

# The Italian Campaign

## Index of Speeches:

Announcement of the Allied Landing in Sicily	page 02
Announcement of Mussolini's Resignation	page 03
The First Crack in the Axis	page 04
On the Conquest of Messina	page 06
Broadcast from Québec	page 07
On the Landing of the Eighth Army in Europe	page 11
Announcement of Italian Surrender	page 12
Proclamation of Italian Armistice	page 13
Speech about the Final Solution	page 14
Italy declares War on Germany	page 16
Orchestrated Hell Broadcast	page 17
On the Teheran Conference Declaration	page 22
On Teheran and Cairo Conferences	page 23
Announcement of the Conquest of Ortona	page 31
On the Liberation of Rome	page 32

## **Announcement of the Allied Landing in Sicily**

Douglas Edwards on CBS

July 10, 1943

Allied Forces are smashing forward on a one-hundred-mile front in Sicily.

Our headquarter in North Africa announces that paratroopers were the first to touch enemy's soil, and American troops have broken through the Axis trench line at Gela.

Enemy's dispatches report allied landings at seven places in Sicily, and they admit that our Air Forces have cut off the island from the Italian mainland.

## **Announcement of Mussolini's Resignation**

Unidentified speaker at EIAR

July 25, 1943

Attenzione! Sua Maestà il Re e Imperatore ha accettato le dimissioni dalla carica di Capo del Governo, Primo Ministro e Segretario di Stato presentate da Sua Eccellenza il Cavaliere Benito Mussolini e ha nominato Capo del Governo, Primo Ministro e Segretario di Stato Sua Eccellenza il Cavaliere Maresciallo d'Italia Pietro Badoglio.

## The First Crack in the Axis

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

July 28, 1943

My Fellow Americans,

Over a year and a half ago I said this to the Congress: "The militarists in Berlin, and Rome and Tokyo started this war, but the massed angered forces of common humanity will finish it".

Today that prophecy is in the process of being fulfilled. The massed, angered forces of common humanity are on the march. They are going forward – on the Russian front, in the vast Pacific area, and into Europe – converging upon their ultimate objectives: Berlin and Tokyo.

I think the first crack in the Axis has come. The criminal, corrupt Fascist regime in Italy is going to pieces.

The pirate philosophy of the Fascists and the Nazis cannot stand adversity. The military superiority of the United Nations – on sea and land, and in the air – has been applied in the right place and at the right time.

Hitler refused to send sufficient help to save Mussolini. In fact, Hitler's troops in Sicily stole the Italians' motor equipment, leaving Italian soldiers so stranded that they had no choice but to surrender. Once again the Germans betrayed their Italian allies, as they had done time and time again on the Russian front and in the long retreat from Egypt, through Libya and Tripoli, to the final surrender in Tunisia.

And so Mussolini came to the reluctant conclusion that the "jig was up"; he could see the shadow of the long arm of justice. But he and his Fascist gang will be brought to book, and punished for their crimes against humanity. No criminal will be allowed to escape by the expedient of "resignation".

So our terms to Italy are still the same as our terms to Germany and Japan – "unconditional surrender". We will have no truck with Fascism in any way, in any shape or manner. We will permit no vestige of Fascism to remain.

In every country conquered by the Nazis and the Fascists, or the Japanese militarists, the people have been reduced to the status of slaves or chattels. It is our determination to restore these conquered peoples to the dignity of human beings, masters of their own fate, entitled to freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear.

We have started to make good on that promise.

In the Pacific, we are pushing the Japs around from the Aleutians to New Guinea. There too we have taken the initiative – and we are not going to let go of it. It becomes clearer and clearer that the attrition, the whittling down process against the Japanese is working. The Japs have lost more planes and more ships than they have been able to replace.

The continuous and energetic prosecution of the war of attrition will drive the Japs back from their over-extended line running from Burma (and Siam) and the Straits Settlement and Siam through the Netherlands Indies to eastern New Guinea and the Solomons. And we have good reason to believe that their shipping and their air power cannot support such outposts.

Our naval and land and air strength in the Pacific is constantly growing. And if the Japanese are basing their future plans for the Pacific on a long period in which they will be permitted to consolidate and exploit their conquered resources, they'd better start revising their plans now. I give that to them merely as a helpful suggestion. We are delivering planes and vital war supplies for the heroic armies of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, and we must do more at all costs.

Our air supply line from India to China across enemy territory continues despite attempted Japanese interference. We have seized the initiative from the Japanese in the air over Burma and now we enjoy superiority.

We are bombing Japanese communications, supply dumps, and bases in China, in Indochina, and Burma. But we are still far from our main objectives in the war against Japan. Let us remember, however, how far we were a year ago from any of our objectives in the European theatre. We are pushing forward to occupation of positions which in time will enable us to attack the Japanese Islands themselves from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West.

It's not too much to say that we must pour into this war the entire strength and intelligence and will power of the United States. We are a great nation – a rich nation –but we are not so great or so rich that we can afford to waste our substance or the lives or our men by relaxing along the way.

We shall not settle for less than total victory.

That is the determination of every American on the fighting fronts. That must be, and will be, the determination of every American here at home.

## **On the Conquest of Messina**

George Patton

August 17, 1943

Two minutes ago the “cease fire” was ordered, and here is General Patton – Commander in Chief of the American Seventh Army – speaking to you from the hilltop overlooking Messina:

...

General Prescott, I appreciate very much your asking me to accompany you when entering the city which you have so gallantly captured.

I cannot find words with which to express my admiration of your drive and enthusiasm, nor to express my appreciation for the magnificent fighting qualities and superhuman endurance of the soldiers of the Third Division.

I sincerely thank you, and congratulate you again.

## Broadcast from Québec

Winston Churchill

August 31, 1943

At the beginning of July I began to feel the need for a new meeting with the President of the United States and also for another conference of our joint staffs. We were all delighted when, by a happy inspiration, President Roosevelt suggested that Québec should be the scene, and when the Governor General and the Government of Canada offered us their princely hospitality.

Certainly, no more fitting and splendid setting could have been chosen for a meeting of those who guide the war policy of the two great Western democracies at this cardinal moment in the Second World War than we have here in the Plains of Abraham, in the Château Frontenac and the ramparts of the citadel of Québec from the midst of which I speak to you now.

Here at the gateway of Canada, in mighty lands which have never known the totalitarian tyrannies of Hitler and Mussolini, the spirit of freedom has found a safe and abiding home. Here that spirit is no wandering phantom. It is enshrined in parliamentary institutions based on universal suffrage and evolved through the centuries by the English-speaking peoples. It is inspired by the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. It is guarded by resolute and vigilant millions, never so strong or so well armed as today.

I have also had the advantage of conferring with the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King, the experienced statesman who led the Dominion instantly and unitedly into the war.

I was sitting on several occasions with his Cabinet, and the British and Canadian staffs have been over the whole ground of the war together. The contributions which Canada has made to the combined effort of the British Commonwealth and Empire in these tremendous times has deeply touched the heart of the Mother Country and of all the other members of our widespread family of states and races. From the darkest days the Canadian Army, growing stronger year by year, has played an indispensable part in guarding our British homeland from invasion.

Now it is fighting with distinction in wider and in widening fields.

The Empire Air Training Organization, which has been a wonderful success, has found its seat in Canada and has welcomed the flower of the manhood of Great Britain, of Australia, of New Zealand to her spacious flying fields and to comradeship with her own gallant sons.

All this, of course, was dictated by no law; it came from no treaty or formal obligation. It sprang in perfect freedom from sentiment and tradition and in a generous resolve to serve the future of mankind. I am glad to pay my tribute on behalf of Britain to the great Dominion and to pay it from Canadian soil.

I only wish indeed that my other duties, which are exacting, allowed me to travel still farther afield and tell Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans to their face how we feel towards them for all they have done and are resolved to do.

We have made a twenty-year treaty of goodwill and mutual aid with Soviet Russia. You may be sure that we British are resolved to do our utmost to make that good, with all our strength and national steadiness.

It would not have been suitable for Russia to be represented at this Anglo-American conference, which – apart from dealing with the immediate operations of our intermingled and interwoven armed forces in the Mediterranean and elsewhere – was largely, if not mainly, concerned with heating and inflaming the war against Japan, with whom the Soviet Government has a five-years treaty of non-aggression. It would have been an embarrassing invitation for us to send.

But nothing is nearer to the wishes of President Roosevelt and myself than to have a threefold meeting with Marshal Stalin. If that has not yet taken place, it is certainly not because we have not tried our best, or have not been willing to lay aside every impediment and undertake further immense journeys for that purpose.

I have been asked several times since I crossed the Atlantic whether I think the Germans will give in this year or whether they will hold out through another – which will certainly be worse for them.

There are those who take an over-sanguine view. Certainly we see all Europe rising under Hitler's tyranny, and what is now happening in Denmark is only another example. Certainly we see the Germans hated as no race has ever been hated in human history, or with such good reason.

We see them sprawled over a dozen once free and happy countries with their talons making festering wounds, the scars of which will never be effaced. Nazi tyranny and



Prussian militarism, those two loathsome dominations, may well foresee and dread their approaching doom.

We cannot measure the full force of the blows which the Russian armies are striking and are going to strike. We cannot measure, though we know it is enormous, the havoc wrought in Germany by our bombing, nor the effects upon the population who have lived so long by making war in the lands of others and now for the first time for more than a century are having blasting and desolating war brought to their hearths and homes. We cannot yet measure what further results may attend the Anglo-American campaign in the Mediterranean, nor what depression the marked failure, for the time being of the U-boat warfare on which German hopes were set, or the consequences of the shattering blows which are being struck may engender in the German mind.

We pass here into the sphere of mass psychology, never more potent than in this modern age. Yet I consider that there are dangers in allowing our minds to dwell unduly upon the favorable circumstances which surround us and which are so vividly and punctually brought to our notice every day by press and broadcast.

For myself, I regard all such speculations as to when the war will end at this moment as vain and unprofitable. We did not undertake this task because we had carefully counted the cost, or measured exactly the duration. We took it on because duty and honor called us to it and we are content to drive on at it until we have finished the job.

If Almighty God in His mercy should lighten or shorten our labors and the torment of mankind all His servants will be thankful. But the United Nations feel conscious, both as states and as hundreds of millions of individuals, of being called to a high duty which they will unflinchingly and tirelessly discharge with whatever strength is granted to them, however long the ordeal may last.

See how those who stray from the true path are deceived and punished. Look at this wretched Mussolini and his son-in-law and accomplice, Ciano, on whom the curse of Garibaldi has veritably fallen.

I have heard that Ciano, explaining one day why Mussolini had plunged the dagger into the back of falling France, and dreamed himself already among the Caesars, said: "But such a chance would not occur again in five thousand years".

Certainly – in June, 1940 – the odds and the omens seemed very favorable to Fascist ambition and greed. It is not given to the cleverest and the most calculating of mortals to know with certainty what is their interest. Yet it is given to quite a lot of simple folk to know every day what is their duty.

That is the path along which the British Commonwealth and Empire, the Great Republic of the United States, the vast Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the indomitable and innumerable people of China, all the United Nations. That is the path along which we shall march till our work is done and we may rest from our labors, and the whole world may turn with hope, with science, with good sense and dearly bought experience, from war to lasting peace.

## **On the Landing of the Eighth Army in Europe**

Bernard Montgomery

September 3, 1943

Today September 3, we enter the fifth year of the war. And today the Eighth Army, having fought its way from Egypt to Tunisia, and then crossed the sea to Sicily, has landed on the mainland of the Continent of Europe.

We have a good plan and air support on a greater scale than we have ever had before.

There can only be one end to this next battle, and that is another success. Forward to victory! Let us knock Italy out of the war!

## **Announcement of Italian Surrender**

Dwight David Eisenhower

September 08, 1943

The Italian Government has surrendered its Armed Forces unconditionally. As Allied Commander in Chief I have granted a military armistice. The armistice was signed by my representative and the representative of Marshal Badoglio, and becomes effective this instant.

## **Proclamation of Italian Armistice**

Pietro Badoglio

September 08, 1943

Il governo italiano, riconosciuta l'impossibilità di continuare l'impari lotta contro la soverchiante potenza avversaria, nell'intento di risparmiare ulteriori e più gravi sciagure alla Nazione ha chiesto un armistizio al generale Eisenhower, comandante in capo delle forze alleate anglo-americane.

La richiesta è stata accolta.

Conseguentemente, ogni atto di ostilità contro le forze anglo-americane deve cessare da parte delle forze italiane in ogni luogo.

Esse però reagiranno ad eventuali attacchi da qualsiasi altra provenienza.

## Speech about the Final Solution

Heinrich Himmler

October 4, 1943

Ich will auch ein ganz schweres Kapitel will ich hier vor Ihnen in aller Offenheit nennen. Es soll zwischen uns ausgesprochen sein, und trotzdem werden wir nicht in der Öffentlichkeit nie darüber reden. Genau so wenig, wie wir am 30. Juni gezögert haben, die befohlene Pflicht zu tun und Kameraden, die sich verfehlt hatten, an die Wand zu stellen und zu erschießen, wie wir darüber niemals gesprochen haben und sprechen werden.

Das war so eine Gottseidank in uns wohnende Takt, Selbstverständlichkeit des Taktes, dass wir uns untereinander nie darüber unterhalten haben, nie darüber sprachen, es hat jeden geschauert und jeder war sich klar, dass er es das nächste Mal wieder tun würde, wenn es befohlen wird und wenn es notwendig ist.

Ich meine die Judenevakuierung, die Ausrottung des jüdischen Volkes. Es gehört zu den Dingen, die man leicht ausspricht: "das jüdische Volk wird ausgerottet", sagt Ihnen jeder Parteigenosse, "ganz klar, steht in unserem Programm drin, Ausschaltung der Juden, Ausrottung, machen wir, pfah!, Kleinigkeit". Und dann kommen sie alle, alle die braven 80 Millionen Deutschen, und jeder hat seinen anständigen Juden. Sagt: "Alle anderen sind Schweine, und hier ist ein prima Jude". Und zugesehen, es durchgestanden hat keiner. Von Euch werden die meisten wissen, was es heißt, wenn 100 Leichen beisammen liegen, wenn 500 daliegen oder wenn 1000 daliegen.

Und dies durchgehalten zu haben, und dabei – abgesehen von menschlichen Ausnahmeschwächen – anständig geblieben zu sein, hat uns hart gemacht und ist ein niemals genanntes und niemals zu nennendes Ruhmesblatt, denn wir wissen, wie schwer wir uns täten, wenn wir heute noch in jeder Stadt bei den Bombenangriffen, bei den Lasten des Krieges und bei den Entbehrungen, wenn wir da noch die Juden als geheime Saboteure, Agitatoren und Hetzer hätten. Wir würden wahrscheinlich in das Stadium des Jahres 16/17 jetzt gekommen sein, wenn die Juden noch im deutschen Volkskörper säßen.

Die Reichtümer, die sie hatten, haben wir ihnen abgenommen, und ich habe einen strikten Befehl gegeben, den Obergruppenführer Pohl durchgeführt hat, wir haben diese Reichtümer restlos dem Reich, dem Staat abgeführt. Wir haben uns nichts davon genommen. Einzelne, die sich verfehlt haben, die werden gemäß einem von mir gegebenen Befehl, den ich am Anfang gab: Wer sich auch nur eine Mark davon nimmt, ist des Todes. Eine Anzahl SS-Männer haben sich dagegen verfehlt, es sind nicht sehr viele, und sie werden des Todes sein – gnadenlos! Wir haben das moralische Recht, wir hatten die Pflicht unserem Volk gegenüber das zu tun, dieses

Volk, das uns umbringen wollte, umzubringen. Wir haben aber nicht das Recht, uns auch nur mit einem Pelz, mit einer Mark, mit einer Zigarette, mit einer Uhr, mit sonst etwas zu bereichern. Das haben wir nicht. Denn wir wollen nicht am Schluss, weil wir den Bazillus ausrotten, an dem Bazillus krank werden und sterben. Da werde ich niemals zusehen, dass so etwas überhaupt nur auch ein kleine Fäulnisstelle bei uns eintritt oder sich festsetzt. Sondern, wo sich eine festsetzten sollte, werden wir sie gemeinsam ausbrennen.

Insgesamt aber können wir sagen: Wir haben diese schwerste Aufgabe in Liebe zu unserem Volk getan. Und wir haben keinen Schaden in unserem Innern, in unserer Seele, in unserem Charakter daran genommen.

## **Italy declares War on Germany**

Freddie Grisewood on BBC

October 13, 1943

Here is the News, and this is Freddie Grisewood reading it. Two hours ago Italy declared war on Germany. A proclamation by Marshal Badoglio brands the Germans with savagery against the civil population and says there can be no peace while a single German remains on Italian soil. Italy's new step has been acknowledged in London, Washington and Moscow. Her status will be that of a co-belligerent and not an ally. The terms of the armistice with the Allied Command remain in full force.



## Orchestrated Hell Broadcast

Edward Murrow on CBS

December 03, 1943

This is London. Last night, some of the young gentlemen of the RAF took me to Berlin. The pilot was called Jock. The crew captains walked into the briefing room, looked at the maps and charts, and sat down with their big celluloid pads on their knees. The atmosphere was that of a school and a church. The weatherman gave us the weather. The pilots were reminded that Berlin is Germany's greatest center of war production. The intelligence officer told us how many heavy and light ack-ack-guns, how many searchlights we might expect to encounter. Then, Jock, the wing commander, explained the system of markings, the kind of flares that would be used by the pathfinders. He said that concentration was the secret of success in these raids; that as long as the aircraft stayed well-bunched, they would protect each other.

The captains of aircraft walked out. I noticed that the big Canadian with the slow, easy grin had printed "Berlin" at the top of his pad and then embellished it with a scroll. The red-headed English boy with the two-weeks'-old mustache was the last to leave the room.

Late in the afternoon we went to the locker room to draw parachutes, Mae Wests and all the rest. As we dressed, a couple of the Australians were whistling. Walking out to the bus that was to take us to the aircraft, I heard the station loudspeakers announcing that that evening all personnel would be able to see a film – star-spangled rhythm – free.

We went out and stood around the big, black four-motored Lancaster, "D for Dog". A small station wagon delivered a thermos bottle of coffee, chewing gum, an orange, and a bit of chocolate for each man. Up in that part of England the air hums and throbs with the sound of aircraft motors all day, but for half an hour before takeoff the skies are dead, silent, and expectant. A lone hawk hovered over the airfield, absolutely still as he faced into the wind. Jack, the tail gunner, said: "It'd be nice to fly like that!" D-Dog eased around the perimeter track to the end of the runway. We sat there for a moment. The green light flashed and we were rolling – ten seconds ahead of schedule.

The takeoff was smooth as silk. The wheels came up, and D-Dog started the long climb. As we came up through the clouds, I looked right and left and counted fourteen black Lancasters climbing for the place where men must burn oxygen to live. The sun was going down and its red glow made rivers of lakes of fire on tops of the clouds. Down to the southward, the clouds piled up to form castles, battlements, and whole cities, all tinged with red.

Soon we were out over the North Sea. Dave, the navigator, asked Jock if he couldn't make a little more speed. We were nearly two minutes late. By this time, we were all using oxygen. The talk on the intercom was brief and crisp. Everyone sounded relaxed. For a while, the eight of us in our little world in exile moved over the sea. There was a quarter moon on the starboard beam and Jock's quiet voice came through the intercom: "That'll be flak ahead". We were approaching the enemy coast. The flak looked like a cigarette lighter in a dark room – one that won't light, sparks but no flame – the sparks crackling just above the level of the cloud tops. We flew steady and straight, and soon the flak was directly below us. D-Dog rocked a little from right to left, but that wasn't caused by the flak. We were in the slipstream of other Lancasters ahead, and we were over the enemy coast.

And then a strange thing happened. The aircraft seemed to grow smaller. Jack in the rear turret, Wally the mid-upper gunner, Titch the wireless operator, all seemed somehow to draw closer to Jock in the cockpit. It was as though each man's shoulder was against the others. The understanding was complete. The intercom came to life, and Jock said: "Two aircraft on the port beam". Jack in the tail said: "Okay, sir. They're Lancs". The whole crew was a unit and wasn't wasting words.

The cloud below was ten-tenths. The blue-green jet of the exhausts licked back along the leading edge, and there were other aircraft all around us. The whole great aerial armada was hurtling towards Berlin. We flew so for twenty minutes, when Jock looked up at a vapor trail curling across above us, remarking in a conversational tone that, from the look of it, he thought there was a fighter up there. Occasionally the angry red of ack-ack burst through the clouds, but it was far away, and we took only an academic interest. We were flying in the third wave.

Jock asked Wally in the mid-upper turret, and Jack in the rear turret, if they were cold. They said they were all right and thanked him for asking. He even asked how I was and I said: "All right so far". The cloud was beginning to thin out. Off to the north we could see lights, and the flak began to liven up ahead of us. Buzz, the bomb-aimer, crackled through on the intercom: "There's a battle going on the starboard beam". We couldn't see the aircraft, but we could see the jets of red tracer being exchanged. Suddenly, there was a burst of yellow flame and Jock remarked: "That's a fighter going down; note the position". The whole thing was interesting, but remote. Dave, the navigator, who was sitting back with his maps, charts, and compasses, said: "The attack ought to begin in exactly two minutes". We were still over the clouds.

But suddenly those dirty gray clouds turned white and we were over the outer searchlight defenses. The clouds below us were white, and we were black. D-Dog seemed like a black bug on a white sheet. The flak began coming up, but none of it close. We were still a long way from Berlin. I didn't realize just how far. Jock observed: "There's a kite on fire dead ahead". It was a great, golden, slow-moving

meteor slanting toward the earth. By this time we were about thirty miles from our target area in Berlin. That thirty miles was the longest flight I have ever made.

Dead on time, Buzz the bomb-aimer reported: "Target indicators going down". At the same moment, the sky ahead was lit up by bright yellow flares. Off to starboard another kite went down in flames. The flares were sprouting all over the sky, reds and greens and yellows, and we were flying straight for the center of the fireworks. D-Dog seemed to be standing still, the four propellers thrashing the air, but we didn't seem to be closing in. The clouds had cleared, and off to the starboard a Lanc was caught by at least fourteen searchlight beams. We could see him twist and turn and finally break out. But still, the whole thing had a quality of unreality about it. No one seemed to be shooting at us, but it was getting lighter all the time. Suddenly, a tremendous big blob of yellow light appeared dead ahead; another to the right and another to the left. We were flying straight for them.

Jock pointed out to me the dummy fires and flares to right and left, but we kept going in. Dead ahead there was a whole chain of red flares looking like stoplights. Another Lanc was coned on our starboard beam. The lights seemed to be supporting it. Again we could see those little bubbles of colored lead driving at it from two sides. The German fighters were at him. And then, with no warning at all, D-Dog was filled with an unhealthy white light.

I was standing just behind Jock and could see all the seams on the wings. His quiet Scots voice beat into my ears: "Steady lads, we've been coned". His slender body lifted half out of the seat as he jammed the control column forward and to the left. We were going down. Jock was wearing woolen gloves with the fingers cut off. I could see his fingernails turn white as he gripped the wheel. And then I was on my knees, flat on the deck, for he had whipped the Dog back into a climbing turn. The knees should have been strong enough to support me, but they weren't, and the stomach seemed in some danger of letting me down too. I picked myself up and looked out again. It seemed that one big searchlight, instead of being twenty thousand feet below, was mounted right on our wingtip. D-Dog was corkscrewing. As we rolled down on the other side, I began to see what was happening to Berlin.

The clouds were gone, and the sticks of incendiaries from the preceding waves made the place look like a badly laid-out city with the streetlights on. The small incendiaries were going down like a fistful of white rice thrown on a piece of black velvet. As Jock hauled the Dog up again, I was thrown to the other side of the cockpit. And there below were more incendiaries, glowing white and then turning red. The cookies, the four-thousand-pound high explosives, were bursting below like great sunflowers gone mad. And then, as we started down again, still held in the lights, I remembered that the Dog still had one of those cookies and a whole basket of incendiaries in his belly, and the lights still held us, and I was very frightened.

While Jock was flinging us about in the air, he suddenly flung over the intercom: "Two aircraft on the port beam". I looked astern and saw Wally, the mid-upper, whip his turret around to port, and then looked up to see a single-engine fighter slide just above us. The other aircraft was one of ours. Finally, we were out of the cone, flying level. I looked down, and the white fires had turned red. They were beginning to merge and spread, just like butter does on a hot plate. Jock and Buzz, the bomb-aimer, began to discuss the target. The smoke was getting thick down below. Buzz said he liked the two green flares on the ground almost dead ahead. He began calling his directions. And just then a new bunch of big flares went down on the far side of the sea of flame and flare that seemed to be directly below us. He thought that would be a better aiming point. Jock agreed and we flew on.

The bomb doors were opened. Buzz called his directions: "Five left, five left". And then, there was a gentle, confident upward thrust under my feet and Buzz said: "Cookie gone". A few seconds later, the incendiaries went, and D-Dog seemed lighter and easier to handle. I thought I could make out the outline of streets below, but the bomb-aimer didn't agree, and he ought to know. By this time, all those patches of white on black had turned yellow and started to flow together. Another searchlight caught us but didn't hold us. Then, through the intercom came the word: "One can of incendiaries didn't clear. We're still carrying it". And Jock replied: "Is it a big one or a little one?" The word came back: "Little one, I think, but I'm not sure. I'll check". More of those yellow flares came down and hung about us. I haven't seen so much light since the war began.

Finally, the intercom announced that it was only a small container of incendiaries left, and Jock remarked: "Well, it's hardly worth going back and doing another run up for that". If there had been a good fat bundle left, he would have gone back through that stuff and done it all over again. I began to breathe, and to reflect again – that all men would be brave if only they could leave their stomachs at home – when there was a tremendous whoomph, an unintelligible shout from the tail gunner, and D-Dog shivered and lost altitude. I looked to the port side and there was a Lancaster that seemed close enough to touch. He had whipped straight under us – missed us by twenty-five, fifty feet, no one knew how much.

The navigator sang out the new course and we were heading for home. And Jock was doing what I had heard him tell his pilots to do so often – flying dead on course. He flew straight into a huge green searchlight, and as he rammied the throttles home remarked, "We'll have a little trouble getting away from this one". And again D-Dog dove, climbed, and twisted, and was finally free. We flew level then. I looked on the port beam at the target area. There was a red, sullen, obscene glare. The fires seemed to have found each other and we were heading home.

For a little while it was smooth sailing. We saw more battles. Then another plane in flames, but no one could tell whether it was ours or theirs. We were still near the target. Dave, the navigator said: "Hold her steady, skipper. I want to get an astral

sight”. And Jock held her steady. And the flak began coming up at us. It seemed to be very close. It was winking off both wings, but the Dog was steady. Finally, Dave said: “Okay, skipper. Thank you very much”. And a great orange blob of flak smacked up straight in front of us, and Jock said: “I think they’re shooting at us”. I’d thought so for some time. And he began to throw D for Dog up, around, and about again. When we were clear of the barrage, I asked him how close the bursts were and he said: “Not very close. When they’re really near, you can smell them”. That proved nothing for I’d been holding my breath.

Jack sang out from the rear turret, said his oxygen was getting low – thought maybe the lead had frozen. Titch, the wireless operator, went scrambling back with a new mask and a bottle of oxygen. Dave, the navigator, said: “We’re crossing the coast”. My mind went back to the time I had crossed that coast in 1938, in a plane that had taken off from Prague. Just ahead of me sat two refugees from Vienna – an old man and his wife. The copilot came back and told them that we were outside German territory. The old man reached out and grasped his wife’s hand. The work that was done last night was a massive blow of retribution, for all those who have fled from the sound of shots and blows on a stricken continent.

We began to lose height over the North Sea. We were over England’s shores. The land was dark beneath us. Somewhere down there below, American boys were probably bombing up Fortresses and Liberators, getting ready for the day’s work. We were over the home field. We called the control tower and the calm, clear voice of an English girl replied: “Greetings D-Dog. You are diverted to Mulebag”. We swung round, contacted Mulebag, came in on the flare path, touched down very gently, ran along to the end of the runway and turned left. And Jock, the finest pilot in Bomber Command, said to the control tower: “D-Dog clear of runway”.

When we went in for interrogation, I looked on the board and saw that the big, slow-smiling Canadian and the red-headed English boy with the two-weeks-old moustache hadn’t made it. They were missing.

There were four reporters on this operation. Two of them didn’t come back. Two friends of mine: Norman Stockton of Australian Associated Newspapers, and Lowell Bennett, an American representing International News Service. There is something of a tradition amongst reporters, that those who are prevented by circumstances from filing their stories will be covered by their colleagues. This has been my effort to do so. In the aircraft in which I flew, the men who flew and fought it poured into my ears their comments on fighters, flak, and flares in the same tone that they would have used in reporting a host of daffodils. I have no doubt that Bennett and Stockton would have given you a better report of last night’s activities.

Berlin was a kind of orchestrated hell – a terrible symphony of light and flame.

## **On the Teheran Conference Declaration**

Freddy Grisewood on BBC

December 06, 1943

The declaration by President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and premier Stalin, after last week's Teheran Conferences, is published this evening.

Military and diplomatic staffs were there and common policy for war and peace were shaped and confirmed. Complete agreement was reached under scope and timing of operations to be undertaken from the East, West and South – with common understanding as a guarantee of victory.

The declaration also invites all nations dedicated to the elimination of tyranny and slavery into a world family of democratic nations.

## On Teheran and Cairo Conferences

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

December 24, 1943

Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States.

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My Friends,

I have recently returned from extensive journeying in the region of the Mediterranean and as far as the borders of Russia. I have conferred with the leaders of Britain and Russia and China on military matters of the present –especially on plans for stepping-up our successful attack on our enemies as quickly as possible and from many different points of the compass.

On this Christmas Eve there are over 10,000,000 men in the Armed Forces of the United States alone. One year ago one 1,700,000 were serving overseas. Today, this figure has been more than doubled to 3,800,000 on duty overseas. By next July first that number overseas will rise to over 5,000,000 men and women.

That this is truly a World War was demonstrated to me when arrangements were being made with our overseas broadcasting agencies for the time to speak today to our soldiers, and sailors, and marines and merchant seamen in every part of the world. In fixing the time for this broadcast, we took into consideration that at this moment here in the United States, and in the Caribbean and on the North-East Coast of South America, it is afternoon. In Alaska and in Hawaii and the mid-Pacific, it is still morning. In Iceland, in Great Britain, in North Africa, in Italy and the Middle East, it is now evening. In the Southwest Pacific, in Australia, in China and Burma and India, it is already Christmas Day. So we can correctly say that at this moment, in those far eastern parts where Americans are fighting, today is tomorrow.

But everywhere throughout the world – through this war that covers the world – e there is a special spirit that has warmed our hearts since our earliest childhood – a spirit that brings us close to our homes, our families, our friends and neighbors – the Christmas spirit of “peace on earth, goodwill toward men”.

It is an unquenchable spirit.

During the past years of international gangsterism and brutal aggression in Europe and in Asia, our Christmas celebrations have been darkened with apprehension for the future. We have said, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" but we have known in our hearts that the clouds which have hung over our world have prevented us from saying it with full sincerity and conviction.

But even this year, we still have much to face in the way of further suffering, and sacrifice, and personal tragedy. Our men, who have been through the fierce battles in the Solomons, and the Gilberts, and Tunisia and Italy know, from their own experience and knowledge of modern war, that many bigger and costlier battles are still to be fought.

But – on Christmas Eve this year – I can say to you that at last we may look forward into the future with real, substantial confidence that, however great the cost, "peace on earth, good will toward men" can be and will be realized and ensured. This year I can say that. Last year I could not do more than express a hope. Today I express – a certainty though the cost may be high and the time may be long.

Within the past year – within the past few weeks – history has been made, and it is far better history for the whole human race than any that we have known, or even dared to hope for, in these tragic times through which we pass. A great beginning was made in the Moscow conference last October by Mr. Molotov, Mr. Eden and our own Mr. Hull. There and then the way was paved for the later meetings. At Cairo and Teheran we devoted ourselves not only to military matters, we devoted ourselves also to consideration of the future – to plans for the kind of world which alone can justify all the sacrifices of this war. Of course, as you all know, Mr. Churchill and I have happily met many times before, and we know and understand each other very well. Indeed, Mr. Churchill has become known and beloved by many millions of Americans, and the heartfelt prayers of all of us have been with this great citizen of the world in his recent serious illness.

The Cairo and Teheran conferences, however, gave me my first opportunity to meet the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai Shek, and Marshal Stalin – and to sit down at the table with these unconquerable men and talk with them face to face. We had planned to talk to each other across the table at Cairo and Teheran; but we soon found that we were all on the same side of the table. We came to the conferences with faith in each other. But we needed the personal contact. And now we have supplemented faith with definite knowledge.



It was well worth traveling thousands of miles over land and sea to bring about this personal meeting, and to gain the heartening assurance that we are absolutely agreed with one another on all the major objectives – and on the military means of obtaining them.

At Cairo, Prime Minister Churchill and I spent four days with the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai Shek. It was the first time that we had an opportunity to go over the complex situation in the Far East with him personally. We were able not only to settle upon definite military strategy, but also to discuss certain long-range principles which we believe can assure peace in the Far East for many generations to come.

Those principles are as simple as they are fundamental. They involve the restoration of stolen property to its rightful owners, and the recognition of the rights of millions of people in the Far East to build up their own forms of self-government without molestation. Essential to all peace and security in the Pacific and in the rest of the world is the permanent elimination of the Empire of Japan as a potential force of aggression. Never again must our soldiers and sailors and marines – and other soldiers, sailors and marines – be compelled to fight from island to island as they are fighting so gallantly and so successfully today.

Increasingly powerful forces are now hammering at the Japanese at many points over an enormous arc which curves down through the Pacific from the Aleutians to the Jungles of Burma. Our own Army and Navy, our Air Forces, the Australians and New Zealanders, the Dutch, and the British land, air and sea forces are all forming a band of steel which is slowly but surely closing in on Japan.

And on the mainland of Asia, under the Generalissimo's leadership, the Chinese ground and air forces augmented by American air forces are playing a vital part in starting the drive which will push the invaders into the sea.

Following out the military decisions at Cairo, General Marshall has just flown around the world and has had conferences with General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz – conferences which will spell plenty of bad news for the Japs in the not too far distant future.

I met in the Generalissimo a man of great vision, great courage, and a remarkably keen understanding of the problems of today and tomorrow. We discussed all the manifold military plans for striking at Japan with decisive force from many directions, and I believe I can say that he returned to Chungking with the positive

assurance of total victory over our common enemy. Today we and the Republic of China are closer together than ever before in deep friendship and in unity of purpose.

After the Cairo conference, Mr. Churchill and I went by airplane to Teheran. There we met with Marshal Stalin. We talked with complete frankness on every conceivable subject connected with the winning of the war and the establishment of a durable peace after the war.

Within three days of intense and consistently amicable discussions, we agreed on every point concerned with the launching of a gigantic attack upon Germany.

The Russian army will continue its stern offensives on Germany's Eastern front, the allied armies in Italy and Africa will bring relentless pressure on Germany from the south, and now the encirclement will be complete as great American and British forces attack from other points of the compass.

The Commander selected to lead the combined attack from these other points is General Dwight D. Eisenhower. His performances in Africa, in Sicily and in Italy have been brilliant. He knows by practical and successful experience the way to coordinate air, sea and land power. All of these will be under his control. Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz will command the entire American strategic bombing force operating against Germany.

General Eisenhower gives up his command in the Mediterranean to a British officer whose name is being announced by Mr. Churchill. We now pledge that new Commander that our powerful ground, sea and air forces in the vital Mediterranean area will stand by his side until every objective in that bitter theatre is attained.

Both of these new Commanders will have American and British subordinate Commanders whose names will be announced to the world in a few days.

During the last two days in Teheran, Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill and I looked ahead – ahead to the days and months and years that will follow Germany's defeat. We were united in determination that Germany must be stripped of her military might and be given no opportunity within the foreseeable future to regain that might. The United Nations have no intention to enslave the German people. We wish them to have a normal chance to develop, in peace, as useful and respectable members of the European family. But we most certainly emphasize that word "respectable" – for we intend to rid them once and for all of Nazism and Prussian

militarism and the fantastic and disastrous notion that they constitute the “Master Race”.

We did discuss international relationships from the point of view of big, broad objectives, rather than details. But on the basis of what we did discuss, I can say even today that I do not think any insoluble differences will arise among Russia, Great Britain and the United States.

In these conferences we were concerned with basic principles – principles which involve the security and the welfare and the standard of living of human beings in countries large and small.

To use an American and somewhat ungrammatical colloquialism, I may say that I got along fine with Marshal Stalin. He is a man who combines a tremendous, relentless determination with a stalwart good humor. I believe he is truly representative of the heart and soul of Russia; and I believe that we are going to get along very well with him and the Russian people – very well indeed.

Britain, Russia, China and the United States and their Allies represent more than three-quarters of the total population of the earth. As long as these four nations with great military power stick together in determination to keep the peace there will be no possibility of an aggressor nation arising to start another world war.

But those four powers must be united with and cooperate with the freedom-loving peoples of Europe, and Asia, and Africa and the Americas. The rights of every nation, large or small, must be respected and guarded as jealously as are the rights of every individual within our own republic. The doctrine that the strong shall dominate the weak is the doctrine of our enemies – and we reject it.

But, at the same time, we are agreed that if force is necessary to keep international peace, international force will be applied – for as long as it may be necessary.

It has been our steady policy – and it is certainly a common sense policy – that the right of each nation to freedom must be measured by the willingness of that nation to fight for freedom. And today we salute our unseen Allies in occupied countries – the underground resistance groups and the armies of liberation. They will provide potent forces against our enemies, when the day of the counter-invasion comes.

Through the development of science the world has become so much smaller that we have had to discard the geographical yardsticks of the past. For instance, through our early history the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were believed to be walls of safety

for the United States. Time and distance made it physically possible, for example, for us and for the other American Republics to obtain and maintain our independence against infinitely stronger powers. Until recently very few people, even military experts, thought that the day would ever come when we might have to defend our Pacific Coast against Japanese threats of invasion.

At the outbreak of the first World War relatively few people thought that our ships and shipping would be menaced by German submarines on the high seas or that the German militarists would ever attempt to dominate any nation outside of central Europe. After the Armistice in 1918, we thought and hoped that the militaristic philosophy of Germany had been crushed; and being full of the milk of human kindness we spent the next twenty years disarming, while the Germans whined so pathetically that the other nations permitted them – and even helped them – to rearm.

For too many years we lived on pious hopes that aggressor and warlike nations would learn and understand and carry out the doctrine of purely voluntary peace.

The well-intentioned but ill-fated experiments of former years did not work. It is my hope that we will not try them again. No – that is putting it too weakly – it is my intention to do all that I humanly can as President and Commander in Chief to see to it that these tragic mistakes shall not be made again.

There have always been cheerful idiots in this country who believed that there would be no more war for us, if everybody in America would only return into their homes and lock their front doors behind them. Assuming that their motives were of the highest, events have shown how unwilling they were to face the facts.

The overwhelming majority of all the people in the world want peace. Most of them are fighting for the attainment of peace – not just a truce, not just an armistice – but peace that is as strongly enforced and as durable as mortal man can make it. If we are willing to fight for peace now, is it not good logic that we should use force if necessary, in the future, to keep the peace?

I believe, and I think I can say, that the other three great nations who are fighting so magnificently to gain peace are in complete agreement that we must be prepared to keep the peace by force. If the people of Germany and Japan are made to realize thoroughly that the world is not going to let them break out again, it is possible – and, I hope, probable – that they will abandon the philosophy of aggression – the belief that they can gain the whole world even at the risk of losing their own souls.

I shall have more to say about the Cairo and Teheran conferences when I make my report to the Congress in about two weeks' time. And, on that occasion, I shall also have a great deal to say about certain conditions here at home.

But today I wish to say that in all my travels, at home and abroad, it is the sight of our soldiers and sailors and their magnificent achievements which have given me the greatest inspiration and the greatest encouragement for the future.

To the members of our armed forces, to their wives, mothers and fathers, I want to affirm the great faith and confidence that we have in General Marshall and in Admiral King who direct all of our armed might throughout the world. Upon them falls the responsibility of planning the strategy of determining where and when we shall fight. Both of these men have already gained high places in American history, places which will record in that history many evidences of their military genius that cannot be published today.

Some of our men overseas are now spending their third Christmas far from home. To them and to all others overseas or soon to go overseas, I can give assurance that it is the purpose of their Government to win this war and to bring them home at the earliest possible time.

And we here in the United States had better be sure that when our soldiers and sailors do come home they will find an America in which they are given full opportunities for education, and rehabilitation, social security, and employment and business enterprise under the free American system – and that they will find a Government which, by their votes as American citizens, they have had a full share in electing.

The American people have had every reason to know that this is a tough and destructive war. On my trip abroad, I talked with many military men who had faced our enemies in the field. These hard-headed realists testify to the strength and skill and resourcefulness of the enemy generals and men whom we must beat before final victory is won. The war is now reaching the stage where we shall all have to look forward to large casualty lists – dead, wounded and missing. War entails just that. There is no easy road to victory. And the end is not yet in sight.

I have been back only for a week. It is fair that I should tell you my impression. I think I see a tendency in some of our people here to assume a quick ending of the war. And, as a result of this false reasoning, I think I discern an effort to resume or even encourage an outbreak of partisan thinking and talking. I hope I am wrong.

For, surely, our first and most foremost tasks are all concerned with winning the war and winning a just peace that will last for generations.

The massive offensives which are in the making both in Europe and the Far East – will require every ounce of energy and fortitude that we and our Allies can summon on the fighting fronts and in all the workshops at home. As I have said before, you cannot order up a great attack on a Monday and demand that it be delivered on Saturday.

Less than a month ago I flew in a big Army transport plane over the little town of Bethlehem, in Palestine. Tonight, on Christmas Eve, all men and women everywhere who love Christmas are thinking of that ancient town and of the star of faith that shone there more than nineteen centuries ago.

American boys are fighting today in snow-covered mountains, in malarial jungles, on blazing deserts, they are fighting on the far stretches of the sea and above the clouds, and fighting for the thing for which they struggle. I think it is best symbolized by the message that came out of Bethlehem.

On behalf of the American people – your own people – I send this Christmas message to you, to you who are in our armed forces:

In our hearts are prayers for you and for all your comrades in arms who fight to rid the world of evil. We ask God's blessing upon you – upon your fathers, mothers, wives and children – all your loved ones at home. We ask that the comfort of God's grace shall be granted to those who are sick and wounded, and to those who are prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy, waiting for the day when they will again be free. And we ask that God receive and cherish those who have given their lives, and that He keep them in honor and in the grateful memory of their countrymen forever. God bless all of you who fight our battles on this Christmas Eve. God bless us all, keep us strong in our faith that we fight for a better day for human kind here and everywhere.

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Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just heard the President of the United States.

## **Announcement of the Conquest of Ortona**

Matthew Halton on CBC

January 4, 1944

This is Matthew Halton of the CBC, speaking from Italy. At eight o'clock this morning I was bumping over the tank ruts into the outskirts of Ortona. There was a strange silence and I surmised something.

I got into the command post of the Western Canadian Unit of that part of the town. Only a few machine guns were clattering. Only an occasional enemy shell was falling and bearded men who hadn't had their boots off for 30 days were laughing. The colonel grinned when I came in. I said: "Don't tell me". And he replied: "Yes, I think we've got Ortona. There's a patrol going to the Port now. And if we find no Germans there, the thing is over. We'll know any minute".

Not two minutes later, the radio buzzed and Corporal Bill Polville of Edmonton took the message from the signaller at the Port, not 400 yards away. Then he took off his earphones and turned to the Colonel: "Sir, the Jerries have gone, or else they're all dead". Ortona was ours.

And so ended the battle of the Moro River, one of the most savage Canadians ever fought. After 21 days of hard enough fighting the Canadians had had seven days and eight nights of fearful battle in Ortona against one of the best units ever produced by the fierce Germans, a Parachute Division – demons of men – and now the battle was over and won, at no small cost.

## **On the Liberation of Rome**

Godfrey Talbot on BBC

June 05, 1944

This is Godfrey Talbot speaking from Rome. I'm standing in the middle of the Piazza Venezia on this day of our occupation and at this moment the windows of the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia – from which Mussolini used to make his speeches – the windows have been open and has come out on the balcony not Mussolini – who incidentally has never made any appearance on that balcony since July last year – not Mussolini but three Allied soldiers with their steel helmets on and their rifles in their hands. Beside them two Romans, two people who have gone up from this square, two of the Italian people and those five are standing there and there waving the Italian and the Allied flags. A vastly different scene from the ones which that balcony staged in the past.