy traffic through St. Louis on long-distance calls to points west of here. Calls to Denver and San Antonio were delayed up to one hour.

Extra girls were called to St. Louis exchanges, all of which are dial operated, in anticipation of the rush, which did not develop until 6:00 p.m. Telephone traffic chiefs went to their offices on hearing the news on the radio. Fifteen extra girls were called in to handle long-distance calls, mostly to the West Coast; from points east of here, all calls to the West Coast must pass through St. Louis or Chicago.

People in St. Louis in general took the news quietly—there were few people on the streets downtown. The day was cold, about 40°, and sunny—no professional football game. Big movies as follows: Fox Theatres showing *Keep 'Em Flying*, Ambassador: *Little Foxes*, Missouri: *One Foot in Heaven*, St. Louis: *Appointment for Love*, Loew's, which postponed *Two Faced Woman* because of Archbishop Glennon's objections, was showing *Design for Scandal*. No announcement was made at Loew's but a large radio in the lobby drew a crowd of about two hundred—there was little comment except for expressions of incredulity at first. The Jefferson Barracks Air Corps replacement training center, bordering the city, asked theatre managers to notify any soldiers from that post to return immediately, but no general announcement to that effect was made. Many soldiers visiting St. Louis packed up and left immediately for camps on hearing of the attacks.

Quote from *Globe Democrat* editorial: "It is a stun-

ning and ghastly act to undertake a major war. Only with the deepest reluctance and realistic foreboding does this country take up arms—yet we will do so with the staunchest confidence, grim and courageous acceptance of duty and an impregnable will for victory. God grant this be a quick and decisive war. Whatever its length or the sacrifices it entails, America is ready.”

NEW ORLEANS, LA.: *wire from Robert Kintzley*

The flash came to New Orleans families as they gathered about the dinner table or in the living room waiting for the bell. The temperature was 50°, thin-blooded natives were mostly indoors, too early for most for movies. There was a feeble, pallid sun. The first and only extra was the *Times-Picayune* at 3:25 p.m. with double 8-column, 215 point banner. The *Picayune* staff was the only Sunday crew here. The switchboards, papers and radio were temporarily congested. Most calls were on casualty identifications since there were many from here in the war zone.

People in grog shops drank beer; shows ran no flash; the general spirit was the awful realization rather than flag waving. Civic leaders didn't find a ready tongue. Association of Commerce President Robert L. Simpson said, "This is a horrible situation, but we've got to see it through." Others were of similar tenor, not blast-

ing the Japs. The Orpheum Theatre interrupted *The Men in Her Life* at 9:00 p.m. to announce from the stage that all service men were ordered to report to posts. About 25 arose, marched out grimly—no demonstration. Saenger Theatre with *Sergeant York* and Loew's with *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* noted nothing unusual.

The best indication that the people were aroused was the good business Navy and Marine recruiting stations did when they opened after the flash. Twenty seconds after Colonel Frank Halford, in charge of Marines at the southern recruiting division, opened his office, in came Lyman Crovetto, 29, dice dealer: "I'm rarin' to go," and when told his married status with a son, 10, might rule him out, his face fell: "I just have to get in." He left after his physical to see if his beautician wife would sign an affidavit releasing him from support. When the Federal Building elevator operator told a drunk prospective recruit that the Navy recruiting station was closed, he said, "Ah'll wait," and went to sleep on the chilly steps.

Best quote is from Gung-Hsing Wang, Chinese Consul-General: ". . . This will be the last time Japan has a chance to hit below the belly." He added jubilantly: "As far as Japan is concerned, their goose is overheated." He was called from the bathtub to the telephone after an attaché had told a reporter: "He's busy in the bathtub. What's the trouble?"

The best news action was around the iron-fenced Japan Consulate on aristocratic St. Charles Avenue. The crowd hit the 2,000 mark around 5:00 p.m. with 6 cops and 3 motorcycle patrols. Burning of Consular papers in two wire trash burners worried a next-door resident because of flying embers. Attachés chased unburned wind-tossed fragments about while the crowd hissed. The fire department doused the fire, cops grabbed the wet pile over a foot high, and took it to the precinct station. Around 11:00 p.m. to the handful of cops and newsmen left, Consul Kenzo Ito sent out eight cans of Schlitz and a thermos of tea. One cop nabbed the beer to take home; the tea, eight cups and saucers were taken back with regrets.

Picayune editorial excerpts: "The militarist gangsters at Tokyo will find they have worsened their own bad case before the bar of world opinion and weakened their military position by the foul and ineffectual blow. . . Yesterday's sinister developments have aroused Americans as no previous occurrence of this war has done. . . The American people do not shrink from the conflict thus forced upon them."

Most important development probably was the determination to all-out smother Japan. Typical cocksureness: "We can lick 'em hands down. They got it comin'." They mean it, but they were solemnly undemonstrative.

Louisiana State University students massed in

Baton Rouge, marched to see President Major General Campbell B. Hodges, who came out in lounging robe and told them it was their duty to study hard. He envisioned a long war and said students would probably get their chance.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: *wire from Holland McCombs*

The day was coolish and switched from gray to clear. People were lounging around homes and apartments. Some were nursing hangovers from Saturday's football games and Saturday night's jamboreeing. Soldiers and their gals were cleaning up after picnics in Brackenridge Park, getting ready to visit the zoo and "take pictures." The smart set was getting in naps before later cocktailing. Some were headed for a polo game, others for rides in park and country. Many had gone to ranches and ranch parties for the weekend. Downtown streets were quietly full of ambling salesmen, soldiers, girls, and school kids. Lines were beginning to form in front of the picture shows. Out in wooded Brackenridge Park, kids were riding the ferris wheel and flying jenny; babies were being held in swings; miniature trains were tooting and whistling as kids were whirled by adoring parents. Other kids were riding ponies around a little sawdust circular ring. Still others were riding burros (free)

down fenced lanes in the park. Here and there down the downtown streets among San Antonio's polyglot population you'd see a carload of Japs, Chinese, Negroes, Mexicans, Italians, Germans, Bohemians, Poles, even Hungarians. The main streets were pretty full of wistful-eyed window shoppers. Some of the folks at home were eating, lounging, listening to the University of Chicago Round Table discussion. These were the first to hear a cut-in. It was a flash from WOAI newsroom. This was about 1:35 p.m.

Into Batchelor House stormed a member who had just heard the flash on his car radio: "Those s.o.b.'s have done it." This man was getting ready to go hunting, and blurted: "To H. with hunting quail, I got a notion to go out and hunt Japs." Another man at home had just finished a quarrel with his wife, though he had gone to lie down on the couch and pout. She went in another room and pouted. Then Kaltenborn came on. This was the first news in that home. After the first few statements, the quarrel was forgotten, both joined in listening, commenting with force, even held hands in excitement, began calling friends, jabbering, cussing.

Men in the San Antonio *Light* heard it over the radio at 1:45 p.m., called the AP bureau at Dallas who had not heard about it. "We woke them up," say *Light* men. The *Light* had an extra on the street at 2:15 p.m. and kept crews on hand all Sunday. The San Antonio *Express* (morning) had to round up a crew, got out

an extra at 5:00 p.m. Folks weren't so surprised that it happened. But they were completely flabbergasted at the way it happened. One guy called me and exclaimed: "Are the bums crazy? Do they think they can make a frontal attack on the U. S.?" Another said: "There's something behind all this we don't know about. If we were so much on the alert as they claim we are out there, how in H. did they get in to bomb Pearl Harbor? It's the most fantastic thing I ever heard of."

Except for my friend going hunting, folks didn't seem mad until later when reports came about specific loss of life.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: *wire from Holland McCombs*

We went downtown at 5:30 p.m. Sunday. The streets were crowded with soldiers and civilians but except for an occasional "Damn those Japs" and newsboy cries of "War Extry," things were pretty calm. Soldiers seemed more interested in whether they are to get Christmas leave than anything else. In front of the Majestic Theatre, where they are playing *Skylark* with Claudette Colbert, was a long line of soldiers and civilians. Just in front of us was a pretty, calm, self-sufficient young Japanese woman with a cute little 2-year-old girl. Folks didn't seem to mind and she was per-

fectly at ease while newsboys kept shouting right in front of her face, "War Extry!" "Japs Attack U. S.!" etc. She bought her ticket right in front of me, walked into the show, which was constantly interrupted with announced flashes and when a newspix of Kurusu flashed on the screen and the audience hissed him heartily, she actually cheered news announcements of Japs attacking Pearl Harbor. By this time folks were getting a bit war-feverish. By nightfall San Antonio police had begun rounding up Japs, investigating them; and have already outlined their behavior, requiring them to report to the police regularly.

Corpus Christi Naval Air Training Station was the first military post in this territory to order all men to their posts. Third Army Headquarters ordered all men into war uniforms, to report to their commanders. M. P.'s flocked downtown, joined forces with the police on rounding up anybody who looked suspicious. Extra guards were thrown around San Antonio's great army supply depots, airfields, machine shops, etc. Telephones to all army posts around here were jammed. If the Japs were coming across the Rio Grande it wouldn't be possible to advise some army posts by phone. Phone service in these posts is always lousy, now there just ain't any. Officers were stationed at the home of the Jap Consul in Houston. The San Antonio *Light* ran a sort of full-page call to arms, headed "United Nation Marches to Victory." Filipinos in Dal-

las were afraid to go out on the streets, asked Dallas people to please learn "differences in our races." They say they are being mistaken for Japs.

DALLAS, TEX.: *wire from Clarke Newlon*

Twenty-five hundred people sat in the Majestic Theatre at 1:57 p.m. Sunday. They had just watched the finish of probably one of the most dramatic war pictures of the year—*Sergeant York*. On the film flashed the title. Then there was a break in the sound and over the speakers came the announcement that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor, Manila. Japan had declared a state of war with the United States. There was a pause, a pin-point silence, a prolonged "Awwwww" and then thunderous applause.

This, however, was not Dallas's first news of the opening of hostilities. At 1:10 p.m. radio station KRLD broke into its Columbia program "The World of Today" (a news program) to give Dallas and KRLD's listeners the news. From then on its phones were swamped and the station devoted more than half the remainder of the day to news breaks and résumés. NBC's WFAA broke the news at about the same moment and within the next three hours the station's telephone operator estimated that 400 weeping women telephoned, all asking the same question: "Do you

have the casualty list yet? When will it be broadcast?" All said they had sons or brothers or sweethearts in Pearl Harbor or Manila. The men called too. They wanted to know: "Is Roosevelt broadcasting tonight? Are we in the war for certain now?" Both men and women inquired if this meant the end of all furloughs. WFAA broke into a local sustaining program with its first war news break. The title, "You Might Be Right." The station stayed on throughout the night, as did Mutual's WRR.

The Dallas *Journal* issued three extras, at 3:50, 5:09 and 8:07 p.m. and delivered a free paper to every regular subscriber. Estimated sale: 46,000. The Dallas *News* issued its first extra at 5:50 p.m. and sold 20,000 within fifty minutes. Switchboards of both the *News* and the *Journal* were swamped with the same hysterical relatives of soldiers and sailors at the scene of the Japanese bombing.

Dallas got the news as it sat, mostly, at the traditional southern Sunday dinner and took its war news with fried chicken and hot biscuits. It was a raw and cloudy day out with the temperature around fifty, unpleasantly cool for Texas autumn. There were a few people on the streets, but up and down every business and residential street the noise of radios drowned out normal Sunday traffic sounds. The consensus of a score of quotes: "I'm glad the suspense is over. Now we can get busy and get something done."

PHOENIX, ARIZ.: *wire from Ben Avery*

News of the attack on Pearl Harbor hit Phoenix at 1:00 p.m. via the Phoenix CBS station KOY interrupting the CBS program "The World Today" at 12:30 p.m. Mountain Time. I was the only person in the *Arizona Republic* newsroom and was immediately swamped with telephone calls. The telephone company reported no trouble. We hit the street with an extra at 4:45 p.m. All of our staff were scattered around, some playing golf, some out joy riding, and the news editor was in Tucson.

Remarks of some Phoenicians who called to ask if the report was true:

"Well, I'll be damned. What is our army doing—have you got anything?"

"What's this I hear about Japan declaring war?—Have you got anything on the game between the Chicago Bears and the Cardinals? Aren't you getting anything besides that war stuff?"

Many of them, when advised about the war, just said, "Well, I hope we blast them off the face of the earth," or "How many of the yellow so and so's have we killed?" There also were a number of calls from relatives of servicemen in the Pacific asking about certain ships. Arizonians definitely were aroused. There are about a thousand Japanese farmers in the Salt River Valley and for weeks Arizonians generally have com-

mented "If those Japs want to start something they'll sure find a fight."

The news hit Phoenix on one of the quietest Sunday afternoons I've seen. The weather was warm and sunny and most everyone was out riding around, playing golf or just lolling on green lawns, almost no one was downtown, just a few scattered cars and an occasional pedestrian. Many were out in the country. The news ended the siesta hour though, for within a short while crowds were gathering around sidewalk radios from Lord knows where. Many were in theatres. There were no football games. Phoenix's two big theatres were well filled. The Fox was showing *Keep 'Em Flying* but did not interrupt the program. The Orpheum interrupted *International Squadron*, an RAF picture, and absolute silence followed the announcement for about a minute, then the audience buzzed.

Dime theatres reported the same effect after making the announcement. Governor Sidney P. Osborne heard the news at his desk in the Capitol where he was catching up on his correspondence and immediately called H. R. Duffey, in charge of the Phoenix FBI office, then summoned the Arizona civilian defense coordinating council into an emergency session at 4:00 p.m. The meeting was held to tell all council members to stand by for orders if needed in the event of an attack on the Pacific coast and general evacuation of coast residents to Arizona. After the meeting the Governor issued a

statement asking all Arizonians to keep cool and do nothing until orders were issued and to leave everything to regularly constituted authorities.

Huge dams on Salt River already were under guard and have been for months. No editorials are available but I am air-mailing a special delivery with a picture of bystanders holding copies of the *Republic* extra, watching a wandering organ grinder with his monkey perform on a downtown street.

DENVER, COLO.: *wire from Henry Hough*

I was waxing the floor when the radio gave the first unconfirmed report about the Japanese attacking Hawaii. It gave me a cold chill. Everybody is interested but very few are excited except soldiers. One waitress in a popular downtown bar said, "These soldiers have just gone wild. They are getting drunk all over the place." Sunday night crowds downtown are thin always, with soldiers in evidence everywhere. No particular excitement is evident and no crowds congregating as they do around Times Square in New York.

At eight tonight the city editor of the *News* instructed a reporter to query America First leaders to see what they have to say. Papers and Associated Press report no newsworthy incidents in the area around Denver except for precautions to prevent possible sab-

otage at defense plants and mines. Mutual Broadcasting Co. outlet station KFEL in Denver received a phone call from an irate listener who wanted to know why the Lutheran Hour was canceled. When told that some schedules had been upset by the war news, he snorted, "Do you think the war news is more important than the Gospel?"

Telephone operators at newspapers and radio stations report not many calls, which surprises the hello girls. Veterans of Foreign Wars and their ladies in formal dress holding a big banquet in the ballroom of the Albany Hotel to hear the national commander of the V.F.W. on a talk broadcast by Mutual had made no provision for the war bulletins to be read during the evening. When I asked them about it, they said they don't think it necessary. Movies didn't interrupt programs today with war flashes, left patrons to hear about the war after they left the theatres. A big line of people waited to buy tickets tonight at the Denham Theatre where Major Bowes Amateur Hour is playing. In homes, family gatherings are huddled about radios listening to war reports and exchanging opinions.

Denver today was sunny and warm with most people out riding in their cars as usual on pleasant Sunday afternoons. No games were scheduled today. The Junior Civic Symphony concert at Municipal Auditorium had the usual small turnout at 11 cents per ticket.

No important incident of development except for steps taken by police and defense forces to safeguard defense spots from possible sabotage.

To sum up, everybody is keenly interested but very few are excited, some are mad. Nobody is afraid.

SAN FRANCISCO: *wire from Suzanne Hammond*

I was up in the country when the news broke. It arrived via radio, party-line telephone. The first word was from a Hawaiian boy working at Hagel ranch, who walked up, announced unhappily: "Well, they just bombed Honolulu, the sons of bitches." From then on news arrived sporadically as various peoples drove up, plus what we learned from the radio. Our first reactions were almost of relief—tremendous pressure building up for weeks finally resulting in an accomplished fact. People in the country were disbelieving at first, then resigned, calmer than in the city. Perhaps they feel they are protected by distance from vital military objectives.

The weather was warm, sunny, typical California winter-springtime, with the hills turning green after the first rains. All roads and the ferry out of town were jammed with Sunday tourists (this before the news broke); roads were equally crowded later.

Returning to the city, the first thing noticeable was

the blackout on the Golden Gate Bridge, no lights showing even at Toll Plaza, collectors dropping cheery well-trained "Good evening" for brusque "Thanks." The gate bridge ramps were also blacked out, although the Presidio through which they pass was still showing lights. One ramp was partially closed off with police guarding it. (Later it evolved the blackout was a mistake—someone thought he heard Japanese planes, and ordered lights switched off. The lights came back on later.)

The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge remained lighted, but regular state highway patrol units were augmented by armed companies of the California State Guard (volunteer organization inaugurated after the National Guard units were called to active service). A hundred men were guarding the Oakland side approaches, Toll Plaza, and the bridge span through the tunnel on Yerba Buena Island, site of the naval receiving station and Treasure Island. Guards were also stationed along the Embarcadero guarding the state-owned belt railroad, wharves and warehouses. Altogether, about four hundred guardists on the San Francisco side. These men were ordered on duty from the state adjutant general's office, Sacramento. An officer of the day at San Francisco Armory (guard headquarters) said exultantly: "We dare anyone to get in [Embarcadero warehouses, etc.]. They wouldn't get two feet."

The general impression driving through all parts of town—war was still not an actuality to San Franciscans. They were talking about bombings, ship sinkings, etc. but it still was distant, unaffecting them personally. The most striking evidence of this was at the city's hospitality house for soldiers and sailors. It was jam-packed with gay, laughing, cheery men and gals. Although we were told there were only about one-third of the usual Sunday night crowd there due to leave cancellations, there were still fully five hundred on hand. The hostess said many men were writing letters, sending wires, but that was the only difference from the usual weekend. She was swamped with telephone calls from men wanting to know what they were supposed to do, friends trying to get track of others, but those at the dance apparently were unaffected by the situation. Apparently the news was too big to penetrate in such a short time or else they were expecting it for so long that its final coming didn't make much difference one way or other. The bus was due to leave for Tiburon Naval Base at midnight but was put forward to eight. The sailors were irritated at leaving the gals rather than worried or apprehensive.

The Japtown section of the city was blocked off to all traffic for several hours this evening (making it seem a complete isolated settlement) since the police were expecting trouble. However none materialized. The cops said they were sent out with orders to expect

anything, patrol in twos until relieved. They are expecting to be put on a 12-hour duty although no order so far. The shades in all Japanese homes were drawn, a few shops continued to be open but the majority were closed. There were few Japanese on the streets except for the curious around the Hotel Aki from which the FBI took the manager earlier, and the Fuji Transfer Company across the street where the FBI men were going through the files after packing the owner off to the Hall of Justice. A candid expression of the sergeant on duty: "Why in hell couldn't they have waited until after Christmas?" One little Jap came streaking out of the hotel in a great stew, said he was out fishing all day, came back to see a girl, and the FBI held him for questioning all afternoon with others found in the hotel. The majority of the Japanese we saw were either sad, bewildered, or else trying to appear unconcerned, slightly belligerent or trying to appear nonchalant. The only ones outside the Japanese Consulate, somewhat outside the borders of the Japanese section, were a cop and two curious girls. The cop said no crowd had been up there probably because few people knew he lived there. The fire in the afternoon brought considerable attention, however. The cop said the FBI went over the debris ash by ash. One of the girls said she noted with interest three new trunks arriving at the Consulate last Wednesday.

"I thought something was up then."

The waterfront was dead in the evening, except for the usual crowd of tourists at Fishermen's Wharf. Chinatown was crowded with the usual Sunday mob, Japanese-owned stores (of which there are many) remained bravely open. Only serious Chinatown crowds were around ideographic newsposters in the windows of a Chinese newspaper.

Night-owl beaneries were not even bothering to turn on news broadcasts, radios were giving out their usual swing record programs.

Although local defense councils were flustered into action finally, there was no fear that bombs would start dropping on the coast. Most people viewed the war as a naval engagement, nothing to touch the home shores. Officialdom, however, rushed to man the barricades, special guards were ordered for defense plants and special anti-sabotage patrols were instituted or supplemented.

A sum-up of attitude would be: "They've got a lot of guts. They're asking for it and now they're going to get it, really."

A service-station man: "Boy, this is important to me. It means maybe I go to war. I used to be a marine."

A motorist in the service station: "I just heard about it. Down the street I almost ran over a Jap on a motorcycle. Maybe I should have hit him. That would be my contribution."

Mayor Angelo J. Rossi proclaimed a state of emer-

gency for the city, setting aside emergency funds to pay for civilian defense directors, calling on employee and employer groups to "forthwith terminate their existing differences during the present emergency and end all disputes so that San Francisco may present a united front and so that every citizen may work for the one end, the safety of our country."

Previous to the Mayor's proclamation, John F. Shelly, President of the San Francisco Labor Council (AFL) and State Senator, had announced a meeting of all A. F. of L. striking unions to compose differences with employers. Strikes current in San Francisco: 16 hotels picketed in strike against 26 members of the San Francisco Hotel Association. The Department Store Employees Union is picketing three stores, including the city's largest, The Emporium. Berkeley workers in the park, street, corporation yard and garbage departments had scheduled a 24-hour work stoppage for Monday; Welders, Cutters and Helpers' Union (independent), seeking a breakaway from AFL crafts, had threatened a nationwide strike on the basis of four grievances in San Francisco shipyards. The Berkeley strike, opening wedge in C.I.O.'s national drive for organization of municipal workers, was called off. So was the Welders' strike. Rossi called the Monday meeting of unions and employers in local strikes to seek a settlement.

Important development: A terrific civilian response

to a hitherto lagging drive for 25,000 volunteers, 12,500 airraid wardens, 10,000 auxiliary firemen and 2,500 auxiliary cops. In the last two weeks of registration of the drive only 3,200 people signed up. Tonight no one knows the exact total on the day's registration but Civil Defense Headquarters estimate conservatively that at least 1,500 signed up, probably more. An operator on 24 trunk lines at the Fire Department Headquarters said she had handled 3,000 or 4,000 calls herself. Many are just fearful and asking for miscellaneous information, but many are asking imperatively where and how to sign up for civil defense work. The swamped operator wailed: "I hadda call for help." Sampling of 54 fire stations and 10 district police headquarters, which are the registration points, reveals 49 persons signing up at one fire station in an hour, 60 at another. Consensus is that on an average 60 to 70 persons signed up at each registration place. That would mean better than 4,000 people—and they're still queued up all over town waiting to sign up.

SAN FRANCISCO: *wire from Adie Suehsdorf*

Herewith are details of the Associated Press reception direct-from-Honolulu story: San Francisco Associated Press is located on the second floor of the bastard-Gothic Chronicle Building, Fifth and Mission

streets. Clyde Gilbert Bartel, 42, seven years with San Francisco AP, now Sunday cable editor, says the office had got the Steve Early flash in Washington and he was busy answering civilian calls for information and making AP business calls to member papers when the operator cut in with information that the overseas operator was on the wire with a Honolulu call. As Bartel remembers it, this was at about 11:00 a.m. He dashed into the stuffy little AP photographers' room across hall to take the call. Bartel heard a voice, cool, but little keyed with excitement, saying: "This is Burns, Eugene Burns. We're being bombed." Bartel said: "Yes, I know you're being bombed and so is Manila." Burns said: "Yes? Well, they're over us now and the attack is still going on." He gave his story in about five minutes. "Be sure to call us back," Bartel said at the end. "Yes," said Burns. Bartel roared back to office, batted out his first story by 11:28.

Burns called back about noon, spoke 10 more minutes with additional details. A third call was coming through but before the connection was made War-Navy Department censorship had gone into effect and Burns was unheard from. Bartel says Burns calls came in clearly although both were shouting at each other. Occasionally the circuit would fade like short-wave radio from Europe. But it was generally intelligible. No bombs could be heard behind Burns' voice. Bartel was struck with the fact that Burns, whom Bartel un-

knows, doing routine job in best newspaper tradition. Unhurried. No dramatics, no gags, no stammering, strictly business. Bartel was too pressed by time to think of own reaction.

United Press was lucky. The office was closed. James Sullivan, bureau manager, had dropped in, however, to do some routine work after attending church in Berkeley and before the afternoon crew came on. The telephone rang: "This is the overseas operator calling. Just a moment while I complete the call." Sullivan jumped for the radio wire, only ticker in operation on a dull Sunday morning, there saw the Early flash from Washington, got back to the phone to hear Mrs. Frank Tremaine, wife of UP man in Honolulu, say: "We are being bombed, there are fifty planes over the city." She didn't identify them as Japanese. Sullivan then went to work like crazy. Sullivan thinks the call came about 10:45 a.m.

PORTLAND, ORE.: *wire from William P. Gray*

Portland was warm Sunday, sky bright above with a haze fringing the city. It was good golfing weather. At Mount Hood, skiers had fresh snow. Churchgoing Portlanders were listening to sermons when the White House flash came at 11:30 a.m. Pacific Standard Time. Newspaper readers were sunk in the funnies or scanning the headline, "F. R. Makes Final

Plea." Home radios were tuned to "Chicago Round Table" (NBC Red). "The World Today" (CBS), "Swingtime Strings" (Mutual) when network newscaster cut in. Listeners sat up shocked, turned up radios, telephoned neighbors.

By evening, the telephone company had increased the switchboard crew nearly 50%, long-distance lines were jammed, calls to Chicago were delayed two hours; to San Francisco two hours; to Tacoma—Fort Lewis—one hour; all Seattle circuits were in constant use. At 7:55 p.m. PST, the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. bought radio spots to ask that citizens use long distance only for most urgent business. Extra guards were placed around telephone buildings.

To most Portlanders, the news was incredible. None had expected the Japs to get as close as Hawaii, which is closer than New York to Portland. When one lad rushed out of his house to tell a congregation leaving church, some said: "You're fooling." Once convinced, most Portlanders were calmly furious, determined.

When a reporter telephoned the news to Portland's acting Japanese Consul Y. Oka, he snapped, "It is just a wild rumor. I have had no word at all. I have just heard what is on the radio; I don't believe so. I don't believe so at all. I think it is just rumor. I think it is just wild rumors, very wild rumor." Shortly he was burning papers in the Consulate stove. Smoke filtered into the eighth floor corridors of the Board of Trade Building.

Police threw a guard around that office and the Consul's home. Oka told newsmen between 1,000 and 1,500 Japanese have been trying to leave the Portland area. American-born members of the Japanese American Citizens League, admittedly facing hard times, told newspapers they hope the fairness of the Caucasian Americans would ease their lot as citizens.

At Oregon Shipbuilding Corp.'s vast plant beside Willamette River, Mrs. Henry Kaiser christened the SS *Thomas Jefferson* at 3 p.m. Sunday while shipyard workers cheered it down skids. The launching guest, Oregon Governor Charles A. Sprague, hurried from there to the *Oregonian* office, sat down at the city editor's typewriter to peck out a wire to Roosevelt. "... We must not rest until menace of Japanese aggression in the Pacific is definitely ended . . ."

Governor Sprague Sunday night proclaimed a state of emergency for the State of Oregon, precise meaning to be clarified Monday.

Sunday night's wildest rumor here was that San Francisco was being bombed. The region's military and civilian defense forces sprang into action quickly. Bonneville Power Administration doubled guard around the dam, power plant, scattered substations. Portland's city Water Bureau ordered out bureau employees to guard pipe lines, reservoirs; city bridges were placed under armed guard. At Vancouver, Wash., ALCOA operated its new reduction plant Sunday

night with yard lights blacked out. All ships in Columbia River ports Sunday were frozen in the port area by Navy order.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.: *wire from Harold Keen*

The news came to San Diego between 11:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon Pacific Standard Time via radio on a beautiful, sunshiny day as San Diegoans were either cruising about idly in their autos, mowing lawns, trimming hedges, loafing around the house, or reading Sunday papers. The usual huge Sunday pleasure-seeking mob of servicemen were swinging through downtown San Diego, frequenting bars and other entertainment spots. For at least one hour after the radio calls started asking men to return to posts, the number of uniforms didn't seem to diminish. Then suddenly they began disappearing, and by early afternoon, comparatively few servicemen were seen along San Diego's various pleasure rows.

The major afternoon activity was the pro football game, Los Angeles Bombers vs. San Diego Bull Dogs, traditional rivals and big crowd attracter. However, with servicemen eliminated and everyone else glued to radios, the crowd, usually 10,000 for such a game, was held down to 3,500.

Some reacted in forced humorous manner. "Wanny buy a house cheap?" asked residents near the water-

front, where San Diego's defense industries and navy and military bases are located, and where bombings, if any, are likely to occur.

Slowly mounting anger was most typical, however. It wasn't manifested in any violent outbursts, but was best exhibited by the scene at the San Diego waterfront during the entire afternoon.

As Navy men rushed back to shore stations and ships, civilians sped to the waterfront to watch the activities. A transport was loading up at a dock; sailors were boarding shoreboats; a great throng was standing silently, glumly, without a smile, observing. That crowd, looking west across San Diego harbor, and out beyond Point Loma to the Pacific where the enemy was raining destruction and taking lives, possibly of their own sons and brothers, was the most grim, silent crowd I've ever seen. From it rose an atmosphere of determination and unity.

Sailors' wives, some with children, were there to bid husbands farewell, possibly for the last time. There were no hysterical scenes; almost all the women were sad but dry-eyed.

Not a Jap was seen on the streets here throughout the day. Harold Nathan, FBI head here, said his crew was completely mobilized and waiting for word from Washington. A roundup of Japanese nationals is due momentarily. The exact number of Japs here is considered secret by FBI, but at the local Buddhist Temple,

the Japanese church, they estimated there were 450 Japanese families in San Diego County, approximately 2,000 people. Parents mostly aliens, and children born here. The occupation of most is farming. There are very few Japanese fishermen in San Diego, where the Portuguese and Italians have the fishing fleet monopoly.

No Jap stores have been closed yet, and no anti-Japanese outbreaks have been reported by the police. The Japs seem to be keeping under cover, and in interviews professing loyalty to the U. S.

Outward signs of war—police clearing all streets adjacent to the Consolidated Aircraft Corp.'s giant plant and other defense industries of parked autos to permit the fullest access of emergency vehicles; guards with fixed bayonets at the Naval Training Station; comparative scarcity of servicemen in night clubs, beer halls and shows; people clustered about radios on streets downtown. No greater restriction in people's movements than usual—it has been very strict in the last year in the vicinity of the naval bases. For the first time, Camp Callan, selectee coast artillery training center, forbade visitors to enter except on official business.

SEATTLE, WASH.: *wire from Mark S. Sullivan*

Police detail in the Oriental section in Seattle was doubled to guard against disorders. Police and the FBI guarded the home of Yuki Sato, Jap Consul, and

officers refused admission to a group of neighborhood children calling to give a Christmas present to one of the Consul's children. But Gordon Lewis, 8, son of a Navy lieutenant commander, talked his way in, handed schoolmate Syuki Sato, 8, a toy automobile and a dime-store dive bomber. The Consul's children leaned out of the windows, talking to neighborhood children. Said the Consul to the press: "I am very sorry, no statement." Jap stores and restaurants stayed open but the Jap quarter was almost devoid of Japs. They stayed in their homes.

There are about 6,000 alien Japs in and around Seattle. Long distance telephone communications, when war news broke, were tremendous in the Seattle area, and the telephone company had to send out for all its extra operators.

A few hours after the news broke, soldiers began leaving Seattle by bus and truck for Fort Lewis, Fort Lawton and other posts, sounding good-humored but fatalistic goodbys.

The most immediate visible result of the war is prompt patrols—police, soldier, sailor, deputy sheriffs, state police, company guards and others of defense regions, bridges guarded, Seattle's 28-mile pipeline guard tripled, extra guard around the water purification plant up in Cascades, light, power, gas and other utilities guarded.

Remarkably fast, Rear Admiral C. S. Freeman at

Bremerton, Commander 13th Naval District: General Kenyon A. Joyce, Commanding IX Corps at Fort Lewis; Captain Ralph Wood, Commanding Sand Point Naval Air Station, Governor Arthur B. Langlie, city officials, Civilian Defense leaders, all got in communication with each other and agreed on what was to be done—protect all strategic points, calm citizens, be on alert.

Comment:

“Well, this spoils our day at home, my husband is being called down to the office”—housewife.

“My husband will be working longer hours from now on, and do we need the overtime”—wife of a defense worker.

“It’s awful, what will we do? What are you going to do? We’ll be bombed within a week”—war-conscious but rather neurotic woman business executive.

“I’m going back home to my folks in Wisconsin”—young woman nurse.

“And I’d have to pick a day like this to go see *The Man Who Came to Dinner*”—young girl who had a Sunday afternoon date.

“Japan asked for it, and Japan will get it—in the neck”—James Y. Sakamoto, Seattle-born publisher of Japanese-American newspaper.

As twilight falls, people are calling each other on telephones, talking it over more quietly. More intelligent questions are coming to the newspaper offices.

The flippancy is nearly gone. State, city and county agencies are functioning nicely, shutting off alarm and hysteria, but grimly getting ready for the worst.

When the news came to Seattle the city was basking in sunlight, the day was cold. People were going to church, starting out on Sunday drives, eating late breakfasts, listening to radios, reading Sunday newspapers. At the Orpheum Theatre, a line stood waiting to get in to see *The Maltese Falcon* and *Target for Tonight*, and other theatres were getting early Sunday crowds. Over various districts of the city, an Army or Navy plane would circle and people looked up with lively interest.

Sidelight: Marine Corps recruiting station opened at 6:00 p.m. (Sunday) "by demand," had 78 enlistments by 9:00, 3 more in the office enlisting when the recruiting officer called the newspaper. Navy and marine recruiters are starting enlisting tomorrow from 6:00 a.m. until 11:00 p.m. daily.

This is late, and reactions are calming down. Lots of people on the street looking at Christmas windows, buying newspapers. A line now a block long for *The Maltese Falcon* and the stage play *Man Who Came to Dinner* is packed. No theatre interruptions, but news bulletins flash on. Servicemen left when the bulletin said to go to stations.

John Boettiger in the editorial called "War Comes to the U. S.": "We must now really go all out for the

war effort. Now that the die has been cast, the thought of defense is secondary. It is not altogether impossible that a Jap aircraft carrier could slip through close enough to our coast to conduct a foray upon our airplane and shipbuilding plants. In this war it will be labor that has the greatest opportunity. Strikes of any kind should be wholly outlawed.”

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: *wire from Sidney James* *

Southern California never awoke to a less warlike day. Before noon the thermometer climbed to eighty, and a fickle, caressing breeze played up and down the coast, moving now from the north, now from the southwest, and even at times from the direction of Japan. It was as handsome a day as any day in June ever was. It was perfect for swimming in the Pacific, for golf, for riding, for picnicking or for any midsummer Sunday recreation. The “Little World’s Championship” between the Hollywood Bears and the Columbus Bulls professional football teams at Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles seemed singularly out of tune with the lazy weather. It wasn’t a day for physical combat even on the field of sport. The talk until “the news”

* Although all Los Angeles wires were signed by Sidney James, other members of the staff—namely John F. Allen, Richard Pollard and Edward Stansbury—contributed information and helped write the wires.—Ed.

came was mostly about how the U.C.L.A. Bruins had managed a surprise 7-7 tie in their traditional game against the Trojans of U.S.C. the day before, and the incredible shellacking the Texas Longhorns had given to the Oregon Webfoots. The front pages of the morning papers had suggested no better topic for discussion among sports-loving Southern Californians: "Roosevelt Sends Note to Mikado," "San Quentin Called Hotbed of Reds," "Belgians' Leopold Weds Commoner," "Finnish Ships in U. S. Ports Taken Over," "Litvinov Vows Russians Will Continue Battle," "U. S. Stalling, Says Tokyo." The more devout were at their places of prayer while "the news" was being made across the Pacific. At Temple Baptist Church they were hearing bespectacled Dr. "Dad" Brougher discuss "The Power of Personal Influence." At First Congregational Church energetic Dr. James W. Fifield Jr. was preaching the truth that "Waters Find Their Levels." At Angelus Temple Aimee McPherson was singing through a production called "One Foot in Heaven." At first Methodist Dr. Donald H. Tippet was talking about "The Bright and Morning Star." The Rev. McKinley Walker at the Annandale Methodist Church was taking his theme from the single word "Courage."

The sum total of immediate reaction in Los Angeles was highlighted by the exclamation that was uttered in various forms and added up to what one householder reduced to: "Why the dumb bastards." Such

was the over-all feeling. The action itself seemed incredible but what it meant—war with Japan—had long been taken for granted. More than one person was heard to say with resignation and a kind of finality: "Well, this is it."

To continue with the thread of "the news" coming to Los Angeles, the point must be made that the radio was the Paul Revere in the picture. After the immediate facts of assault were broadcast it was radio that saddled the ether waves and gave the door-to-door call to arms.

Typical, from that point on, is the KNX log of broadcasts for local consumption. Broadcasts were sandwiched in between the newsbreaks which filled most of the air time. At 12:38 p.m. KNX broadcast that all army and navy furloughs had been canceled, and all were urged to report back to their posts immediately. At 12:50 p.m. the San Pedro Naval Base announced cancellation of all leaves, at 1:22 the Sixth California State Guard was called to immediate duty. At 2:31 all city policemen and firemen off duty were called to work. At 3:30 the public was urged to stay away from aircraft plants and flying fields. At 5:54 all civilian and military personnel of the Fourth Air Corps headquarters at March Field were ordered to report immediately to their duty stations.

Interspersed were such announcements as these: motorists were asked to assist men in uniform return-

ing from leaves to Camp Roberts. All members of the sheriff's emergency reserve were asked to report to the Royal Palms Hotel, 360 Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles. In San Diego all plant special police were called to duty at Consolidated's 40 million dollar plant, and all unofficial traffic was diverted away from the plant. All personnel of Navy recruiting stations were called to duty. All offices will be open continuously. Unlimited wartime recruiting. All male citizens over 21 were asked to report to their nearest fire or police station to volunteer for aid in an emergency. All city firemen and policemen who were off duty were ordered to report for emergency duty. All firemen and policemen are placed on two-platoon duty. All aircraft warning stations ordered fully manned for 24 hour duty. Colonel Charles Branshaw, Chief West Coast Procurement Officer, ordered the public to stay away from the defense plants, asked citizens to stay at home unless it was necessary for them to be out, since traffic officers were needed for duty elsewhere. Governor Olson called all members of the California State Council for Defense to meet with him at the State Building in Los Angeles Monday.

And so it went. Radio station switchboards were lit up like Christmas trees without a break. A check with the three networks revealed that 95% of those calls were from unexcited citizens who merely wanted to know when their favorite commentator could be heard

again. One hysterical woman screamed over the telephone to a KNX operator that "your station ought to be ashamed of itself broadcasting all this terrible war news" but those calls were few and far between.

There was some trouble early in the day from small-fry municipal executives requesting the stations to make hysterical warning announcements. For instance, an unidentified man at the harbor master's office called KNX telling them that "you better broadcast all over town that the Navy is going to blast the hell out of every boat they see, large or small, in the harbor." These calls were checked immediately with the Army and Navy, who squelched them. Donald W. Thornburg, CBS vice president in charge of West Coast operations, rushed back from a weekend in Del Monte; Fox Case, in charge of special events broadcasts for the Columbia Pacific network, was hustled out of town mysteriously late this afternoon to set up supplementary listening posts up and down the coast. CBS was fervidly trying to make arrangements with the military authorities to get two announcers to Honolulu immediately. CBS sent a special policeman to the transmitter building at nearby Torrance. A special guard, one man, was placed outside the master control room in the CBS building. Those, however, were the only precautions they took. Visitors were allowed to crowd through the lobby and gawk at the Christmas display and "the news" apparently didn't bother audience-

show addicts who swarmed into the several CBS radio theatres for Sunday night feature shows.

At NBC's pale green Hollywood Radio City, separated from the CBS building only by the Palladium, popular jitterbug haunt doing good business as usual, it was a different story. They took "the news" more seriously. They supplemented their normal special police force with hastily called Pinkerton men, Los Angeles policemen and two FBI agents. All tourists were barred from the building after 2:00 p.m. The guard in master control room in the main lobby was boarded off. A special guard was placed around their Far-Eastern listening post in North Hollywood. An NBC engineer came face to face with the barrel of a policeman's gun when he tried to report to work at the Engineering Room at 4:00 p.m., had to be identified before he could get in.

But there was no evidence that NBC had any more cause than other stations for alarm. Even a small band of I.A.T.S.E. workers, who have been picketing the Radio City building for a year because NBC wouldn't recognize their maintenance man's union, called off their picketing for the first time today. So it wasn't strange that the NBC publicity department looked pretty silly when they issued the following statement about 7:30 p.m.: "It ["the news"] was a great shock to our stars [Jack Benny, Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Irene Rich, Edgar

Bergen, all Sunday night features]. They all went on without a break."

Generally speaking people went about their usual Sunday night routines without outward evidence that "the news" had overwhelmed them. As a wiseacre reported in a gossip column some months back, "If Los Angeles ever had an air raid the people probably wouldn't pay any attention to it. They'd think it was just another Hollywood preview." But they weren't just being blasé, they were simply gradually accepting a fact that they had been long expecting—only they had never expected it to become a fact on so fine a Sunday.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: *wire from Sidney James*
[Second take]

At Hollywood's El Capitan Theatre skittish Edward Everett Horton played to a full house matinee in a revival of *Springtime for Henry*. At the Music Box, Hollywood's new review, *They Can't Get You Down*, entertained a sizable "bargain" matinee crowd. At the Theatre Mart *The Drunkard* hooted and slap-sticked its way well into a ninth year of entertaining Los Angeles audiences. And the movie audiences turned out normally for a Sunday afternoon of cinema entertainment. *Citizen Kane* went into its eighth week

at the Hawaii. *One Foot in Heaven* was at Warner's Hollywood. Abbott and Costello in *Keep 'Em Flying* played at the Hollywood Pantages and the RKO Hill Street (downtown) theatres. The big elaborate Paramount Theatre in downtown Los Angeles showed Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan in *Appointment for Love*, while on the stage, a road show of the musical comedy *Meet the People* entertained customers. And at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, the morbidly curious, tipped off by the Legion of Decency's campaign against it, crowded in to see Greta Garbo and Melvin Douglas in *Two Faced Woman*.

When "the news" did come it didn't hit Los Angeles with a bang. It leaked in to the super-curious and the shut-ins, who even on a perfect day can stay by their radios. It got around at first almost by word of mouth. "Did you hear the news?" neighbor asked of neighbor. It spread limpingly, not like a fall brush fire in the Hollywood hills. There was no hue and cry on the public streets where the outdoor loving were bound for their Sunday pleasures. It moved through backyard gardens, across golf courses, into bars where more convivial citizens were braving some more of the same to rehabilitate themselves from the rigors of the night before, and finally to the beaches of the fateful Pacific. Typical was the way it came to a group of paunchy Hollywood newsgatherers and press agents.

The goings on in Herbert's drive-in bar in the San

Fernando Valley were typical of the casual acceptance of "the news" by the run of the mine Angelenos two hours after it was out. As bulletin after bulletin broke into the regular broadcasts, the Franck Symphony, a sermon, a swing fest, the occupants of the small barroom fell into a jocular mood. "You guys with the Japanese gardeners, how do you feel now?" cracked one. A stocky, medium-sized blond youth and his taller companion became the butt of numerous bad jokes. It was apparent that the blond youth was about to be drafted and that the other recently had been released from army service under the new draft law, but was subject to recall. There was a resounding guffaw when the already flash-tortured Franck Symphony ended and a saccharine-voiced announcer blurted: "Do your Christmas shopping 'early.'" Then an over-painted female, slightly in her cups, sitting at the end of the bar, giving no sign she had the slightest idea of what the hell was going on, told (loudly) the story about the "destitute prostitute." At a booth, five men played hearts, talked vaguely about the war situation. Brightest remark from this group: "Do you suppose Hitler had anything to do with this?"

Typical of the small workingman's reaction is the remark of a waiter at Romanoff's restaurant, in the middle of the afternoon. "I don't want to think about it. It's too hard to believe." Even the theoretically more-informed classes were apparently lacking in any

real comprehension of what the hell it meant. Charles Einfeld, Vice President and head of all advertising and publicity at Warner Brothers, hearing the news as he came in off the Hill Crest Golf course at 2:00 p.m., had only this to say, "I'm dazed."

The Los Angeles rich playgirls and playboys week-ending at Palm Springs, hearing the news by accident in midafternoon (because of magnetic disturbances caused by the surrounding mountains, it is impossible to get radio programs in Palm Springs until well after dark) were blasé. A young aviation officer from March Field, spending the weekend at the Springs' El Mirador Hotel, got a hurry call from Headquarters to report back for duty. He had to cancel his dates in town and so the word spread through, leaked slowly by telephone gossip until nightfall when people began to gather at bars. Not singular were the remarks of one pretty, black-haired socialite resort girl when she heard the news. "Everybody knew this was going to happen, so why spoil a perfectly good Sunday afternoon worrying about it?" A little later she remarked, "They couldn't have bombed Pearl Harbor. That Admiral I met in Coronado is in charge and he is a perfectly lovely person."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: *wire from Sidney James*
[Third take]

After all these excited local break-ins—for now every radio in the city was turned on—it is no wonder that by evening there was evidence of hysteria. By this time movie theatres were breaking in for flash news on the screen and newsboys were hawk-ing extras everywhere. Finally every radio station began broadcasting intermittently at the request of the Chief of Police and the Sheriff, who had been swamped with calls from hysterical citizens: “There is no immediate cause for alarm.”

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: *wire from Sidney James*
[Fourth take]

We are breaking in here to give you a cogent observation from LIFE’s Peter Stackpole who spent some time in Hawaii on assignment recently:

“Having recently returned from a month’s cruise with the U. S. Fleet in Hawaiian waters, I got back to the mainland with the opinion that I had just seen one of the world’s best protected bases. I had believed the encouraging boast of navy personnel that, due to certain devices for detecting the presence of enemy ships and planes, no enemy craft could approach the Oahu area without first being detected and intercepted

before it ever reached the shoreline. Tonight when I hear reports of heavy damage to Hickam Field, Ford Island, and the possible sinking of two battleships in Pearl Harbor, I can begin to realize a few of the possible reasons for our force's apparent failure to meet the attack quickly.

"The fact that a second wave of Japanese planes was able to reach the base confirms the fact that damage must have been heavy and the job of mustering flying personnel and getting them out to the air bases must have taken hours. Saturday night in Honolulu is not unlike that in any large American town. Sailors and officers usually enjoy a weekend shore leave. Officers include most of the flying personnel and they are allowed the whole weekend ashore without having to report back to the ships at Pearl Harbor until early Monday morning.

"This means that though many of the ships were well manned with sailors, large numbers of officers and fliers were still ashore. Because of a decided housing shortage, the whole Honolulu-Waikiki-Pearl Harbor area is jammed with defense workers, sailors and soldiers, who, due to the region's bad transportation, have relied on old rattletrap cars for which they have paid a high price. Oahu's undersized highways have thus become jammed with cars, serious traffic problems have developed. To make matters worse, the average officer prefers to spend his weekends in Wai-

kiki, which is about twenty miles from Pearl Harbor, separated by downtown Honolulu. To cover this short distance one can usually expect to remain in transit from an hour to an hour and a half, whether he takes a crowded bus, a taxi or his own car. The latter would be quickest. Sunday mornings were the only periods when I don't recollect having heard the constant drone of planes overhead from army, navy and marine bases. Ironically enough, the only plane which actually met the attacking Japanese when they came in was a private ship which the Japanese didn't bother to shoot down.

"Taking for granted that the island's defense system was taken by surprise, possibly because of an overconfident feeling among its defenders, we can best judge the extent of military damage by coming reports of how many Japanese planes and ships our forces were able to sink during this fateful Sunday. The fact is that it is traditional in the service to get blind drunk on Saturday night. The Japs must have been counting on this, apparently they were right."

MANILA, P. I.: *cable from Melville Jacoby*
[Monday, December 8*]

10:00 a.m.

Manila has not yet digested the fact of war. Balloon

* December 8 in Manila was December 7 in the U. S.—Ed.

and toy salesmen and vendors on the streets with extra editions are just appearing as fully equipped soldiers are appearing. Small groups of women in hotel lobbies are beginning to collect children at their sides. All this is happening, and simultaneously taxi drivers comment: "Not serious—not the Japanese Government's doings—only the Japanese military's small mistake in Hawaii."

It is confirmed now that Davao was bombed at 6:30 a.m., also Forthay and Baguio where all civilian emergency officials are remaining.

MacArthur's headquarters were the grimmest place at dawn this morning when the staff was aroused to face war, send troops to their battle stations. Extra headquarters guards arrived around 9:00 a.m. as officers began donning helmets and gas masks while grabbing hurried gulps of coffee and sandwiches.

Newsmen were waiting around headquarters deluging the press office. Hart's headquarters were quiet. Air force headquarters were the scene of most bustling, helmeted men poring over maps, occasionally peering out windows to the sky.

There has been no air alarm in Manila City yet but it is expected by the minute. Rumors are flying very thick everywhere. It is nearly impossible to get an operator on telephone calls. The High Commissioner's office is blocked off by military police. The whole thing has busted here like one bombshell, though, as

previous cables showed, the military has been alert over the week.

There is no censorship as yet but the voluntary basis is adhered to.

Rumors are flying very thickly even among informed people. Attacks and defense have not yet taken a definite pattern, however, the Davao bombing possibly signaling a blitz landing attack.

The Bangkok's radio silence and lack of reports are leaving us cut off from action anywhere else in the Far East.

MANILA, P. I.: *cable from Melville Jacoby*

Press Wireless lost contact with the U. S.

War feeling hit the populace about noontime, when there were full runs on banks, grocery stores, gas stations. All taxis and garage cars were taken by the military, clogging transport systems. Our own planes overhead are drawing thousands of eyes now, while they didn't earlier this morning. The High Commissioner's office is still holding hurried meetings, while Mrs. Sayre's Emergency Sewing Circle called off this morning's session.

Downtown were building managers' daylight meetings to make basement shelters hurriedly. They found an acute shortage of sandbags over all Manila while

Quezon's palace bought the remaining supply of 20,000 bags to reinforce Malacañang shelter. There was a frantic rush this morning to tape all shop windows in town for the first time.

Philippine scouts, riding in big, special orange buses, fully equipped with new packs and uniforms, rounded up a majority of Jap nationals. They took 500 Nips from the Yokohama Specie Bank and countless others to concentration camps after surprise raids.

Soldiers raiding the Nippon Bazaar in the center of Manila found twelve Japs barricaded inside. They broke down the glass doors, capturing them, found a thirteenth Jap hiding under the counter.

Police inspecting Jap nationals, many of whom appeared with knapsacks packed with tinned goods, etc., found large rolls of bills in the sacks, also a few firearms. Jap women, though not wanted, came with their husbands. Police found one old but much used set of harbor charts in a Jap building searched.

The general military situation is still flexible, hard to analyze. You have press association reports which are all available until this evening.

Shipping from Manila has been halted. The French steamer *Maréchal Joffre*, in the harbor, will probably be taken.

Reportedly the U. S. Legation in Peiping has been taken by the Nipponese.

PART II: MONDAY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8



WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
White House Conference

“As you already know, Japan has attacked the U. S.”

With these words, President Roosevelt, sitting in his big armchair behind his desk in the second-floor Red Room study at 8:45 last night, opened his conference with congressional leaders—the conference that led to Congress’s all-time speed record for a declaration of war at 1:32 p.m. today, exactly 48 minutes less than 24 hours after the Japanese attack.

Congressmen were not caught by surprise. One leader, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, was unable to get back to Washington for the conference. Senate Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley flew in from Kentucky. Most of the others were in Washington.

They arrived at the White House singly and in pairs, were received by the usher and sent to the second floor. They were advised that the President would receive them in a few minutes. A Cabinet session, grim

and deadly, was still going on in the Red Room. Outside this room, the men who speak for all parties in Congress held an indignation meeting. Long, belligerent Senator Tom Connally of Texas, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, smoking a cigar violently, said the Japs had asked for it and they would get it. The talk turned to the thousand and one rumors that had swept Washington—parachute troops landing in Hawaii, battleships sunk, Wake and Midway Islands captured.

A buzzer sounded, there was a scraping of feet and chairs inside the Red Room, and a girl announced that the Congressmen should enter. They filed up to the front of the room. The Cabinet discreetly moved to the back of the room, took other chairs and remained throughout the session.

The President was deadly serious; there were lines deeper than usual in his face; there was no smile, the switch to turn that on was dead. The President held a sheaf of papers, Navy reports, and his desk was piled with them. He passed out cigars, Cuban Habanas dressed in the label of the Comision Nacional De Propaganda Defensa.

Then Mr. Roosevelt began reading the Navy reports to the Senators and House members. His tone was grave. He emphasized that the information he had received was spotty and far from complete. Pointedly, Mr. Roosevelt reminded the Congressmen that

while these attacks were under progress, the Japanese diplomats Nomura and Kurusu were at the State Department playing a game of diplomatic duplicity upon sincere, peace-loving but now terribly enraged old Cordell Hull.

The President reviewed the major reports, said that they were still coming in at a very rapid rate and that no general over-all picture could be formulated in detail. He said, however, that the Japanese had undoubtedly launched a craftily-planned "attack in force" upon every possession and strip of territory the U. S. had.

Mr. Roosevelt did most of the talking. He told the leaders just what must be faced, and none of them disagreed with him in any of his conclusions.

The President told them that this country must face the prospect of increasing the size of its Navy; that defense must be expanded, that civilian production must be cut and cut; that the people must be informed what is ahead.

No decisions were made, except military decisions, which are constantly being made through these hours. The President, rather, told them that great decisions lay ahead, and that all must meet problems, know them, and face them.

WASHINGTON: *telephoned by John Crider*
Economic action

U. S. business found itself submitting this week to the necessity for tightened Government control. The smoke had hardly cleared from Japan's first treacherous attack on Hawaii when long-readied economic machinery started moving in Washington:

Using his customs and asset-freezing mechanism, Secretary Morgenthau loosed some 4,000 Treasury agents to cover forcibly all economic ties between Japan and the U. S. Every Japanese bank or business concern in the U. S. was visited, taken over.

The economic defense board invoked a "total embargo" on shipments of every kind to Japan or its occupied territory.

President Roosevelt, meeting with heads of Government financial agencies, decided to keep the securities, bond and commodity exchanges open unless some chaotic uncontrollable condition developed. However, the commodity exchange administration on Tuesday innovated by freezing futures in soybeans, wheat, butter, eggs and flaxseed at the Monday level.

Invoking the trading with the enemy act, Morgenthau closed the borders to Japanese or their agents, and declared it illegal to transact business with Japanese.

Plans were immediately announced for putting the

defense industry of the nation on as nearly a continuous operating basis as may be possible.

The time had arrived for formalizing control in certain areas such as in fuels, transportation and capital issues which, until Monday, had been supervised by loose cooperative arrangements between Government agencies. While something along the lines of the capital issues committee of World War I was forecast, Morgenthau said he preferred the informal cooperative method if it continued feasible. Capital issues will be controlled.

Price control automatically got a new set of teeth with the declaration of war. Lawyers disputed the expense of Price Tsar Henderson's legal powers in the absence of a precise legislative definition, but no one doubted that from December 8 Henderson would no longer have to rely upon "jawbone control." The necessity for the Administration's much-chastised price-control bill became academic. In any event, Henderson will need, and probably will employ, greater power than that bill contains.

Morgenthau, as yet unrelenting in his demand for a limitation of corporate profits to 6%, said that higher taxes proportionate to the greater war expenditures now needed would be required; that the public would be more willing to pay in a state of declared war.

The President and Vice President of the New York Federal Reserve Bank stayed at their posts all night

Sunday with beds handy in case they got time for a nap.

Morgenthau said the Government did not enter the bond market to support prices when war was declared on Monday. He found the price drop in Government bonds on that day most gratifying.

Fighting a war of great distances, Washington immediately turned its attention to tightening up domestic consumption of fuel needed by the Navy and Air Corps.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Robert Sherrod*

A Congressional leader who has access to reports from the Pacific told a reporter: "This is the blackest day in American military history since 1812." This might tie in with Congressman Dingell's demand for court-martial of five army and navy leaders, including Admiral Kimmel and General Hap Arnold.

WASHINGTON: *telephoned by Robert Sherrod*
Russia

Reliable sources say they know definitely the U. S. had not reached an agreement with Russia by December 1 on what Russia would do if the U. S. and

Japan went to war. One source says there is much gnashing of teeth around the State Department because a *quid pro quo* was not reached at the time we agreed to send Lend-Lease material to Russia. He doubts that an agreement has been reached in the past week.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Wilmott Ragsdale*
Statement by ex-Ambassador Davies

The following statement on the Russian position in the Far East hostilities was prepared by Joseph Davies, former Ambassador to the Soviet Union, at the request of TIME. It may be quoted directly.

“The question of an attack from Vladivostok or from American air bases in Siberia upon Japan’s wooden cities is one for the military High Commands and the Governments of Britain, the Soviet Union and the U. S. Japan’s infamous attack provided unity not only in the U. S. but assured a united front on the world battle lines. Japan has a nonaggression pact with the Soviet Union and Japan is in deadly fear of bombing from the air because of her wooden cities. Japan would undoubtedly desire to try to keep the Soviet Union out of the fight. Hitler’s interest might be to have the Soviet Union attacked on two fronts. If the mobilization of Japan’s troops in Manchukuo means

an attack upon the Red Banner Army on the East, it is certain that she will be gravely menaced by bomb attacks from Vladivostok.

“The next few days ought to throw some light upon what the plan is. If Japan, as now seems indicated, wishes to take advantage of the nonaggression pact with the Soviet Union, the Allied Commands will have to determine their policy with long-range consideration as to which would be best; whether to run the risk of a pincer German movement against the Soviet Union or to bomb Japan from the air. There is always the question involved of winning a battle and possibly delaying victory. As long as the Government of the Soviet Union maintains its entity and the Red Army remains intact, Hitler will never feel secure on the land. Britain and the U. S. control the seas and have enormous supplies of manpower and industrial production. The Soviet Union has proven its great effectiveness. It may be a long haul but ultimate victory is certain.”

LONDON: *cable from Mary Welsh*

Excepting newsmen, only the fewest Britons heard the news until BBC's 9:00 p.m. news (the week's widest audienced program), when cool, pedagogue-voiced Alvar Liddell led off the news with "President

Roosevelt has announced that the Japanese have bombed the Hawaiian base of the United States fleet at Pearl Harbor." In the West End restaurants, bars, hotel lobbies, the news spread like fire in heather, but in the average, especially lower-class, English home the news, which was so undramatized by BBC, carried little significance. No news was flashed on movie screens as in the U. S. and there were no further BBC bulletins until midnight. The average Britisher went to bed before that, mildly remembering Hawaii was somewhere in the Pacific and wondering what the bombing meant—little more.

But among politicians, diplomats, U. S. and British journalists, there was wild excitement with offices frantically trying to reach country weekenders, and Embassy phones and Western Union head office snowed under. There were no crowds at Whitehall or the American Embassy, where Marine Guard strength was doubled. The Embassy was a beehive bedlam all night, with everybody rushing to duty, sending out for food and drink, including champagne, for, like most Americans in London, the Embassy wanted to drink privately and unofficially, not to death and destruction but in relief and to the clarification of the morass of academic issue dodging.

Winant, who had been weekendening in the country with Churchill, conferred with Churchill until 2:00 a.m., then had a long conference with Biddle, and

was working again by 8:00 a.m. Today the Embassy is still a minor bedlam, but the average Britisher is still calm though sympathetic. This morning seven British friends telephoned me offering sincere and still surprised condolences, such as "Terrible to think it's spread even to you." And "So sorry about your fleet losses." But "Too bad for you, but I'm feeling a slight sadistic pleasure that the war has caught up with our people who rushed over to your country." (There's always been resentment of Britishers who escaped the war to America.)

When questioned on their apathy, bookkeeper, barman, secretaries, elevator men explain: "It's a long way away." And "Won't it stop Lend-Lease things coming here?" And (cockney) "Thar's a certain amount of excitement abahit it I suppose."

Certainly the primary reactions of the British mind, as evidenced by public, Commons and the press, are firstly the war's effect on Lend-Lease, secondly worry over Pearl Harbor fleet losses, thirdly that the U. S. won't declare war on Germany. Few, even among politicians, seem to grasp the enormous reorientation of war strategy now necessary. They are still thinking of Britain's front line, not perceiving that Britain and the U. S. are chiefly factories delivering goods to action via whichever route is most sensible. Housewives even mention they are afraid Britain will get no more Lend-Lease food. Certainly the average Briton doesn't

see the declaration's production impetus and therefore is unable to weigh it against naval losses and Lend-Lease holdups.

There's evidence that sentimentally, illogically Britons in their secret hearts are slightly sorry they no longer stand alone. An old soldier remembers how he earned a shilling daily in the last war and could buy fried eggs and french fried for ninepence at Passchendaele, and how at the Yankee's arrival the same dish shot up to two shillings sixpence. He's worried the Yanks will say they won this war, too.

Herewith Commons: Since Commons customarily doesn't meet on Mondays, many M.P.'s started out at the crack of dawn to reach Commons on time, found no trains, thumbed lifts, arrived breathless. Commons' catering manager Robert Bradley, whose staff is ordinarily off duty, rushed out to market, started fires himself, then found the staff turning up voluntarily, and lunch buns, sausages, cakes were ready on time. By 2:45 p.m. crowds were standing at the members' gate giving their usual little cheers for their favorite ministers, and the central lobby was jammed with M.P.'s and friends, especially Americans hoping to gain last minute entrance to the House. Lady Astor telling a friend, "I simply can't believe it" was interrupted by a Russian haltingly asking her to find some M.P. friend of his, and Astor replied, "Certainly will. I don't like your politics, but you're great fighters."

Mobs pushing into the Chamber were suddenly shoved aside, making room for Churchill and his wife, Churchill looking tired eyed but amused at the crush, and Clemmie smiling, wearing her most informal hair scarf, sports fur coat, flat heels. (Flash: We've just heard a rebroadcast of Roosevelt's declaration and now comprehend Churchill's amazing gravity and general Commons solemnity, which obviously grows out of the fact that the U. S. didn't declare war on Germany, which all but the pessimists here were hoping and expecting.*)

Commons was nothing like the broadcast of the joint Congress session in the U. S. There was only a mild ripple of cheering a couple of times, once at Churchill's "The Japanese began a landing in northern Malaya . . . and they were immediately engaged by our forces, which were ready." And "The root of the evil and its branch must be extirpated together." Churchill with typed quarto-page notes on a new (since the bombing) black leather dispatch box, read his speech, using black horn-rimmed glasses. He didn't produce any usual dramatics, telling inflections or brilliant pauses, didn't indulge in any of his usual oratorical mastery.

Although the M.P.'s and the gallery didn't know his now obvious reason for restraint, they followed his

* As all the world now knows, the U. S. declared war on Germany and Italy three days later.—Ed.

lead, responded in minor note, causing the *Herald Tribune's* Joe Evans when exiting to say: "Don't know why I came . . . wasn't hardly worth it."

Undoubtedly Roosevelt's declaration will be a bitter disappointment here. The narrow Commons balconies held an array of Ambassadors, including Polish, Brazilian, Turkish, Chinese, also Canadian High Commissioner Massey, U. S. Naval Attaché Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley and temporary Air Attaché (in Lee's absence) Colonel Arthur McChrystal, both for the first time in uniform. The only empty seats on the Commons floor were Conservative back benches where sit various M.P.'s now with the forces abroad, etc.

Clemmie sat among the diplomats and RAF in the right balcony, Lords and other diplomats in the left balcony (both have only one row of seats), Pamela Churchill was among the press who were noisy, running to the telephone.

Lobby conversations afterward were amazingly noncommittal, everybody wanting more news and wondering about Germany. Press reaction was general and interpretative rather than exciting, with the *Mirror's* Cassandra saying: "It would not have been commensurate with Nipponese dignity to have kept silence at a batch of awkward questions put to them by paleskinned foreigners . . . Mr. Kurusu has blandly denied . . . the effect of this soothing syrup

has been rather similar to a fireball being tossed into a gunpowder factory. The morality of the New Order, both eastern and western brands, is such that the sound of a dove cooing is a signal to take cover. The olive branch has become a lethal weapon."

Following from Osborne: Winant, looking no more cavern-eyed than usual, had an off the record press conference with U. S. reporters this afternoon. U. S. Marines with sidearms were stationed today at the previously unguarded Embassy, questioning all comers, including Winant himself. Officials here generally are in a position of "You know more than I do if you read the papers," and awaiting specific information from Washington. There was greatest interest this afternoon in the President's speech, which was rebroadcast here at 6:30 p.m. London time. The weather almost forced BBC to cancel the rebroadcast.

You can assume Americans in the Dorchester, Savoy, Cumberland lounges tensely listening.

Hundreds of the 25,000 Americans in the British and Canadian forces, especially air, are already besieging the Embassy and military super-wigs for transfer to U. S. forces. No specific information on Washington's policy and no arrangements for such transfers yet. Also none for U. S. civilians here who want to enlist. These arrangements will be made but, of course, depend somewhat on the President's speech. *Chicago Tribune's* pale, pudgy veteran Larry Rue is

taking a merciless kidding for the *Trib's* recent exploit. Nearly all Americans I've talked to today and tonight had a sudden overwhelming feeling that they belonged at home. Sketchy available news reports leave everybody tense, uncertain, hungry for more American news. Newswise there's also a keen interest but no specific information yet on what, if any, information and censorship facilities the U. S. will establish here and how they will be keyed with the British.

LONDON: *cable from John Osborne*

In the Savoy, Dorchester, pink-walled *Suivis*, and other spots where Americans enjoy expense accounts, they are playing and singing *Over There* tonight. Also *Tipperary*, *There's a Long, Long Trail*, etc. Britishers were vastly pleased at first, but today, especially after the Roosevelt speech not mentioning Germany, Churchill's with a minimum mention of the U. S., and his and London press reminders that the U. S. now must supply itself, there's a dark undercurrent of apprehension for the effects on Britain, Russia and the Battle of the Atlantic. Churchill noticeably was not smooth, not happy when he referred to the "gap" looming in U. S. aid to Britain. Indications already are that this has been a subject of high quarters discussion.

Graebner feels that with all regard to America's pressing present need we should point out that only balanced perspective and careful joint weighing of each comparative need can prevent the Jap war from immeasurably aiding Hitler. No official decision is known yet on readjusting Lend-Lease flow, but it is assumed that aircraft and vital ordnance items will almost, or entirely, cease to arrive here for a while.

LONDON: *cable from John Osborne*

U. S. Naval officers here under Vice Admiral Ghormley shifted from mufti to uniforms today. The Army officially hasn't shifted yet, but some individual officers are in uniforms. Baggy-eyed Ghormley, who is former chief of Navy's warplans division, didn't sleep all night, worked through today with a weary staff.

The Embassy and other U. S. military offices were buzzing all night behind blacked-out windows. Most of the activity was just officers who wanted to know what's what. So far there's been no rush of orders to home.

The only direct effect, aside from navy uniforms, on U. S. militarists here so far is the receipt of certain orders to carry out pre-planned administrative procedures regarding information, communications, etc.

LONDON: *cable from Walter Graebner*

From Vaidya:

It is too early yet to give a bird's-eye view of colonial reception but significant developments are already occurring in India, which now obtains a key position in the war setup.

Gandhi has requested recently released Congress-President Moulana Abdul Kalam Azad to convene meetings with the Working Committee and all-India Congress Committee "at an early date," and has made a further friendly gesture by suspending civil disobedience pending the meeting's decision, thereby presumably giving Britain the opportunity to revise her attitude to India.

Indians in Britain who share the Congress viewpoint opine thusly: It's no good for Britain to continue to portray India as a "difficult" problem, as if it were some jigsaw puzzle for British statesmen to solve as a peacetime hobby. India's tremendous manpower and abundant natural resources must be made use of now by accepting India as a free, friendly partner in the allied setup and thus making the Allied Front overwhelming against the Fascist front. The Indian Nationalists' non-violence principle can go overboard overnight, as most Congressmen accepted it as a matter of necessity. Actually, India can start with certain advantages, such as that through 20 years of political agitation she is mor-

ally mobilized, while for military purposes there is a good, drilled force numbering several hundred thousand composed of Congress Militia and Moslem League Volunteer Corps. Incidentally, these are the only two Indian political parties which count, and though on internal matters they may differ, they are united in the demand for India's independence. The time has long passed for Britain and the Indians to quibble over formulas for a constitution, the Indians will be satisfied if given control of all portfolios including defense, finance, foreign relations, etc., though they are willing to take Anglo-American aid for the interim period. In return for such a liberal gesture on the part of the Allies, particularly Britain, India is capable of putting at least 10 million soldiers (this figure is based on Indians' minimum manpower resources) in the field within two years while India can be turned into an Allied arsenal for defense between the Pacific and the Mediterranean by gearing up her industrial potential with Allied technical aid.

Some British publicists claim India's war efforts are progressing but that isn't so; in more than two years Britain's been able to raise only an army of 750,000, viz., the size of the Rumanian Army; while regarding war production, India in spite of her resources is unable to produce tanks, planes, motors or battleships.

In fighting Japan, Anglo-Americans must reckon to face a force of anything up to 10 million. The American

contribution can be chiefly naval, and even if America has enough troops for Malaya, they will have to be carried across a wide ocean which is infested with hostile craft. Britain can muster 5 million soldiers, of which a large proportion will have to remain in Britain against the threat of invasion and for possible counter-invasion in Europe.

She has in addition a garrison in Africa and the Middle East, and only the remainder can go to Malaya. As regards Australia, her army will always remain in the vicinity of half a million because of her limited population, and in addition nearly half the Anzacs are already engaged in the Middle East.

From where, then, can the Allies secure numerical strength and armaments for defense of the south Pacific or Middle East, which, according to reports last week, the Nazis soon intend invading by air, except from India? India was never pro-Fascist and is willing to throw in her lot with anti-Fascist forces provided she is accepted as a free and equal partner in the Allied fold. There is no need to question the fighting qualities of Indians; they have proved it in Libya, Abyssinia and Iraq.

LONDON: *cable from Jeffrey Mark*

Regarding the Jap war, I feel sure London reaction is much less intense than you'd imagine. Frankly, the man in the street has as yet no conception of the real implications. He has talked about it at lunch today but reverted to other subjects. Similarly, there's no overwhelming preoccupation in this morning's newspapers. For instance, last night in a pub just after the nine o'clock news, I heard a party saying the Japs had bombed Hawaii. The most serious observation I heard was, "Hitler has been trying to make a Pacific diversion for a long time."

It is important to realize that to Britishers, Hawaii is not a naval base but a South Sea island with a Hollywood ukulele and hula-hula trimmings. The feeling now is that Uncle Sam has been caught with his pants down. The first thought is that it's a good thing as it will get America seriously going, but this is qualified by the thought that America will now attend to her own defense needs frantically and tend to neglect British and Russian Lend-Lease. Secondly, it is thought that she'll remove much of her Atlantic patrol to the Pacific and that this, with increased British naval concentrations at Singapore, will thin out the vital Atlantic lifeline precariously.

Regarding the Dominions, it's too early yet for any reasoned summary but here's what's available:

Prime Minister John Curtin announced today that "Australian troops are at their battle stations," while Army Minister Forde announced that all forces' Christmas leave was canceled. The Commonwealth War Cabinet is expected to make a war declaration against Japan later today with Curtin saying, "This is the gravest hour in our history." The only other significant likely internal development is a crackdown on Aussie Middle East troop shipments, with renewed agitation for the return of a large proportion of those already there on the "Australia First" slogan. There's no official pronouncement of any sort from New Zealand yet, but London New Zealanders' reaction is almost exactly the same as the British outlined above.

Ottawa cables say the Dominion forces were instructed to engage the Jap enemy wherever found, and submission to His Majesty the King for formal war declaration is due later today. Canada also announced that Pacific coast defenses are out on full war footing and a new chain of air bases on the American Alaska border are equipped with radio-guide equipment and now in operation. Canadians' reaction here is that the Jap menace is not considered so formidable as it was a year ago. They are also glad it will quell American isolationism, which latterly has been particularly irritating to them.

The South African general reaction is the same as London's, and I expect they'll move directly behind

the Commonwealth. Also that it will minimize internal disputes and throw dissentients more directly behind Smuts. Most significant reaction is that with the Mediterranean closed to shipping, the Cape route has become of paramount importance. Hitherto this was not seriously menaced, but Jap entry may do so and so bring South Africa nearer the war center.

Meanwhile, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are now rounding up Canada's 23,000 Japs, who are mostly concentrated in British Columbia. It is further estimated that there are 8,000 Japs in British Borneo, Straits Settlement, and Malaya, about 3,500 around and in Sydney and 2,600 in British India and Ceylon. There are no Japs to speak of in South Africa, as the immigration law forbids the entry of Japs and Chinese. It is estimated that there are about 500 Japs in Britain. Apparently the war declaration completely surprised the Jap Embassy here, from Chargé d'Affaires Kami-mura down. Says Press Secretary Matsui, "We have heard nothing at all from Tokyo. We will have to go back, but how? Everywhere is a battlefield and it's going to be very difficult to get back."

The Netherlands East Indies, after the war declaration, announced "a state of danger from air attack" and invited the RAF to station aircraft at points supporting the N.E.I. air force at Ambon and Kupang on Timor Island to assist the N.E.I. aircraft and observe air approaches which also concern Australia.

LONDON: *cable from Stephen Laird*

Immediately after the clear reception of Roosevelt's speech, the BBC announcer said, "I think you would now like to hear *Ballad for Americans*." Then they played a Paul Robeson recording.

LONDON, ENGLAND: *cable from Stephen Laird*

Herewith review of local lead editorials today:

Best was young Michael Foot's in the *Evening Standard*: "The whole world is in flames. A battle rages across the seven seas, and every great nation is at war for its life. No corner of this planet remains immune. Perfidy stripped of the thinnest disguise has decreed that no single home and no single human being shall escape the scorchings of this conflict . . . The early contest will not be easy for our Allies. The generous material aid which they have given us will be required partly now to save America's existence. A huge fresh strain will be imposed on our sailors and our ships. The next six months will be hard. We shall need all the Dunkirk spirit and more . . . The biggest battle is still the battle in Russia for the simple reason that Berlin is still the first lair of this beast which is unloosed among men . . . The world is one and the war is one.

All the hopes, and now all the energies of the vast majority of the human race, are securely attached to our cause. Believe that the ambitions of young America, that the sacrifice of Soviet Russia, that the long agony of China, that the courage of conquered Europe, that the will of Britain which for one whole year held the pass of freedom, believe that all these great facts can be set at nought by this latest shallow piece of trickery, and you may believe too that the pillared firmament is rottenness and earth's base is built on stubble."

Says the *News Chronicle*: "If it were not that Japan were the pioneer among aggressors we would say that the Emperor had learnt his part from the Führer to perfection. No one can welcome the extension of indiscriminate slaughter to another wide area of this suffering globe. But if it had to happen it could have happened in several ways less favorable to allied interests. If Japan had struck at Siberia she might have put just that extra strain on the Russian war machine that would have broken it. If she had struck at Britain the free nations would have waited in suspense to learn America's verdict. But Japan has struck at America direct. America is in the war . . . All the doubts and questionings that have assailed the government and people of the United States these past protracted months are swept away. The question is resolved for them. They are in the war—and the war is indivisible . . . From today onward such a combination of indus-

trial output and moral determination is forged as makes certain the complete destruction of the aggressors."

The *Daily Mirror* says: "Hitler's pressure, Hitler's difficulties have convinced them [the Japanese] that it is now or never in the division of loot and the search for living space. Were the Axis to be destroyed the Japanese vision of imperialistic expansion must vanish forever. The Axis is suffering severely. Japan is called up in hope of righting the balance. No doubt this last of the hungry jackals is only too willing to support the other robbers. Yet her plunge is a signal of despair as well as a symptom of madness. . ."

Daily Mail: ". . . Hitler's methods of unprovoked aggression have been not merely copied, even to the timing of a weekend spring. They have been improved upon with a devilish malignity. . . Isolationism dies in the waters of Honolulu. The war which its exponents sought to avoid leaps at America's frontiers. . . The Axis powers now dare the might, the resolve, the resources, and the valour of the most powerful nations in the world. In such an array of forces there can be but one decision, long and bitter though the pathway to it may be. . . All doubts resolved, all pettiness swept aside, they [Americans] will now find, as we did ourselves in such a crisis, the essential greatness of soul of a people determined to be free."

The *Times* editorial was a dull, plodding résumé of portents pointing toward the Pacific war, finally rous-

ing itself to say: "Japan has decided upon war, and she now finds herself faced with forces which, in the long run, she will be powerless to resist. . ."

Daily Herald foresees: ". . . The Japanese attack will have the effect of pushing American production to the peak much more rapidly than would otherwise have been the case. But it will also require yet a further diversion of supplies which were destined for Britain. . . Greater than ever, therefore, is Britain's need to organize her own production without delay to the limit of efficiency. . ."

Daily Express on the whole was most pessimistic, concludes with ". . . America is fighting for her own life. Arms workers of Britain and Russia must be ready to provide from their own factories some of the weapons they had expected from America. . ."

The *Telegraph's* dull editorial, on the lines of the *Times*, includes this interesting phraseology: "Now the die is cast and the United States is compelled to take action as a belligerent."

The *Daily Sketch* outlined the formidableness of the opponent, including: ". . . Japan is no mean antagonist. Her people can easily be whipped up into a fanatical hatred of the white man and to a frenzy which will make them exceedingly difficult to defeat. . . ."

LONDON: *cable from Lael Laird and
Dennis Scanlan*

Re Allied governments and U. S.-Japanese war:

Short, goat-bearded Polish Information Minister, Professor Stanislaw Stronski, stated early to a *TIME* reporter, "Today when the war which Germany started against Poland in September, 1939, has become a world war in the fullest sense of the word, there is no one among the Poles who does not realize the importance of that fact, which has now assumed such proportions that the problem of the independence and freedom of Poland is not an isolated question but it is the same problem of the freedom of mankind against the forces of aggression, plunder and slavery. . . Poland took up today a position together with all her allies against Japan as she before took up the position against all the allies of Germany . . . [recapitulation of German defeats in Russia and Libya]. It was Germany who has put to Japan the demand 'now or never.'

"Although we are very far away from the theatre of war in the Pacific, we realize that the war in the Pacific is the result of Germany's failures and I think that the cause for which we fight which is common to us and to the Americans has gained a mighty ally who will decide the war in victory for us."

Here is the *TIME* and *LIFE* exclusive message from De Gaulle:

“To the people of the United States: France, the real France, will fight alongside the great American republic, the British Empire, and their allies, against their new enemy who, with the help of treason, has already taken Indo-China. The French Pacific possessions, New Caledonia, Tahiti, New Hebrides, who have already joined Free France, place all they possess at the common disposal in this war for liberty.”

The following is not for publication before Wednesday:

The Free French will declare war on Japan tomorrow following a National Council conference this afternoon.

For New Caledonia: Inhabitants have formed their own home guard called “La Milice Civique de la France Libre” and Australia has helped to fortify the new harbor defense works including giving heavy coastal defense battery whose New Caledonian gunners were trained in Australia.

Norway held no special Cabinet meeting. Foreign Minister Trygve Lie gave *TIME* the following exclusive statement: “The Norwegian government and the Norwegian people fully share the indignation of the American people aroused by the Japanese aggression. We are convinced that the great American

democracy will come out of the war victorious and that Japan together with the other militant aggression states will suffer a final and decisive defeat. The fight the U. S. has now entered upon constitutes one of the most important links in the common fight of the democracies against fascism and barbarism and the victory of the U. S. will also mean victory for all other free peoples. We Norwegians feel a deep sense of gratitude for the sympathy which the American President and the American people have shown for our fight for freedom. We are convinced that the common fight and the common sacrifices will strengthen the friendship between all free peoples and form a basis for international cooperation after the war."

Yugoslavia's young King Peter heard the news of the war over the radio in his room at Clare College, Cambridge, hot-footed to London this morning to keep in touch.

Yugoslavia's short, grayish Foreign Minister Dr. Momcilo Nincic stated for the press, "The War with Japan represents one logical step in this conflict between the two worlds which are waging an eternal struggle: the world of force and barbarism created by evil forces and the world which believes in good and is working for the progress of humanity and for the equality of men and all the peoples.

"The way in which Japan has committed brutal

aggression shows her up as a worthy ally of Germany and Italy and does not surprise anyone. It represents yet another proof of how important and urgent it is to destroy those regimes whose aims and methods are barbarous.

“But the latest aggression of Japan will only result in arousing the American people, I am convinced, and uniting them so that their inexhaustible resources will be mobilized to the fullest extent and will make possible the victory of civilization over barbarism.” This message and more will be broadcast by a Yugoslavian representative over BBC to Yugoslavia at 9:15 p. m.

The Belgians held no Cabinet meeting, as the procedure for this contingency was entirely outlined in advance. The Belgian Government has told its Tokyo Ambassador to leave Tokyo with the British and Americans.

The Netherlands' Queen Wilhelmina's declaration of war will be broadcast over the Radio Orange to the Dutch people by Prime Minister Gerbrandy at 7:45 p.m. The announcement of the state of war, following the Cabinet meeting at 1:30 a.m., was “not formal,” as the formal declaration is awaiting the Queen's proclamation.

BOSTON, MASS.: *wire from John Durant*

Telephone calls in New England were up 25% after the announcement of the Jap invasion Sunday, and recruiting stations here report a big rush today. Before the Navy and Marine recruiting station in the Federal Building opened at 8:00 a.m. there were 41 men, ages 17 to 43, waiting outside the door to join up, and the offices have been swamped ever since. The Army reports that the number of recruits is "10 times normal." A grandfather, father and a son, all of the same family, came to the Navy recruiting station here, and there is an excellent chance that all three will eventually be accepted for Coast Guard and Navy service.

NORFOLK, VA.: *wire from Charlton L. Whitehead*

Today Army and Navy recruiting offices here were swamped with applicants, more than 60 men applying in Army and nearly 100 applying in Navy during the morning. Feeling is at fever pitch among civilians, but the Navy is cagey because it is shocked by the ease with which Japan invaded our strongholds. Remarks such as, "I want to beat the yellow Japs with my own bare hands" are heard everywhere. All the people are united in the hope that the Japs will be wiped from the map.

As an important naval center, Norfolk's airraid precautions are most thorough. Navy families here are wildly worried about friends in Honolulu. The naval base, newspapers, radios are swamped with calls about casualties. The first edition of the afternoon paper today sold out in an hour, with men and women rushing out of offices to hold up carriers on the street. Extra guards were placed Sunday night around all Navy and Army posts and utilities in the city. Twenty-one Japs in this area, all known here, are in jail held by Federal authorities.

BUFFALO, N. Y.: *wire from Jack Meddoff*

Nearby Fort Niagara troops today quietly took over the job of guarding the great defense industries of Buffalo and the Niagara frontier, supplementing police, deputy sheriffs and private guards. Workers on day shifts reaching plants of Buffalo Arms Corp., Bell and Curtiss-Wright Airplane plants and other defense factories found uniformed soldiers grimly on guard fully armed.

WASHINGTON: *telephoned by Robert Sherrod*
Censorship

Specific paragraph of 1917 Espionage Act is No. 32. But War Department is invoking much broader

powers in announcement expected momentarily, covering legal restriction of all information concerning routes, schedules and troop movement, and of transports within or without the U. S. Under act of 1898 as amended in 1918. Casualties will be announced but name of unit will not be. Navy also invoking Espionage Act forbidding publication of news considered "of value to the enemy."

WASHINGTON: *wire from Wilmott Ragsdale*

There is increasing evidence that nobody in Washington was prepared for the attack Sunday.

When a reporter went to the Navy Department at 4:00 p.m. Admiral Blandy, Chief of Ordnance, was in line to get in and had difficulty because he had no pass. He got in on a driver's license. He had been to the Red-skin football game. The Navy was letting odd assortments of people in who did not have passes. In the pressroom the reporter found half a dozen people with no passes at all.

Meanwhile the War Department was so strict that nobody without a special Sunday pass was allowed entrance. When the guards were stationed around the Department later, they were asked whether their rifles were the new Garands or Springfield. "Neither," they replied, "they're shotguns."

ATLANTA, GA.: *wire from William S. Howland*

Most spectacular single incident of Atlanta war reaction was the closing last night of the famed Wisteria Garden Restaurant on Peachtree Street in the center of the downtown shopping area. Following orders issued by Lindley Camp, head of State Defense Corps, and of Mayor Roy LeCraw that all Japanese nationals must go to residences and remain there, the restaurant closed. Its proprietor is Sada Yoshinuma, a Japanese who has contributed to China relief funds. He was perplexed. Said he: "I was advised to close and that's all there is to it. I want to cooperate." Many Atlantans, coming downtown for justly famed steak dinners at Wisteria Garden, were perplexed by sign "Closed Today" which hung on the door. The few who were in the restaurant early quickly ate and left. Closing of this restaurant caused more comment than any other local action.

As in Nashville, soldiers on leave in Atlanta appeared to welcome the news that there was something to prepare for. This was very noticeable at the movies. For example, at the Rialto one soldier shouted, "Oh boy, this is it," when the announcement of war came; and a sailor said, "That's what we've been waiting for."

One Atlantan, Sydney H. Banes, whose son-in-law is a Navy officer at Wake Island, wired Knox, "Allow me to suggest that special Ambassador Kurusu be held

in custody until all officers and men of our Navy now at Wake are released.”

Following are brief quotes from newspaper editorials:

The *Chattanooga Times* headed its editorial “WE ARE ATTACKED.”

From the *Times* editorial: “The Japanese could have had peace. It is doubtful if any American desires war with Japan. We shall have unity now. The America First Committee will speedily undergo an amazing metamorphosis. It is a terrible thing to be at war again. Now that it has come, we can be glad that we have the chance the men and women in 1917 and 1918 gave us—the chance to preserve for ourselves and for others what they helped preserve for us, a free people and a free country. God grant that this time we can win both the war and the peace that comes after it.”

Ralph McGill in his “One Word More” column in the *Atlanta Constitution*: “It is important to keep in mind that war is for the purpose of hurting the other nation. If we don’t take off the gloves, if we don’t begin to kill as many Japanese as we can, the war will be fumbled and drawn out. It is inconceivable that we should have been caught so asleep. The scrap iron, the oil, the gasoline and the materials we sold Japan in an effort to appease her out of the European war are coming home and killing American citizens, soldiers and sailors.”

The *American Journal* editorial says: "War having come to America, we have no other course and no other will but to meet it unflinchingly and to wage it to such a conclusion that the aggressor never again can menace the kind of world we stand for and on which our security depends. We are now one people with one faith, one hope and one baptism of danger and devotion to our dear country's cause."

Those are main points of reaction and newspaper editorializing. As an indication of the desire of soldiers to get back to posts, the *Dixie Limited*, the train on which I returned from Nashville, was one hour late on account of putting on extra cars to handle soldiers from Nashville to Camp Forrest.

ATLANTA, GA.: wire from William S. Howland

Add to war reactions:

Here is a quote from Sergeant Alvin Cullom York at his Tennessee mountain home, as reported by the *Chattanooga Times*: "We got to put up a united front and give those folks a lickin' right away. We should take care of the Japs first and then take on the Germans."

First to declare war on Japan in the south was Local Union No. 1442, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners at Chattanooga, which Sunday night is-

sued an official declaration of war "on the Japanese Government and any other Government that may be allied with her against the United States."

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: *wire from Holland McCombs*

The spotter we have in the headquarters of the Third Army (lodged in a downtown office building) just called and reports that guards have been placed on all floors, even in elevators. A tunnel between that office building and a downtown hotel has been closed.

In Orange, Tex., K. Suski, representative of Jap steamship lines for 16 years, offered to surrender to police. So did Jap K. Kishi, 35-year resident of Orange.

Officers of Third Army headquarters are hurrying from office to office with grim expressions and working under tense pressure. Firemen's and police leaves were canceled Sunday. This morning the San Antonio arsenal (containing tanks, guns, ammunition) correlated its radio with that of San Antonio police and doubled guards. This morning's San Antonio *Express* carried an editorial headed: "Stand by the Nation." First sentence: "Treachery has been characterized as the most infamous and detestable of all the vices to which human nature is subject." Further: "From out of a smokegascreen of Japanese treachery—laid in this

nation's capital during the two weeks past—emerges war upon the U. S. . . . The U. S. is at war with the Axis partner of Hitler and Mussolini—as Nazi Germany had schemed and desired. Stand by the Nation.”

A deserter, a Jap soldier in the 45th Division, is being held in Camp Barkeley stockade and refuses to tell the court-martial where he has been for the past two months of A.W.O.L.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: *wire from Holland McCombs*

Dallas police picked up six Japs, say they are now holding them for immigration. El Paso has sworn in a hundred deputies to augment the police force. Border Patrol reports adding men, increasing vigilance along the border. Home Defense Guard at El Paso is furnishing patrols for bridges and other vital points along the border and guarding 100 miles of Southern Pacific Railroad.

Recruiting offices opened in San Antonio at eight this morning, were swamped with young men wanting to enlist. The attitude of soldiers this morning is roughly expressed by the observation of one Texas private: “Well, let's have a war.” A soldier draftee from New York says he was out playing football with the men of his company when he first got the news. The game didn't even stop. He said: “The Texas boys

seemed to be happy about it. The eastern boys were more concerned."

Two officers and two privates, when asked: "Well, what are we going to do now?" gave exactly the same answer: "We'll whip 'em." Out at Fort Sam Houston enlisted men in all conditions of dress and undress gathered in the day rooms to hear the President's message, seemed to realize what it might mean to them. They were cool and collected, and so far there's been very little conversation between them about the war or its portent. This afternoon's San Antonio *Evening News* editorialized:

"An act of basest treachery unworthy of a nation calling itself civilized and has all the earmarks of having been Made in Berlin . . . The amazing and almost incredible fact was that the American defenders were taken by surprise and allowed the raiders to get within bombing distance. . . .

"This nation is shocked, certainly; but in coming out of the impacts of the first shock, it is rising up in wrath to strike back . . . Looking ahead even for a day, what could the Japanese have expected to gain from that initial advantage? They must have gone mad. This is an act of desperation—a way to commit national suicide [this is also the opinion of lots of people we've seen and talked to today] . . ."

Orders have gone out to army personnel that they are not to make any comments whatsoever and every-

thing in this area is to be released directly from the office of the Commander of the Third Army.

Most significant evidence of war here is the general tightening up on the whole army front from headquarters of the Third Army on down. Officers must wear uniform on all occasions. A young Lieutenant just in the office is griping about having bought a new civilian suit, now wants to sell it. He says, "It'll be a hell of a long time before I'll wear that suit."

PORTLAND, ORE.: *wire from William P. Gray*

Blackouts ordered for tonight at Columbia River's mouth and Gray's Harbor (Aberdeen, Hoquiam). They may cover the entire north Pacific Coast area, including Seattle and Portland.

SAN FRANCISCO: *wire from Suzanne Hammond*

Nathaniel J. L. Pieper, San Francisco FBI chief, said: "As far as Japanese nationals are concerned, we received instructions from the Attorney General to take certain Japanese aliens into custody for the immigration department."

Twenty-eight were arrested up to 1:00 a.m. and an attendant in the immigration station said, "One or two

more are expected." Pieper wouldn't say how many were arrested, how many are to be arrested. In Santa Clara County, where Permanente Cement Plant and Henry J. Kaiser's famous magnesium plant are located, Sheriff William Emig said, "One Jap arrested, three in question." Pieper said the legal status of the Japs is in doubt, waiting instructions from the Attorney General. The U. S. attorney was unavailable for comment.

Generally speaking, Pieper said: "We are fully mobilized and ready for anything, cooperating with army and navy intelligence, and working on prevention of sabotage. So far no cases of sabotage are reported."

Police Chief Charles "Charley" Dullea, bluff, gruff and self-assured, says there has been no trouble at all in Jap town, no outbreaks, no violence. In addition to four regular-beat patrolmen from the Northern Station, Dullea dispatched a special detail of 35 uniformed men, 15 plain-clothes men to Jap town this afternoon about 3. Cops are principally keeping traffic rolling, diverting it from Post-California streets, Steiner-Laguna streets (four blocks each way), area where most of San Francisco's 5,000 to 7,500 Japanese live. A few civilian curiosity seekers, poking around early in the evening to see what's doing, were told to keep moving. Japanese stores were open, life going on as usual.

The police department has an entire personnel of 1400 subject to immediate call. No days off. Everyone

is working 12 hours on, 12 off. This is the tail end of the vacation season so no one is on leave.

Dullea says there are no restrictions on civilian movements.

100 San Francisco cops have been detailed to the FBI.

Dullea acts as though the situation were well in hand, says belligerently: "We're working with federal agencies on this to prevent any trouble, any outbreaks by an irresponsible people."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: *wire from Sidney James*

The hottest spot in this area is Los Angeles harbor and, specifically, Terminal Island. Earliest radio broadcasts told of the rounding up of all this area's some 3,000 Japanese. Despite repeated instructions to all civilians to keep away, many carloads of curiosity seekers headed down Sepulveda Boulevard for the harbor. On their way, they saw the huge B-19 at Mines Field, probably wished it was in Hawaii with a load of bombs. As they passed through Hermosa Beach, they saw visible evidence of preparedness: camouflaged anti-aircraft guns manned by alert gunners. When they approached the harbor, they were politely but firmly turned back by a swarming force of policemen and soldiers. No one was allowed near the Point Fermin area where the army's concealed coast artillery is

placed. Even residents of that area were escorted home and practically put to bed by soldiers.

Unable to get near the harbor, many inquisitive drivers went up the steep hill west of San Pedro, got a good look at the harbor. The whole area was quiet and motionless. Below them the red-tile-roofed barracks of Fort MacArthur reflected the setting sun. The only sound came from the loudspeaker of the football game at the fort. The only moving objects in the harbor were a few odd sailboats and the returning Catalina Island boat loaded with weekenders.

Earlier in the day, all the vessels had been ordered away from the pier, and by this time all the big ships and commercial boats were at anchorage. Across the inlet from San Pedro, Terminal Island's huge refinery tanks stood out against the low, brown shacks of the Japanese fisherman. Behind Terminal Island was a huge backdrop of Long Beach buildings and behind this the dome-shaped Signal Hill oil field, whose crowded derricks made it look like a huge pincushion. Down at the Terminal Island ferry landing, two busy Army Intelligence men, supported by policemen and armed soldiers, were busy searching every car for alien Japs. Already that day they had interned over 300. Each boatload brought a few more. The bewildered Japs were placed in a makeshift chicken-wire detention camp near the entrance to the ferry. Self-conscious rookies occasionally followed the gig-

gling Japanese across the railroad tracks to the lavatory. A young Jap boy was making a steady journey between the pay phone and his parents inside the detention station. An elderly Jap complained bitterly when the officers took his new Buick and placed him in the camp.

But there was no violence. On Terminal Island everything was almost too quiet. Soldiers patrolled the streets in pairs. The main street of Fish Harbor, usually very gay on Sunday night, was almost dark. One Jap restaurant was open. In there, an old bald Jap was screaming to anyone who would listen that he had been in the U. S. since 1906. His three children were working quietly. Occasionally they would interpret his jumbled remarks.

A one-armed sailor was making sweeping statements about the harbor's defense. An American commercial fisherman was complaining because the Navy had kept him from going out of the harbor that morning. "How do they expect us to make a living? I'd sneak my boat out but they've got enough dynamite in that harbor to blow the whole Jap navy to bits. Hell, I wouldn't try to get a canoe through that net." It all seemed calm and quiet but these 3,000 Japanese are sitting right in the middle of our biggest West Coast harbor. There Japs could drop a match and set a million dollars' worth of gasoline on fire. And another match would take care of three or four shipbuilding

plants. The Japanese district of Los Angeles, largest colony of Japanese outside Asia, loosely called "Little Tokyo," looks almost as vulnerable to fire bombs. It lies just a few blocks from the Civic Center, bordered on the other sides by skid rows and factory districts. There live about 3,800 of Southern California's approximately 60,000 Japanese. Of these, about two-thirds (more rather than less) are Nisei—born in America.

If you had happened to wander down into Little Tokyo today, you would (if you came from the better part of town) have passed the Civic Center, there seen police officers, sheriff's officers, recruiting-station men from Army, Navy and Marine Corps (they were all ordered to their posts for the duration over the radio in apparent expectation of sudden large enlistments), just plain citizens in as busy a mob (on Sunday) as the center sees on the busiest weekday.

You wander down into the Japanese section and note that workmen are busy on tall ladders, growing out of a truck, raising Christmas garlands (with a gay Santa Claus) across First Street, near Los Angeles Street. You might notice that the Christmas decorations extend from near the entrance to the Yokohama Specie Bank to the Tojito Trading Co. (with its window filled with Christmas gifts). You might also notice that both Los Angeles Street and First Street were filled with double lines of traffic each way, that on each corner

were two policemen. If you were aware of things as they used to be you would know that policemen work in pairs only when there is imminent danger, that traffic is thick on weekends and weekdays in that part of town.

You might talk to one of a pair of cops. He says: "The God damn fools. I've worked in this district for years. I like these nice clean people. They're a damn sight cleaner than those lousy wops' and spiks' cafes a few blocks from here. But these damn fool Sunday drivers have to come down here to have a look at it. Maybe they expect a bomb or some Jap to cut his guts out in the middle of First Street. They are the same guys who would drop their water if a single bomb dropped, but would come out later to look at the hole without sense enough to worry about when the next bomb was going to drop. And the same guys would help lynch a poor bastard Japanese who might be trying to earn a living down here selling his countrymen's junk. We gotta protect the Japs against the Americans, not the other way around."

But the FBI and Naval Intelligence (who for years have had dossiers on every Japanese in the district) are picking up some 14 of them, herding some 300 more into a corral at Terminal Island. If you chance to take a cab the driver might tell you, "I live next door to a Japanese family—nice people too. Hell, they're said to give more tips than any white man."

Off to some sort of war this week went some 2,500 (local estimate of number of Japanese in the U. S. Army). This figure should be checked, but according to local sources represents highest proportionate representation (by two and a half times) of any racial group in the U. S. And according to local knowledge, not one has ever been guilty of major infraction of army rules. The navy will not take Japanese. Only this morning ten huge army trucks went to the center and posed for pictures while Japanese members of the Japanese Shrubbery Association loaded them with shrubs they were donating to Camp Roberts.

Hollywood note: By the time a bright three-quarter moon was high in one of Los Angeles' better Chamber of Commerce heavens, they had accepted the fact. "New news" was driven home by things like an early evening report on movie box offices throughout the country. The report said revenue had dropped from 15 to 50% with the hinterlands and neighborhood houses reporting biggest slumps. Apparently the working masses, accustomed to Sunday night escape at the movies before "blue Monday," chose to stay at home with their ears glued to the radio.

Things like Producer Joe Pasternack's Japanese gardener walking into the Pasternack living room at 6:00 p.m. announcing flatly: "I no work anymore." FBI agents stating a preliminary investigation of Hollywood shenanigans, as an aftermath of the Bioff trial,

got orders to forget about glamorland for the moment, were all over the country over 40 trunk lines reserved exclusively for their use. At *Ciro's*, Hollywood's top night spot, usually pack-jammed on a Sunday night because of a weekly charity show, attendance was half of normal. For the first time, the evening opened with a rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. On a half dozen tables in the gaudy, green and red draped cafe, portable radios had at least one ear of the diners. *Ciro's* charity supporters sat on their hands when Noel Cro-rath, a dark, sloe-eyed entertainer, sang a song entitled, *I'm an International Spy*, didn't crack a smile when he said, "Here's one written in B. H. (before Hitler)."

One note at least warmed their hearts. Comedian Bert Wheeler announced that he wished to sing a song written this afternoon by Musician Lew Pollack and Lyricist Ned Washington. He explained he had been driving up Sepulveda Boulevard just after two o'clock when Washington overtook him in his car, hailed him to the curb, said he had an inspiration, was about to jell it at Pollack's house. The inspiration, which Wheeler sang for the *Ciro* audience: "It's here at last—the die is cast—America."

CHORUS

The flag flies high—so do or die—America.
Let's stand together today in that old American way.
Get in this fight with all your might and make those
cowards pay.

Oh, we didn't want to do it, but they're asking for it now.
So we'll knock the Japs right into the laps of the Nazis.
When they hop on Honolulu that's a thing we won't allow.
So we'll knock the Japs right into the laps of the Nazis.
Every man will do all he can to knock every soldier of
Japan into kingdom come, things'll hum.
They'll hear the beat of a million feet of people who'd
rather fight than eat.
And here we come, here we come.
I'd hate to be in Yokohama when our bombers make a bow.
For we'll knock the Japs right into the laps of the Nazis."

Earlier in the evening, Army M.P.'s scoured the town, let it be known flatly to all restaurateurs that no drinks were to be served to men in uniform. And to cap off Ciro's charity evening, a blond, blushing lieutenant of the 364th Infantry mounted the podium and boyishly asked all military men to report to duty at once, assured the patrons, "We have the situation well in hand. It is up to you people to protect the civilian front." He promptly sat down amid hearty applause and ordered a drink.

MANILA, P. I.: *cable from Melville Jacoby*

The Philippines overnight assumed a war basis with censorship, round-ups of aliens, rationing, continual blackouts, evacuation of populated areas.

There is a feeling among the populace that there is a long siege in view. The appearance of ack-acks on the parkways, wardens, Red Crossers, brought real live war to Manila. The Filipino and American general populace are just getting the experience of war, far behind even the Chinese children in Chungking, who can distinguish bomber and pursuit sounds, and well know the difference between the flash of ack-acks and searchlights. However, in a few days more at this rate, the locals will soon become seasoned veterans of bombings and automatically go for cover instead of watching the "show."

Bleary-eyed Americans are still jovial. It is an oddity to see horse-drawn calashes with Americans rolling in front of the swank Manila Hotel, while all taxis are requisitioned for military usage and gas stations are closed temporarily following yesterday's rush. Life is going on surprisingly normally in the daytime considering the frequent wailing of loud sirens, which are still not familiar to the populace. There is a terrific run on groceries and other supplies, especially good concentrates, bandages, iodine, flashlights, kotex. Many stores with bare shelves are closed. All Japanese shops are closed while the Chinese are labeling their shops with signboards reading "Chinese."

The military have already effected a carefully fore-plotted scheme of requisitioning all essentials, even film.

Optimistic signs of the formerly lax Civilian Emergency Administrations are the air wardens helping to direct traffic and avoid panic, cooperating under "advice" from MacArthur's headquarters. Though people are still numbed by the actual attack by the Japs on American soil, they are slowly coming out with grim determination. The smoothness of the Japanese blitz tactics in the air still amazes even informed people. Though it is militarily unwise to give out detailed information, the Japanese, despite attacks ranging from Thailand to Honolulu, are managing to concentrate their superior aerial forces against the Philippine strategic points. It is obviously a Japanese plan to cripple our striking power, eventually landing according to blitz plans as accomplished in the Far East very recently.

Though the constant unconfirmable rumors persist that the Japanese are landing hither and yon, there is still no real indication of where they will strike hardest.

It is U. S. policy, despite reported temporary losses of the islands linking the Philippines with Hawaii, to hold out in the Far East to the last man, meanwhile striking harder and harder against Japanese bases with material at hand. It is already critically obvious that the entire ABCD strategy leading to the Philippines' defense must depend on new and stronger Pacific supply lines. It is foolish to draw over-early conclusions. However, continual daily and nightly exchange

visits between Hart, Sayre, and MacArthur point out the seriousness of our position. Incidentally, Hart and MacArthur are in closest cooperation. When Hart left MacArthur's office this morning, MacArthur escorted him arm in arm to his car. Hart commented on the large passageway under the old wall in MacArthur's office, joked that it is better than anything he has to go in during raids.

Owing to lack of adequate communication with other Far East points being blitzed, the U. S. Far East Command is treating the Philippines as a separate defense problem momentarily while U. S. Naval forces alone, but undoubtedly also with the British, are striking powerful blows in the vicinity of the Gulf of Siam.

Naval and military activity is a very close military secret now, even aerial losses from yesterday's and today's battles, one of which was seen over Manila, were not revealed. It is reliably known that Japanese planes shot down over the Philippines have been from aircraft carriers, also from Formosan bases. Some observers, impressed with the Japs' excellent tactics, accuracy, etc., suspect not only Nazi planning, but possibly Nazi planes of the Heinkel type and pilots. The foregoing, however, is absolutely unconfirmed.

The Japs have mixed high altitude bombing, dive bombing and strafing round in all major attacks.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Wilmott Ragsdale*

Kurt Sell, DNB correspondent and well-known figure around Washington for more than ten years, arrived at the White House to turn in his building pass. "Do you want my card?" "Yes" was the emphatic reply of the first guard, who grabbed it.

Meanwhile FBI men went to Sell's office and collected all U. S. Government identification cards which would permit him into federal buildings.

There are no longer any Italian correspondents in the U. S. Sell was the last German correspondent in Washington.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Felix Belair*

The White House press

All over the White House establishment there was eloquent proof of the nation's peril. Reporters, radio commentators with their sound men, photographers and newsreel cameramen were falling over themselves. Appreciated only by the handful of reporters regularly assigned to cover the place in war and peace was the fact that a goodly number of the young men in the lobby and pressroom had no connection with the press or any other medium of public opinion. They were members of the White House

Secret Service detail. An NBC technician, discovered mumbling something over a microphone in his office downtown, almost had the same device shoved down his throat because of Steve Early's notice earlier that there would be no more broadcasting from the press-room. Telephone linemen worked feverishly throughout the day installing phones for special newspaper bureaus to whom the idea had never occurred before.

But through all the bustle it was apparent that after hectic yesterday, the White House establishment was beginning to settle down. To the White House establishment nothing could be worse than yesterday. Steve Early talked less excitedly to reporters at his morning press conference, weighed the few questions that followed his opening statement before answering.

Extra couches and overstuffed chairs were strewn about the lobby. Secretaries, stenographers and messengers moved a little more swiftly from office to office. Gone were the jitters of yesterday. Now war had become a reality, there was nothing to do but see it through. And this appreciation of the finality of the thing reached down to the last typist. All day long newsmen popped in and out of the Executive Office between visits to other departments and press conferences. At any moment a big story might break and it would be wise to be there for a first-hand version if possible.

The White House had become the funnel through

which all news of Far Eastern operation must flow. At the Navy and War Departments old drinking companions of newsmen were saying: I'm still your friend but you'll have to get it from the White House or not at all. At the White House genial Bill Hassett said it would take a few days for us to shake down and then there would be some thought of policy about communiqués. He did not say who would issue them, but if Steve Early has his way he will not be the mouthpiece for the War Ministry.

All Washington was in the middle of a shakedown cruise and the White House was the focal point. Today the White House showed signs of settling down. Not far behind would come the rest of the capital. Once war came Washington started looking facts in the face. In a week or so Washington would begin to make sense.

Franklin Roosevelt has passed from reformer to emergency President to war President. From now on he would see none but those officials engaged in the conduct of the war abroad and home.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Felix Belair*
Roosevelt goes to Congress

Grim determination was written on every line of his face as Franklin Roosevelt was wheeled out of the south door of the Executive Mansion and helped into

his waiting limousine to begin what was to be his last journey to the Capitol until his State of the Union Address in January. His appearance had been awaited by a swarm of tense Secret Service men in plain clothes, who stood about in little groups on the south lawn. Ten highly polished black limousines bearing the seal of the President had been rolled into place. Up ahead and reaching nearly to the west gate the motorcycles of escorting police idled, awaiting the signal from big Ed Starling to get rolling. More Secret Service men than had been assembled to protect the President even on the occasion of his three Inaugurals put their automatic riot guns into place, cocked and primed for any emergency. They wore no topcoats, these protectors of the President. Topcoats slow down the draw from the hip of the .38 service revolvers all carried.

Some said the President looked as mad as a wet hen. More probably he had been, but that was last night. Now he had a job to do. He was unsmiling as he sat back in the well-padded rear seat, adjusting his big dark Naval cape. His son, Captain Jimmy of the Marines, sat beside him, trying to express the seriousness that the occasion required. Slowly the presidential motorcade circled the south lawn, spattering gravel from the driveway about the neatly trimmed grass. Past the east gate a fair-sized crowd cheered from either side of the street south of the Treasury Building. But here was no campaign parade and there were no

campaign cheers. The President, however, was not too impressed with the solemnity of the occasion to fail to respond to the crowd. The smile and the wave of the hand was there, although the hand waving was a little less vigorous and the smile was not from ear to ear. The President's response each time was entirely in keeping with his silk hat and formal attire. It was a solemn obligation he was about to ask Congress to shoulder and it had best be done soberly. The President's mood was sobriety from start to finish. Probably never before during his life had the President been so completely protected. Although he rode in a closed car, a Secret Service man perched precariously on either running board. On either side his car was flanked by an open Secret Service car with three men on each running board and four more inside cuddling up with their sawed-off riot guns. Another Secret Service car followed that of the President and ahead of him went "Big Bertha" or "the Queen Mary," a rolling arsenal if ever there was one. If ever a President rode in a mechanized division it was Roosevelt today.

The Capitol grounds were alive with cops, Marines and plain-clothes men brought in from Baltimore, Richmond and Philadelphia. It would have been worth any man's life to try to break the lines. Reporters going to work as usual entered the House and Senate wing of the Capitol, found themselves confronted by marines with fixed bayonets. A reporter tried to get

into the House press gallery without showing his white card and was knocked back ten feet by the skinniest Secret Service man he ever saw. Another was absent-mindedly entering the gallery with a rolled-up newspaper. It was snatched out of his hand so fast he scarcely noticed it. Washington cops and plain-clothes men discovered places around the Capitol grounds today they never knew existed. They were posted on both sides and behind the Capitol Building, through the galleries and on the floor of the House. It was the same at the White House. They were on the roof of the Executive Office and patrolled the roof of both wings of the mansion itself.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Jerry Greene*
Monday color

Tight knots of people pressed smotheringly around half a dozen portable radio sets scattered through the crowd lining the sidewalks of the Capitol plaza. Minutes before, the presidential caravan had swished up the drive, depositing Roosevelt and Cabinet officers at the south entrance to the Capitol itself. Metallic voices from the radio speakers describing the scene inside the House Chamber were the only sounds to rise above the heads of the tense, still spectators.

There was nothing to be seen except the hard, gray walls of the Capitol, bright and solid in the clear, pale noonday sun, except the dozens of policemen stalking about at every corner, in the street, along the sidewalk. Yet the face of every individual, the faces of all those huddled over the radios, were turned directly toward the towering pillars of the Capitol. There was a church-like hush, a sullen, angry silence. It would be ten minutes before President Roosevelt mounted the dais to ask recognition of the war by Congress. But those in the crowd outside who did speak, spoke in whispers.

What was the silence of shock last night, today was the cold, determined hatred of an outraged people. There was something of the tension of a lynching mob, a mob where there are no masks, where each individual is happy to be identified with the purpose of the assembly. A youngster barely above high school age, her bare legs tinged with purple from chill above the anklet socks, clung tautly to the arm of her escort, a slight young lad in uniform of a Navy enlisted man, a youth whose jaw muscles rippled as he stared ahead stiffly through horn-rimmed glasses. "Gee," the girl whispered audibly, "ain't there a way a woman can get into this thing?"

Fifty people were close enough to hear the remark but not a head turned in curiosity, not a smile cracked. The sailor did not answer. The girl chewed her lower lip.

There had been cheers when the President passed by; there were cheers when he left. There were more cheers after the message than before. But before the hurried glimpse of Roosevelt and afterward, there was quiet, quiet as if those who were watching realized that there was scant time for vocal demonstration.

All over downtown Washington those same knots of people ganged around parked automobiles which had radios, listening in the same unsmiling, intent seriousness. There were no wisecracks, there were few exchanges of remarks of any kind.

Washington was at work when the President went up to Capitol Hill, and, beyond a mob around the Treasury Department Building, there were comparatively few lining Constitution Avenue to watch the procession.

Down along the west end of Constitution Avenue more of the machine gun army guards, more of the stiff, tin-hatted troops with fixed bayonets stood at every door of the munitions building. Not yet were there more than the usual blue-uniformed cops at the Navy Building.

But over under the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial, a tough, efficient squad lounged at easy alertness back of a drab, snub-nosed machine gun, set up to command the approach to the Memorial Bridge. Troops with fixed bayonets paced their beats at the bridge entrance. There was a duplication of this scene

at the Fourteenth Street bridgehead, except here those men not attending the gun warmed their hands before a small fire back at one side.

Without hysteria, without fuss, but with a solid, harsh determination, Washington went to war.

WASHINGTON: *telephoned by Crosby Maynard*
The Navy goes to work

Twenty-five officers, top men in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, gathered a few moments before 12:30 p.m. today in the large corner office of their chief, Rear Admiral Jack Towers. Towers was not present, was said to be with the Secretary at the Capitol.

Gray and white-haired four-stripers were very much in evidence; there were a few commanders, a very few of lesser rank. All were in uniform, all were serious, most were very calm, silent. The greetings exchanged were formal. Salutes, ranks were strictly observed.

They listened to the President in absolute silence. Cigarettes burned out. New ones were not lighted.

As the President finished, there followed the first bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

An unidentified officer said one word:

"Gentlemen."

Twenty-five officers came to their feet at rigid attention.

As the last words died away there was a very short pause.

“Gentlemen, we have work to do.”

The officers filed out.

WASHINGTON: *telephoned by Wilmott Ragsdale*
Roosevelt at home

F.D.R. is standing up well under the pressure. He had only five hours' sleep last night, looked fresh but grim today.

During the afternoon he demonstrated once again his ability to snatch relaxation from heavy hours. After talking with Litvinov, he relaxed on his office sofa and slept soundly for an hour.

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber

The air was snappy, crisp. The atmosphere one of high-voltage tension ready to spark and bridge the gap to war at the slightest touch of the switch when Congress—knowing war, thinking war, talking war, ready for war—started streaming into the Capitol today.

There was not a man who did not know that before nightfall the awful strength of America would be thrown into a struggle six thousand miles away that coiled and plunged its sting into even thick-hided iso-

lationists, forced them to get their heads up and see what the world was about.

"Hell, it's the only thing to do. Shoot the God damned living Hell out of them," exploded isolationist Dewey Short of Missouri, Republican rabble-rouser and bitter opponent of the President. There was only one cry—war. There was only one question—would it only be Japan, or Germany and Italy with her? No one knew. Everyone speculated that by laying off Germany and Italy, forcing them to take the initiative as Japan had taken it, the collective mind of America's millions could be solidified on anti-Axis war as it has become united, overnight, on a war with Japan.

Early this morning a heavy guard of Marines was posted around the Capitol, more than 200 Secret Service men spread through the Capitol, searched even the Speaker's office. Fully 400 policemen were lined up at the south side of the Capitol, reviewed, and then stationed in and around the building.

The Speaker's office was a madhouse. Egg-bald little Sam Rayburn was seeing Army men, Navy men, telephoning frantically for late news, pulling legislative wires, conferring with Majority Leader McCormack, Minority Leader Joe Martin, Foreign Affairs Leader Sol Bloom, greasing the skids for the war resolution. A similar scene was going on in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee room over at the other end of the Capitol where Barkley, Tom Connally, Vice

President Henry Agard Wallace were meshing the gears for a quick take-off to war.

Down on the first floor, on the House side of the Capitol, the staff of aged House Chief Doorkeeper Joe Sinnott were going crazy. Tickets for the galleries were being dispensed there—one for each Congressman. The Senators' tickets had been sent to Barkley's office.

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [second take]

Dozens of Congressmen wanted one, two, or three tickets. They get one. A messenger from the office of Admiral Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, waited for an hour in the line outside Sinnott's door. It became a jam, a crush, as the hour neared for the President's address. The House was to meet at noon, but it was 12:05 p.m. before bald, raspy-voiced little Speaker Sam Rayburn whanged his heavy gavel—he keeps two handy, a light and a heavy—called the House to order, then ordered “all unauthorized” persons who had cadged seats at the rear of the Chamber to clear out. There was a bustling, scraping of chairs, and dozens of gate crashers moved back behind the iron and bronze railing in the Chamber. Most members of Congress, heeding Rayburn's orders tele-

phoned night-long last night, were in their seats by noon.

Tall, toothy Majority Leader John W. McCormack, a Massachusetts Irishman to the core, his iron-gray hair flying wildly, his black suit flecked with cigar ashes, hot-footed it to the rostrum, whispered in Rayburn's ear. Little Sam, in a freshly pressed blue business suit, nodded vigorously, his pince-nez glasses bobbing on his nose.

McCormack scrambled back to the two desks on the Democratic side, in the middle of the Chamber, took a seat behind the House microphone, pushed slightly at the broadcasting mikes placed in front of him. Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts—hitherto voting isolationist with the majority of his party—rushed about conferring with the Republicans, patting them on the shoulders, pulled out his written speech, gave it a glance, shoved it back into his pocket.

Doorkeeper Sinnott announced a message from the Senate. It was the passage of House Concurrent Resolution 61, agreeing to a joint session. Three minutes after the House met, the Senate was filing into the Chamber. Vice President Wallace helped along octogenarian, fiery old Carter Glass of Virginia; the Republican and Democratic leaders, McNary and Barkley, walked arm in arm; aged, infirm Republican isolationist Hiram Johnson of California linked arms with

tall, silver-haired Elmer Thomas, Oklahoma Democrat. It was arranged as a demonstration of solidarity, politics out, a Democrat and a Republican in many cases marching along together.

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [third take]

Up in the Executive Gallery, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in black hat, black suit, wearing a silver fox fur, peeked from behind one of the tall, upright girders installed a year ago to keep the house roof from falling in. She had one of the poorest seats in the House.

Sinnott announced the Supreme Court, and they marched in, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone's bulldog jaw set in hard lines.

Old isolationist, British-hating Republican Representative George Holden Tinkham of Massachusetts waddled around the wall of the House, his beard freshly combed, wearing a freshly pressed blue suit in strange contrast to his usually disheveled garb. He hauled up a chair close to the left of the Speaker's rostrum, bowed, sat down.

Secretary Hull led in the Cabinet, and he looked almost like a ghost risen for the occasion. Tall, slightly stooped, he seemed almost exhausted. His face was

deeply lined, sad. His white hair was neatly brushed, set off by his blue suit, black tie and white soft-collar shirt.

In full uniform, Admiral Stark, General George C. Marshall, Brigadier General Henry H. Arnold talked earnestly together on the House floor, finally took seats over at the left of the Chamber in front of the diplomatic corps, from which the Axis diplomats, to a man, were missing. Cadaverous, tall Lord Halifax leaned over, whispered long and fervently to Admiral Stark, checking up on the latest information—for Britain, too, was fighting at Hong Kong and Singapore.

Joe Martin pointed a stubby forefinger at the chest of Isolationist Ham Fish, lectured him, and Fish nodded vigorous agreement. A dozen children were on the floor, sitting in their parents' laps. Back at the rear of the Republican side of the Chamber, Delegate Sam King from Hawaii talked with roundheaded, bald and bitter Harold Knutson, only man now in the House who voted against war in 1917—talked with first one member, then another.

The President got a one-and-a-half-minute ovation when he walked slowly up the ramp to the Speaker's dais on the arm of Son James, who was in his marine uniform.

For the first time in eight or nine years Republicans generally applauded Franklin D. Roosevelt. Only a few sat on their hands—Hiram Johnson of California,

William Lambertson of Kansas, Ulysses S. Guyer of Kansas.

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [fourth take]

The President, in formal morning attire, took a firm grip on the reading clerk's stand, flipped open his black, looseleaf notebook like every school child's, adjusted his glasses, took a long, steady look at Congress and began to read.

The hum and overtones which had rumbled through the galleries and across the floor for an hour died out instantly. The Chamber was brilliantly lighted, and as the President read, he gazed almost directly into a battery of floodlights which had been arranged for the photographers. A thousand people were behind the rails, another two thousand in the galleries. The Press Gallery was jammed to brimming; a hundred reporters tried to peer through the doors.

Speaker Rayburn, introducing the President, made it snappy: "Senators and Representatives, I have the distinguished honor of presenting the President of the United States."

It was Roosevelt at his best; an hour later, the House at its best.

A year ago, Franklin Roosevelt trembled as he ad-

justed his nose pincers to read his annual message to Congress, a message condemning the Axis. He almost dropped his glasses that day. Today, that tremor was gone. His hand was firm, its muscles bulging as he gripped the desk, as he thumbed the five pages of big print. His face was grim; a wisp of iron-gray hair hung slantwise along his forehead. But the main thing—the hand was firm, the voice steely, brittle with determination.

When he said America would remember “this onslaught,” Republicans and Democrats broke into applause. In a front row seat, Chief Justice Stone, whose legal precepts have struck hard for freedom, nodded his approval. Again, when Mr. Roosevelt said “righteous might” will win through, the Congress, the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps leaped to their feet, gave a full minute of wild applause . . . “We will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God.” Again Congress applauded. The Roosevelt jaw was thrust out, there was no show of weakness, no lack of confidence. It was an almost brutal display of the will to win. Then—up with his right hand, a determined smile, a wave to Congress and to the galleries. Again wildness.

It had taken exactly 10 minutes—undoubtedly, according to Congressmen, the shortest war message ever delivered to an American Congress.

Speaker Rayburn congratulated the President, accepted a copy of the address; Wallace congratulated

him. Rayburn proclaimed the joint session ended.

The phrase is McCormack's—"The President at his best; the House at its best."

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [fifth take]

Immediately, McCormack moved to send the President's message to the Foreign Affairs Committee, have it printed; Rayburn declared the motion adopted, then McCormack waved a sheet of white paper, said he had sent the resolution to the Clerk's desk, moved to suspend the House rules and pass it immediately.

Aged, gray-haired, ill House Reading Clerk Alney E. Chaffee read the resolution, House Joint Resolution 254, declaring war on Japan. Rayburn asked if a second were demanded. Joe Martin said a second was requested. Vainly, Jeanette Rankin, at the rear of the Chamber, leaped up on her pipestem legs, protested shrilly, sought to lodge an objection. Rayburn almost brutally ruled that an objection could not be entertained, that no unanimous consent request had been propounded. McCormack used just 20 seconds to defend his motion, said Japan had attacked, moved its adoption. Joe Martin followed, reading his prepared speech that he had written out painstakingly in his hotel room at nearly 3 o'clock this morning. It was a

plea for all-out unity, no more strikes, full prosecution of the war. The members leaped up, cheered little Joe, rushed over to congratulate him.

There were yells of "vote, vote, vote," from the Democratic side. Rayburn, pounding like a pile driver, shouted, "It won't be long," and pleaded, "Let us maintain order at this time particularly."

Little Sam's voice was almost reverent. Then Ham Fish said his piece, rather read it from a crumpled sheet of onionskin paper, in a high singsong voice and with apparent nervousness. He would, at the proper time, he said, seek an assignment with a combat unit "preferably colored," as he did in the World War.

Again Jeanette Rankin flounced to her feet. "Sit down, sister," yelled short, thin John M. Dingell of Michigan.

Rayburn recognized Chairman Sol Bloom. Bloom hunched over the microphone, like a brown teddy bear in his brown suit, and said one short mouthful: "Speedy action, not words, should be the order of the day." Then little bantam-like Luther Johnson of Texas demanded war, immediately. McCormack slipped over to the Republican side, whispered in Joe Martin's ear, patted Joe affectionately on the arm. Politics was adjourned.

Gray-haired, ex-war Nurse Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts said Japan had "stabbed us in the back." The President used the same term against Mus-

solini in his Charlottesville speech in the summer of 1940. Black-haired, pretty Mrs. Katharine Byron of Maryland, mother of five sons, widow of a Congressman, said her husband served in the World War, said she was "willing to give my sons if necessary," said she favored war. So did black-haired, formerly oppositionist Joseph E. Casey, Massachusetts Irishman.

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [sixth take]

The House was getting restless. Speaker Rayburn called on Republican, white-haired, swarthy-faced, bulky Charles A. Eaton of New Jersey, one of the few Republicans who, years ago, was declaring that aggression was a plot of world conquest, and who, when Japanese were stripping English women in Tientsin, pleaded for a strong American course; told Congress "there are some things a man had better die against than submit to once."

An orator of the old school, Eaton shunned the microphone, boomed in a loud roar that America had met "the call to unity . . . the call to courage . . . the call to victory." It would be necessary to "kill this accursed monster of tyranny and slavery," . . . it

would "be a long battle," but America would not stop short of victory.

At 1:04 p.m. Rayburn ordered the roll call. Again Jeanette Rankin tried to interrupt proceedings and stop the roll call. She was again brutally thrust off by Rayburn. She sat down in a back row seat, drummed her fingers on the arms of the seat, smiled in a bemused manner.

Down the line, without a break, the isolationists voted for war. Even Tinkham, pointing his beard at a rakish angle, bellowed his "aye" vote. Fish of New York, Knutson of Minnesota, Ludlow of Indiana, Mundt of South Dakota, Peterson of Georgia, Rabaut of Michigan, holding his little daughter in his lap, Rankin of Mississippi, Vorys of Indiana and dozens of others who have been the House core of ostracism. Irving Swanson, the clerk reading the roll call, called, "Rankin of Montana."

"No," Jeanette Rankin smiled. "SSSSSSSS." The hisses echoed through the House Chamber, and Rayburn violently pounded the gavel, until the razzing subsided. Swanson proceeded with his roll call.

Jeanette Rankin still smiled. A dozen Republican Congressmen rushed back to the rear of the Chamber, ganged up and sought to change her vote—Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, Francis D. Culkin of New York, Forrest A. Harness of Indiana, Harold Knutson of Min-

nesota, white-haired Democrat Isolationist, James F. O'Connor of Montana, bulky George H. Bender of Ohio, Karl Stefan of Nebraska, curly-haired James Van Zandt of Pennsylvania, baldish blocky Karl Mundt of South Dakota, tall George Dondero of Michigan, big rawboned Paul W. Shafer of Michigan, and James W. Mott of Oregon.

She smiled, argued, refused. What did she tell them? That it might all be a mistake, it might be propaganda. How did Congress know for sure that Hawaii had been attacked? It might be another presidential ruse. There was so much propaganda nowadays. Look at the *Kearny* and some of those other incidents. It might turn out to be nothing more than propaganda. No, she wouldn't change her vote.

(More coming)

WASHINGTON: *wire from Frank McNaughton*
In the Chamber [seventh take]

There was no weeping in the galleries or on the floor when the House voted. It was a grim resolve to go to war. There was another burst of cheering when, at 1:26 p.m., Sam Rayburn whammed the gavel, announced the vote as 388 Aye, 1 No. Immediately thereafter the House indulged in another spree of cheering. The Senate sent in its Senate Joint Resolution

116—identical to the comma with McCormack's resolution. Quick as a flash, McCormack was on his feet and asked unanimous consent to "take from the Speaker's table" the Senate resolution and pass it.

"Without objection, the joint resolution is read a third time and passed," Rayburn yelled. Then the proceedings by which the House had passed its own resolution were "vacated."

At 1:32 p.m., eight minutes short of an hour after the President finished, Congress had voted war against Japan. There were no tears. The tension was not so dramatic as when the House passed the amendments to the Neutrality Act. Why? Because this time America had been attacked, and Congress's will was not to be doubted. Its will was to declare war, fight like hell, and as the resolution stated, "All of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the U. S. all in for an all-out war, nothing less."

The Senate scene was somewhat the same. Tom Connally plunged in with his resolution. Short discussion by Connally, by Arthur H. Vandenberg. No disagreement. Then the roll call. Two names stood out above the rest in that roll call. Little-squint-eyed Gerald P. Nye, who has been the darling of the American Quislings, intimate of Charles A. Lindbergh. He couldn't muster the guts for a No. He voted Aye. Robert M. La Follette Jr. voted Aye. Venerable old George W. Norris of Nebraska also voted Aye. There was not

a dissent, 82 to nothing, a complete shutout of America First, a route of isolationism beyond even the expectations of the President's advisers. Japan accomplished what the emergency, what the eloquence of the President couldn't budge.

The Senate passed its resolution at the chime of 1:00 p.m.

Again there were no tears.

It was almost an anticlimax in the House and in the Senate. There was no prayerful silence such as when the roll was called on amending the Neutrality Act, no days of debate, no squabbling, no backbiting. It was just the American Congress, its neck bowed, its back arched, and itself buckled down to the job of giving "blood, sweat and tears" in any volume necessary to defeat the most audacious attack of the aggressors.

THE CORRESPONDENTS



On the following pages are pictures and brief biographies of the fifty TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE correspondents who contributed to *December 7: The First 30 Hours*. Because they did not contribute by wire or cable, the faces and names of James L. McConaughy Jr. and William W. Johnson do not appear. But to them, as important members of the News Bureau in New York, goes great credit for their handling of the queries and dispatches which made this book possible. As always, McConaughy and Johnson acted with speed, efficiency and thoroughness.

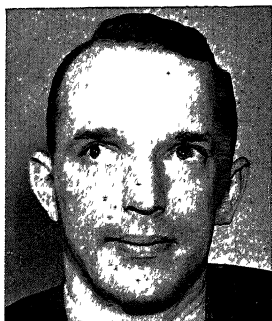
D.H.

FELIX BELAIR Jr., 34, was born in Washington, D. C., attended Georgetown University, worked on the *Washington Daily News* as office boy, night telephone operator and occasional theatre reviewer, ditched the job for one on a freighter sailing between the U. S. and European ports. In 1929 was employed as office boy at the New York *Times* Washington Bureau, made a member of its Washington editorial staff the next year covering the economic and financial run. Covered the Republican and Democratic National Conventions in 1936 and 1940, became President of the White House Correspondents Association in 1940. Followed Franklin Roosevelt on all of his trips for six years. Joined the staff of TIME Inc. in 1940 as head of its Washington Bureau. Married; one son, one daughter. Hobbies: Golf, fishing, Chinese checkers.



LIFE: Thomas D McAvoy

JOHN CRIDER, 36, was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., educated at Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro, Va., Virginia Military Institute and graduated from Columbia School of Journalism, worked for the New York *Times* as Westchester County correspondent, later as a member of its Washington staff. Was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard (1940-1941), sat through the extensive hearings of the TNEC, was U. S. correspondent of the Finnish Foreign Trade Association, has written for numerous U. S. periodicals. Married; two sons. Hobbies: golf and squash.



LIFE: Thomas D McAvoy



LIFE: Thomas D. McAvoy

JERRY GREENE, 31, was born in Conway, Arkansas, graduated from Hendrix College (Conway, Arkansas), worked as a copy writer in an advertising agency, as a reporter on the *Arkansas Gazette* (Little Rock), with the Associated Press in Washington, as a reporter and rewrite man on the *Chicago Daily News*. Was once associate editor for three detective magazines in New York. Joined TIME Inc.'s Washington staff in the summer of 1941. Married; no children.



LIFE: Thomas D. McAvoy

EDWARD LOCKETT, 37, was born in Lynchburg, Va., educated at Virginia Episcopal School, Dartmouth College, and University of Richmond, worked on the Lynchburg (Va.) *News* and for the International News Service, winding up as Chief of the Senate Staff. Early in 1941 he joined the staff of FORTUNE, later transferring to TIME Inc.'s Washington Bureau. Married; no children.

FRANK McNAUGHTON, 36, was born at Westboro, Mo., with an identical twin (now a farmer), educated at Tarkio (Missouri) College and University of Missouri, worked for the Muskogee, Okla., *Daily-Phoenix*, the Nebraska City, Nebr., *Daily News-Press*, the Monroe, La., *Morning World*, the Casper, Wyo., *Times*, United Press in New Orleans (during the rise of the Huey Long machine), Oklahoma City (during the Urschel kidnap trial and the reign of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray), and Washington, D. C. Joined the Washington staff of TIME Inc. in June 1941. Married; two sons.



LIFE: Myron H. Davis

CROSBY MAYNARD, 34, was born in Coudersport, Pa., went to Trinity College at Hartford, Conn., worked on a rock drill and on Diesel engines during the depression, became press agent for an explorer, finally director of the New York State Historical Association. Joined TIME Inc.'s Washington staff in 1940. At present is associate editor of the Whaley-Eaton Service (Washington). Married; no children.



LIFE: Myron H. Davis



LIFE: Thomas D. McAvoy

WILMOTT RAGSDALE, 30, was born in Aberdeen, Washington, studied at the College of Puget Sound, the University of Washington, the Sorbonne and various Paris Art schools, went to sea when he was 17 on an Alaskan steamer, worked for a Tacoma lumber company, picked up odd dollars in small time prize fights, did a turn with the Ballet Russe, drilled oil wells in California, managed a string quartet, beat twice across the country on freight cars, sailed to the Orient, South America, the Caribbean and Europe, skipped ships and when possible, lived in attics in France and England. Began his newspaper career at Tucson, Ariz. in 1938 with Hearst and Transradio Press, then in Chicago, Hartford and Washington where he became correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal*. Joined TIME Inc.'s Washington staff in late 1941. Married; no children.



LIFE: Thomas D. McAvoy

ROBERT SHERROD, 33, was born in Thomas County, Ga., graduated from the University of Georgia, worked on the *Atlanta Constitution*. Joined FORTUNE's staff in 1935, later worked as a roving Midwest political reporter for TIME, in 1937 became attached to TIME Inc.'s Washington Bureau as its political reporter, later switched to military affairs, went in a convoy with the first AEF to Australia, where he is now war correspondent for TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE. Married; two sons.

FILLMORE CALHOUN, 33, was born in Kent, Washington, educated at the University of Washington and Columbia School of Journalism, worked for the *Seattle Star*, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, the Great Bend (Kans.) *Tribune*, United Press in San Francisco. Was on a holiday trip to Europe with his wife in the fall of 1939, joined the staff of TIME Inc. in London when the war broke out. Later he was sent to Italy with LIFE Photographer Tom McAvoy to open a bureau in Rome, was expelled from Italy when a LIFE story displeased Mussolini (it called him the "aging butcher boy of Fascism"), covered the refugee exodus from Lisbon, returned to New York. He opened a TIME Inc. office in Ottawa, returned to work in the New York News Bureau, for a time ran the Chicago office. At present is writing for TIME's Foreign News department.



LIFE: Hans Wild

BERNARD CLAYTON Jr., 25, was born in Rochester, Indiana, the son of a country newspaper editor, worked in the back shop of the paper during grade school, attended Indiana University and graduated to a writing job on the paper. Became police reporter and photo-reporter on the *Indianapolis News*, joined LIFE's New York staff in 1939, later transferred to the TIME Inc. Chicago office. At present is in charge of the San Francisco bureau. Married; one daughter.



LIFE: Myron Davis



TIME: Drubluk

bureau. She is married to Lawyer Joseph W. Bailey—at present a Lieutenant (J. G.) in the Naval Reserve.

ELEANOR WELCH was born in Oak Park, Ill., attended Smith College and the University of Chicago, worked in practically every department of *Esquire*, did promotion work for a Chicago brokerage house and the American Petroleum Institute. Came to TIME Inc.'s Chicago staff in 1936, in 1942 was made the first woman head of a TIME Inc. editorial



LIFE: William Vandivert

correspondent in 1937. Has visited most of the capitals of Europe, spent five months in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Rumania, witnessed the Nazi occupation of Austria, covered World War II from London from its start through Britain's entire blitz period, and up to the beginning of 1942 when he returned to New York. Married; one daughter, one son. Author (with Allan A. Michie) of *Their Finest Hour*; (with Stephen Laird) of *Conversation in London*. Is currently on a special assignment in Russia.

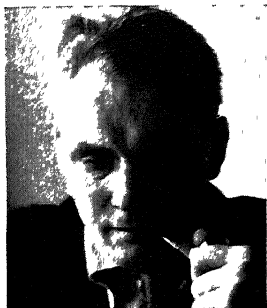
WALTER A. GRAEBNER, 32, managing director of TIME & LIFE Abroad and Chief of the London Bureau, was born near Columbus, Ohio, attended the University of Wisconsin. Was hired by TIME's Chicago production office in 1931, subsequently became assistant in the Chicago Editorial Bureau, was appointed head of that bureau in 1935, was sent to London as TIME, LIFE & FORTUNE



TIME: Drubluh

STEPHEN LAIRD, 27, was born Laird Lichtenwalner in Emaus, Pa., graduated from Swarthmore College in 1936 and, after serving for a while there as assistant football coach, became a reporter on the Chester, Pa., *Times*, changed his name to Laird. Started with TIME as an office boy, then became FORTUNE writer and researcher, then a member of the Washington staff. Was sent (with his new wife Lael) to Berlin in 1939 as TIME Inc. correspondent (traveling via the Pacific, Japan, Manchuria and Russia, with a nine-day stopover in a box-car on the Soviet border—quarantined with 40 other passengers). Returned to the U. S. via Switzerland just before Germany marched into Russia, calling the shot from Switzerland a week in advance. Went to England in the fall of 1941, now operates the London office in Graebner's absence.

LAEL LAIRD was born Lael Tucker in Bradford, Pa., educated at the University of Louisville, was treasurer, then manager, of the (New York) Theatre Guild, came to FORTUNE in June 1939, married Stephen Laird in the spring of 1939. The rest of her career parallels her husband's. Lael Laird is a full-fledged working journalist, is on the TIME Inc. payroll in her own name, as a correspondent in the London office.



LIFE: William Vandivert

JEFFREY MARK, 44, was born in Cumberland, England, studied at Oxford, left school to go to the front-line during World War I, was gassed, returned to Oxford to continue his studies. Came to the U. S. to attend the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, returned to London, became a composer of music, an author of books on world finance, an expert on the history of the English pub.

Started free-lance work (on music and art) for TIME Inc. in London in 1935, became a full-time staff member in 1939. Married; no children.



TIME: Drubluh

JOHN OSBORNE, 35, was born in Corinth, Miss., attended Southwestern University in Memphis, Tenn., and the University of Colorado, worked with NRA and TVA, and on the Washington *Herald*, joined the editorial staff of TIME in 1938 as a National Affairs writer. He later wrote for National Defense, traveling extensively throughout the U. S. to report on our growing air power.

On a trip to London (by bomber) in the fall of 1941, reporting on the Ferry Command, Osborne asked for a correspondent's assignment in the London office, remained there until after Pearl Harbor when he again returned to the U. S. At present is writing *World Battlefronts*. Married; no children.

DENNIS SCANLAN, 44, was born in Huntingdon, England, graduated from Cambridge, joined the London staff of MARCH OF TIME (cinema) as a sound expert in 1936, transferred to the editorial staff in 1940. Is a lieutenant-colonel in the London Home Guard, an expert on military affairs.



LIFE: Hans Wild

SURESH VAIDYA, 32, was born in Bombay, India. At 19 acted as correspondent for Nagpur's weekly *Hitawada* for a short time, then traveled through Europe and the Near East, ended up in London where in 1937 he started freelance corresponding for TIME. Has also contributed to the Associated Press and United Press. Became a full-time member of TIME Inc.'s London staff at the beginning of 1942.



LIFE: William Vandivert



LIFE Wallace Kirkland

MELVILLE JACOBY was born in Los Angeles September 11, 1916, graduated *magna cum laude* from Stanford University in 1937, became an exchange student at Lingnan University, Canton, China. Remained in Chungking to work for the Chinese Government's Ministry of Information, later served as NBC radio commentator, United Press correspondent and, in June 1941, became TIME, LIFE, and FORTUNE correspondent at Chungking. Was transferred to Manila in October, there married Annalee Whitmore. Reported the fall of Manila, escaped to Corregidor and Bataan. From Bataan he continued reporting the war until he and his wife, together with Clark Lee of the Associated Press, escaped by boat first to Cebu, then to Australia where they arrived safely after 13 days at sea. On April 29, 1942, on an airfield in Northern Australia, Melville Jacoby was instantly killed when a fighter plane which was taking off got out of control and crashed into him and others who were waiting to board another plane. Killed with him was his good friend Brig. General Harold H. George whose activities as commander of the Army air force at Bataan Jacoby had covered, and whose guest Jacoby was on their fatal trip to the northern front. Wrote General Douglas MacArthur: "Melville Jacoby covered the Philippine campaign for TIME and LIFE and was distinguished not only for literary talents but for complete devotion to military standards. He could well have served as a model for war correspondents at the front."

MARY WELSH was born in Walker, Minn., attended Northwestern University, worked for the Chicago *Daily News* writing for the Women's Page. Left in 1937 to go to London, married Noel Monks (Far Eastern Correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*), worked on the London *Express* for three years before joining the London staff of TIME Inc. in 1940.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Was commentator (with three U. S. correspondents) for the American Red Cross film *We Were There*, is a member of the Fleet Street's women journalists rifle corps, and is one of the few women correspondents formally accredited to the U. S. Army.

WILLIAM S. HOWLAND, 41, was born in New York City, raised in Catskill, N. Y., graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and Princeton University, worked for the Nashville *Tennessean*, the Atlanta *Journal*, the advertising department of the Georgia Power Co., returned to newspaper work as Managing Editor of the *Evening Tennessean* in Nashville, then general news editor of the



Thurston Hatcher

Nashville *Banner*, left the *Banner* to work on reorganization of the Winston-Salem, N. C., newspapers. Started with TIME Inc. in 1934 as a free-lance reporter, became Atlanta Bureau Chief in January 1940, covers most of the Old South very fast. Married; one son, one daughter.



LIFE · Mark Kauffman

SIDNEY L. JAMES, 35, was born in St. Louis, Mo., educated in public schools there and at Washington University. His father was William H. ("Harry") James, one of the original products of the great Joseph Pulitzer Sr. and a star performer on the *Post-Dispatch* for some 40 years. Sidney James worked on the now-defunct St. Louis *Times*, on the *Post-Dispatch*, in 1936 joined the staff of TIME; was made head of the Chicago office in November 1937, head of the Los Angeles office in September 1941.



TIME: Drubluh

JOHN F. ALLEN, 30, was born in London, England, of American parents, came to America in early childhood, attended Stanford University, wrote for the United Press, worked in Yosemite Valley resorts, joined the staff of TIME Inc. in San Francisco in 1936. Remained there until the fall of 1941 when he transferred to the Los Angeles office. Married; one son, one daughter.

EDWARD STANSBURY, 31, was born in New York City, graduated from Cornell University, worked for United Press in New York. In May 1940, after a brief career on the stage he joined the staff of TIME Inc. in the Los Angeles office, was called in the first draft (May 1941) but later discharged because of his age. After Pearl Harbor he was called back to duty in the Army, at present is in Officers' Training School at Fort Benning.



SUZANNE HAMMOND was born in Philadelphia, Pa., attended Springside School in Chestnut Hill (Pa.), Bishop's School at La Jolla (Calif.), graduated from Stanford University, where she was managing editor of The Stanford *Daily* in her senior year and wrote the 1938 Stanford Quad (yearbook). Traveled through Scandinavia, studied at the Sorbonne and the University of Munich, left Germany (via Norway) when the war broke out. On her return to the U. S. she joined TIME Inc. staff in San Francisco, early in 1942 transferred to LIFE's New York staff.





HOLLAND McCOMBS, 41, San Antonio Staff Correspondent, was born on a farm near Martin, Tennessee, worked on papers there, studied journalism at Missouri, history and economics at Tennessee and sugar chemistry at L. S. U., took up sugar chemistry in Mexico, California and Cuba, then radio work in Chicago, a newspaper job in Louisiana and advertising in California. Once ran a travel bureau in New Orleans, a riding academy in Texas. Started with *TIME* in 1935 as a free-lance reporter, specialized in Texas and Mexican news, became San Antonio bureau chief in 1940. His next assignment is Rio de Janeiro. Married, two stepsons.



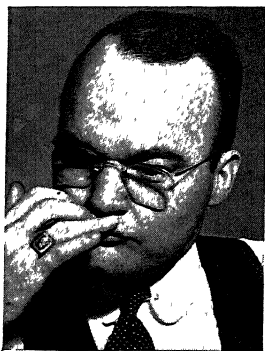
ROBERT STROTHER, 38, was born in Winfield, Kan., attended Southwestern University and the University of Kansas, worked on the *Winfield Courier*, the *St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent* and *Maryville, Mo., Daily Forum*. Later wrote for the Associated Press in Detroit, London and the Near East, returned to Detroit to N. W. Ayer and McCann Erikson in 1938, was made head of the *TIME* Inc. bureau in October 1941. Married; no children.

ARNOLD ASLAKSON, 36, was born on a South Dakota farm. Attended high school in Minneapolis, worked for six years with the State Highway Department before going to college, served as editor of the *Minnesota Daily* at the University of Minnesota, got his B.A. degree *cum laude* in 1932. Has worked for the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, *Wisconsin News* (Milwaukee), *Minneapolis Journal*, *Minneapolis Times-Tribune* and *Minneapolis Daily Times*, where he currently serves as an editorial writer. Has specialized in politics, labor relations and science. Married; no children.



BEN AVERY, 32, was born on an Arizona cattle ranch, quit high school at 14 to take up mining and cow punching, at 18 became a meat cutter in a Globe, Ariz., market, a year later became a newspaperman in the *Arizona Record* office across the street. Now covers the capitol beat for the *Arizona Republic* at Phoenix.





JAMES A. BELL, 25, was born in Altoona, Kansas, ten days later left for Mexico where his father was a mining engineer, was shortly shipped out of Mexico during a revolution, went to the Philippines with his family (his father became manager of a gold mine near Baguio), attended prep school there, returned to the U. S. and studied at the University of Kansas. The day after graduation went to work for the *Topeka Daily Capital*, joined the Chicago staff of TIME Inc. in January 1942. Married; no children. His father, mother, sister and brother were at Baguio on December 7, are presumably Japanese prisoners.



LIFE. Hagel & Mieth

JOHN DURANT, 36, was born in Cambridge, Mass., graduated from Harvard, started his business career in the midst of the depression lobster fishing and selling glue, later worked for the *Boston Herald*, became TIME Inc.'s Boston correspondent in 1937. Married; two sons.

CLAYTON FRITCHEY, 37, was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, educated at City College, Baltimore, Md., traveled abroad, worked in a bank, hosted locomotives for a railroad, served as a feature writer and columnist for the *Baltimore American*, was also literary editor and dramatic critic, went to the *Pittsburgh Press* as night editor and assistant to the managing editor, became managing editor



Geoffrey Landesman

of the *Baltimore Post* at 25, later transferred to the *Cleveland Press* with a roving reporter assignment. He received a Pulitzer citation (for uncovering a cemetery scandal), twice won annual newspaper awards for reporting "in the public interest." Married; one daughter.

WILLIAM P. GRAY, Jr., 32, was born in Wilbur, Wash., graduated in 1932 from the University of Washington school of journalism, worked on newspapers in Seattle and Portland and has corresponded for *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE* since 1934. As a reporter, he cruised to Hawaii on a battleship, flew to both Alaska and Bermuda on the same Clipper. Once wrote a newspaper column on skiing. In April 1942, he resigned his job as assistant Sunday editor of *The Oregonian* to become a member of *TIME* Inc.'s Los Angeles staff. Married; one son and one daughter.



LIFE: Mark Kauffman



Darned

MICHAEL GRIFFIN, 39, was born in Lone Rock, Wis., graduated from the University of Wisconsin, worked on Madison (Wis.), Milwaukee and Chicago newspapers, was a Government publicity man for the New Deal, then an advertising copy writer. Is now with the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Married; one son, one daughter.



ROBERT RUSSELL HAGY Jr., 27, was born in Chicago, raised in a Pittsburgh suburb, educated at Bowdoin College (where he was graduated *magna cum laude* in 1936), got his first newspaper job on the Portland (Me.) *Evening News*, is now a reporter on the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. Married; one daughter. Likes to write poetry, play poker and hunt with bow and arrow.

GROVER C. HALL Jr., 27, born and raised in Montgomery, Ala., is the son of the late Grover C. Hall, longtime and famed editor of the *Montgomery Advertiser*.

Covered the Legislature and State House for the *Advertiser* and was Montgomery correspondent for *TIME* and *LIFE*. He entered the U. S. Army on January 21, 1942.



SOUTHEAST ARMY AIR
FORCES TRAINING COMMAND

HENRY WADE HOUGH, 36, was born in Bridger, Montana, studied journalism at the University of Montana, was a cub reporter on the *Denver Express*, pony editor in the Denver bureau of United Press, Associate Editor of the *Scientific American* magazine (N. Y.), director of the Colorado Writers Program for WPA.

Has also been ghost writer, deck hand on an oil tanker, advertising manager for various firms, written two books on Rocky Mountain lore. Married; two daughters.





SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

CLEMENT R. HURD, 35, was born near St. Louis, Mo., attended United States Military Academy (K Company), West Point, N. Y., and Washington University, St. Louis, worked on the now-extinct *St. Louis Times*, the *Midwest Free Press* of Muscatine, Ia., and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Is now Assistant Public Relations Officer, Armored Force, Fort Knox, Ky., with the rank of Captain. Married; two children.



HAROLD KEEN, 29, was born in New York City, graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles, worked for two depression years as a social worker for the State Relief Administration, started in 1936 with the *San Diego Sun* covering the waterfront, is now ship-news reporter for the *Tribune-Sun*, as well as San Diego correspondent for NANA, Central Press, *Los Angeles Times*, *Chicago Sun*, and TIME Inc. Married; one son and one daughter.

JACK MEDDOFF, 40, was born in Richmond, Va., served in most International News Service bureaus from Jacksonville to New York to Chicago and St. Louis, worked for the *Advertiser* and the *Herald-Dispatch* in Huntington, W. Va., once edited the *National Turf Gazette*, has been with the *Buffalo News* since 1927, covering City Hall, politics and numerous special assignments. In 1931 his exposé of labor camp rackets on state projects resulted in passing of corrective legislation and won his paper a mention on the roll of honor. Married; one daughter.



EDWARD MORROW, 38, was born in Alliance, Nebraska, graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1927, that same year started work on the *World-Herald* in Omaha as assignment man. Is still with the *World-Herald*, as assistant city editor. Some of his news stories have appeared in the last three editions of Dr. Frank Luther Mott's collections of best news stories. Married, two children.





ROBERT MORRIS MUNROE, 45, was born in Baldwinsville, N. Y., served in the Motor Transport Corps in World War I, has been at various times a lumberjack, tugboat deckhand and fireman, stationary engineer, dredge fireman and craneman, harvest hand, shipyard worker, electrical contractor, Coral Gables publicity director, news photographer and magazine feature

writer. Is currently Miami correspondent for a number of publications, including *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE*, is fishing editor and daily columnist on the *Miami Daily News*, has written a volume of poetry, *One Man's Meat*, and has contributed to several anthologies of verse. Married; one son.



CLARKE NEWLON, 36, was born in Griswold, Iowa, attended Grinnell College and the University of Nebraska, worked on the *Omaha World-Herald*, the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, hopped a freight to Texas and got a job on the *Dallas Dispatch*, was managing editor of NEA in Cleveland, handled public relations for the Texas Centennial in 1936, wrote

for the pulps, and finally was managing editor of the *Dallas Journal*. Has been doing public relations work in Dallas and corresponding for *TIME*, *LIFE*, and *FORTUNE*, since 1940. Married; no children.

HARVEY SCHWANDNER, 33, was born at Brillion, Wis., attended Lawrence College. Left college after two years to become editor of the *New Holstein Reporter*, at New Holstein, Wis., left that editorship after six months for the night police reporter beat on the *Milwaukee Journal*. Is still with the *Journal* as rewriter and feature writer, regularly covers German bundsters in the Milwaukee area. Married; a son and a daughter.



ADIE SUEHSDORF, 25, was born in Glen Ridge, N. J., graduated from College High School (Upper Montclair, N. J.) and Princeton University in 1938.

Went with the *San Francisco Chronicle* as copy boy, became leg man, copy reader and rewrite man the same year. Since 1941 has done part-time reporting for *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE*. Married; no children.





MARK STEPHEN SULLIVAN, 35, was born in Seattle, attended the University of Washington, reported for the Aberdeen *Daily World*, has been with the Seattle *Times* since 1934, writing politics and labor. Became Seattle correspondent for *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE* in 1937. Married; no children. Plays Polish rummy and pingpong.



WILLIAM TOMS, 45, was born in Hancock County, Indiana, educated at Central Business College, DePauw University, Columbia University and the Benjamin Harrison Law School. In World War I served as an aviation mechanic at Clermont-Ferrand, France, worked on the staff of the Air Service publication *Flights and Landings* (spent more time in Chazeron Château at Riom than any of the French War Prisoners). After the war he taught school, worked on the *Indianapolis News*, the *Indianapolis Times*, the *Indianapolis Star*, International News Service. Has been with the *Indianapolis News* since 1926, writes a political column called "Wayside Politics," a fishing column "Backlashes." Married, no children. Hobbies fishing and Hoosier archaeology.

WILLIAM E. VAUGHAN, 27, was born in St. Louis, Mo., graduated from Washington University there, worked as a reporter, copy-reader and sometime columnist and cartoonist on the Springfield (Mo.) *Leader and Press*. Is now with the *Kansas City Star*. Married; no children.



SUDVARG STUDIO

CHARLTON LEWIS WHITEHEAD was born in Norfolk, Va., daughter of Poet Mary Sinton Leitch and granddaughter of Lexicographer Charlton T. Lewis (Lewis & Short Latin Dictionary). Graduated from William and Mary College, became woman's page editor of the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, after five years was made national defense reporter. Represents TIME Inc. in Norfolk and vicinity. Married to Henry Cowles Whitehead, conductor of the Norfolk Symphony Orchestra.

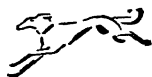


AUFENGER

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

The text of this book is set in Caledonia, a Linotype face designed by W. A. Dwiggins. Caledonia belongs to the family of printing types called "modern face" by printers—a term used to mark the change in style of type-letters that occurred about 1800. Caledonia is in the general neighborhood of Scotch Modern in design, but is more freely drawn than that letter.

The book was composed, printed, and bound by H. Wolff, New York.



IT WAS noontime of a mild pre-Christmas Sunday. America was, for the most part, thinking of its dinner. In Washington, Secretary Hull was expecting the Japanese envoys, Nomura and Kurusu, who were to call on him at 1.45 p.m. They came twenty minutes late. At 2.20 p.m. they were ushered into the Secretary's office. At that very moment Steve Early, Presidential Secretary, was telephoning to the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service the astounding news that Japanese planes were even then attacking Pearl Harbor. America, after many months of argument and drifting, was in the war. And America, learning the news a few minutes later from its radios, reacted in a variety of typically American ways.

There has never been a book like this. It is made up of the on-the-spot reports sent to Time, Inc., by its correspondents, and gives you a remarkable picture of just what those reactions were. Here, through the eyes of some of the world's crack journalists, you will see the mounting excitement in Washington, as a great nation moved swiftly to meet the armed challenge. You will see London relieved, yet concerned about the future of lend-lease aid. You will see San Francisco worried about its Japanese colony, Chicago dropping the last remnants of isolationism, Atlanta angry, Minneapolis outraged, Boston determined, the whole country angry and outraged and determined. This is the great news story of our history, and here it is told in vivid detail, as only the full staff of a great news organization could tell it.

