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step to the right and a right after it; the placing of the feet; the way to swivel your shoulders and punch inside the other guy as you come in; all the moves that were to make champions out of Lew Ambers and Joey Archibald and Rocky Marciano—he was learning them all in these years.

He quit with bad hands in 1914 and took over a middleweight from Brownsville named Al Rudolph, who had been boxing up in Boston. Charley changed his name to Al McCoy. He saw that McCoy was a good puncher, but wasn't much else. But a puncher is the short cut to the bank. When Charley was offered \$750 for McCoy to take on George Chip, the middleweight champion, at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, he jumped at the match.

It figured to be an easy night for Chip. But before the fight, Charley told McCoy, "He'll come out and try to take it easy. You're a new kid and he'll want to look you over. You go out there and hit him with all your might right off. It could make him lay off you for a lot of rounds."

In the ring, just before the bell, Charley touched McCoy's glove and he said, "Remember, all your might." Then the bell rang and Charley started down the steps. When he got to the bottom he looked up. Chip was flat on his face and people were throwing coats and hats into the ring. McCoy had knocked him dead with a right hand and Charley had his first champ.

The trouble was that he was so interested in getting the job done professionally that he forgot all about the maneuverings that always are found in boxing. So while Charley was worrying about getting a hitch out of McCoy's right, Dumb Dan Morgan came around, found McCoy had no contract, and was kind enough to get one for him. The contract said Morgan was the manager. Charley was out of his champ in a hurry.

Charley hustled a few fighters after that and then bought a string of six game concessions at an amusement park in Canarsie. Next door to one of Charley's stands, a dart game, was a ring-the-bell-win-a-cigar affair. The night hustler for the game was a grubby, deep-voiced guy named Al Weill.

"He was just as smart then as he was later on when he was ruining big people," Charley says. "All you had to do was watch how he took over anybody who come around. You could see he was smart, so I put in with him."

Charley and Weill dug up 19 fighters. Charley trained them and Weill flimflammed the promoters. They split down the middle. When the depression started and boxing slowed up, Charley went to a place called O'Malley's roadhouse in Orange Lake, New York. It was Prohibition now, but O'Malley's had a good bar which Charley managed. And it was a natural training spot for fighters. For the next 10 years Charley ran O'Malley's and also handled fighters out of there.

He did a big job with heavyweight Johnny Risko. Risko was matched with unbeaten Paulino Uzcudun and Charley had it all figured out. Uzcudun loved to stand off and box. If he was crowded and had to go back he would have trouble,

Charley thought, so he trained Risko to billy-goat Paulino. Risko did it all night and won in a big upset. Then Charley handled Risko against Jack Sharkey. He knew Sharkey was right-hand crazy. He had Risko make the whole fight off Sharkey's left hand. Risko won this one, too, and all over town people were talking about how much Charley Goldman knew about fighters.

This brought Charley back together with Weill. Al had Lew Ambers, who had just been licked by Tony Canzoneri. He sent Ambers up to Goldman when the return match with Canzoneri for the lightweight title was made.

"You win this fight on breathing," Charley told Ambers.

"Pugilistically speaking, he's washed up. But you got to make him work early. Keep him on one breath all the time. When he takes a breath, go right in on him and keep him holdin' that breath while you punch. He'll fall apart. Don't let him start takin' big, deep breaths or you'll be in trouble. No breaths at all or little short ones. That's how to fight him."

COMING . . .

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Ambers stayed on Canzoneri and kept watching the breathing and Tony was easy after the first few rounds. It gave Charley his second champion.

Weill then matched Ambers with Henry Armstrong. Henry had won the featherweight title, then had stepped up to murder Barney Ross for the welterweight title. Now he was dropping weight so he could take on Ambers and become the only triple champion in history. The price was 10-1 he'd do it. He was a boring-in, perpetual-motion fighter. Ambers was ordinary by comparison.

"Ambers is going to fight just the way Armstrong wants him to," Charley said. "But I think he can fight inside good. A righthand uppercut inside. That's the big chance."

Ambers pounded Armstrong with the uppercut and barely lost a split decision. In the return, he had Armstrong's number and won the title back. Nobody could believe you could beat Armstrong inside. Weill took all the credit. Charley was too busy to take bows.

Joey Archibald, who didn't like to fight and needed conning, was the next project. Charley had just the right lies to tell him, and Joey won the featherweight title. Then there was Marty Servo, who gave Ray Robinson all sorts of trouble with a crouch and went on to win the welterweight title.

There were dozens of fighters after this, but no big ones until a kid wrote Charley a letter in 1948. It said that Eddie Boland from Boston had suggested that he write Charley about this fighter he had.

Goldman was getting letters like this

from all over the country, and few of the fighters had anything at all. But Al Weill had a habit of answering all letters like this, so Charley told him about it. "I'll write him," Weill said. "What's his name?"

"Columbo," Charley said. "Allie Columbo. He got a fighter with a long Eytalian name. They come from Brockton, Massachusetts. I got the address here someplace."

It is now one of the best-known stories in sports. The fighter Allie Columbo brought down was originally named Rocky Marchegiano and he looked terrible. But he didn't cost any money, so Charley told Weill he'd keep working with him. Marciano didn't know how to hold his hands. His stance was so awkward everybody said he'd never get anywhere. But Charley Goldman turned him into the greatest heavyweight champion we've ever had, as far as the record goes: 49 fights; 42 knockouts, seven decisions. Retired the only undefeated champion in history.

Charley didn't just work with Marciano; for five years he lived with him. "You've got to know everything about his personal life when you get a fighter like this," Charley always said. "You got to have every little thing about him stuck right in your head so you can always know what's bothering him or what he wants."

So while Charley wrapped himself up completely with the fighter, he left himself open, as he always did, for a good beating on the business end of things. Al Weill made more money with Marciano than any manager of a heavyweight champion ever did before, but only a little of it reached Goldman.

"After a fight," Charley says, "he lets me wait two, three months before he pays me. Hoping I'd drop dead or something. Then he'd pay me as little as he could. But what was I going to do? The paydays were \$15,000, maybe \$20,000, and where else was I going to get them?"

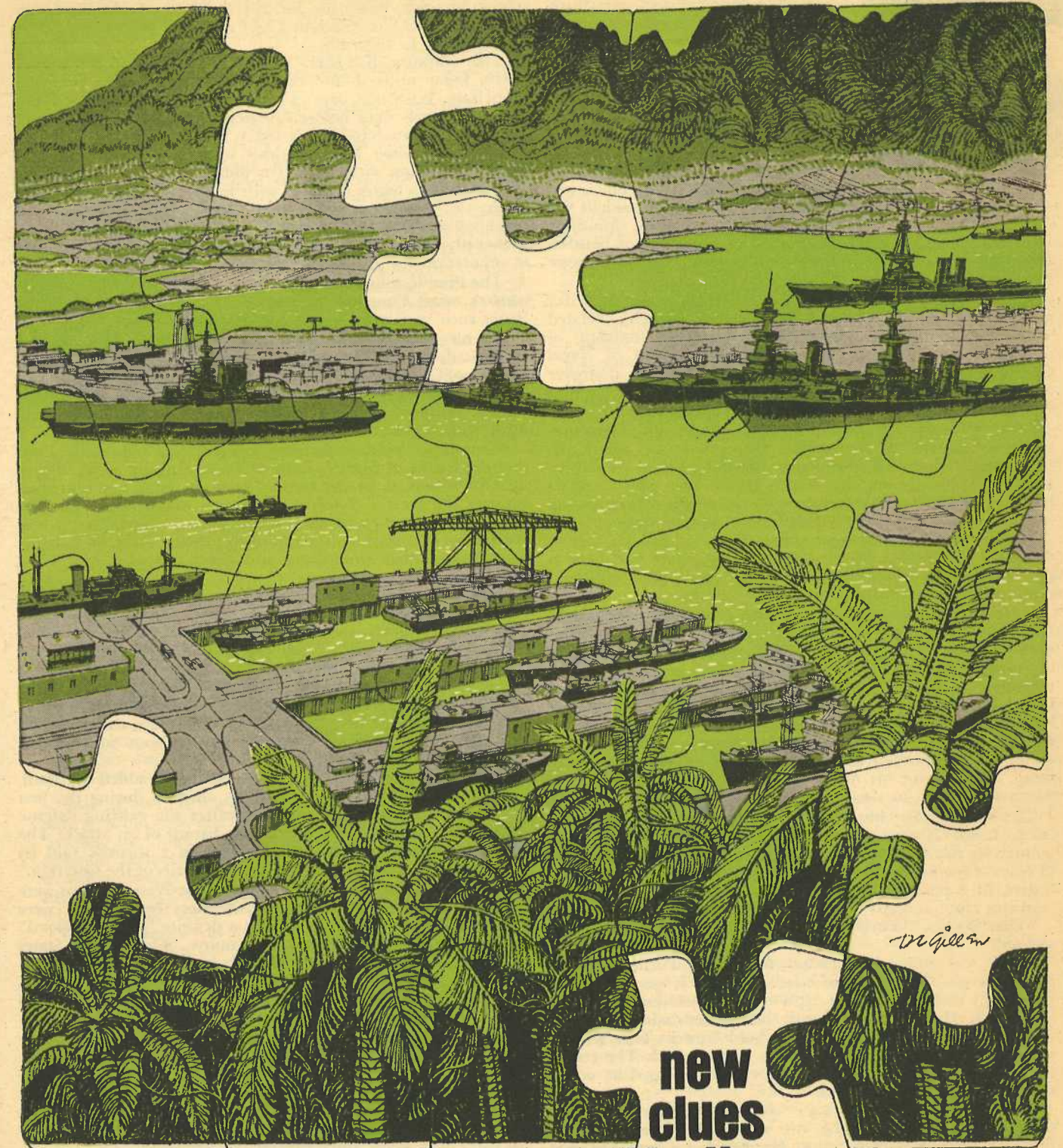
Marciano retired in 1955 and Weill went to Florida to live. He is out of boxing now. Charley tried handling other fighters, but it was no good. Sometimes, a whole career can go like that. One minute you're teaching Rocky Marciano the best way to stiffen Archie Moore. Then you turn around and find there is nothing left but a job someplace and a fighter named Tony Alongi, who doesn't look too strong. Things go like this.

But it doesn't mean it has to stay this way. Marciano isn't the last big kid with a punch this country will produce. And when one comes along and somebody asks what to do with him, one of the first names they are going to hear is Charley Goldman.

There was one night in a place in Boston called Evelyn's Keyboard and Allie Columbo, who had come in from Brockton to see a fight, was having a drink and talking about this.

"What would you do," he was asked, "if somebody brought you a big, tough bastard who wanted to be a fighter?"

"First," Allie was saying, "I take a good piece of him. Then I make a phone call to New York. I call there and I ask for Charley Goldman."—Jimmy Breslin



ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

new clues to the Pearl Harbor Puzzle

By A. A. HOEHLING

Why were we caught napping at Pearl Harbor? One investigation after another has sought the answer. Now, here are the facts of the fatal week before December 7, 1941

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THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY TRAIN bearing Franklin D. Roosevelt north from his previously postponed and now interrupted Warm Springs vacation backed into the Presidential siding of Washington's Union Station at 11:15 a.m., Monday, December 1, 1941. A tense, preoccupied Chief Executive, possibly less self-confident than he had been a brief year previous, was assisted from his heavily-armored Pullman and into a waiting White House limousine. Under cloudy skies, the President was chauffeured to the Executive Mansion.

Word of his arrival had been flashed to a number of persons, three of whom, especially desirous of seeing "the boss," were converging on the White House.

They were Secretary of State Cordell Hull, whose Saturday night telephone message had cut short Roosevelt's belated Thanksgiving vacation; Harry Hopkins, trusted confidant of the President; and Adm. Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations and friend of FDR's since the four-stack destroyer days of World War I.

Roosevelt sought most of his military guidance from 61-year-old "Betty" Stark, soft-spoken but firm, a thorough administrator, who conned an immaculate ship, afloat or ashore. In fact, it was not at all uncommon for the admiral to receive a call at midnight on the White House line which ran to his official quarters at Observatory Circle, off the sylvan, stately upper reaches of the city's Massachusetts Avenue section.

Before Stark, a disciple of physical fitness, had set out to stride the few blocks to the White House, there had been a short conference in the expanse of his second-floor "midships" suite, with three of his assistants.

Most aggressively powerful of the group was 56-year-old Rear Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner, graying, hardboiled Chief of War Plans, or "Op 12," able, dominating, intolerant of divergent opinion, whose hot temper had earned him the sobriquet "Terrible Turner." The slender, sharply-featured Oregonian had in the year since he came to OP-12 become haunted by the notion that Japan would attack Russia. In fact, in February, on the same day Naval Intelligence was sending out a warning that Japan could be expected to move south, Turner, on his own, was alerting the same Navy to watch for Tokyo to slash northward into Russia.

The second most important caller this morning was Rear Adm. Leigh Noyes, undersized, witty, mild-mannered Vermonter, in many respects Turner's opposite. Noyes, as Chief of Naval Communications, was, through the caprice of military orders, in a position most likely to run afoul of War Plans. And run afoul of Kelly Turner he did, regularly.

"That Noyes," Turner would rage, "and his God-damn secrecy!"

There was some justification for Kelly Turner's wrath. Zealous in guarding classified material, Leigh Noyes in his two-year reign had possibly lost sight of the definition of a communicator. He tended to hoard his accumulation of naval messages as though they were the gold bars in Fort Knox—partly, indeed, because his office was understaffed. The resulting backlog mounted daily, and some messages aged an entire month in the decoding room.

The third caller was a man whose personality was somewhere between that of the two opposing admirals. Cmdr. Arthur Howard McCollum, short, bespectacled, 43-year-old chief of the Far Eastern Section, Naval Intelligence, was, next to Zacharias, the U.S. Naval officer the Japanese would most like to see eliminated. Through years of experience the Nagasaki-born "Mac" not only understood the difficult language of Nippon but the still more devious mind of the Japanese.

This Monday, during the brief conference with the Chief of Naval Operations, the Far Eastern Section commander was customarily terse and assured.

"In my opinion," he told Admiral Stark, "war or rupture of diplomatic relations is imminent."

Then he asked if the commanders in the Pacific, Adm. Thomas C. Hart, peppery mid-westerer, leading the Asiatic Fleet, as well as Admiral Kimmel, had been "adequately alerted."

Stark and Turner both gave McCollum assurances which

he interpreted as "categorical." McCollum pressed his superior on this point, for it was clear to him that Stark had already "made up his mind" that war was coming. And to double check his own judgment he had sought and obtained confirmation from the Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, Rear Adm. Royal E. Ingersoll.

This "rupture" had been "imminent" all year. In September, 1940, Japan entered into the Tri-Partite Pact with Germany and Italy. With that pact in mind, on January 6, 1941, President Roosevelt went before Congress to warn that "the future of all American republics is today in serious danger . . . At no previous time has American security been as seriously threatened from without as it is today."

In February better relations with Japan appeared in prospect with the appointment of tall, pumpkin-faced 63-year-old Kichisaburo Nomura as ambassador to Washington. The suave, poker-playing, whisky-drinking Nomura had long ago acquired a reputation for possessing "the western outlook."

The President listened to his avowals of friendship, but nonetheless asked Congress for additional funds to fortify Pacific bases such as Guam, Samoa and Hawaii.

At this critical period, the United States dispatched two new commanders to the Pacific. One was Adm. Husband E. Kimmel, 59-year-old, tall, blond Kentuckian, "aggressive, alert, a constant student of military tactics." His record one of accomplishments, "Hubby" Kimmel, though "tough," was extremely popular with fellow officers.

Kimmel, in addition to being a top-drawer commander, was a good friend of Stark's. Both of these ranking naval officers had prior service in the Pacific, knew its reefs and shoals as well as the greater concerns of strategy and politics. Kimmel had every reason to expect that Betty Stark would keep him advised as Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, of a changing international atmosphere and—surely—support him when the going got too turbulent.

The other new commander, and more or less Kimmel's Army opposite, was Lt. Gen. Walter Campbell Short, 61 years old. Not a West Pointer, the smooth-faced mid-westerer was nonetheless a disciple of "spit-and-polish." Short realized he was assuming a command which was not adequately prepared to defend itself. Soon after reaching Hawaii, he queried his chief, 61-year-old George Catlett Marshall, about the situation.

Marshall assured his new Hawaiian lieutenant that he could not help the "deficiencies" of the Army about which Short complained.

"My impression of the Hawaiian problem," added Marshall, "has been that if no serious harm is done us during the first six hours of known hostilities, thereafter the existing defense will discourage an enemy against the hazard of an attack. The risk of sabotage and the risk involved in a surprise raid by air and by submarine constitute the real perils of the situation."

Ostensibly, the prospects for happier East-West relations were brighter. Increasingly sanguine assurances by Nomura were finally culminated on May 12 with a definite "peace proposal" from Premier Prince Fumimaro Konoye. The United States should demand that Chiang Kai-Shek negotiate with Japan and that the two powers, America and Japan, should work together for the admitted purpose of exploiting such natural resources as rubber, oil, tin and nickel in the Southwest Pacific.

Hardly more than a month later, on June 22, Hitler, heady from his successes, attacked the Soviet Union. For Japan, the Nazis' deliberate preoccupation on two fronts was a bonus beyond compare. Ambassador Joseph Grew had already told the Department of State: "The army and other elements in the country see in the present world situation a golden opportunity to carry into effect their dreams of expansion."

On July 2, it appeared that Japan was preparing for something of a major character. Nearly 2 million reservists and conscripts were ordered to the colors. Merchant vessels operating in the Atlantic were recalled, while restrictions were imposed upon travel in Japan.

In October the Konoye regime fell. In itself, a cabinet change of an Oriental power was of no unusual significance. This time, however, the replacement was Lt. Gen. Hideki Tojo, most recently war minister, supreme commander before that of the Kwantung Army in China, and once chieftain of the gestapo-like Japanese gendarmerie, pushed his way into the premier-ship.

"Kamitori," or "Razor Blade," as he was called, Tojo did not disguise his own martial intent. "Japan," he asserted, "must

be able to fight China and Russia at the same time."

Admiral Stark, taking Tojo at his word, cabled his friend Hubby Kimmel in Hawaii.

The Chief of Naval Operations observed the possibilities that Japan might attack Russia, or even Great Britain and the United States, then warned that Kimmel should "take due precautions including such preparatory deployments as will not disclose strategic intention nor constitute provocative actions against Japan."

However, Betty Stark followed up this formal communication with a note to his Pacific Fleet commander: "Personally I do not believe the Japs are going to sail into us and the message I sent you merely stated the possibility."

In response, Kimmel now stationed submarines off Wake and Midway islands, reinforced Wake and Johnston with additional Marines, ammunition and stores, and sent more Marines to Palmyra Island. He directed an alert status in the outlying islands, placed on 12 hours' notice certain vessels of the fleet which were in West Coast ports, held six submarines in readiness to depart for Japan and delayed the sailing of one battleship which was scheduled to visit the Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco.

Another winter was approaching, and indications of Japan's intentions grew daily more ominous. These included a continuing movement of her military and naval forces in the East and withdrawal of all flag merchant vessels from Western Hemisphere waters.

"Things seem to be moving steadily towards a crisis in the Pacific," Stark wrote Kimmel on November 7. "Just when it will break, no one can tell. The principal reaction I have to it all is what I have written you before; it continually gets 'worse and worse!'"

Nor did it look much better in mid-November when a tougher, more devious diplomat, Saburo Kurosu, signer of the Tri-Partite Pact as ambassador to Berlin, hastened to Washington to team up with his exhausted countryman.

On November 24, Stark became sufficiently concerned to cable Kimmel:

Chances of favorable outcome of negotiations with Japan very doubtful. This situation coupled with statements of Japanese government and movements their naval and military forces indicates in our opinion that a surprise aggressive movement in any direction including attack on Philippines or Guam is a possibility. Chief of Staff has seen this dispatch concurs and requests action. Addressees to inform senior Army officers their areas.

Now, if ever, it appeared to Hull time to call a truce. If only he could convince the Japanese to agree to a three-months' "cooling off," the entire Pacific problem might re-emerge in different perspective. On November 25, he held his Tuesday morning meeting with Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and his jovial neighbor from the Navy Department, Frank Knox, with their chief aides.

"These fellows," he told his colleagues, wagging a finger across the walnut conference table, "mean to fight!" Then facing Stark and Marshall, the Tennessean added, "You will have to be prepared."

Nonetheless, he regarded with certain optimism his detailed proposal for a three-months' truce, during which period all military forces of Japan would be withdrawn from China and Indo-China, and Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalists at Chungking would be the recognized government.

At noon the same day the "war council," comprised of the President, Hull, Stimson, Knox, the Chief of Staff and Chief of Naval Operations, met at the White House. Stimson, in the diary he kept, noted that the President:

"... brought up the event that we were likely to be attacked (perhaps as soon as next Monday) for the Japanese are notorious for making an attack without warning, and the question was what we should do. The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves."

On November 27 Stark messaged Kimmel:

This dispatch is to be considered a war warning. Negotiations with Japan looking toward stabilization of conditions in the Pacific have ceased and an aggressive move by Japan is expected within the next few days. The number and equipment of Japanese troops and the organization of naval task forces indicates an amphibious expedition

against either the Philippines, Thai or Kra Peninsula or possibly Borneo.

Marshall added his own summation in his dispatch to Short:

Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated . . . Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment . . . Prior to hostile Japanese action you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary but these measures should be carried out so as not to repeat not to alarm civil population or disclose intent.

The commanding general in Hawaii immediately responded, "Department alerted to prevent sabotage. Liaison with Navy."

This "Number One" was the lowest state of alert, and its declaration was scarcely noticeable by Hawaiians, either in movements of soldiers or guns. Alerts "Two" and "Three" specified danger of enemy attack.

With not quite 43,000 troops under his command—a token force even in the limited expanse of the Hawaiian Island—General Short could not hope to repel a determined attack.

Kimmel's situation was slightly more favorable, although the United States' naval strength in the Pacific, including Admiral Tommy Hart's Asiatic Fleet, of 102 effective vessels, was outnumbered by the Japanese almost two-to-one. And for air patrol off the Hawaiian group, the Pacific Fleet commander possessed but 57 lumbering, super-annuated twin-engined flying boats. Eight other PBVs were out of commission. In consequence Kimmel believed he was compelled to refuse the repeated requests of Rear Adm. Claude C. Bloch, Commandant of the 14th Naval District, at Pearl Harbor, for effective offshore patrol.

When he received the war warning, Kimmel summoned Bloch to his flagship, the USS *Pennsylvania*, anchored in battleship row off Ford Island along with seven other heavies of the fleet. The war plans officer, Capt. Charles H. McMorris, was himself certain that this was "just another warning," while the three agreed that if war were imminent, any initial attack would be directed against the Philippines, not Pearl.

Intelligence just arrived from the Far East tended to support such a rationalization: 30,000 Japanese troops aboard 70 transports were butting southward toward the Gulf of Siam and Malaya.

Already, Kimmel had placed his submarines on "war patrol" in areas of the Pacific which included Wake and Midway islands. He had also reinforced the Marine garrisons of Wake, Palmyra and Johnston islands, while increasing the "readiness" of other fleet units.

He went further. He would send immediately Task Force Eight, commanded by tough Adm. William F. "Bull" Halsey, both to conduct reconnaissance and to deliver 25 Army pursuit planes to Wake, an aerial stepping stone half way between Hawaii and the Philippines.

November was ending.

In the Navy Department this Monday, December 1, Mac McCollum, the nervous, efficient little terrier of the Far Eastern Section, was dissatisfied with the results of his "flap"—conference—with Admiral Stark and other superiors earlier in the day. Among his duties was the preparation of a daily digest of the most top-secret intelligence for a necessarily meager readership, already run and rerun through the wringer of security clearance.

This digest had made him certain that "war or rupture of diplomatic relations" was imminent. But he couldn't convince either the Chief of Naval Operations or Kelly Turner, the irascible bull moose of war plans, that another advisory of some kind should be sent to the Navy's Pacific and Caribbean commanders. Before him was an accumulating mass of intelligence that appeared to have a devastatingly clear meaning:

Admiral Hart's scout planes were tailing a definite convoy of Japanese ships moving generally southward from Japan.

The commander-in-chief of the Japanese Second Fleet was directing units into a task force of two sections; one to operate in the South China area, the other off Japan's mandated islands, the Marshalls, south of Wake, to mother several air groups and be in turn supported by perhaps as much as one-third of Japan's submarine force, or at least 25 submarines.

The entire Jap air-carrier fleet, 10 ships, was on the prowl, either near Sasebo on the southwest coast of Japan, or in the Korean Straits . . . or somewhere.

Of all the vexatious splinters in this mosaic of naval intelligence, however, the most shattering to McCollum was the revelation that radio call signs of Japanese warships had been changed as of this date—December 1. This was not especially unusual, except that the procedure had been gone through just a month before. It was unheard of for any navy to change these signals so frequently—unless major operations were contemplated.

This enigma to counter-intelligence which had whispered through the ether was further seasoning to what had become normal existence for officers such as McCollum. Code words including "ultra" and "super," "magic" and "purple" were their salt and pepper.

For more than a year the best kept secret had been "purple." Its ramifications were incalculable. It was applied to one of the Japanese diplomatic code and cipher systems of the highest security classification and therefore of the greatest difficulty in solution. However, 98 percent of Japanese naval messages were in Morse code or a variation, Imperial Japanese Kani. And as a second gift to counter-intelligence, the Japanese preferred cipher to code. The former consisted of substituting one letter for another, instead of the code system involving groups of letters or numbers to stand for a whole sentence, or whole thoughts.

Naval intelligence officers wanted to be as conversant with purple messages from Tokyo as though they were attachés at the Japanese Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. The answer was a purple machine, a wondrous electrical device replete with relays and interconnecting circuits that could be fed the endless garbles of encryption, and after a reasonable amount of whirring come forth with a straight Japanese language version. Any translator could then quickly reduce into plain English what minutes before had been cipher hash.

"Magic" itself was a general term applied to the breaking of any code. "Purple magic," therefore, was of the highest priority, and had been made possible by a traitor in the Japanese Consulate in New York, who had sold its code books.

The machine itself was spawned by naval cryptology, and of all those who had midwived its delivery the most devoted and assiduous was Cmdr. Laurence F. Safford, 48, head of the Security Intelligence Section of Navy Communications.

His superior was the close-lipped Admiral Noyes, which at once differentiated him from officers in straight intelligence work. By the very nature of his job Safford had to perform his duties in a limbo between naval intelligence and naval communications. He also was automatically placed in another category, one quite unofficial but extremely real: the non-language club.

With extremely few exceptions—and the objective McCollum was a preeminent exception—the handful of Japanese language officers in both Army and Navy tended to clique together for mutual advantage. To many of them it seemed their uniquely specialized ability should project them into the highest aceries of intelligence. But to the older career officers, their own long schooling in military intelligence appeared all the prerequisite needed to Sherlock an enemy.

Thus there were two camps within the intelligence-communications warrens of each of the armed services. Jealousy, avarice and headlong ambition flourished.

"Magic," however, that flowed from the wonderful purple machines was aptly named. It dealt the President and his Cabinet a constant straight flush in their game-for-keeps. In July, for example, purple unraveled this message from Tokyo:

The immediate purpose of our occupation of French Indo-China will be to achieve our purposes there. Secondly, its purpose is, when the international situation is suitable, to launch therefrom a rapid attack . . . After the occupation of French Indo-China, next on our schedule is the sending of an ultimatum to the Netherlands Indies. In the seizing of Singapore the Navy will play the principal part. As for the Army, in seizing Singapore it will need only one division and in seizing the Netherlands Indies, only two.

The meaning was not obtuse.

On September 24, Tokyo transmitted a request to its Consul General in Honolulu, Nagao Kita, which gave counter-intelligence a great deal to ponder.

Strictly Secret

Henceforth, we would like to have you make reports con-

cerning vessels along the following lines insofar as possible:

1. The waters (of Pearl Harbor) are to be divided roughly into five subareas.

Area A. Waters between Ford Island and the Arsenal.

Area B. Waters adjacent to the Island south and west at Ford Island.

Area C. East Loch.

Area D. Middle Loch.

Area E. West Loch and the communication water routes.

2. With regard to warships and aircraft carriers, we would like to have you report on those at anchor (these are not so important), tied up at wharves, buoys, and in docks. (Designate types and classes briefly. If possible we would like to have you make mention of the fact that when there are two or more vessels alongside the same wharf.)

The fact that this message sat in its top-secret pigeonhole in naval communications for more than two weeks before it was broken, revealed a critical weakness in that department and in intelligence: the lack of personnel. In Washington, Army and Navy could conjure up between them no more than 12 Japanese language translators and about two dozen cryptanalysts. All of the latter were civil-service employees, and thus did not work nights, Saturday afternoons or Sundays because there were no overtime provisions.

On November 19, an even more meaningful intercepted message from Tokyo to its Washington embassy came out of the "purple" machine:

Circular 2353

In case of emergency . . . and the cutting off of international communications, the following warnings will be added in the middle of the daily Japanese-language short-wave news broadcast:

1. In case of Japan-U.S. relations in danger: *Higashi no kazeame* (East wind rain).

2. Japan-USSR relations: *Kitanokaze kumori* (North wind cloudy).

3. Japan-British relations: *Nishi no kaze hare* (West wind cloudy).

This signal will be given in the middle and at the end as a weather forecast and each sentence will be repeated twice. When this is heard please destroy all code papers, etc.

Others than the Navy were also listening: the Army's G-2 and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Just this first Monday in December, Robert L. Shivers, FBI agent in charge of the Honolulu office, had received a whispered phone call from Capt. Irving H. Mayfield, the 14th Naval District's intelligence officer.

"Bob," Mayfield told the 21-year veteran with the FBI, "if I suddenly call you and say I am moving to the east side of the island (Oahu) or north, south or west sides, it will mean that Japan is moving against the countries which lie in those directions from Japan."

Shivers, a professionally dead-pan operative, immediately passed this note of naval concern on to the two able G-2 officers on General Short's staff, Lt. Col. Kendall J. Fielder and his assistant, Lt. Col. George W. Bicknell. While these two intelligence officers worked effectively as a team, Fielder was more conservative in his approach to the cloak-and-dagger profession. To Bicknell, on the other hand, it seemed that the top echelon of the Army, including Walter Short, should be "a little bit more intelligence conscious."

As a matter of fact, no American operative in Honolulu could possibly be 100 percent intelligence conscious. Since 1938, when the Japanese Navy changed its existing code, no electrical decrypting machine was available to fleet intelligence at this great sea fortress of the Pacific. The instrument which had been built for cracking the former code was now useless.

In other words, Pearl Harbor was "purple-less." The Pacific Fleet was dependent for its latest magic concerning American-Japanese negotiations on the Navy Department itself. And one message which was not relayed to Admiral Kimmel, even after it was finally decoded, was the explosive and suspicious Tokyo request for fleet anchorages.

One reason that its existence was not made known to Honolulu lay in Noyes' obsession for secrecy in general and his determination that not a hint should trickle back to Tokyo over the compromising of the diplomatic code. There was also another reason. Admiral Turner, mastiff of War Plans, was convinced that Pearl Harbor, whatever else it might lack in

armament, did possess one of those marvelous purple machines.

In Pearl Harbor, on Tuesday, the second day of December, Lt. Cmdr. Edwin T. Layton, Pacific Fleet intelligence officer, had made a thoroughly disturbing discovery: he had lost two entire Japanese carrier divisions.

The language officer had just finished a new location sheet of estimated positions of potentially opposing naval units. It showed Carrier Division 4, composed of two carriers and four destroyers, and Carrier Division 3, of two carriers and three destroyers as well as the converted carrier, *Kasuga Maru*, in the Bako-Takao area, Formosa; and the 10,000-ton *Koryu*, guarded by four destroyers, in the Marshalls.

Layton had concluded that both carrier divisions were leaving this area, headed into the South China Sea, menacing Singapore and all of Malaya. The trouble was, the fleet intelligence officer was unable even to speculate on the whereabouts of the other two divisions, which embraced four aircraft carriers.

"What!" exclaimed Admiral Kimmel. "You don't know where Carrier Division 1 and Carrier Division 2 are?"

"No, sir, I do not," Eddie Layton replied frankly.

Also in Honolulu this Tuesday, the Navy voluntarily closed off one channel of communications: a wire tap to the busy Japanese consulate on Nuuanu Avenue. The stop action, ordered by Captain Mayfield, had come about curiously enough.

A linesman for the Mutual Telephone Company of Hawaii had discovered a surprising coincidence: two separate wire taps running to the Japanese consulate. One was traced to naval intelligence, the other to the FBI. Discreetly, the linesmen went to the Navy and the FBI, but not to Consul General Kita. Mayfield's reaction was to discontinue the naval tap of 21 months' standing, although Bob Shivers went right on with the FBI snooping. His tap, as a matter of fact, led to the cook's quarters. Reasoning that no Japanese cook received enough pay to afford his own phone, the shrewd agent concluded that this set must be for the purpose of communication between intelligence operatives.

Colonel Bicknell, assistant G-2, his superior, Fielder, Bob Shivers and Captain Mayfield all knew that the intensive espionage activity and surveillance by Japanese in Hawaii must be prelude to something. Another officer, in the area by chance, not only believed that a crescendo was approaching but told Admiral Kimmel so. Capt. Ellis Zacharias, with 25 years of intelligence experience and duty in the Orient, and perhaps the most conversant in Japanese of any American in governmental service, had nonetheless been as subject to brass-hattism and "routine change of duty" as any ensign in the Navy. In fact, it was well known in the service's higher councils that there was a definite, continuing campaign to "keep Zach out" of the top intelligence job.

Zacharias happened to be in San Francisco, since his cruiser was at adjacent Mare Island Navy Yard, when Nomura paused there in February en route to Washington. Having known the tall Japanese admiral when he himself was a young attaché in Tokyo, Zach considered it protocol to drop by Nomura's suite at the Fairmount Hotel, smoke a cigarette, sip a glass of Scotch with him—and ascertain what he could.

The next month, Zacharias arrived with his cruiser in Pearl Harbor. He paid a call upon Admiral Kimmel, who was just raising CINCPAC's flag at the submarine base. In spite of Nomura's placating words in the Fairmount, Zach had become convinced that, if Japan decided to attack, she would do so from "the vacant sea," northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, far to the north of the Pacific sealanes. In these trackless wastes, the U.S. fleet formerly conducted maneuvers on the supposition that a vast Japanese armada was sweeping in from this direction.

Currently, the captain told his superior, there need be no fear, tactically, from an armada itself. However, he assured Kimmel, hostilities would begin with "an air attack on our fleet on a weekend and probably a Sunday morning . . . downwind from the northward." It seemed to Zacharias that the immediate object of such an assault would be the elimination of exactly four battleships from the Pacific fleet. This would so weaken the U.S. Navy that Japan would be able to continue her southern movement without fear of intervention.

The captain concluded his warning with the suggestion that air patrols be extended "at least 500 miles" from Oahu.

"We have neither the personnel nor the matériel to carry out this patrol," he was told.

"Well, Admiral," countered Zacharias, "you better get them because that is what is coming!"

Nor was the experienced Far East intelligence officer the only frustrated individual. Purple, officially, was unknown among those assigned to ONI and G-2, and to Shivers of the FBI, in Honolulu.

However, there were tidbits given some while denied others. There were classifications of "ultra," "super" and "khaki," for example, indicating decryptations and analyses of enemy communications. While officers such as Mayfield and Layton could handle these highly secret gems, their contents could not be discussed with Fielder or Bicknell in G-2.

The State Department was especially obstructive to the interchange of intelligence, causing impotent rage both within G-2 and ONI. Certain of their dispatches were of "such a highly secret nature" that State officials simply would not give them to anyone in other government agencies.

Whatever the reasons—absurd or logical—whatever an ultimate justification, secrecy had become a way of Federal life by late 1941, as well as an obsession.

Tall, granite-faced, inflexible Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, battling the German U-boats in a kind of private war, added the postscript: "Don't tell anybody anything he doesn't need to know!"

The lid was on.

Wednesday morning, December 3, arrived in this week, characterized increasingly by "a brooding atmosphere of tension."

The old, infirm soldier who had marched into Cuba with the 4th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, Cordell Hull, was himself tense with foreboding. Early in the day he telephoned Capt. Roscoe E. Schuirmann, assigned to State Department liaison.

"I know you Navy fellows are always ahead of me," he informed the gregarious "Pinkie" Schuirmann, who was a classmate of Zacharias, "but I want you to know that I don't seem to be able to do anything more with these Japanese and they are liable to run loose like a mad dog and bite anyone."

Certainly, there was new reason for alarm. Purple, since the dawn hours, had been pouring forth telling Japanese messages addressed to consular posts. The first was detailed:

Please discontinue the use of your code machine and dispose of it immediately.

As soon as you have received this telegram wire the one word SETUJU in plain language and as soon as you have carried out the instructions, wire the one word HASSO in plain language.

This message was followed shortly by another:

Urgent instructions were sent yesterday to Japanese diplomats and consular posts at Hong Kong, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Washington and London to destroy most of their codes and ciphers at once and to burn all other important and confidential secret documents.

This called for action from Washington. Admiral Stark, who considered the Japanese directive "a most telling thing," dispatched a priority bulletin to Kimmel:

Highly reliable information has been received that categorical and urgent instructions were sent yesterday to Japanese diplomatic and consular posts at Hong Kong, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Washington and London to destroy most of their codes and ciphers at once and to burn all other important confidential and secret documents.

Handsome Capt. John R. Beardall, White House naval aide, briefed the Chief Executive on the summary of the latest Japanese messages, with his own interpretation.

"Mr. President, this is a very significant dispatch."

The latter read, then asked, "When do you think it will happen?"



F. D. R.

"Most any time," replied Beardall, who had suddenly become so concerned over the outbreak of war that he was establishing this very evening a 24-hour officer-watch in the White House mail room, to handle magic.

In Pearl Harbor, Kimmel had in hand a letter Stark had written December 1, containing this prefatory assessment.

"From many angles an attack on the Philippines would be the most embarrassing thing that could happen to us. There are some here who think it likely to occur. I do not give it the weight others do, but I include it because of the strong feeling among some people. You know I have generally held that it was not time for the Japanese to proceed against Russia. I still do. Also, I still rather look for an advance into Thailand, Indo-China, Burma Road areas as most likely . . ."

The perplexity on the part of Kimmel as well as his subordinate was but part of the unfortunate harvest reaped from an almost incredible conflict of purpose on the "second deck" of the Navy Department. The very fact that there had been three directors of naval intelligence in the ephemeral span of one year was indicative of the instability of both administration and purpose.

Only in mid-October did 53-year-old Rear Adm. Theodore Stark Wilkinson assume this politically "hot" and unenviable command. "Ping" Wilkinson had won the Medal of Honor for his heroism during the Vera Cruz occupation in Mexico. Now, his manner, reminiscent of a country doctor, masked the brilliance of the man.

The fact, however, that Ping Wilkinson had been chief of intelligence for such short days considerably impaired his usefulness this crucial first week in December. This in itself tended to keep him an outsider during the tedious birth of high-level decisions. He had not, for example, learned of the "war warning" message until four days after it had been sent.

Turner had immediately resented Wilkinson, perhaps even more intensely than he did the communications chief, Noyes. Turner had been fifth in his class at Annapolis, one year ahead of Wilkinson's. In his inherent, violent sense of personal competition, he hated Ping for making the grade all the way to the indisputed top cadet of 1909. He could also hate the polished, soft-spoken, scholarly Wilkinson for being in so many ways his opposite.

However, in spite of earlier irresolution as to whether the Tokyo warlords would move north or south, Turner had slowly become convinced that aggression in the East, including "striking us in the Philippines," would be accompanied by "amphibious operations against Hawaii simultaneously."

He sought to ring the islands with radar picket boats, although his desires were frustrated from the start because of the early state of radar evolution and meager production of the precious equipment. The Army, by Thanksgiving, had succeeded in operating only six radar outposts on Oahu's headlands, and these only between 4 and 7 a.m., "the most dangerous hours of the day for an air attack," in General Short's estimation.

Yet Turner was still disinclined to rate Japanese naval potentiality very highly when faced by the United States fleet. And his concern for Hawaii was somewhat assuaged by the comforting "realization" that, whatever else it might lack, the Pacific Fleet and the 14th Naval District possessed the wonderful "purple" machine.

Or so he thought. Although Wilkinson, perhaps from unfamiliarity with his new position, was unable to believe that Japan would attack the United States, the third member of Admiral Stark's top triumvirate, the intelligent but secretive Noyes, did. In May, 1941, Noyes considered that naval communications were sailing ahead on a full "war status," from well-staffed 24-hour watches to an increasingly stringent premium upon utter secrecy. The next month he was resigned to America's going to war. By the end of November, he was certain "the last chance . . . of a peaceful settlement" had passed, since Japan would "not accept those terms" as outlined by Hull.

In Pearl Harbor this Wednesday Captain Mayfield, Admiral

Bloch's counterpart of Layton, the Pacific Fleet's intelligence officer, telephoned Bob Shivers in the afternoon and asked him if he could "verify" a report that the Japanese consul general was burning his codes and papers.

As a matter of fact, the FBI agent replied, he had intercepted a conversation that very noon between the cook at the Japanese consulate and someone in Honolulu in which the cook did mention that Consul Kita was destroying his important papers. Shivers observed that he had passed on this important bit to Bicknell. The Army assistant G-2 chief had, in turn, promised to mention the matter at the Saturday staff meeting with General Short. There seemed plenty of time in Honolulu.

However, straws still drifted in the sultry Pacific winds. A cable stamped "Urgent," received via British Army intelligence officers in Honolulu from Manila, was forwarded to Mayfield, Bicknell and Shivers:

We have received considerable intelligence confirming following developments in Indochina:

A-1. Accelerated Japanese preparations of air fields and railways.

2. Arrival since November 10 of additional 100,000 troops and considerable quantities fighters, medium bombers, tanks and guns (75mm.)

B. Estimate of specific quantities have already been telegraphed Washington November 21 by American military intelligence here.

C. Our considered opinion concludes that Japan envisages early hostilities with Britain and United States. Japan does not intend to attack Russia at present but will act in South.

Outnumbered and outgunned in the Pacific, the United States had only one crutch: the "Rainbow" plan, or WPL-46. And it wasn't very formidable.

The plan assumed a major lash back could be made against the Marshalls and Gilberts within six months after the outbreak of hostilities. An American victory was assumed—since the nation never lost wars. This triumph would be consolidated by a sea battle reminiscent of Jutland in Japan's home waters. Nippon's fleet would, of course, be sunk to the last gig.

However, even when Naval Operations realized that a war would involve two oceans, there was a premise which presupposed the entire complex strategy: the Pacific Fleet must start out fresh, intact and full of fight.

General Short's responsibilities and his challenge were somewhat different. He must repel invasion, in the event an amphibious force battered its way past the U.S. Navy. He did, Colonel Fielder thought, "more to prepare Hawaii for defense in a year than his predecessors did in ten." Every beach where landing was possible was studied and emplacements, dugouts, obstacles and other works positioned. In the drenching sun of afternoon, the 25th Division troops, carrying the same Enfield and Springfield rifles their fathers used in World War I, prepared for the kind of war General Pershing had long ago fought.

In the Hawaiian Department's preoccupation with training and against the possibility of sabotage, however, there were unfortunate by-products. For example, telephones and switchboards, linking anti-aircraft gun positions with command headquarters at Schofield were locked up at night to prevent theft—and harm. And alerts of any degree in Hawaii had been contemplated with solicitude for the nerves of the residents. A full-dress invasion alert presupposed the removal of live ammunition from magazines and placing it at gun locations. As Bicknell later observed, "Any ammunition that was taken out of storage and put out on the field had to be cleaned before it was put back again." This militated against the ammunition being removed from its neat bins, boxes and racks at all.

With his devotion to the military principle of "train, train, train," General Short was deficient in his understanding of what was going on down at Pacific Fleet and 14th Naval District headquarters. Although he had discussed the war-warning messages with Admiral Kimmel, he had not ascertained that the Navy was not instituting long-range reconnaissance. On his score, Kimmel labored under the delusion that the Army had swung into an all-out state of readiness, rather than one limited to ferreting out of sabotage.

Kimmel had already made it clear that his small covey of PBY's was inadequate for the demands of sustained patrol. Short's Air Corps was possibly worse. Of 227 planes based at Hickam, Wheeler and Bellows fields, nearly one-half were

officially categorized as "obsolescent"; only 12 B-17's could merit the flattery, "long-range patrol." And six of these had been cannibalized of parts for the maintenance of Philippines-bound bombers.

The two air chiefs—Vice Adm. Patrick N. L. Bellinger, Jr., senior aviator both of the Pacific Fleet and the district, and Maj. Gen. Frederick L. Martin, commanding the Hawaiian Air Force—were well aware of these shortcomings. Both endorsed what Admiral Kimmel had written months ago—"A surprise attack on Pearl Harbor is a possibility." The two aviators wanted continual, long-range reconnaissance. But with priority being accorded the Philippines and the Atlantic Fleet, what could be done about it?

If Hubby Kimmel's and Walter Short's interchange of defense information was cursory, they nonetheless remained on first-name accord. Short invited the admiral to play golf every other Sunday, at which time they "talked of all kinds of things around the course."

On this first Wednesday in December, Walter Short and Hubby Kimmel conferred. The general obtained the impression that the Navy "either knew the location of the Japanese carriers or had enough information so that they were not uneasy." In any case, the Hawaiian Department commander felt the nautical service could "handle the situation." There was nothing more to say except to arrange the next meeting: Sunday morning, December 7, at the first tee.

On Kimmel's desk, or possibly in his safe, was Eddie Layton's latest intelligence summary: "No information on submarines or carriers."

In Washington this Thursday, December 4, Captain Safford remained as concerned as McCollum. Late the past evening the cryptographer had called McCollum to ask, "Are you people in Naval Intelligence doing anything to get a warning out to the Pacific Fleet?"

"We are doing everything we can to get the news out to the Fleet," the Far Eastern expert replied.

Since the middle of November Safford had been a haunted man, as he strained to intercept the telltale "east wind rain" message when and if it crackled out from Tokyo. Safford, however, could not understand Japanese. He depended heavily on a fluent student of the language, Lt. Cmdr. Alwin D. Kramer, tall, pencil-moustached Naval Academy graduate.

This morning, at 8 o'clock, the powerful Navy monitoring towers nearby pulled a Tokyo news broadcast out of the air, about 200 words long. Routinely, it was tapped onto the teletype to Kramer's office in the Navy Department for translation.

When Safford saw it in English, he gasped. Three phrases, in this order, were the heart of the message:

War with England (including the Netherlands, East Indies, etc.)
War with the U.S.
Peace with Russia.

Safford snatched the message from Kramer and gave it to an officer-messenger, ordering him to deliver it to Admiral Noyes. Noyes was located. The communications chief called Turner at once.

"The weather message," he told the War Plans Admiral, "the first weather message has come in."

"What did it say?" Turner asked.

"North wind clear."

"Well, there is something wrong about that," observed Turner.

"I think so, too," concluded Noyes. Safford's enthusiasm was premature, since there seemingly was "something wrong." Kramer himself was certain neither of the length of the intercept nor that he could have decoded anything to mean "War with the United States."

McCollum, who saw the message about this hour of Thursday, concluded the code words "just weren't there." Nonetheless, he could not rid himself of the feeling that the Pacific had been meted warnings inadequate to enable their commanders to ready their ships and stations for war. In a phrase, McCollum was almost certain that the Japanese "were going to jump on us."

Wholly from this unusual prescience, he sat down and drafted "a rather brief dispatch" pointing "to an imminent outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the United States."

He walked into Admiral Wilkinson's office with it, and was directed to Turner, the War Plans chief.

Adjusting his eyeglasses and passing a hand slowly over his towering brow as he read, Turner then showed McCollum the "war warning" message of the 27th.

"Good gosh," declared McCollum, abashed, "you put in the words 'war warning.' I do not know what could be plainer than that, but nevertheless I would like to see mine go, too."

"Well," barked Turner, "if you want to send it, you either send it the way I corrected it, or take it back to Wilkinson and we will argue about it."

Denuded of everything except some basic facts, the heavily deleted dispatch was returned to the Intelligence chieftain's desk. There it died. Noyes, happening by, sniffed the requiem: "I think it is an insult to the intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief (of the Pacific Fleet)."

However, Noyes, Turner and Wilkinson were galvanized into some action.

"We had," announced Noyes, "better destroy our own codes and ciphers in our most outlying positions." He was relieved when Turner and Wilkinson readily concurred.

While an information copy of the crucial dispatch was sent to Admiral Kimmel in Hawaii, no copies were received this day at the War Department, two blocks distant along Constitution Avenue. The interchange of "hot" information between Army and Navy remained a curious anomaly.

Although General Marshall ran a one-man show, his most important officer with respect to the Orient was 50-year-old Col. Rufus S. Bratton, chief of the Far Eastern Section of G-2, combining roughly the duties of both McCollum and Kramer in the Navy.

"Rufe" had been at this Army business since 1914, when he graduated from West Point. In the early 20's and in the 30's, duty in Tokyo imbued Rufe with a rare military skill—knowledge of this Oriental language.

By this December, Bratton had been on duty more than five years with the General Staff of the War Department, and four years as top man in the Far Eastern Section. This continuing assignment was partly product of the wisdom of G-2's chieftain, tall, distinguished Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles. It was also in measure through necessity: the lack of Japanese language students. The FBI itself depended heavily for translation in Washington on Bratton's daughter, Leslie, whose knowledge of the language had been gleaned while attending high school in Tokyo.

Bratton now "felt that the Japanese were showing unusual interest in the port of Honolulu." He also knew something that Admiral Turner did not: that the Hawaiian commanders, capable only of "breaking . . . certain low-grade diplomatic messages," possessed no purple machine.

The colonel had been carrying on a one-man counter-intelligence war against the Japanese from the shaky citadel of the Munitions Building. His contacts and pipelines were good. On November 5, for example, he had been able to advise Fielder in Honolulu that Hirota, head of the drum-beating Black Dragon Society, was predicting:

"War with the United States would best begin December or in February . . . the new cabinet would likely start war within 60 days."

This Thursday Bratton heard that the Japanese had ordered their consulates to burn code books, although he had no way of knowing that the U.S. Navy was commencing to follow suit. Well aware of the enormous implications, Bratton became profoundly alarmed. He stormed into the office of the Army's War Plans chief, Brig. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, 53-year-old Virginian.

Counterpart of Admiral Turner in title, the Army's War Plans chief was dynamic and able, but tended to lose much of his battlefield aggressiveness when placed behind a desk.

Now, Bratton asked him if he did not think he should send more warnings overseas, to commanders such as Short and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, heading United States Army Forces in the Far East. Gerow meditated upon Bratton's suggestion, then decided that for the moment "sufficient" reminders had been transmitted.

The President himself had spent a busy day. At 4 o'clock, donning his battered felt hat, he was wheeled out a side door for a favorite diversion: driving in the Capital's extensive park system. This afternoon his limousine, trailed by a companion sedan bearing Secret Service guards, rolled out of the White House grounds headed for Potomac Park.



Seely Knox

As Roosevelt drove, fog rolled up the river, blanketing the airport, paralyzing all flights to and from its runways—hazardous even under clear blue skies—and slowing rail and other surface transportation. Soon the fog turned into a heavy drizzle.

Considering his sinus troubles, the President had reason to be thankful when his driver brought the limousine back to the Executive Mansion. Now he could look forward to a leisurely dinner with Harry Hopkins and his friend, Mrs. Dorothy Brady.

Frank Knox this Thursday evening was also host. To his guest, Donald Nelson, the Navy Secretary blurted out, "Don, we may be at war with the Japs before the month is over."

Outside, the rain streaked the buildings of Government and splashed across window panes through which the glow of electric lights attested to the nocturnal habits of those within.

It was a kind of official somnambulism common to the Munitions Building, Navy Department, State Department, as well as the White House, where destinies had come to be dominated by the very noun "rain," especially if it were preceded by an "east wind."

Down the narrow channel leading from Pearl Harbor into the Pacific, in the dazzling sunshine of Friday morning, December 5, thumped two fast fleet units. Task Force Two, commanded by 60-year-old Rear Adm. John Henry Newton, was built around the veteran carrier USS *Lexington*, with a guard of three heavy cruisers and five destroyers. At her destination, Midway, 25 aircraft piloted by Marines would be flown off for reinforcement of the island.

Vice Adm. Wilson Brown, 59, was leading amphibious Task Force Three to Johnston Island, 700 miles southwest of Oahu, for bombardment practice, then landing exercises. Afterward the two naval assault groups would rendezvous and steam for home base.

Unlike the departure of Admiral Halsey the previous week with Task Force Eight, Newton's and Brown's groups left without any special briefings on the worsening international crisis, the known movements of Japanese naval units off of southeast Asia, or the missing carriers.

Kimmel had been thorough-going in his briefing to Bull Halsey because he considered that Task Force Eight, bound for Wake, was headed for much more dangerous waters than was the case either with Newton's or Brown's relatively close-to-home cruise.

Now, there were no carriers in Pearl. The *Enterprise* and the *Lex* were at sea, the *Saratoga* was just clearing Puget Sound, en route to Hawaii. Motionless as derelicts at their moorings, however, were 94 assorted U.S. Navy vessels in the great Oahu anchorage, ranging from harbor tugs to eight battleships: USS *Pennsylvania*, *Arizona*, *California*, *Maryland*, *Nevada*, *Oklahoma*, *Tennessee* and *West Virginia*.

Some 200 of the "heavies'" personnel—musicians—were practicing for the "Battle of the Bands" at the Receiving Station Saturday night. Every battleship rated a band of 23 members. Admiral Bloch would surely attend the brassy competition since it was a Naval District affair. But Kimmel these days did not have a great deal of heart for punctuations in a peacetime's monotony. He was a worried admiral. Several times this week, for example, he had pondered aloud in the hearing of his intelligence chief, Eddie Layton, "I wish I knew what we were going to do!"

The latter was certain that his chief was vexed by his own mental harangue over naval policy in the Pacific after a likely attack on Southeast Asia but one not directly involving the United States.

Japan, on the other hand, was worried neither about moral scruples nor legality. Even now, Consul Kita was tapping out his latest keyhole gleanings to Tokyo:

The LEXINGTON and five heavy cruisers left port. . . The following ships were in port on the afternoon of the 5th: 8 battleships, 3 light cruisers, 16 destroyers.

As with other recent intercepts, however, this one sat on an American decrypter's desk, its secrecy guarded by the lack of enough specialized personnel to translate the mass of messages.

The uneasy peace which hung over the Pacific had also spanned a continent to brood, like a great vulture, upon the flat gravel roof of the Navy and Munitions buildings. Admiral Noyes, still not satisfied in his own mind whether Safford was right or wrong about that "winds" message, at 9 a.m. called up

Col. Otis K. Sadtler, a senior intelligence officer with the Signal Corps, to advise him that the code word which implied a break between Japan and Great Britain had been monitored.

Sadtler hurried into General Miles' office, who in turn summoned Bratton. The Far Eastern specialist rummaged in his coat pocket until he drew out a crumpled slip of paper. Reading a series of words from it, he asked Sadtler which it was. The latter, who did not understand Japanese, said he would call Noyes back on his secret telephone.

The naval communications chief, after listening to the phrase Bratton had written down—*Nishi no kaze hare*, "west wind cloudy"—admitted he, too, understood no Japanese and could not verify if this were the phrase intercepted or not.

Miles, in spite of Noyes' inexact information, decided he had better let Hawaii know what was going on. He dictated a dispatch for Fielder, at G-2:

Contact Commander Rochefort immediately through Commandant 14th Naval District regarding broadcasts from Tokyo regarding weather.

Sadtler, coming to the conclusion that the "wind implement" was the most important message he had ever received, next went into the office of General Gerow, who seemed to think, as he had previously, that enough people had already been properly alerted.

The Signal Corps officer next determined to talk to dour, tough Col. Walter Bedell Smith, 46-year-old secretary of the General Staff, an important man who was known to have Marshall's ear. Bedell Smith asked Sadtler what he had done. The onetime Hoosier reservist listened, then snapped that he did not "wish to discuss it further."

Sadtler's concern mounted as he made the latest count of the messages acknowledging to Tokyo that Japanese consulates around the world were burning their secret files. He was convinced these acknowledgement codes meant one and only one thing: "War was coming and coming very quickly." But what could a Signal Corps colonel do, after the Secretary of the General Staff had told him he did not "wish to discuss it further"?

Troubled as well this 5th of December was Cordell Hull, who, following an almost sleepless night, met with Nomura and Kuru.

Nomura said that Japan was "very anxious to reach an agreement" with the United States, while his short colleague chimed in that he thought the nation "ought to be willing to agree to discontinue aid to China" as soon as negotiations between China and Japan commenced.

Hull retorted that this problem could not be considered an Eastern one alone, that aid to Hitler had to be taken into consideration in the broad picture. As long as other powers had to station large numbers of troops in the Pacific and the East to counter "unexpected moves" of Japan, thus diverting them from Europe, the Nazis were being helped immeasurably.

Now, Nomura, usually patient and graven during official conferences, uttered under his breath a Japanese expression equivalent to: "This isn't getting us anywhere!"

For the next 10 minutes, Hull, Nomura and Kuru reviewed the worsening relations since the embargo of oil in the summer. Obviously in full accord himself that the deliberations were getting nowhere, Hull finally pointed out that they could jointly "solve matters without delay if only the Japanese government would renounce courses of force and aggression." He concluded, with the old fire in his voice:

"We are not looking for trouble, but at the same time we are not running away from menaces!"

Once again a tête-à-tête between the trio had served no purpose. The two envoys bowed stiffly out of the mahogany office, after first apologizing for "taking so much of the Secretary's time" when he was busy.

They had barely cleared the high doorway when Mr. Hull became even busier. He cabled instructions to his diplomats in Tokyo and other Eastern outposts concerning the destruction of "codes, secret archives, passports and the like, the closing of offices and the severance of local employees in the event of a sudden emergency cutting off communications with the Department."

If mingled uneasiness, uncertainty and vacillation as to the future had become the broad brush strokes on the canvas which was the White House and the State Department, the same

colors slashed broadly a few blocks southward to the Navy Department and the Munitions Building. In the former, Kelly Turner had come to the inward conclusion that the chances of a heavy raid on Hawaii were 50-50.

During the afternoon, the impatient War Plans chief had been seized with misgivings as to his own judgment. He commenced to solicit opinions from his subordinates as to "what more the Navy Department could do to warn the forces in the field, the fleets.

To Turner the decision appeared unanimous that Kimmel's instructions as to a defensive deployment were fully "sufficient."

It appeared that the time Marshall and Stark so desperately needed was still in supply.

Intercepted by the Navy, however, was a positive communication from Japanese-occupied Peking to Tokyo:

Concurrent with opening war on Britain and America we have considered Holland as a semi-belligerent and have exercised strict surveillance over her consulates and prohibited all communications between them and the enemy countries.

In the log jam of wireless traffic, however, this dispatch was tossed in a bin which assured against its translation for six days.

At the White House, upstairs, in the Oval Room this December 5, the President ate his evening meal, alone, from a tray upon his desk. Long after the good-bys from the last guests at his wife's party had rung from the marble majesty of the portico, White House ushers had noted lights still glowed from the doorsill leading to the Chief Executive's bedroom.

But whether the man possessed unusual prescience or unusual lack of the same quality, Franklin Roosevelt alone could say. And alone the leader of the nation and rallying figure of the free world was in these incipient moments of December 6. Among all the 132 million Americans, FDR's date with destiny was by far the heaviest.

Long before dawn had highlighted the dark mists above Puget Sound, the Navy's wireless towers on Bainbridge Island overheard new secrets whispered electronically between Tokyo and its ambassador in Washington. Radiomen at this important Pacific coast eavesdropping station wrote down the gibberish which, when translated in the next six hours, would only announce another communication to come:

This separate message is a very long one. I will send it in 14 parts and I imagine you will receive it tomorrow . . .

Concerning the time of presenting this memorandum to the United States, I will wire you in a separate message. However, I want you in the meantime to put it in nicely drafted form and make every preparation to present it to the Americans just as soon as you receive instructions.

And as December 6 commenced in Washington, G-2 was flashing its own messages in the opposite direction to Honolulu:

Word has just been received from ONI by telephone to the effect that the Japanese Embassy in Washington, D.C., was reliably reported to have burned a code book and ciphers last night.

In the Navy building, Captain Safford was manifesting increasing awareness that something was going to happen. He drafted this message for CINCPAC, information Wake garrison:

In view of the imminence of war destroy all registered publications on Wake except this system and current editions of aircraft code and direction-finding code.

Then he hurried it into Admiral Noyes' office. The latter replied, in effect, "What do you mean by using such language as that?"

"Admiral," retorted his subordinate, "war is just a matter of days if not hours!"

"You may think there is going to be a war," the communications chief rejoined, "but I think they are bluffing."

Finally the dispatch was reworked and sent for deferred handling, which meant it would loiter a day or two in transmission.

About this time Saturday morning, the machinery of a more unusual drama was already in motion. Ferdinand L. Mayer,

54-year-old retired career diplomat, had just finished breakfast at the Georgetown estate Evermay, of Ferdinand Lamot Belin, former Ambassador to Poland and multimillionaire industrialist. With them was James Dunn, one of Cordell Hull's immediate assistants.

Mayer, who had served in Japan, China, Germany, and South America, had been coaxed to Washington from his retirement vineyard in Bennington, Vermont, through the efforts of his host, "Mott" Belin and an even more well-known American, Col. William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan. The New York lawyer and hell-for-leather soldier and his friend Belin had speculated earlier in the week that the special envoy Kuru probably had something on his mind which had by no means been extracted by the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, or anyone else.

Belin then had advised Donovan that Mayer had known Kuru 11 years ago when both men were representing their individual countries in Peru. The friendship had been cemented the more since Kuru's wife was an American, and a Peruvian revolution had caused the American and Japanese diplomats to work night and day, side by side, to protect their nationals. It was natural, therefore, that Donovan should reason that if Kuru would confide in anyone, Fred Mayer would be the most logical—and a meeting was arranged.

In the tapestried hush of the Japanese Embassy, where he arrived shortly before 11 a.m., the veteran diplomat was greeted by a most cordial Saburo Kuru. After polite reminiscing of the old days in Peru, Kuru indicated that he was extremely anxious to discuss his abortive mission to Washington.

However, it appeared obvious to the Bennington resident that the Japanese envoy was "apprehensive" of being overheard by members of the Embassy staff.

"Fred, we are in an awful mess," Kuru finally declared with surprising bluntness. "We must find a way out, and we believe that President Roosevelt as arbiter between ourselves and the Chinese is the best move from our point of view, as well as everyone else's."

As the two diplomats continued to talk, Kuru's tone became more somber. It appeared increasingly certain that Kuru wanted to tell something of the most shocking import, but feared that he had already been forthright "to the very extreme limits of a patriotic Japanese." He proceeded to emphasize, as Mayer was to report, that "the situation was one of extreme danger of war . . . of attack by the Japanese government, then dominated by the army group to which Kuru and his friends were violently opposed, since, as Kuru said, war with the United States was suicide for Japan."

The sentiments were expressed with what seemed to Mayer to be "such extraordinary honesty and courage" that he "begged" Kuru to dine with Mott Belin that night.

Past noon, Mayer walked out of the Massachusetts Avenue embassy and into the bright December sunlight, convinced that Kuru was trying to warn him of an impending attack.

At the State Department, Hull had been in frequent contact all morning with Knox and Stimson, discussing the "most urgent" cable he had received at 10:40 from Ambassador John G. Winant in London:

British Admiralty reports that at 3 a.m. London time this morning two parties seen off Cambodia Point, sailing slowly westward toward Kra 14 hours distant in time. First party, 25 transports, 6 cruisers, 10 destroyers. Second party, 10 transports, 2 cruisers, 10 destroyers.

To the old, sick Secretary it was manifest that "the long-threatened Japanese movement of expansion by force to the south was under way. We and our friends were in imminent danger."

At the White House, the President, concluding a conference with Budget Director Harold Smith, commented about the same Japanese convoys, then added, according to Smith's diary: "We might be at war with Japan, although no one knew."

In the Navy and Munitions buildings it was just another





working day. Only a very few in either department had any reason to manifest concern. Stark, for example, continuing to ponder his own grave responsibilities, asked Budge Ingersoll to send a fresh dispatch to Kimmel:

In view of the international situation and the exposed position of our outlying Pacific islands, you may authorize the destruction by them of secret and confidential documents now or under later conditions of greater emergency. Means of communication to support our current operations and special intelligence should, of course, be maintained until the last moment.

Only to a very few in these same military establishments was the existence known of the message that Bainbridge Island had picked up hours earlier. Bratton was the first officer to handle it. After discussing its implications with General Miles, of G-2, and General Gerow, of War Plans, he made distribution to the offices of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State and to Chief of Staff General Marshall through his secretary, Bedell Smith.

It was obvious from this pilot message that too much communication material would be avalanching into the Signal Intelligence Service this afternoon for the Army, which had no 24-hour watch, to handle. Accordingly, Bratton called on Captain Safford for Navy help.

The message started coming in during mid-afternoon. Although encoded, the text was in English, thereby vastly speeding up the processing. In itself this one part of 13 more to come was lengthy, assertive and oblique. It commenced:

Of the various principles put forward by the American government as a basis of the Japanese-American agreement, there are some which the Japanese Government is ready to accept in principle, but in view of the world's actual conditions, it seems only a Utopian ideal, on the part of the American Government, to attempt to force their immediate adoption . . .

In Honolulu, December 6, it was but half a working day. That afternoon Willamette University, of Salem, Oregon, would meet the University of Hawaii in the Shriners' 11th annual football classic. And at this moment Consul Kita was advising Tokyo:

At the present time there are no signs of barrage balloon equipment. In addition, it is difficult to imagine that they actually have any. However, even though they have actually made preparations, because they must control the air over the water and land runways of the airports in the vicinity of Pearl Harbor, Hickam, Ford and Ewa, there are limits to the balloon defense of Pearl Harbor. I imagine in all probability there is considerable opportunity left to take advantage for a surprise attack against these places.

In my opinion the battleships do not have torpedo nets.

Slightly later, the Japanese emissary postscripted: "It appears that no air reconnaissance is being conducted by the fleet air arm."

Although the intercept of this message promptly arrived at the military's decoding offices, the accumulation of traffic and the lack of personnel over the weekend deferred its translation at least until Monday morning.

In the afternoon George Bicknell, Colonel Fielder's G-2 assistant, was relaxing at his residence in Aiea Heights. The phone rang. It was his friend Bob Shivers, of the FBI.

"You better come right down here, George," Shivers said. "I want you to see something which I think is a great matter of importance."

Bicknell drove quickly down to the Dillingham Building at Merchant and Bishop Streets, where he found an unusually excited agent.

"This thing," said Shivers, "looks very significant to me. I think something is going to happen."

The "thing" was the transcript of a lengthy telephone call between Mrs. Motokazu Mori, wife of a local dentist, and the

Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*. Both Dr. Mori, with offices but three blocks from the Japanese consulate, and his wife had merited the "suspicious" lists of G-2 and the FBI for some months, with the result that telephone lines to both the office and the dentist's home had been tapped.

Although Mrs. Mori listed herself as a bona-fide correspondent for the Japanese newspaper, Shivers was struck by the non-reportorial nature of the conversation. Mrs. Mori ranged over a variety of seemingly unrelated topics: planes, a war building boom, whether there were many sailors about, the weather, searchlights, flowers, the number of first-generation Japanese, the fleet, and so on.

The taped conversation seemed to Bicknell "of special interest." He telephoned his superior, Kendall Fielder, at Fort Shafter.

"I have a matter of great importance," he said, "that should be taken up with the general right away."

It was now about 5:30 in the afternoon.

"It cannot wait until morning," Bicknell asserted.

Fielder said he would talk it over with Short and phone Bicknell back.

In a few minutes Fielder called.

"If you can get out to Shafter in 10 minutes," the G-2 officer stipulated, "General Short says he will wait that long."

At 4:30 p.m. of December 6, the remaining personnel of the Navy and Munitions buildings pushed out onto the sidewalks rimming Constitution Avenue like cattle from a corral suddenly flung open. On the second deck of Navy, Captain Safford was reaching for his hat.

"There is nothing I can do but get in your way and make you nervous," he quipped to his colleagues. "I am going home."

Thirteen parts of the long message from Tokyo were now on the decoders' desks. They were still encrypted and could mean nothing to Safford yet.

Desk lamps in other offices of the two elongated, stuccoed warrens of the nation's land and sea might were winking off as their occupants prepared to move out into the gathering dusk. Before he left, Kelly Turner looked up to see Ping Wilkinson confronting him.

"Kelly," asserted the soft-spoken intelligence chief, "you are mistaken."

"Mistaken in what?" Turner snapped, bristling.

"Mistaken that Japan would attack the United States," pursued Wilkinson. His tone was flat, without emotion, normal.

Then the two high-ranking aides to Stark walked down the endlessly long corridor, the subject presumably at an end.

There was one of their colleagues, however, Capt. Joseph R. Redman, Admiral Noyes' assistant, who, as he was returning the past weekend from the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, had categorically asserted, "If the Japs don't strike us this weekend, I'll eat my shirt!"

So far, the captain had not started chewing on his shirt, nor had the Japanese yet struck. Nonetheless, there was increasing inspiration for such auguries. At 4:20 p.m., for example, further substantiation for Winant's morning advisory was stringing into the War Department's Communications Center from an observer in Singapore, Brig. Gen. Francis G. Brink:

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, following a course due west, were seen a battleship, five cruisers, seven destroyers and 25 merchant ships; these were seen at 106° 8' E 8° N; this was the first report.

Ten merchant ships, two cruisers and 10 destroyers were seen following the same course at 106° 20' E 7° 35' N.

In other words, the first convoy, 40 miles south of Soctrang, on the south coast of Indo-China, in the South China Sea, was about 365 miles distant from the nearest landfall on the Malay Peninsula, across the Gulf of Siam. The second was approximately 50 miles south of the first.

Both forces could be expected, if they maintained the same course and speed, to raise the Malaya coast the following afternoon—Sunday, in the United States time zone; Monday, across the international dateline.

At the White House, Roosevelt had hurled himself into an afternoon's appointments and problems which would have taxed the physical and nervous energies of a well man. No report was made of the 20-minute conference with Lord Halifax. However, it was a reasonable assumption that the call had been sparked by the "Naval Person," Churchill himself.

Roosevelt had determined to send the trump card to the Japanese Emperor that Cordell Hull had been saving. Written a week or more earlier, it had been reposing in a drawer of the Secretary of State's desk. As with so many of his pronouncements, however, the President wanted to inject a swatch of his own thoughts and personality into Hull's diplomatic tapestry.

He rapidly dictated a few changes to his secretary, Grace Tully, and attached a memorandum to the appeal before speeding it back to Hull: "Shoot this to Grew. I think can go in gray code—saves time—I don't mind if it gets picked up."

When he was wheeled back to his Oval Room, FDR was pleased to find awaiting him his neighbor from Rhinebeck, New York, Vincent Astor. It was now cocktail time, and there remained nearly an hour in which Roosevelt could make small talk with his multimillionaire friend, before dressing for Eleanor's formal dinner.

It being Saturday, there were other dinner parties.

One of the smaller was that at the home of Ping Wilkinson and his attractive wife Catherine in nearby Arlington, Virginia. His guest list, while primarily Navy, nonetheless crossed the interservice no-man's-land to include his Army opposite, Sherman Miles. The other two couples were Capt. and Mrs. John Beardall and Capt. R. E. "Pinkie" Schuirmann, the State Department liaison, and Mrs. Schuirmann.

Beardall, the presidential aide, had left the White House at 5:30, after telling Lieutenant Lester Schulz, who had the confidential mail watch, that he could expect an important pouch during the evening.

At the Wardman Park Hotel, Secretary and Mrs. Knox, plain as they were wealthy, would set only one extra place: for one of his Chicago *Daily News* executives.

The Otis K. Sadtlers were already engaged in preliminaries to a supper for Army acquaintances. The talk, turning to the incineration of Japanese codes, had swung in a familiar, troubled direction: war. All present agreed it was coming, while Mrs. Sadtler was certain that her husband indicated it would be "probably the next day."

In the hushed red-brick amplitude of Quarters No. 1, Fort Myer, the George Catlett Marshalls were facing another monastic evening. Mrs. Marshall had fallen in October, breaking four ribs, causing cancellation of the social engagements which normally would have been accepted. The general told his chauffeur, burly Sgt. John Semanko, that he would not be needing him, although the sergeant should stand by late the next morning possibly to drive him to the office for a routine look around. This would, of course, follow the general's Sunday horseback ride, in company only with his Dalmatian dog.

In the sylvan fastness of his estate Woodley, on Cathedral Avenue, Secretary of War Stimson was being bothered by something, although the subject was not strictly a concern of his department. Nonetheless, he had to know. He contacted his aide, Maj. E. L. Harrison, and requested that he obtain these statistics from the Navy:

"Compilation of men-of-war in Far East: British, American, Japanese, Dutch, Russian. Also compilation of American men-of-war in Pacific Fleet, with locations, and a list of American men-of-war in the Atlantic without locations."

A time limit was set for obtaining the statistics: 9 a.m. Sunday for the Pacific figures, 10 a.m. for the Atlantic.

Certainly the President understood these international naval measurements, as well as that the United States Navy, committed to battle in the North Atlantic, was outnumbered two to one in the Pacific by Japan, and that the carrier disadvantage in that same disputed ocean was at least five to one.

Yet, if Stimson felt ignorant of the locations of the United States Pacific Fleet and even if Roosevelt himself were, in lesser degree, it was not surprising. Apparently the Navy Department itself was not certain.

For example, the gravely worried Col. Rufus Bratton, now struggling with the incoming 14-part message from Tokyo, had been asking his naval opposite, McCollum:

"Are you sure these people are properly alerted? Are they on the job? Have they been properly warned?"

McCollum answered, "Yes," naturally, since he had no way of knowing that his own urgent warning of Thursday was still gathering dust after bouncing back and forth between the three warring admirals: Turner, Wilkinson and Noyes.

"The fleet has gone or is going to sea," McCollum had added, although likely thinking of the three task forces which had put out from Pearl.

Thus, as Bratton frantically decoded, he felt a certain relief: no "major element of the fleet" this late Saturday, December 6, was in Pearl Harbor. He was convinced that this knowledge—or was it illusion?—was shared by all in ONI as well as in G-2.

George Bicknell somehow threaded the compounded evening traffic of Honolulu to arrive at General Short's home at Fort Shafter in approximately 10 minutes. There he found the general and Kendall Fielder.

Short, a methodical man, "read the message over very carefully," as his G-2 chief peered across his shoulder. Then the general and Fielder discussed it between them.

Fielder arrived at quite an opposite deduction from that of his subordinate. Although the phone conversation between Mrs. Mori and the *Yomiuri Shimbun* sounded "silly from our western mind's point of view," he nonetheless considered it "a more or less typical reporter's approach to a story that would sell a paper."

Short, finally deciding that "no one of us could figure out what it possibly meant," suggested to George Bicknell that perhaps he was "a little too intelligence conscious."

Frustrated, his concern intensified rather than diminished, George Bicknell set out again for Aiea Heights.

Others continued to embark upon their Saturday evenings. Among them were Hubby Kimmel and Mrs. Kimmel, steering course for the popular dining rendezvous, The House Without a Key, where their host would be Vice Adm. Herbert Fairfax Leary.

Like his Army counterpart, Walter Short, Kimmel was abstemious and a man of conservative retiring habits. Both officers would leave their respective functions two hours or more before midnight.

The evening in Honolulu continued. Fort Street was ablaze with Christmas lights. Post-football game dances were legion, with every likelihood that they would continue till dawn. From the Receiving Station the Battle of the Bands was hurling its metallic notes far into the night, out across the broad harbor waters.

On those otherwise darkened waters shone the anchor lights of a number of fleet units, led by the capital ships, the heavies, neatly in line off the east shore of Ford Island, half of their number moored side-by-side.

In Manila General Douglas MacArthur advised the Chief of Staff this weekend:

All Air Corps stations here on alert. Airplanes dispersed and each under guard.

The Army's Far East commanding general had been characteristically unequivocal when, earlier in the year, Stark's aide, McCrea, had asked him about the chances of an accord.

"War is inevitable," was MacArthur's flat reply.

He had been receiving of late "ample and complete information" from War Department advisories "for the purpose of alerting the Army Command of the Philippines on a war basis." But the shelves of his military hardware store, nonetheless, were not heavy with armament. In 1941 the Army and Navy had to argue impassioned before Congress for every gun, as well as every gunboat.

The 130,000 troops which served under MacArthur were misleading by their numbers. All but 30,000 of the soldiers were poorly equipped and partially trained Filipinos—brave, sturdy native fighters, but far from ready to come up against an army which was hard, professional and field-proven, such as Japan's. His air force, commanded by 51-year-old energetic Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, was proportionately slim and shaky.

While the balance sheet proclaimed 277 airplanes, only about half of that total were modern and trimmed for combat. These included 35 Flying Fortresses and approximately 100 P-40 fighters. Brereton had just checked on Army Air Corps totals. There were only 64 fully qualified 4-engine pilots and 171 pursuit or fighter pilots available in the Combat Command.

Sunday night, which was Saturday across the dateline in the United States, MacArthur's No. 1 aviator was guest of honor at a party at the Manila Hotel. In the course of the evening he was talking with Rear Adm. William R. "Speck" Purnell, on liaison duty with the ABCD powers.

Purnell mentioned that Admiral Hart had received messages from the Navy Department which could be interpreted as further war warnings. It was a question of days, speculated

Purnell, "perhaps hours," before the shooting would likely start.

The Far East aerial commander ordered a combat alert commencing at daylight. At Clark, Nichols, Nielson and the incompleting Del Monte Fields, crews would be briefed and ready, their aircraft warmed up, fueled and armed, as if an enemy were actually en route to attack the islands.

Crusty Admiral Hart, with a fleet comprised of two cruisers, 13 World War I four-stack destroyers, and 29 submarines generally ready for action, had scarcely greater reason for complacency than Brereton. Recently, his PBY flying boats, slow and tempting targets, had become valuable assets; they had accounted for the shadowing of Tokyo's Malaya-bound convoys.

As MacArthur, Hart and Brereton awaited "something" in the Philippines, nearby Singapore braced for what its commanders believed an imminent blow. The recall whistles still piped along the waterfront, echoing the length of Collier Key and Raffles Key and up Connaught Drive and Clyde Street, while the last sailors tumbled out of bars and brothels to reel toward their ships.

It would not be like old times in Singapore for a long while. . .

In Washington, at Evermay, Kurusu was continuing to speak with Mott Belin, whom he had never previously met, but who was "astonished beyond measure" at the Japanese envoy's frankness. He repeated, in substance, what he had already confided in the morning and indicated once more, by Mayer's assessment, that he was "trying in the most desperate fashion to warn us of a momentary attack somewhere."

His hosts were still bending their every effort, short of direct question, "to try to find out whether Kurusu knew where this impending attack might most likely take place" when the telephone rang, about 8:30. It turned out to be Kurusu's embassy informing him that Roosevelt had transmitted a personal appeal to Hirohito. This, Kurusu observed, was bound to cause headaches in Tokyo and more thinking.

Headaches were in fashion this first Saturday of December. Bratton and Kramer both had reason for such affliction. The Army and Navy decrypting staffs between them had converted shortly before 8:30 p.m. the first 13 parts of the 14-part message to the Japanese ambassador.

"The Government of Japan," it commenced, "prompted by a genuine desire to come to an amicable understanding with the Government of the United States in order that the two countries by their joint efforts may secure the peace of the Pacific area and thereby contribute toward the realization of world peace, has continued negotiations with the utmost sincerity since April last. . . ."

Insisting it had been "the immutable policy" of Japan to "insure the stability of East Asia," the message lashed out at alleged interference by America and Great Britain in Japan's efforts toward "a general peace" with China as well as with Japan's "joint defense," along with France, of French Indo-China; it reviewed Japanese-United States negotiations and restated the former's "equitable solution" to mutual differences, reducible largely to the premise that America keep wholly out of the Far East, restore commercial relations with Japan, supply her oil, and also aid her in "the acquisition in the Netherlands East Indies of those goods and commodities of which the two countries are in need"; then it went on to Nippon's "spirit of conciliation."

Part 10 was exceptionally blunt. Denouncing Anglo-American "collusion" in the East, the section warned that "the Japanese Government cannot tolerate the perpetuation of such a situation. . . ."

Part 13 came closest to new information when, with reference to the American suggestions of November 26, it noted, "therefore, viewed in its entirety, the Japanese Government regrets that it cannot accept the proposal as a basis of negotiations."

In these parts, although Tojo's war cabinet rejected the American note, nothing so radical as a diplomatic rupture was implied. The verbose truculence, however, clearly indicated that the author was working up to some climax which would presumably be reached with the final Part 14.

With a sigh, Rufe Bratton read the 13th part. Then he telephoned the SIS to see if the 14th would be coming through.

"No," replied the signal intelligence duty officer, "there is very little likelihood of that part coming in this evening. We think we have gotten all of that message that we are going to get tonight."

Bratton, realizing this was a diplomatic message, gathered up Cordell Hull's folder, put it in the pouch, locked the pouch, and personally delivered it to the night duty officer in the State Department. He explained it was a highly important message and he wished that it be sent to Hull's quarters, the Carlton Hotel on nearby 16th Street. Bratton, weary, decided to call it a night.

Kramer, ticking off his own list, was frustrated at the outset by his inability to reach either Stark or Turner. Word had been left at Stark's Observatory Circle quarters that the Chief of Naval Operations was at the National Theater. At Turner's home on Western Avenue in the Chevy Chase section, there was, Kramer thought, no answer.

However, he was able to talk with both Wilkinson and McCollum, whom he told in cryptic terms of the general sense of the 13 parts. It was agreed that Kramer should take copies to the White House and to Secretary Knox, and finally to Wilkinson's residence.

Shortly before 9:30, with Mrs. Kramer driving, he arrived at the White House where he told Lt. Lester Schulz there was something in the folder "that the President should see as quickly as possible." In company with an usher, Schulz went directly to the Oval Room, where he found Roosevelt seated at his desk. Harry Hopkins was the only other occupant.

For perhaps 10 minutes Roosevelt read and reread the 13 parts while Hopkins was "pacing back and forth slowly, not more than 10 feet away," like a caged creature. The young naval officer was impressed by the President's calm manner, although he was not fully prepared for the latter's subsequent remark to Hopkins after his friend had himself glanced over the intercept.

"This means war," Roosevelt said, in substance, if not in those actual words. It was now 10 p.m. or slightly later. Schulz had been in the Oval Room for half an hour. FDR noted that he would talk to Stark. He put in a telephone call, only to be informed that the admiral was at the National Theater. Roosevelt said he did not want him paged, fearing undue alarm might be caused. Instead, he left word at Stark's quarters for him to call the White House upon his return.

In the meanwhile, about 9:45 p.m., Kramer was making his second stop—at the Wardman Park Hotel. Knox, not so facile a reader as the President, consumed about 20 minutes in going over the Tokyo note.

The Secretary of the Navy, impressed both with the 13 parts and the portent of the 14th to come, got on the telephone to Stimson and Hull to arrange a special conference of the three at 10 a.m. Sunday at the State Department. He asked Kramer to be there at that time, bringing back the Japanese message, together with the 14th part, if it had arrived.

Mrs. Kramer then drove her busy husband through the Saturday night streets of Washington and over the bridge facing the Lincoln Memorial to Arlington. He rang the bell at 2301 North Uhle Street, to be greeted by Admiral Wilkinson. Not only were Beardall, Miles and Schuirmann present, but also two officers from the French Embassy.

It was now 11 p.m.

Wilkinson took the message and, after glancing over it, commenced to discuss it with the G-2 general and the White House aide. Wilkinson could not "consider it a military paper," rather "a diplomatic paper . . . a justification of the position of Japan." Soon he excused himself and rang Admiral Stark's number, only to be advised, as the President had before him, that the Chief of Naval Operations was at the theater.

Then Ping Wilkinson reached Kelly Turner, who volunteered that he had been home all evening. Although the ONI chief expressed profound doubt that "diplomatic relations would be broken," the War Plans admiral suggested he would like to look at the 13 parts himself.

Sherman Miles, seconding his host's reaction, observed there was "little military significance" to the transmission from Tokyo, filled as it was with "falsehoods and lies." On other considerations, the G-2 chieftain said he saw "no reason for alerting or waking up the Chief of Staff . . . or certainly Secretary Hull."

At 11:30 the headlights of the official limousine bearing Admiral Stark, his wife and their guests shone up the winding gravel driveway toward Quarters "A" Observatory Circle. As soon as he entered his comfortable old brick mansion, the Chief of Naval Operations was advised of the White House call. The admiral excused himself and walked up the carpeted

stairs to the second floor where the direct telephone to the Executive Mansion was located.

In five or 10 minutes he returned, his manner apparently not disturbed. Significant was the fact that Stark emerged from his White House conversation with the impression that the Japanese note was a "rehash," an opinion that was to be strengthened in the admiral's mind when he was to read the communication itself. The assumption was that Roosevelt had initially created the feeling in Stark's mind that the 13 parts constituted old material.

This, then, would become the night's greatest enigma: how could the very man, who about an hour and a half earlier had declared, "This means war," so shortly afterward have indicated or even implied that the same message was now a "rehash"?

Midnight was at hand when a weary Kramer attained Admiral Turner's doorstep, in Chevy Chase, halfway across the District of Columbia from Wilkinson's home in Arlington. The War Plans chief adjusted his eyeglasses and scrutinized the 13 parts, which he privately assessed to be "very important."

He questioned the communications officer sharply as to exactly who had read the long message. When his earlier understanding, gleaned presumably from a telephone conversation with Wilkinson, was confirmed that the intelligence chief and Ingersoll, as well as the Secretary of the Navy himself had received it, he concluded he did not "believe it was my function to take any action."

He removed his eyeglasses, returned the sheaf to Kramer and bade him goodnight. At last Commander and Mrs. Kramer could go home.

Washington—and a nation—slept.

Sunday, December 7, dawned clear and beautiful in Washington. The air was mildly crisp. The day would begin in various ways for different people. Captain Schuirmann, for example, although he had no set duties on Sunday, arose at a far earlier hour than normal, breakfasted, and hastened to the Navy Department.

Bratton and Kramer had slept badly. Both officers were up early in order to arrive at the Navy Department before their superiors. Specialists, they had forgotten what days off were.

Stimson leisurely partook of breakfast as the sun slanted through the long windows of his dining room at Woodley. But even as his request last night for fleet statistics hinted, he had something on his mind. He noted, in fact, in his diary that there was "something hanging in the air."

Not far from Woodley, on Observatory Circle, Stark, contrary to habit, ordered his chauffeur to drive him down Massachusetts Avenue in order to be at his desk at 9 a.m.

Bratton, McCollum and Kramer arrived at their offices at about the same time, 7:30. On his desk Bratton found the awaited 14th part, concluding just as Bratton had expected it would:

The Japanese Government regrets to have to notify hereby the American Government that in view of the attitude of the American Government it cannot but consider that it is impossible to reach an agreement through further negotiations.

Bratton handed copies of the complete message to his assistant, Colonel Dusenbury, to be distributed to the Chief of Staff, to War Plans, G-2 and the State Department. Copies were also forwarded to the Navy.

Bratton logged in two more dispatches before 9 o'clock:

Will the ambassador please submit to the United States Government (if possible to the Secretary of State) our reply to the United States at 1 p.m. on the 7th, your time.

After deciphering part 14 of my 902 and also 907, 908 and 909 please destroy at once the remaining cipher machine and all machine codes. Dispose in like manner also secret documents.

Bratton, expert on the Japanese language as well as the character and behavior of the race which spoke it, reacted to the "1 o'clock" message like a man struck over the head. Stunned, he nonetheless seemed to understand what was all too likely to happen. As he shortly confided to Colonel Betts:

"I tried to figure where it would be dawn when it was 1 o'clock in Washington. Then, without looking at a time-date chart of the Pacific, I guessed it would be about 2 a.m. the next day—Monday—in Manila, 3 a.m. in Tokyo, but it would be

just about sunrise, or 7:30 a.m. in Hawaii!"

He was not far off. Sunrise at Oahu was at 6:26 o'clock Sunday.

Bratton rubbed at his gray-flecked moustache, then raced off toward the Chief of Staff's office.

When Bratton could not find Marshall in his office, he telephoned—a few minutes after 9 a.m.—his quarters at Fort Myer. There an orderly answered the phone to explain that the general was out cantering, accompanied only by his Dalmatian.

"Get assistance," said Bratton. "Find General Marshall, tell him who I am and tell him to go to the nearest telephone, that it is vitally important that I communicate with him at the earliest possible moment!"

The day's even tenor had not, thus far, been ruffled in the Navy's center of all decisions. Stark continued at his desk, working on redistribution, wishing that Turner were aboard.

However, decision and action would have to await Marshall's return from his ride. It was still but a few minutes past 10 o'clock on a quiet December Sunday morning.

In the Navy Department, neither the 1 o'clock message, nor word about it or of the frenzy into which it had catapulted Colonel Bratton and General Miles, had arrived.

At 10 a.m., Captain Beardall delivered the 14th part to the President, who was still abed.

The latter studied the part briefly, then observed, "It looks like the Japanese are going to break off negotiations."

Since Beardall was alone on the White House military watch this morning, he locked the confidential pouch and started back to the Navy Department to return it in person.

Admiral McIntire arrived upon Beardall's departure. He would be closeted with the President for the next two hours to treat his sinus condition.

The prolonged ordeal Sunday morning, December 7, coming atop a week of intense strain and pressure, conceivably had a bearing on a generation's "rendezvous with destiny." The enigma of the past evening—"This means war" and "rehash"—could not be shrugged off.

At Fort Myer, the Chief of Staff was back from his ride. At Quarters A he was taking a shower by 10:15. Ten minutes later, apparently refreshed from the brisk exercise, he returned the calls left by Bratton.

While Bratton did not mention his fears regarding an attack on Pearl Harbor—and was not to do so—there manifestly was something about his tone which penetrated the understanding of the Chief of Staff, conveying the sense of acute urgency which had in no degree been assimilated by the orderly. Marshall was thereupon galvanized into unusual activity.

First, he ordered his official car to start over for him. At this time it was presumably in the lot behind the Munitions Building in Washington.

However, as Marshall finished dressing, he must have decided that the car wouldn't arrive at officers' row in Fort Myer soon enough. He then instructed Sergeant Semanko to fetch the red roadster of his stepson and drive him to meet his other car.

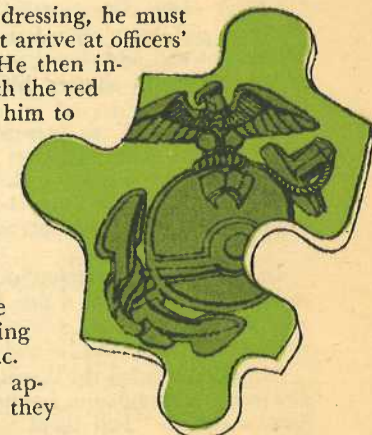
The two raced through the Sunday morning peace of Arlington National Cemetery. They tore past the Amphitheater, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, down the winding hill road of the eastern slope and through the main gates, facing Memorial Bridge over the Potomac.

Just before driving onto the approaches of the bridge itself, they encountered the official car.

Marshall jumped out of the roadster and into his khaki-painted sedan. The general's chauffeur then sped his high-ranking passenger across the broad stone bridge and toward the marble grandeur of the Lincoln Memorial.

At slightly after 10:30, while Marshall was hastening toward his office, a curiously significant drama was unfolding in Admiral Stark's blue-green suite. First, Kramer, back from the White House and the Department of State, had found the 1 o'clock message, sent over from G-2. On his own, he came to much the conclusion of Bratton, having worked out the comparative time zones on a navigator's plotting circle.

He hurried down the hall to Stark's office, where he was met



at the door by McCollum. Kramer showed him the 1 o'clock message and pointed out the "probable tie-up of the time."

After the newest dispatch had been shown to the officers, McCollum had the impression that Admiral Stark reacted, "so what?"—in a sense if not those actual words—to the 1 p.m. time.

However, Wilkinson (as McCollum told the author) had a concrete suggestion.

"Why don't you pick up the telephone and call Kimmel?"

Stark lifted the telephone and gave every indication that he was actually going to put through a long-distance call to Admiral Kimmel.

This moment, somewhere between 10:30 and 11 a.m., was possibly the most portentous of all, that Sunday morning. Destiny hung on Admiral Stark's elbow as he lifted the instrument.

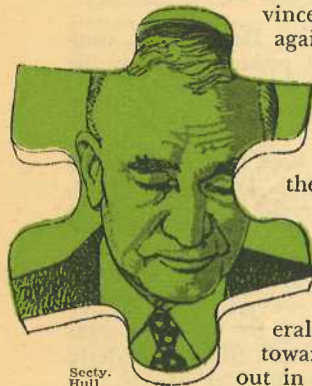
Then, with a slight shake of his head, he replaced the phone and said, in effect, "No, I think I will call the President."

Stark reached the White House switchboard, to be informed that the President was busy.

A flickering of history had come—and gone. . . .

At 11:25 a.m., Miles and Bratton arrived at Marshall's office to find him reading aloud the 14 parts. They attempted several times to interrupt the Chief of Staff so that Bratton could show him the 1 o'clock message. Miles knew Marshall was manifesting deep concentration.

After perhaps 15 minutes, Marshall finished the long document, then summoned Gerow on the intercom. Now he looked at the last note. He admitted there could be "some definite significance" to this message, "something was going to happen at 1 o'clock."



Sec'y. Hull

Miles and Bratton then said they were "convinced it meant Japanese hostile action against some American installation in the Pacific at or shortly after 1 o'clock."

The G-2 chief reiterated what he had told Gerow earlier in the morning as to new warnings being sent to all area commanders, from Panama to the Philippines.

"It was at this point," Bratton was to testify, "after we had all concurred in urging that our outlying possessions be given an additional alert at once by the fastest possible means, General Marshall drew a piece of scratch paper toward him and picked up a pencil and wrote out in longhand a message to be sent to our overseas commanders. When he reached the

bottom of the page he picked up the telephone and called the Chief of Naval Operations. . . .

"After some conversation with the Chief of Naval Operations he put down the phone and said, 'Admiral Stark doesn't think that any additional warning is necessary.'"

Marshall then showed his officers what he had written:

The Japanese are presenting at 1 p.m. Eastern Standard Time today what amounts to an ultimatum. Also they are under orders to destroy their code machine immediately.

Just what significance the hour set may have we do not know, but be on alert accordingly.

In a moment, the telephone rang again. Stark, experiencing doubt, had requested a line be added, "Inform the Navy." He was fearful that a further warning "might create the story of 'wolf!'" since already he had sent "so much."

Marshall handed the dispatch to Bratton to take to the Signal Corps for transmission. As the colonel hurried out of the office, Gerow called, "Tell them to give first priority to the Philippines." The time was 11:50 a.m.

"The Chief of Staff," said Bratton to Col. Edward T. French, on duty at the message center, "wants this sent at once by the fastest safe means."

Bratton then returned to Marshall's office.

French had his problems. For the past hour and a half the War Department radio had been out of contact with Honolulu. However, the colonel maintained a teletype direct to the Western Union office in Washington. He knew from past experience that Western Union would get the message going very rapidly.

At the State Department all this while, Hull, Knox and Stimson were meeting, as planned. The Secretary of State

noted that "the faces of my visitors were grim." From reports at hand, it seemed to Hull that "zero hour was a matter of hours, perhaps minutes."

Hull, once more, had alluded to the "fire-eaters" in Tokyo. The 14 parts had not impressed him beyond evoking the comment that they were "little more than an insult."

Before adjourning, Hull and Knox roughed out a note which they planned to send to Roosevelt for comment. It would warn Japan that the United States, Britain and the Netherlands would "be ready jointly to act together."

And so Sunday morning passed.

Yet there was to be still one last warning.

In the predawn hours of that fateful Sunday, a wet, easterly wind was moistening the Hawaiian Islands, presaging worse weather to come.

During these early hours, the old four-stack destroyer *Ward*, 1,000 tons and capable of 35 knots, had been knifing back and forth in a two-mile expanse of ocean beyond Buoy 1, at the channel entrance to Pearl Harbor. Lt. William W. Outerbridge, her commanding officer, had been advised at 10 minutes of 4, by the *Condor*, a minesweeper, that a periscope had been sighted.

A search of more than two hours and a half, however, had failed to confirm the *Condor's* report. Outerbridge lay down for a nap. At exactly 6:37 a.m., 11 minutes after sunrise, he was awakened by his executive officer, Lt. (j.g.) Oscar Goepner, a newly-commissioned reservist, shouting:

"Come on the bridge, Captain! Come on the bridge!"

What Outerbridge saw was the small conning tower of a moving, half-submerged submarine, 75 yards distant.

"Go to general quarters! Go to general quarters!" the *Ward's* captain ordered.

Point-blank, too close for effective use of the rangefinders, the World War I vessel opened fire. The second salvo scored a direct hit on the conning tower, the submarine at once vanishing in an eruption of smoke and spray. Over the swirling waters where her target had been seconds before, the *Ward* criss-crossed to and fro, dropping depth charges.

At 6:54 a.m., Outerbridge, breaking off the action, notified the commandant, 14th Naval District, by voice transmission on his ship-to-shore radio:

We have attacked, fired upon, and dropped depth charges upon submarine operating in defensive area.

The naval radio station at Bishop's Point acknowledged. In a few minutes, the report was conveyed from the district to the Pacific Fleet communications watch. However, the spoken message from the *Ward* was heard by most of the battleships at anchor off Ford Island and by other fleet vessels, maintaining their routine radio guard in port as well as at sea.

Exactly eight minutes later, at 7:02 a.m. blips were observed on the Opana radar at Kahuku Point, 28 miles north of Honolulu, one of the Signal Corps' five such experimental detection stations, recently placed in operation. The two young privates manning this radar, George Elliott and Joseph L. Lockard, had kept their screen in reception after the normal 7 a.m. shut-down largely because the breakfast truck was late and there was nothing else to do.

Now, two minutes after the time when the set should have been switched off, the screen became alive with a telltale shower of electronic shadows indicating to Lockard that a large "flight of some sort" must be approaching, from a direction which was only 3 degrees east of true north.

Since the maximum range of this set was 132 miles, and the images had just traced onto the cathode tube, it could be assumed that the aircraft were winging toward Oahu from that distance. Lockard telephoned the radar information center at Fort Shafter. The watch officer, Lt. Kermit A. Tyler of the Hawaiian Air Force, thought about the report, then advised, "It's all right," adding, "Don't worry about it."

Nonetheless, it was the largest group Lockard had ever seen. He continued, fascinated, to watch it growing more distinct, until 30 minutes later when he heard the breakfast truck grinding up through the sugar cane fields. He turned off the instrument.

About 7:15, Admiral Bloch was informed of the *Ward's* action. His reaction was identical with that of all other officers on the anchored ships whose radiomen had advised them of the

submarine depth-charging. There had been so many similar sightings and depth-chargings of what had turned out to be nothing at all that Bloch leaned to the belief the *Ward* had been mistaken.

Kimmel was also up. He was told of the action a few minutes after 7:30. Somewhat more concerned than the 14th Naval District's commander, he said he would finish dressing and come down to his offices on the Submarine Base. However, he, too, desired "verification . . . in view of the number of such contacts which had not been verified in the past."

And nobody . . . nobody informed General Short, or any of his staff.

No one, of judgment, could use the phrase "without warning" in connection with this December 7.

A few minutes after 1 p.m., at the State Department, Nomura called to say he and Kurusu could not make their appointment until 1:45. Hull patiently agreed. He had already canceled a luncheon engagement. On the other hand, half-sick and nervous, he had no appetite.

Across West Executive Avenue, Roosevelt and Hopkins were partaking of a tray lunch, while Fala, as was customary, sat up to beg tidbits. The President's shirt sleeves were rolled, he was about to start on his stamp album.

At the Navy Department, Admiral Noyes had finally found an opportunity to study the 14th part. Then, at a time somewhere between 1:25 and 1:40, the interoffice phone rang. From communications watch, a radioman was reporting that Mare Island in San Francisco Bay had picked up this strictly local transmission between the Navy Yard in Honolulu and the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet:

Enemy air raid—not drill.

From now on, indecision, restraint, apathy and, for the most part, personal and administrative conflicts vanished with the rapidity and suddenness of this stunning news itself. Noyes knew what to do. He raced down the corridor to the Chief of Naval Operations' suite. Not finding him in, he started into the next office—the Secretary of the Navy's—to encounter Knox, Stark and Turner on their way out.

Noyes gave them the message. Knox, obviously shocked and incredulous, adjusted his pince-nez glasses and blurted, "My God, this can't be true! This must mean the Philippines!"

"No, sir," Stark replied unhesitatingly, suddenly ready to accept Pearl Harbor as an obvious target. "This is Pearl."

Knox moved back to his desk as rapidly as his rather ponderous frame would take him and picked up the direct telephone to the White House.

In rapid succession, the President telephoned a number of persons, apparently Stimson first.

At approximately 2:05 Roosevelt telephoned Hull, just as Nomura and Kurusu were being ushered into the diplomatic waiting room. In a voice "steady but clipped" he informed his ailing Secretary of State:

"There's a report that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor." Hull asked at once if it had been confirmed, to which the Chief Executive replied flatly, "No." Then the President and the Secretary of State agreed the report "probably" was true.

Hull said he was "rather inclined not to see" the waiting envoys. However, he conceded there was only one chance out of a hundred that the news might not be true. Therefore, he would go ahead and let the two deliver their message.

Among the next to be called by the President was his son, James, a Marine Corps captain, recuperating at his home in the suburbs from a stomach operation.

"Hello, Jimmy, it's happened," Roosevelt said. His eldest son was impressed with his father's "extreme calmness—almost a sad, fatalistic but courageous acceptance."

When the President returned to his tray lunch, there was implied relief, judging from the tone and substance of his subsequent conversation. He seemed thankful that the matter was now "entirely out of his own hands."

Circuits to Honolulu were good—far better obviously than commercial cable or telegraph, since General Marshall's warning was still hours away from delivery. While the White House operator was working on a call for Gov. Joseph B. Poindexter of Hawaii, other long-distance calls to the territory were already going through.

Stark had confirmed, via the telephone he had reportedly been loath to use only that morning, the truth of the first intercepted radio message. He had reached Admiral Bloch himself. The latter, "calm," told him that the planes even now were swooping overhead, black smoke was boiling upward from the fleet anchorage, there were many explosions.

Thus, while the alert was now spreading through the government, Nomura and Kurusu continued to wait. Not until 2:20 did Hull ask that the envoys be shown into his office. This time he did not invite them to be seated, which meant that they had to stand, stiff and at a disadvantage, in front of his broad mahogany desk.

First, the Secretary of State asked Nomura why he had been instructed to deliver the note at 1 o'clock. Explaining "diffidently" that decoding the message had delayed his departure, the Japanese Ambassador was interrupted by Hull, the hill boy from Tennessee, the old campaigner in the Spanish-American War, who could no longer throttle back his fury.

"I must say," he raged at the pair, "that in all my conversations with you during the last nine months I have never uttered one word of untruth. This is borne out absolutely by the record. In all my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

Then Hull put on his hat and coat and, shortly after 3, arrived in the White House, where he found the President "very solemn in demeanor and conversation."

Knox, Stimson, and Marshall arrived within minutes, while Stark stayed at the Navy Department to phone in bulletins. The circuit to Governor Poindexter was now clear, and the President conversed with him. At one time, his visitors heard Roosevelt exclaim:

"My God, there's another wave of Jap planes over Hawaii right this minute!"

McIntire and Beardall were next to join the gathering conference in the Oval Room. "Stunned and incredulous at first," McIntire observed, the President "quickly regained the poise that always marked him in moments of crisis."

In the arrival of tall, austere Admiral King, commanding the Atlantic Fleet, along with a small group of congressional leaders, there was a clear shadow of naval leadership to come.

Clusters of people began to form outside the White House gates and in Lafayette Park across Pennsylvania Avenue. Some attempted to raise their voices in *God Bless America*, *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and, of course, *The Star Spangled Banner*. All of these people, men and women, reflected the dazed incredulity moving across the nation far beyond the city limits of Washington. The actual expressions of anger were to come later, well after the initial shock had relaxed.

Roosevelt himself could well speculate on tomorrow. He was, in fact, already telling his Cabinet members that the struggle would be "long, hard." When Churchill was switched through to him on the trans-Atlantic telephone, the President remarked that the United States and Britain were "in the same boat" now.

After adjourning his meeting with the Cabinet and his military advisers—shortly before 5 p.m.—the Chief Executive called Grace Tully into his study. She found him wearing a gray sack jacket and smoking deeply. He started dictating, his tone "a little different" than normal, the message he proposed to deliver to Congress in the morning:

"Yesterday comma December 7 comma 1941 dash a day which will live in infamy dash the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan period paragraph. . . ."—A. A. Hoehling

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

SILENT SPRING

A BEST SELLER

By Rachel Carson