★ 16-5 Normandy on the Day After D-Day ★

Introduction One of history's most epic invasions took place on D-Day, when the Allies won their beachhead in Axis-held France. The Germans were dug deep into positions, and the waters were heavily mined. But offshore, big guns of the United States Navy supported the men as they swarmed ashore. War correspondent Ernie Pyle went in with troops of the First and Twenty-ninth Divisions. On the second day, when the coast was secured, Pyle walked along the beach of Normandy. This selection is from his description of what he saw.

Vocabulary Before you read the selection, find the meaning of these words in a dictionary: infinite, expendable, equipage, carnage, ironic.

On D-Day, June 6, 1944, the Allies established a long-awaited beachhead in Nazi-occupied France. This photograph shows American troops landing on the beach.

I walked for a mile and a half along the water's edge of our many-miled invasion beach. I walked slowly, for the detail on that beach was infinite.

The wreckage was vast and startling. The awful waste and destruction of war, even aside from the loss of human life, has always been one of its outstanding features to those who are in it. Anything and everything is expendable. And we did expend on our beachhead in Normandy during those first few hours.

For a mile out from the beach there were scores of tanks and trucks and boats that were not visible, for they were at the bottom of the water—swamped by overloading, or hit by shells, or sunk by mines. Most of their crews were lost.

There were trucks tipped half over and swamped, partly sunken barges, the angled-up corners of jeeps, and small landing craft half submerged. And at low tide you could still see those vicious six-pronged iron snares that helped snag and wreck them.

On the beach itself, high and dry, were all kinds of wrecked vehicles. There were tanks that had only just made the beach before being knocked out. There were jeeps that had burned to a dull gray. There were big derricks on caterpillar treads that didn't quite make it. There were half-tracks carrying office equipment that had been made into a shambles by a single shell hit, their interiors still holding the useless equipage of smashed typewriters, telephones, office files.

In this shoreline museum of carnage there were abandoned rolls of barbed wire and smashed bulldozers and big stacks of thrown-away life belts and piles of shells still waiting to be moved. In the water floated empty life rafts and soldiers' packs and ration boxes and mysterious oranges. On the beach lay snarled rolls of telephone wire and big rolls of steel matting and stacks of broken, rusting rifles.

On the beach lay, expended, sufficient men and mechanism for a small war. They were gone forever now. And yet we could afford it.

We could afford it because we were on, we had our toehold, and behind us there were such enormous replacements for this wreckage on the beach that you could hardly conceive of the sum total. Men and equipment were flowing from England in such a gigantic stream that it made the waste on the beachhead seem like nothing at all, really nothing at all.

But there was another and more human litter. It extended in a thin little line, just like a high-water mark, for miles along the beach. This was the strewn personal gear, gear that would never be needed again by those who fought and died to give us our entrance into Europe.

There in a jumbled row for mile on mile were soldiers' packs. There were socks and shoe polish, sewing kits, diaries, Bibles, hand grenades. There were the latest letters from home, with the address on each one neatly razored out—one of the security precautions enforced before the boys embarked.

There were toothbrushes and razors and snapshots of families back home staring up at you from the sand. There were pocketbooks, metal mirrors, extra trousers, and bloody, abandoned shoes. There were broken-handled shovels, and portable radios smashed almost beyond recognition, and mine detectors twisted and ruined.

There were torn pistol belts and canvas water buckets, first-aid kits, and jumbled heaps of life belts. I picked up a pocket Bible with a soldier's name in it and put it in my jacket. I carried it half a mile or so and then put it back down on the beach. I don't know why I picked it up or why I put it down again.

Soldiers carry strange things ashore with them. In every invasion there is at least one soldier hitting the beach at H-hour with a banjo slung over his shoulder. The most ironic piece of equipment marking our beach—this beach first of despair, then of victory—was a tennis racket that some soldier had brought along. It lay lonesomely on the sand, clamped in its press, not a string broken.

READING REVIEW

1. What did Pyle mean when he wrote that we could afford the losses of D-Day?
2. Why might soldiers carry such items as banjos into battle?
3. **Recognizing a Point of View** (a) Does Pyle seem to think the victory of D-Day was worth the cost? (b) How can you tell?

★ 16-6 The Big Three at Teheran ★

Introduction At the time of the Teheran conference in November 1943, Russia was under heavy pressure from German forces. Thus Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin pressed for Operation Overlord, the planned invasion of Normandy. British Prime Minister Winston Churchill favored a delay, while President Roosevelt backed Marshal Stalin. Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, President Roosevelt's Chief of Staff, attended the meeting. In this selection Leahy gives his impressions.

Vocabulary Before you read the selection, find the meaning of these words in a dictionary: plenary, induced, dispersing, flank, exasperated, brusquely.

The first plenary session of EUREKA, code for the Teheran meeting, opened at 4:00 P.M. Roosevelt presided and was the first to speak.

Briefly, the strategy that had been worked out at previous Anglo-American

★ 16-7 A Voice From the Holocaust ★

Introduction Nothing had prepared the Allied troops for what they found as they liberated prisoners from the Nazi concentration camps of Europe. Starvation, slave labor, and murder had left but a tragic few survivors out of the millions of people who had been forced to leave their homes. Marika Frank Abrams was a Hungarian Jew who survived. In this selection she described her experiences.

Vocabulary Before you read the selection, find the meaning of these words in a dictionary: devastating, contingent.

We were at a summer resort near Budapest in September 1939 when the war broke out. It did not break out in Hungary until June 17, 1941. In those two years my personal life hardly changed. My parents were so Hungarian that they couldn't believe they would be harmed by Hungarians. They recognized the dangers but couldn't really accept them. It was not foresighted and not intelligent but that was the way it was.

And then the Germans came into Hungary, and this was the end of everything for us. All the Jews in Debrecin had to leave their homes and move into a certain part of the city they called the ghetto. This was a great circus. You can imagine: all the people living there who were not Jewish had to move out and all the Jews had to move in. It was actually accomplished by the end of May.

My father was full of life and hope, very positive in his thinking. We had a number of air raids and he volunteered to help clean up the rubble. This was in May and June of 1944 when the Russian army was in the Carpathian Mountains, about four hours away by car, and the American army was in France. So we thought we were just waiting the war out and adjusted to the situation. We were in a house with our Christian aunt, her son, two of my girl friends and their families. We got our food together and distributed the work and everybody was willing to do their share.

About four weeks after we came to the ghetto the whole population was taken to the brick factory and deported in three transports. The first included the political people—the Zionists, the socialists—and also people with large families. There were many children in that group. The second transport included the hospital, with all the doctors and nurses. We were in the third transport. Each had about 5,000 people.

The first transport was very lucky. The tracks to Auschwitz had been bombed and they were sent to Vienna instead. My girl friend was on that one and she said they were treated as prisoners of war, housed in school buildings and assigned jobs in the city. The second transport with the hospital went straight to Vienna. All the people on it came back to Hungary unharmed. The third transport went straight to Auschwitz. The tracks, by then, had been repaired.

When we arrived we were asked to come out of the boxcars and the men and women were immediately separated. This is a scene as clear in my brain as if it happened today. I wish I could describe it but I really can't. My father said goodbye to us in a very positive way. I was in a row

The Allies had heard reports of Nazi concentration camps during the war. But they were horrified at what they found when they reached the camps. At this camp in Austria, 2,000 prisoners per week starved to death.

with my mother. She was 52 years old. I'm almost that old now. She looked 75. And there was my beautiful aunt, who must have been about 38, and her son, who was 8 years old. I was holding the little boy's hand and my arm was in the arm of my mother. We had to form rows of five. That was the rule. And as we were walking by the selection officer, he asked me how old I was and I said 19. He put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me off to the left. I looked back and couldn't see the others any more. And that was that.

Between May 1 and July 31, 1944, 140,000 were gassed in Auschwitz immediately upon arrival. I, however, was sent to Birkenau, which was a section of Auschwitz not yet finished. I was in a barrack with about 500 other women. There were just empty rooms, no bunks, just the floor to sleep on. And we could not lie down until we lined up in a Z on the floor, one woman next to the other, very, very close. No latrines, only a few buckets between the barracks. I'm sure it has been described many times how we were taken into a room in which we undressed and left our clothes. Our heads were shaved. After the showers we were given a piece of rag to cover ourselves with. This was all we had. This first time we were allowed to keep our shoes, which was a blessing, because the camp roads were covered with sharp pebbles. There was of course no running water, no water to drink and no water to wash with. The only drink we had was some so-called coffee in the morning.

In the beginning I couldn't eat the food. Six months later I would eat anything. All they gave us was a thin slice of bread and a thin slice of sausage. Everybody started losing weight and because of the poor sanitary conditions we began to get typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and dysentery. I came down with scarlet fever but just three days before they had set up a barrack for people with contagious diseases. They put me in there and I survived the scarlet fever. While I was in the hospital barrack everyone from my city was taken to West Germany.

I was taken from Auschwitz to Bergen–Belsen. This trip across Germany in a boxcar was nightmarish. We were given some food and water and locked in for three days. There were tiny windows and I looked out at this beautiful landscape. There were hills with little houses and forests and all the beautiful colors. In Auschwitz everything was gray; it was nothing but clay and gray barracks and gray sky and the devastating mass of miserable women. And all of a sudden I looked out and I saw there was the world. That was life. It was touching and disturbing. It filled me with great pain and longing. How nice it would be to be in one of those little shacks with my mother.

Let me explain that even though I had been in Auschwitz I did not know about the gas chambers. Can you imagine that? We thought, when we were there, that our parents and the children were taken to camps which were much better. We assumed that they couldn't live through the camp we were in. It was not until a large contingent from Auschwitz came to Bergen–Belsen that I had to give up that idea that they were safe. I met two women in their thirties who spoke Hungarian and they asked if it was true that the Hungarian transports were so severely selected—people to the camps and the others to be gassed. I said, "What are you saying?" And they looked at me as if I were foolish, but they didn't want to destroy my hope and so didn't try to explain.

I ran back to the tent and collapsed. I think I cried for weeks. I finally realized that everybody was killed. And this little girl with me couldn't believe it either. But I knew it was true and I really didn't want to live then anymore. It's very easy not to live, you know, in a camp, very easy to lose that bit of thing in you that makes you want to go on.

Then I met another older Hungarian woman who had been deported from Paris. She told me about her life in France. She was a painter and also a designer of clothes.

I didn't mention when I talked about my childhood that I painted when I was growing up. Art education in the Hungarian schools was very bad, but I was painting and drawing nonetheless. In Bergen–Belsen I realized that I would like to draw and paint and this helped me to go on living.

Early in December I was taken out of Bergen–Belsen with my girl friend. We were sent to a camp in Magdeburg. There were many factories in Magdeburg and about 100,000 POWs working in the area. I was in a barrack with 300 Jewish women. We went on foot to the factory every morning. I leave to your imagination how we looked. We were starved, we had no hair and hardly any clothes, and we marched in rows of five with the German citizens watching us, as many as 1,200 coming together from different barracks.

There was not too much time. We worked 12 hours a day at the factory. They manufactured shells for bombs, and I measured the circumference of the shells, which had to fit a special pattern if they were to work. There were two girls and a man at each machine and our small contribution was that we sometimes let the machine run for a long time after we knew the shells were faulty.

We preferred the factory to the barracks. In the barracks there were lice and there was no water, no way of keeping clean, no way to wash clothes. We would steal the rags they gave us to wipe the machines and make things out of them.

And this is how we lived and worked while we waited for the Russians and the Americans to meet on the Elbe River. In March there were lots of bombardments and I could see the Germans were scared. I was not a bit scared. I felt that if I had to die it was a good time because I had had such a marvelous life before. I had been so happy and had lived with marvelous people. We had had a beautiful life together and it was all over. It was all gone. So I wasn't afraid of dying and I was very happy when the planes came. It meant that justice would be done.

READING REVIEW

1. How did Abrams and the other slave laborers try to help the Allies?
2. Was Abrams afraid of the allied bombardment? Why or why not?
3. **Making Generalizations** What might make people want to go on living even under conditions such as Abrams describes?

★ 16-8 A "Sheet of Sun" at Hiroshima ★

Introduction In deep secrecy, nuclear scientists of many nationalities worked to produce the atomic device that would end World War II. The program was called the Manhattan Project, and in it were created the bombs that were dropped on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In this selection, John Hersey reports the reactions of one man who survived the blast, Reverend Mr. Tanimoto.

Vocabulary Before you read the selection, find the meaning of these words in a dictionary: rendezvous, abstinence, evacuate, maneuvered, finicky, designated, solicitous, compassion.

The Reverend Mr. Tanimoto got up at five o'clock that morning. He was alone in the parsonage, because for some time his wife had been commuting with their year-old baby to spend nights with a friend in Ushida, a suburb to the north. Of all the important cities of Japan only two, Kyoto and Hiroshima, had not been visited in strength by B-san, or Mr. B, as the Japanese, with a mixture of respect and unhappy familiarity, called the B-29. And Mr. Tanimoto, like all his neighbors and friends, was almost sick with anxiety. He had heard uncomfortably detailed accounts of mass raids on Kure, Iwakuni, Tokuyama, and other nearby towns. He was sure Hiroshima's turn would come soon.

He had slept badly the night before, because there had been several air-raid warnings. Hiroshima had been getting such warnings almost every night for weeks, for at that time the B-29s were

using Lake Biwa, northeast of Hiroshima, as a rendezvous point. No matter what city the Americans planned to hit, the Superfortresses streamed in over the coast near Hiroshima. The frequency of the warnings and the continued abstinence of Mr. B with respect to Hiroshima had made its citizens jittery. A rumor was going around that the Americans were saving something special for the city.

Besides having his wife spend the nights in Ushida, Mr. Tanimoto had been carrying all the portable things from his church, in the close-packed residential district called Nagaragawa, to a house that belonged to a rayon manufacturer in Loi, two miles from the center of town. The rayon man, a Mr. Matsui, had opened his then unoccupied estate to a large number of his friends and acquaintances, so that they might evacuate whatever they wished to a safe distance from the probable target area. A friend of his named Matsuo had, the day before, helped him get the piano out to Koi. In return, he had promised this day to assist Mr. Matsuo in hauling out a daughter's belongings. That is why he had risen so early.

Before six o'clock that morning, Mr. Tanimoto started for Mr. Matsuo's house. There he found that their burden was to be a tansu, a large Japanese cabinet, full of clothing and household goods. The two men set out. The morning was perfectly clear and so warm that the day promised to be uncomfortable. A few minutes after they started, the air-raid siren went off—a minute-long blast that warned of approaching planes but indicated to the people of Hiroshima only a slight degree of danger, since it sounded every morning at this time, when an American weather plane came over. The two men pulled and pushed the handcart through the city streets.

Pushing the handcart up to the rayon man's house was tiring, and the men, after they had maneuvered their load into the driveway and to the front steps, paused to rest awhile. They stood with a wing of the house between them and the city. Like most homes in this part of Japan, the house consisted of a wooden frame and wooden walls supporting a heavy tile roof. Its front hall, packed with rolls of bedding and clothing, looked like a cool cave full of fat cushions. Opposite the house, to the right of the front door, there was a large, finicky rock garden. There was no sound of planes. The morning was still; the place was cool and pleasant.

Then a tremendous flash of light cut across the sky. Mr. Tanimoto has a distinct recollection that it traveled from east to west, from the city toward the hills. It seemed a sheet of sun. Both he and Mr. Matsuo reacted in terror—and both had time to react (for they were 3,500 yards, or two miles, from the center of the explosion). Mr. Matsuo dashed up the front steps into the house and dived among the bedrolls and buried himself there. Mr. Tanimoto took four or five steps and threw himself between two big rocks in the garden. He bellied up very hard against one of them. As his face was against the stone, he did not see what happened. He felt a sudden pressure, and then splinters and pieces of board and fragments of tile fell on him. He heard no roar.

When he dared, Mr. Tanimoto raised his head and saw that the rayon man's house had collapsed. He thought a bomb had fallen directly on it. Such clouds of dust had risen that there was a sort of twilight around. In panic, not thinking for the moment of Mr. Matsuo under the ruins, he dashed out into the street. He noticed as he ran that the concrete wall of the estate had fallen over—toward the house rather than away from it.

In the streets, the first thing he saw was a squad of soldiers who had been burrowing into the hillside opposite, making one of the thousands of dugouts in which the Japanese apparently intended to resist invasion, hill by hill, life for life. The soldiers were coming out of the hole, where they should have been safe.

Mr. Tanimoto attached himself sympathetically to an old lady who was walking along in a daze, holding her head with her left hand, supporting a small boy of three or four on her back with her right, and crying, "I'm hurt! I'm hurt!" Mr. Tanimoto transferred the child to his own back and led the woman by the hand down the street, which was darkened by what seemed to be a local column of dust. He took the woman to a grammar school

The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, on August 6, 1945. This photograph shows Hiroshima on the following day.

not far away that had previously been designated for use as a temporary hospital in case of emergency. By this solicitous behavior, Mr. Tanimoto at once got rid of his terror.

At the school, he was much surprised to see glass all over the floor and 50 or 60 injured people already waiting to be treated. He reflected that, although the all-clear had sounded and he had heard no planes, several bombs must have been dropped.

Mr. Tanimoto ran along Koi Highway. He was the only person making his way into the city. He met hundreds and hundreds who were fleeing, and every one of them seemed to be hurt in some way. The eyebrows of some were burned off and skin hung from their faces and hands. Others, because of pain, held their arms up as if carrying something in both hands. Some were vomiting as they walked. Many were naked or in shreds of clothing. On some undressed bodies, the burns had made patterns of undershirt straps and suspenders and, on the skin of some women (since white repelled the heat from the bomb and dark clothes absorbed it and conducted it to the skin), the shapes of flowers they had had on their kimonos. Many, although injured themselves, supported relatives who were worse off. Almost all had their heads bowed, looked straight ahead, were silent, and showed no expression whatever.

After crossing Koi Bridge and Kannon Bridge, having run the whole way, Mr. Tanimoto saw, as he approached the center, that all the houses had been crushed and many were afire. Here the trees were bare and their trunks were charred. He tried at several points to penetrate the ruins, but the flames always stopped him. Under many houses, people screamed for help, but no one helped.

In general, survivors that day assisted only their relatives or immediate neighbors, for they could not comprehend or tolerate a wider circle of misery. The wounded limped past the screams, and Mr. Tanimoto ran past them. As a Christian he was filled with compassion for those who were trapped, and as a Japanese he was overwhelmed by the shame of being unhurt, and he prayed as he ran, "God help them and take them out of the fire."

READING REVIEW

1. Why was Mr. Tanimoto on the street so early on the day the bomb was dropped?
2. (a) How did he react when he saw the "sheet of sun"? (b) What action did Mr. Tanimoto take that helped rid him of his terror?
3. **Supporting Generalizations** (a) Based on this selection, how would you say people react to sudden terrible disaster? (b) List two facts from the reading that support your generalization.