24-9 Executive Order 9066 to Prescribe Military Areas (1942)

After the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, amid rumors of espionage and subversion in Hawaii, the American people grew fearful of enemy aliens. On February 19, 1942, President Roosevelt issued an executive order authorizing the secretary of war to identify areas of the country where movements of people could be controlled or restricted. Prescription was followed by executive and military orders that resulted in the internment of Japanese and Japanese Americans in relocation camps.

Source: Executive Order No. 9066, "Authorizing the Secretary of War to Prescribe Military Areas," *Federal Register* 7, no. 38 (February 25, 1942): 1407.

AUTHORIZING THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO PRESCRIBE MILITARY AREAS

WHEREAS the successful prosecution of the war requires every possible protection against espionage and against sabotage to national-defense material, national-defense premises, and national-defense utilities. . . .

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, I hereby authorize and direct the Secretary of War, and the Military Commanders whom he may from time to time designate, whenever he or any designated Commander deems such actions necessary or desirable, to prescribe military areas in such places and of such extent as he or the appropriate Military Commanders may determine, from which any or all persons may be excluded, and with such respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restrictions the Secretary of War or the appropriate Military Commander may impose in his discretion. The Secretary of War is hereby authorized to provide for residents of any such area who are excluded therefrom, such transportation, food, shelter, and other accommodations as may be necessary, in the judgement of the Secretary of War or the said Military Commander, and until other arrangements are made, to accomplish the purpose of this order. The designation of military areas in any region or locality shall supersede designations of prohibited and restricted areas by the Attorney General under the Proclamations of December 7 and 8, 1941, and shall supersede the responsibility and authority of the Attorney General under the said Proclamations in respect of such prohibited and restricted areas.

I hereby further authorize and direct the Secretary of War and the said Military Commanders to take such other

steps as he or the appropriate Military Commander may deem advisable to enforce compliance with the restrictions applicable to each Military area hereinabove authorized to be designated, including the use of Federal troops and other Federal Agencies, with authority to accept assistance of state and local agencies.

I hereby further authorize and direct all Executive Departments, independent establishments and other Federal Agencies, to assist the Secretary of War or the said Military Commanders in carrying out this Executive Order, including the furnishing of medical aid, hospitalization, food, clothing, transportation, use of land, shelter, and other supplies, equipment, utilities, facilities and services.

This order shall not be construed as modifying or limiting in any way the authority heretofore granted under Executive Order No. 8972, dated December 12, 1941, nor shall it be construed as limiting or modifying the duty and responsibility of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with respect to the investigation of alleged acts of sabotage or the duty and responsibility of the Attorney General and the Department of Justice under the Proclamations of December 7 and 8, 1941, prescribing regulations for the conduct and control of alien enemies, except as such duty and responsibility is superseded by the designation of military areas hereunder.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
The White House
February 19, 1942

Fighting and Winning the War

Fighting in World War II took place on many fronts. In Document 24-10, Pulitzer Prize–winning war correspondent Ernie Pyle offers a firsthand account of how ordinary men braved extraordinary conditions in wartime Europe, from "hedgerow to hedgerow . . . from street to street." Document 24-11 provides American eyewitness accounts of concentration camps. In Document 24-12, Albert Einstein warns President Roosevelt in 1939 that "it is conceivable . . . that extremely powerful bombs of a new type may be constructed." The dropping of two atomic bombs and the entry of the Soviet Union in the Pacific-Asian war brought about Japan's surrender in August 1945. In Document 24-13, Henry L. Stimson, then secretary of war, makes the case for employing the atomic bomb against Japan.

24-10 Street Fighting (1944)

Ernie Pyle

Ernie Pyle (1900–1945) was a popular war correspondent whose columns were based not on press conferences or official releases but on the combat experiences of the average enlisted man or "GI Joe," which Pyle witnessed firsthand in the field. Historian William L. O'Neill called Pyle the "master of this form" and noted that some thought that "Pyle's hold on public opinion made him more important than many generals." Pyle left the battlefields of Europe to report on the closing action in the Pacific, where he was killed in 1945. At the time of his death, Pyle had a worldwide readership and his columns, like the one excerpted below, appeared in over seven hundred newspapers.

Source: Ernie Pyle, excerpt from "Street Fighting" in *Brave Men* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1944), 398–407.

War in the Normandy countryside was a war from hedgerow to hedgerow, and when we got into a town or city it was a war from street to street. One day I went along—quite accidentally, I assure you—with an infantry company that had been assigned to clean out a pocket in the suburbs of Cherbourg. Since the episode was typical of the way an infantry company advanced into a city held by the enemy, I would like to try to give you a picture of it.

As I say, I hadn't intended to do it. I started out in the normal fashion that afternoon to go up to a battalion command post and just look around. I was traveling with Correspondent Charles Wertenbaker and Photographer Bob Capa, both of *Time* and *Life* magazines.

Well, when we got to the CP we were practically at the front lines. The post was in a church that stood on a narrow street. In the courtyard across the street MP's were frisking freshly taken prisoners. I mingled with them for a while. They were still holding their hands high in the air, and it's pretty close to the front when prisoners do that. They were obviously frightened and eager to please their captors. A soldier standing beside me asked one German kid about the insigne on his cap, so the kid gave it to him. The prisoners had a rank odor about them, like silage. Some of them were Russians, and two of these had their wives with them. They had been living together right at the front. The women thought we were going to shoot their husbands and they were frantic. That's one way the Germans kept the conscripted Russians fighting—they had thoroughly sold them on the belief that we would shoot them as soon as they were captured.

Below us there were big fires in the city, and piles of black smoke. Explosions were going on all around us. Our own big shells would rustle over our heads and explode on beyond with a crash. German 20-millimeter shells would spray over our heads and hit somewhere in the town behind us. Single rifle shots and machine-pistol blurps were constant. The whole thing made me tense and jumpy. The nearest fighting Germans were only 200 yards away.

We were just hanging around absorbing all this stuff when a young lieutenant, in a trench coat and wearing sun glasses—although the day was miserably dark and chill—came over to us and said, "Our company is starting in a few minutes to go up this road and clean out a strong point. It's about half a mile from here. There are probably snipers in some of the houses along the way. Do you want to go with us?"

I certainly didn't. Going into battle with an infantry company is not the way to live to a ripe old age. But when I was invited, what could I do? So I said, "Sure." And so did Wertenbaker and Capa. Wert never seemed nervous, and Capa was notorious for his daring. Fine company for me to be keeping. We started walking. Soldiers of the company were already strung out on both sides of the road ahead of us, just lying and waiting till their officers came along and said go. We walked until we were at the head of the column. As we went the young officer introduced himself. He was Lieutenant Orion Shockley, of Jefferson City, Missouri. I asked him how he got the odd name Orion. He said he was named after Mark Twain's brother. Shockley was executive officer of the company. The company commander was Lieutenant Lawrence McLaughlin, from Boston. One of the company officers was a replacement who had arrived just three hours previously and had never been in battle before. I noticed that he ducked sometimes at our own shells, but he was trying his best to seem calm.

The soldiers around us had a two weeks' growth of beard. Their uniforms were worn slick and very dirty—the uncomfortable gas-impregnated clothes they had come ashore in. The boys were tired. They had been fighting and moving constantly forward on foot for nearly three weeks without rest—sleeping out on the ground, wet most of the time, always tense, eating cold rations, seeing their friends die. One of them came up to me and said, almost belligerently, "Why don't you tell the folks back home what this is like? All they hear about is victories and a lot of glory stuff. They don't know that for every hundred yards we advance

somebody gets killed. Why don't you tell them how tough this life is?"

I told him that was what I tried to do all the time. This fellow was pretty fed up with it all. He said he didn't see why his outfit wasn't sent home; they had done all the fighting. That wasn't true at all, for there were other divisions that had fought more and taken heavier casualties. Exhaustion will make a man feel like that. A few days' rest usually has him smiling again.

As we waited to start our advance, the low black skies of Normandy let loose on us and we gradually became soaked to the skin. Lieutenant Shockley came over with a map and explained to us just what his company was going to do to wipe out the strong point of pillboxes and machine-gun nests. Our troops had made wedges into the city on both sides of us, but nobody had yet been up this street where we were heading. The street, they thought, was almost certainly under rifle fire.

"This is how we'll do it," the lieutenant said. "A rifle platoon goes first. Right behind them will go part of a heavy-weapons platoon, with machine guns to cover the first platoon. Then comes another rifle platoon. Then a small section with mortars, in case they run into something pretty heavy. Then another rifle platoon. And bringing up the rear, the rest of the heavy-weapons outfit to protect us from behind. We don't know what we'll run into, and I don't want to stick you right out in front, so why don't you come along with me? We'll go in the middle of the company."

I said, "Okay." By this time I wasn't scared. You seldom are once you're into something. Anticipation is the worst. Fortunately, this little foray came up so suddenly there wasn't time for much anticipation.

The rain kept coming down, and we could sense that it had set in for the afternoon. None of us had raincoats, and by evening there wasn't a dry thread on us. I could go back to a tent for the night, but the soldiers would have to sleep the way they were.

We were just ready to start when all of a sudden bullets came whipping savagely right above our heads. "It's those damn 20-millimeters again," the lieutenant said. "Better hold it up a minute." The soldiers all crouched lower behind the wall. The vicious little shells whanged into a grassy hillside just beyond us. A French suburban farmer was hitching up his horses in a barnyard on the hillside. He ran into the house. Shells struck all around it. Two dead Germans and a dead American still lay in his driveway. We could see them when we moved up a few feet.

The shells stopped, and finally the order to start was given. As we left the protection of the high wall we had to cross a little culvert right out in the open and then make a turn in the road. The men went forward one at a time. They crouched and ran, ape-like, across this dangerous space. Then, beyond the culvert, they filtered to either side of the road, stopping and squatting down every now and then to wait a few moments. The lieutenant kept yelling at them as they started, "Spread it out now. Do you want to draw fire on yourselves? Don't bunch up like that. Keep five yards apart. Spread it out, dammit."

There is an almost irresistible pull to get close to somebody when you are in danger. In spite of themselves, the men would run up close to the fellow ahead for company. The other lieutenant now called out, "You on the right, watch the left side of the street for snipers; you on the left, watch the right side. Cover each other that way."

And a first sergeant said to a passing soldier, "Get that grenade out of its case. It won't do you no good in the case. Throw the case away. That's right."

Some of the men carried grenades already fixed in the ends of their rifles. All of them had hand grenades. Some had big Browning automatic rifles. One carried a bazooka. Interspersed in the thin line of men every now and then was a medic, with his bags of bandages and a Red Cross armband on his left arm. The men didn't talk among themselves. They just went. They weren't heroic figures as they moved forward one at a time, a few seconds apart. You think of attackers as being savage and bold. These men were hesitant and cautious. They were really the hunters, but they looked like the hunted. There was a confused excitement and a grim anxiety in their faces.

They seemed terribly pathetic to me. They weren't warriors. They were American boys who by mere chance of fate had wound up with guns in their hands, sneaking up a death-laden street in a strange and shattered city in a faraway country in a driving rain. They were afraid, but it was beyond their power to quit. They had no choice. They were good boys. I talked with them all afternoon as we sneaked slowly forward along the mysterious and rubbled street, and I know they were good boys. And even though they weren't warriors born to the kill, they won their battles. That's the point.

It came time for me to go—out alone into that empty expanse of fifteen feet—as we began our move into the street that led to what we did not know. One of the soldiers asked if I didn't have a rifle. Every time I was really in the battle lines they would ask me that. I said no, correspondents weren't allowed to; it was against international law. The soldiers thought that didn't seem right. Finally the sergeant motioned—it was my turn. I ran with bent knees, shoulders hunched, out across the culvert and across the open space. Lord, but I felt lonely out there. I had to stop right in the middle of the open space, to keep my distance behind the man ahead. I got down behind a little bush, as though that would have stopped anything.

Just before starting I had got into conversation with a group of soldiers who were to go right behind me. I was just starting to put down the boys' names when my turn came to go. So it wasn't till an hour or more later, during one of our long waits as we crouched against some buildings, that I worked my way back along the line and got their names. It was pouring rain, and as we squatted down for me to write on my knee each soldier would have to hold my helmet over my notebook to keep it from getting soaked.

Here are the names of just a few of my "company mates" in that little escapade that afternoon: Sergeant Joseph Palajsa, of 187 I Street, Pittsburgh. Pfc. Arthur Greene, of 618 Oxford Street, Auburn, Massachusetts; his New England accent was so broad I had to have him spell out "Arthur" and "Auburn" before I could catch what he said. Pfc. Dick Medici, of 5231 Lemy Avenue, Detroit. Lieutenant James Giles, a platoon leader, from Athens, Tennessee; he was so wet, so worn, so soldier-looking that I was startled when he said "lieutenant," for I thought he was a GI. Pfc. Arthur Slageter, of 3915 Taylor Avenue, Cincinnati; he was an old reader of my column back home, and therefore obviously a fine fellow. Pfc. Robert Eddie, of New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Eddie was thirty, he was married, and he used to work in a brewery back home; he was a bazooka man, but his bazooka was broken that day so he was just carrying a rifle. Pfc. Ben Rienzi, of 430 East 115 Street, New York. Sergeant Robert Hamilton, of 2940 Robbins Avenue, Philadelphia, who was wounded in Africa. Sergeant Joe Netscavge, of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, who sported two souvenirs of the Normandy campaign—a deep dent in his helmet where a sniper's bullet glanced off, and a leather cigarette case he got from a German prisoner. These boys were Ninth Division veterans, most of whom had fought in Tunisia and in Sicily too.

Gradually we moved on, a few feet at a time. The soldiers hugged the walls on both sides of the street, crouching all the time. The city around us was still full of sound and fury. We couldn't tell where anything was coming from or going to. The houses had not been blown down. But now and then a wall would have a round hole through it, and the windows had all been knocked out by concussion, and shattered glass littered the pavements. Gnarled telephone wire was lying everywhere. Most of the people had left the city. Shots, incidentally, always sound louder and distorted in the vacuumlike emptiness of a nearly deserted city. Lonely doors and shutters banged noisily back and forth. All of a sudden a bunch of dogs came yowling down the street, chasing each other. Apparently their owners had left without them, and they were running wild. They made such a noise that we shooed them on in the erroneous fear that they would attract the Germans' attention.

The street was a winding one and we couldn't see as far ahead as our forward platoon. But soon we could hear rifle shots not far ahead, and the rat-tat-tat of our machine guns, and the quick blurp-blurp of German machine pistols. For a long time we didn't move at all. While we were waiting the lieutenant decided to go into the house just behind us. A middle-aged Frenchman and his wife were in the kitchen. They were poor people. The woman was holding a terrier dog in her arms, belly up, the way you cuddle a baby, and soothing it by rubbing her cheek against its head. The dog was trembling with fear from the noise.

Pretty soon the word was passed back down the line that the street had been cleared as far as a German hospital about a quarter of a mile ahead. There were lots of our own wounded in that hospital and they were now being liberated. So Lieutenant Shockley and Wertenbaker and Capa and I went on up the street, still keeping close to the walls. I lost the others before I had gone far. For as I passed doorways soldiers would call out to me and I would duck in and talk for a moment and put down a name or two.

By now the boys along the line were feeling cheerier, for no word of casualties had been passed back. And up there the city was built up enough so that the waiting riflemen had the protection of doorways. It took me half an hour to work my way up to the hospital—and then the excitement began. The hospital was in our hands, but just barely. There seemed to be fighting in the next block. I say seemed to be, because actually it was hard to tell. Street fighting is just as confusing as field fighting. One side would bang away for a while, then the other side. Between the sallies there were long lulls, with only stray and isolated shots. Just an occasional soldier was sneaking about, and I didn't see anything of the enemy at all. I couldn't tell half the time just what the situation was, and neither could the soldiers.

About a block beyond the hospital entrance two American tanks were sitting in the middle of the street, one about fifty yards ahead of the other. I walked toward them. Our infantrymen were in doorways along the street. I got within about fifty feet of our front tank when it let go its 75-millimeter gun. The blast was terrific there in the narrow street. Glass came tinkling down from nearby windows, smoke puffed around the tank, and the empty street was shaking and trembling with the concussion. As the tank continued to shoot I ducked into a doorway, because I figured the Germans would shoot back. Inside the doorway was a sort of street-level cellar, dirt-floored. Apparently there was a wine shop above, for the cellar was stacked with wire crates for holding wine bottles on their sides. There were lots of bottles, but they were all empty.

I went back to the doorway and stood peeking out at the tank. It started backing up. Then suddenly a yellow flame pierced the bottom of the tank and there was a crash of such intensity that I automatically blinked my eyes. The tank, hardly fifty feet from where I was standing, had been hit by an enemy shell. A second shot ripped the pavement at the side of the tank. There was smoke all around, but the tank didn't catch fire. In a moment the crew came boiling out of the turret. Grim as it was, I almost had to laugh as they ran toward me. I have never seen men run so violently. They ran all over, with arms and heads going up and down and with marathon-race grimaces. They plunged into my doorway.

I spent the next excited hour with them. We changed to another doorway and sat on boxes in the empty hallway. The floor and steps were thick with blood where a soldier had been treated within the hour. What had happened to the tank was this: They had been firing away at a pillbox ahead when their 75 backfired, filling the tank with smoke and blinding them. They decided to back up in order to get their bearings, but after backing a few yards the driver was so blinded that he stopped. Unfortunately, he stopped exactly at

the foot of a side street. More unfortunately, there was another German pillbox up the side street. All the Germans had to do was take easy aim and let go at the sitting duck. The first shot hit a tread, so the tank couldn't move. That was when the boys got out. I don't know why the Germans didn't fire at them as they poured out.

The escaped tankers naturally were excited, but they were as jubilant as June bugs and ready for more. They had never been in combat before the invasion of Normandy, yet in three weeks their tank had been shot up three times. Each time it was repaired and put back into action. And it could be repaired again. The name of their tank, appropriately, was "Be Back Soon."

The main worry of these boys was the fact that they had left the engine running. We could hear it chugging away. It's bad for a tank motor to idle very long. But they were afraid to go back and turn the motor off, for the tank was still right in line with the hidden German gun. Also, they had come out wearing their leather crash helmets. Their steel helmets were still inside the tank, and so were their rifles. "We'll be a lot of good without helmets or rifles!" one of them said.

The crew consisted of Corporal Martin Kennelly, of 8040 Langley Street, Chicago, the tank commander; Sergeant L. Wortham, Leeds, Alabama, driver; Private Ralph Ogren, of 3551 32nd Avenue South, Minneapolis, assistant driver; Corporal Albin Stoops, Marshalltown, Delaware, gunner, and Private Charles Rains, of 1317 Madison Street, Kansas City, the loader. Private Rains was the oldest of the bunch, and the only married one. He used to work as a guard at the Sears, Roebuck plant in Kansas City. "I was MP to fifteen hundred women," he said with a grin, "and how I'd like to be back doing that!" The other tankers all expressed loud approval of this sentiment.

Commander Kennelly wanted to show me just where his tank had been hit. As a matter of fact he hadn't seen it for himself yet, for he came running up the street the moment he jumped out of the tank. So when the firing died down a little we sneaked up the street until we were almost even with the disabled tank. But we were careful not to get our heads around the corner of the side street. The first shell had hit the heavy steel brace that the tread runs on, and then plunged on through the side of the tank, very low. "Say!" Kennelly said in amazement. "It went right through our lower ammunition storage box! I don't know what kept the ammunition from going off. We'd have been a mess if it had. Boy, it sure would have got hot in there in a hurry!"

The street was still empty. Beyond the tank about two blocks was a German truck, sitting all alone in the middle of the street. It had been blown up, and its tires had burned off. This truck was the only thing we could see. There wasn't a human being in sight anywhere. Then an American soldier came running up the street shouting for somebody to send a medic. He said a man was badly wounded just ahead. He was extremely excited, yelling, and getting madder because there was no medic in sight. Word was passed down the line, and pretty soon a medic came out of a doorway and started up the street. The excited soldier yelled at him and began cussing, and the medic broke into a run. They ran past the tanks together, and up the street a way they ducked into a doorway.

On the corner just across the street from where we were standing was a smashed pillbox. It was in a cut-away corner like the entrances to some of our corner drugstores at home, except that instead of there being a door there was a pillbox of reinforced concrete, with gun slits. The tank boys had shot it to pieces and then moved their tank up even with it to get the range of the next pillbox. That one was about a block ahead, set in a niche in the wall of a building. That's what the boys had been shooting at when their tank was hit. They had knocked it out, however, before being knocked out themselves.

For an hour there was a lull in the fighting. Nobody did anything about a third pillbox, around the corner. Our second tank pulled back a little and just waited. Infantrymen worked their way up to second-story windows and fired their rifles up the side street without actually seeing anything to shoot at. Now and then blasts from a 20-millimeter gun would splatter the buildings around us. Then our second tank would blast back in that general direction, over the low roofs, with its machine gun. There was a lot of dangerous-sounding noise, but I don't think anybody on either side got hit.

Then we saw coming up the street, past the wrecked German truck I spoke of, a group of German soldiers. An officer walked in front, carrying a Red Cross flag on a stick. Bob Capa braved the dangerous funnel at the end of the side street where the damaged tank stood, leapfrogging past it and on down the street to meet the Germans. First he snapped some pictures of them. Then, since he spoke German, he led them on back to our side of the invisible fence of battle. Eight of them were carrying two litters bearing two wounded German soldiers. The others walked behind with their hands up. They went on past us to the hospital. We assumed that they were from the second knocked-out pillbox. I didn't stay to see how the remaining pillbox was knocked out. But I suppose our second tank eventually pulled up to the corner, turned, and let the pillbox have it. After that the area would be clear of everything but snipers. The infantry, who up till then had been forced to keep in doorways, would then continue up the street and poke into the side streets and into the houses until everything was clear.

That's how a strong point in a city is taken. At least that's how ours was taken. There are not always tanks to help, and not always is it done with so little shedding of blood. But the city was already crumbling when we started in on this strong point, which was one of the last, and they didn't hold on too bitterly. But we didn't know that when we started.