DAY OF INFAMY

A Tribute to the Veterans and Heroes of Pearl Harbor

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No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave.

~ CALVIN COOLIDGE

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Preface

As the United States slowly recovered from the great depression of the 1930s, there were few more exciting opportunities for a young man than a career in the Navy. It offered a stable income, warm meals, a semi-comfortable bed, and the chance to see the world. Exotic ports of call awaited those who chose to spend a few years of their youth at sea and the Navy beckoned America's young men like a seductress.

Pearl Harbor in the territory of Hawaii was the homeport of the Pacific Fleet, a wonderful "home away from home" for the men who preserved America's interests abroad. Though the European continent found itself embroiled in a bitter world war in the latter days of the 1930s, in the Pacific there was no hint of trouble. American ships made routine patrols, practiced drills that most men thought would never be needed, and then returned to Pearl Harbor for periods of rest, relaxation, and recreation.

The weekend of December 6 and 7, 1941, promised to be a great time for the sailors who had returned to Pearl. There wasn't the slightest hint of trouble; even the weather seemed to be smiling on the tropical port. When the sun rose on Sunday morning young sailors from around the United States had little opportunity to be homesick; there was too much to see and do. On a pier near the harbor sailors and Marines prepared for a softball game. On the nearby battleship *Nevada*, others were getting ready for a tennis tournament. Many of the sailors had spent the night ashore, others had returned to their berths late after a night on the town. There was limited duty on this beautiful Sunday morning, affording ample opportunity for the men to enjoy their brief stay in Paradise.

As the hour neared the 8 o'clock muster and the raising of the colors, all was peaceful and relaxed. A large number of sailors gathered on the beach for an outdoor morning chapel service. On the *USS Nevada* the band was beginning the first strains of the National Anthem for the hoisting of the flag.

Throughout the harbor men were at ease, finishing breakfast, writing letters home, planning for their afternoon on the island's sandy beaches, or just sleeping in. Aboard the *USS Nevada*, Warrant Machinist Donald Ross was shaving and thinking about his girlfriend Helen at home. Tomorrow would be Donald's birthday. On board the *USS Oklahoma* Ensign Francis Flaherty was counting the days until he could return home to Michigan and go back to school. He had joined the Navy to earn money to get into medical school.

At Kaneohe Bay, John Finn cuddled next to his wife Alice as they tried to decide which of them would get up and start the coffee.

It was 7:53 A.M. and events were about to unfold that would propel the United States into a World War that would ultimately cost more than a quarter-million American men and women their lives. On this day alone more than 2,400 men, women and children would die in Paradise. The day was.... December 7, 1941, A Date That Will Live in Infamy!

Introduction

Major Truman Landon squinted his tired eyes against the early morning brilliance. Through the cockpit window of his B-17 he scanned the southern horizon, quickly making out the distinctive shape of Diamond Head in the distance. It was nearly 8:00 a.m. and he and his crew were finally approaching Honolulu and Hickam Field.

Major Landon commanded the 38th Reconnaissance Squadron, a dozen B-17s recently assigned duty station in the Philippine Islands. His planes departed Hamilton Field near San Francisco in 15-minute intervals beginning around 8:00 p.m. on Saturday night. To conserve fuel for the long 14-hour flight to Hawaii, the first leg of the trip, the planes navigated separately rather than flying in formation. To further conserve fuel all unnecessary items were stripped from the aircraft. Though the B-17s were equipped with the normal compliment of big machineguns, they carried no ammunition. America was still at peace despite the potential for a looming conflict with Japan in the South Pacific. Major Landon's men planned to pick up ammunition when they landed at Oahu and before continuing to the Philippine Islands.

Ahead the B-17 piloted by Captain R.T. Swenson, the second plane to take off from Hamilton Field the previous evening, was already rounding Diamond Head and preparing to land at Hickam. Second Lieutenant Ernest Reid, the co-pilot, was anxious to be on the ground. The whole crew was badly in need of a brief rest after the long flight, and all of them were looking forward to an afternoon on the sunny beaches of Waikiki. First Lieutenant William Schick, the flight surgeon, watched the big island spread out below him from his passenger seat in the aircraft. Second Lieutenant H. R. Taylor, the navigator, was snapping photographs, though somewhat mystified by the early morning fireworks he saw in the distance.

Gazing across the large Hawaiian coastline from his own high-altitude perspective behind Captain Swenson, Major Landon noticed a group of nine airplanes flying north. At first, he thought it was a reception committee, airborne to greet his Flying Fortresses and escort them to Hickam Field. His pleasant thoughts were shattered in a sudden burst of machinegun fire as the nine planes flashed past him on their way back to their aircraft carrier. The red circles of the Empire of Japan glowed brilliantly under the morning sun. Quickly he pulled up into the clouds to escape pursuit.

In the lead plane, Lieutenant Taylor saw the fireworks loom closer and closer in the aperture of his camera. Henderson field was now in view, shrouded in smoke. Still unaware of the battle that raged below, Captain Swenson assumed the locals were burning sugarcane. He had lowered the landing gear and dropped his B-17 to 600 feet for final approach before the crew got a good look at the airfield. It was fully under attack. Japanese Zeroes zoomed in to rake the Flying Fortress with a stream of tracers. It was too late to pull up and abort, so the pilot steeled himself against the looming inferno and stayed on course.

To the rear Lieutenant Schick cried out, "Damn it! Those are real bullets they are shooting. I'm hit in the leg." Smoke filled the cockpit as the Flying Fortress dropped earthward and then hit hard on what was left of the runway. The big bomber broke completely in half. In that moment Captain Swenson's B-17 gained the dubious distinction of being the first American airplane to be shot down in World War II. Lieutenant Schick became the first American airman killed in the air in an American airplane.

From his position in the clouds above Oahu, Major Landon had few options left. His B-17 was running low on fuel and there was no place to run. Speaking into his radio he requested landing information from the tower below. Almost calmly the voice at the other end provided instructions: wind direction, velocity, direction of approach and the runway on which to land. "Be advised," the radio operator continued, "we are under attack by unidentified air planes."

With no other options remaining, Major Landon nosed forward towards the pall of smoke and the rain of fire below him, while enemy dive-bombers and torpedo planes continued to flash across the skies. Years later actor Norman Alden would portray Landon in the movie Tora! Tora! Tora! The cinematic version of events may well have captured the true thoughts of Major Landon as he headed earthward in a desperate gamble to save his airplane...*"Damn it! What a way to fly into a war--Unarmed and out of gas!"*

Paradise Lost

Kaneohe Bay is a sheltered cove on the west coastline of Oahu, a beautiful series of sandy beaches and tall palms that catch the first rays of sunlight reaching westward across the Pacific Ocean. Today it is home to the Kaneohe Bay Marine Corps Air Station. In 1941 it housed a small Naval Air Station in support of three patrol squadrons, VP-11, VP-12 and VP-14. Each squadron had twelve patrol aircraft, most of them the newer PBY-5s.

For more than a month the men at Kaneohe Bay had been on a limited alert. The men of VP-14 had the duty assignment that December morning and had spent the night in their hangar, the newest of the three large hangars on the airfield. They had arisen with dawn on Sunday morning, launched three of their PBYs to conduct the routine daily submarine patrols, then rotated shifts to the chow line for breakfast. Three of VP-14's idle PBYs were anchored out in the bay; the remaining six were parked around the hangar in neat rows, along with the patrol aircraft of VP-11 and VP-12.

Half of the duty section of VP-14 was lounging around the hangar or Barracks #2 smoking cigarettes and making small talk while they waited for the remainder of their comrades to return from chow for the 8 A.M. muster. The sound of approaching aircraft engines drew little attention. Kaneohe Bay was an air station, and aircraft were always coming and going. The men watched as the first flight flew over their heads moving west towards Pearl Harbor. "Probably just some early-bird Army aviators," most of them thought. Then came the sound of more aircraft, this time flying closer. The slow rumble of high-flying airplanes became the scream of low flying Japanese zeros diving on the airfield. An explosion, then another, interrupted the morning stillness. The blue morning sky was lit with the bright orange balls of fire. It was a few minutes before eight o'clock on a bright Sunday morning, the day of December 7, 1941

In his quarters a mile away from the airfield, VP-14's Chief Aviation Ordnanceman John Finn had the day off and was looking forward to spending the day with his wife, Alice. "We weren't asleep," he says of that morning, "we were just lying there talking about who was going to get up and start the coffee." While they lay there, in the distance they could hear the sounds of machine-gun fire. "I thought, 'I'm the chief ordnance officer, who the hell is firing machine guns today? Hey, it's Sunday!'," he recalled.

Chief Finn struggled to brush the unexpected sound aside. It was probably just someone testing a malfunctioning machine gun--nothing really to be concerned about. He put his arm around his wife and pulled her closer to him. Then came another unexpected sound-- the whines of a small airplane engine and not the roar of the twin-engine PBYs he was used to. The morning was a puzzling mix of unexpected noise and strange sounds, but there was still no hint of anything amiss.

Alice got up and walked into the bathroom, pulled the curtains aside and looked out at the dawn of the new day. "It's beautiful," she turned to say, just as a knock sounded on the door. Chief Finn grabbed his

trousers and walked downstairs to answer the door. It was Lou Sullivan from next door. There was still no hint of how serious a crisis the early morning noises represented. "They want you at the hangar," she said simply, then turned and walked away. There hadn't even been time for John to ask any questions. He turned, went back upstairs to don his uniform shirt, hat and shoes, say "goodbye" to Alice, and walked out to the parking lot to his '38 Ford. As he slid behind the steering wheel another neighbor, Charlie Clark, opened the passenger-side door and got in. Neither man spoke a word, more a matter of habit than anything else. Charlie always rode to the airfield with Chief Finn. The events that morning mirrored those of many other mornings, the only difference being, that day was a Sunday.

Chief Finn turned the first corner out of the base quarters and noticed another sailor standing along the road. "I guess we should pick him up," Clark said. John pulled over and the young sailor hopped in the back seat. Then the three men continued the short drive to the airfield, which was still out of sight behind a series of curves and a small incline.

Halfway there a loud roar from above drowned out the sound of the '38 Ford's engine and Chief Finn looked out the window at a low flying airplane. It was just starting a "wing over". Then he saw the red circle on the underside of the zero's wing. For the first time he realized something was terribly wrong. "The damn Japs are attacking," he yelled as he threw the Ford into second gear, hit the gas, and sped into the air station. He wasn't prepared for the sight that met him there.

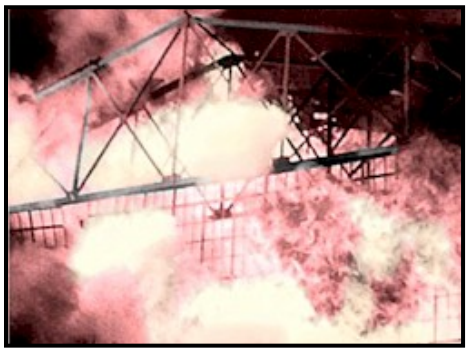
As they sped around the last turn leading down the hill and onto the airfield, the three men in the old Ford could see for the first time, the hell that was breaking loose below them. Japanese Zeroes were flying low over the field, machine-guns spitting fire, as they raked the PBYs neatly lined beside the hangars. Smoke was beginning to waft upwards from vehicles parked outside Hangar #3, their metal bodies showing evidence of the enemy strafing runs. Men ran about in confusion, fear, and frustration, ducking behind any semblance of shelter with each new strafing run.

Chief Finn pulled to a stop near the dock, unloaded his passengers in the open, and then made a mad dash for Hangar #3. As he did, he heard the whine of incoming enemy planes. He saw the rain of bullets hitting the ground around him as he ran, and then heard the drumbeat of bullets against metal as hundreds of rounds raked Hangar #3. Smoke billowed upward, followed by the sounds of explosions.

The Japs weren't coming...they were here! And there seemed to be little anyone could do to stop them.

Rushing through the smoke, the fire, and the rain of bullets from the skies above, Chief Finn entered the armory to break out machine-guns and ammunition stored in an ordnance truck parked inside. Quickly he began passing them out to organize some kind...any kind...of resistance. (It was rumored that a couple of sailors even broke into a glass case on the Air Station to retrieve an old bar...Browning Automatic Rifle...with which to fire back at the incoming enemy zeroes.)

The PBYs carried mounted guns, two 50 caliber and two 30 caliber machine-guns. Even as smoke drifted from the burning wreckage, sailors entered the open cockpits to remove guns and ammunition. Caught unawares and unprepared for an attack like the one unleashed upon Kaneohe Bay that morning, the men reacted swiftly and with great determination.



Hangar #3 was burning out of control and every PBY on the field was bullet-scarred and smoking in ruin. In the pall that dropped over the bay like a sudden, violent storm, Chief John Finn set up his own machine-gun on an instruction platform near where the heaviest activity seemed to be concentrated. In the open and masked only by the thick clouds of smoke, he began firing back at each new wave of enemy planes. Beside him planes were exploding, bullets were digging into the ground, and continued explosions reverberated. Chief Finn was wounded, and then wounded again, and again, and again. Still he remained behind his gun, firing back at the incoming airplanes. He was frustrated at what was happening around him--and angry! "I was so mad," he says, "I guess I didn't have enough sense to be frightened or scared."

Japs kept coming and Chief Finn kept shooting. Blood flowed from numerous untended wounds but the intrepid Naval Chief wouldn't give up, wouldn't abandon his station, wouldn't quit trying to give back some of the destruction the Japanese were intent on raining down on his men. He paused briefly to smile as smoke began trailing from one of the zeroes, then he watched as it plummeted into the ground. He wasn't sure if he had shot it down but that didn't matter. It was down! That's what mattered.

When the enemy planes finally began to withdraw there was no sense of relief, only the uncertain fear of their possible return at any moment and the irrefutable evidence of total destruction at Kaneohe Bay. Hangar #1 had burned and Hangar #3 destroyed by what appeared to have been a bomb. Every PBY had been destroyed beyond use. The departure of the enemy planes signaled only the beginning of a monumental effort to clear the debris, rebuild from the ashes, and organize a defense in case the zeroes did return.

"I picked up quite a few hits--18 to 21," John Finn recalled. His injuries ranged from scratches to serious flesh wounds received during the brief time he had stood alone on the instruction platform, heedless of the incoming enemy--and the bombs--and bullets that struck around him. Now, as the sailors began trying to extinguish fires, move debris, and bring some semblance of order to Kaneohe Bay, they also began to urge Finn to get medical help for his bleeding body. The 32-year old Chief refused. Kaneohe Bay and his men needed him, needed his experience and his leadership.

Moving slowly and with great pain, Chief John Finn began the task of repairing and setting up machine-gun pits around the air station. Most of these were 30 and 50 caliber weapons designed to be mounted

and fired from the PBYs. It was an all-day task just to devise ways to mount them for use on the ground. His wounds still untreated, Chief Finn worked into the evening. When night fell the three returning patrol planes were the only surviving aircraft at Kaneohe Bay. Chief Finn was on the field to welcome and secure them for the evening.

The majority of his initial tasks finally completed and upon being ordered to get medical attention, Chief Finn reported to the aid station. It was 2 A.M. on Monday morning. He had been going non-stop for more than eighteen hours.

When he arrived for treatment the aid station was full of other seriously wounded men so Chief Finn decided to wait. Instead of seeing a doctor he returned home to check on his wife. When morning came, he reported back for treatment. He was immediately hospitalized for nearly three weeks of major care. He wasn't well enough to return home until the 24th, Christmas Eve.

Twenty people died at Kaneohe Bay that bright Sunday morning that suddenly turned deadly. Two of the dead were civilians; the remainder was young American sailors who never dreamed their Naval service would so quickly turn deadly. They were buried on the air station where they had thought they would find their tour of duty in Paradise.

Nine months after the attack at Kaneohe Bay the newly promoted Lieutenant John Finn was out of the hospital and still serving in Hawaii. He was summoned to Pearl Harbor to board the *U.S.S. Enterprise* where, in the presence of the crew and his wife Alice, he was awarded the Medal of Honor. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz presented the Medal in an impressive ceremony, congratulating an intrepid Naval chief who had done his best at Kaneohe Bay.

Kaneohe Bay was attacked five minutes before Pearl Harbor, which some might argue makes John Finn's actions that day the first Medal of Honor action of World War II. John has never seen himself as a hero. "I was just a Good 'ol Navy man doing my job, he says humbly.

Today he makes his home on the Southern California "ranch" where he and Alice settled down after his retirement from the Navy in 1956. He is the oldest living Medal of Honor recipient, and the last living Medal of Honor recipient from the Day of Infamy.

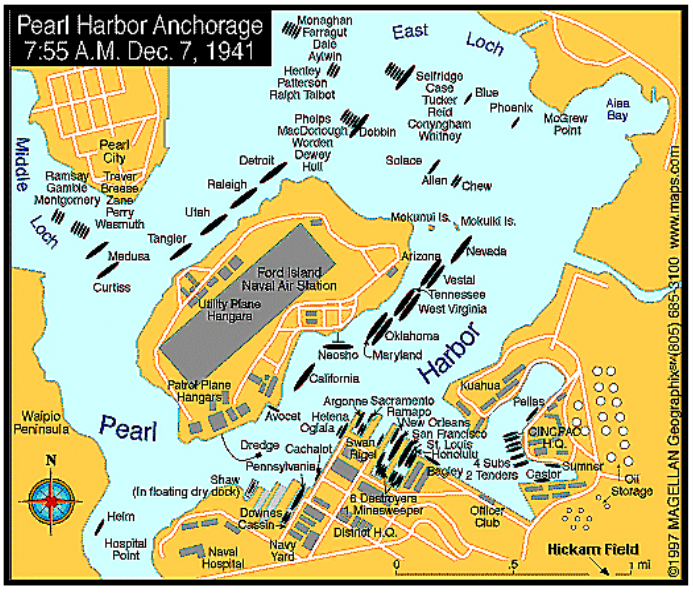
Alice Finn passed away in 1998.

Tora, Tora, Tora

It really had all the makings of a beautiful Sunday in Paradise. Anchored in neat rows around Ford Island were the finest of the American Navy's Pacific Fleet. Many of the officers and crew had been allowed to spend the weekend ashore, and those still on duty were relaxed when the sun came up, totally unaware of what was occurring a few miles away at Kaneohe Bay.

On the south-west side of Ford Island sat seven huge battleships:

USS Arizona
USS California
USS Maryland
USS Nevada
USS Oklahoma
USS Tennessee
USS West Virginia



In dry dock nearby was the battleship *Pennsylvania,* along with the *Shaw, Cassin and Downes*.

Throughout the harbor sat additional ships of the Pacific Fleet, more than 100 of them in all. They represented almost half of the entire fleet. The only thing missing was the presence of the three big aircraft carriers *Lexington*, *Enterprise*, and *Saratoga*, all of which were out to sea. It would be a fortunate turn of events for the US Navy on a day when there was little else to be thankful for.

On the northeast side of Ford Island more ships sat at anchor, among them an aging veteran of many years of Naval service, the *USS Utah*. The *Utah* still served with pride, but in an inglorious but important role. For nine weeks the *Utah* had already been subject to almost daily bombing attacks....by American pilots. The *USS Utah*, in its old age, had been converted to a training vessel or "target ship".

American pilots made practice runs dropping "dummy bombs" on the *Utah* to hone their combat skills. The crew of *Utah* was a brave bunch, keeping the ship in operating condition, conducting drills, and rushing below deck for safety before each bombing. To keep the practice bombs from crashing through the deck it was covered with a layer of 6"x12" timbers.

Perhaps as inglorious as the role of "target ship" was for the *USS Utah*, so too was the role of a watertender, those sailors responsible for a ship's huge boilers. A menial task, it none-the-less was one of the most demanding. It required a thorough understanding of the piping in the engine room, the gages that told when too much or too little pressure was present, and the nuances of the machinery that kept the ship in operation.

Peter Tomich

Peter Tomich was the Chief Watertender for the *USS Utah*. He was one of the most experienced...and best...in the entire Pacific fleet. At the age of 48 he had twenty-two years of Naval experience. The Navy was his life...his *wife*...his *family*.

Peter Tomich was born in Prolog, a small village in the Austro-Hungarian Empire (Bosnia-Herzegovina) on June 3, 1893. Twenty years later, along with his cousin John Tonic, Peter immigrated to the United States. When World War I broke out he enlisted in the U.S. Army. Though he never saw combat in World War I, he served with pride for 18 months from June 6, 1917, to January 13, 1919. Along the way, he applied for and received United States Citizenship.

Ten days after his U.S. Army enlistment expired Peter Tomich joined the Navy. His *next of kin* information listed cousin John Tonic in New York. But for Peter Tomich, his "real" next of kin was the sailors with whom he lived and worked for 22 years. His only "real" *home* was the.....

USS Utah

When dawn broke on the morning of December 7, 1941, a massive Japanese fleet rode the waves just 200 miles from the Hawaiian island of Oahu. Six large aircraft carriers, escorted by 2 battleships, 8 destroyers, 3 cruisers and 3 submarines sat poised to launch a surprise attack on the American Naval Base at Pearl Harbor. The mission had been planned for months and practiced in secrecy in terrain similar to the Hawaiian harbor. At 6:10 A.M. Admiral Nagumo ordered the mission to proceed. The six aircraft carriers began the launch of 183 aircraft, the first of two waves that would ultimately include 360 aircraft:

- 40 torpedo bombers
- 135 dive-bombers
- 104 horizontal bombers
- 81 strafing planes

The Japanese carriers turned into the wind and one-by-one the first wave was airborne, each plane circling slowly until the entire flight (except for two planes that crashed on takeoff) was assembled. Then the force began the nearly two-hour flight to Pearl Harbor.

When the enemy planes reached the Hawaiian Island's coastline the sailors at Pearl Harbor were completely unprepared for the events that were about to unfold. Many, having spent their Saturday on liberty ashore, were sleeping in. Others had arisen early, eaten breakfast, and were en route either to duty assignments or Sunday liberty in Honolulu or along its tropical beaches. Breakfast was still being served aboard the *USS Utah* when the first Japanese planes appeared over Pearl Harbor.

The surprise was complete. No one believed an attack from 4,000 miles away was possible, and the alert level was very low. At the airfields American planes were parked in neat rows wingtip-to-wingtip. Aboard the big destroyer's anti-aircraft guns weren't manned and most weaponry and ammunition were securely locked up. Most of the big ships' top commanders were ashore, leaving junior officers to deal with routine daily chores. It was a day designed for relaxation and rest.... or for unexpected disaster.

When the first Japanese airplanes sighted the American ships in the harbor there was exultation. Though their intelligence had been quite thorough and accurate, none of the Japanese commanders had expected to find such a shooting gallery.... all of the big battleships of the US Navy's Pacific Fleet in one place at one time. Less than ten minutes before the 8:00 revile aboard the American ships, Japanese flight commander Mitsuo Fuchida ordered the attack to commence. Moments later at 7:53 A.M. the radios in the airborne Japanese armada came alive with Fuchida's pre-arranged battle cry, "Tora! Tora! Tora!".... translated *Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!* Immediately the enemy planes descended upon the peaceful harbor to unleash death and disaster.

Despite the fact that the Japanese air commanders had not expected to find all of the big destroyers at their mercy, they knew the *USS Utah* would be at anchor. They also knew the ship was old--a non-combat vessel and had ordered their pilots not to attack her. The order was not a compassionate one; there was no compassion in the hearts of those who mercilessly plotted the murder of the unsuspecting sailors at Pearl Harbor that morning. The Japanese commanders simply considered the *Utah* unworthy of the "waste" of their firepower. Despite that order fate frowned on the *Utah* and her crew. It was one of the first American ships hit, a torpedo slamming into it in the opening minutes just as the crew was hoisting the American flag on the fantail. (It is often believed that the huge wooden planks covering the ships deck caused trigger-happy Japanese pilots to mistake the *Utah* for an aircraft carrier, thus making it a prime target.)

Almost immediately seawater flooded the ship causing it to list sharply. Below deck men scrambled for daylight, seeking to escape the quickly capsizing vessel. A second explosion rocked the already doomed ship and men furiously sought to find safety before it became a tomb for them. Lieutenant Commander Isquith, the senior officer aboard the *Utah*, ordered all hands-on deck. The *Utah* was in danger of sinking and might have to be abandoned.

Below deck in the engineering plant, water rushed towards the huge boilers. Peter Tomich, ever mindful of his crew, ran to warn them of the impending doom and to issue an order to evacuate. "Get out," he yelled above the horrible noises around him. He could feel the ship slowly turning on its side and knew that in moments any hope of escape would vanish. He had to get his men, who were the only family he knew, out of danger. "Get topside! Go....the ship is turning over! You have to escape now!", he continued to shout at them. Then, realizing that unless the boilers were secured, they would rupture and explode, he ignored his own evacuation order and set himself to the job that had to be done. While the crew rushed up the ladders and headed for Chief Tomich remained behind in the rolling, sinking ship he called *home*. He calmly moved from

valve to valve setting the gauges, releasing steam here and there, and stabilizing and securing the huge boilers that otherwise would have turned the entire ship into a massive inferno no man could survive.

At 8:05 A.M. the *Utah* was practically on its side, listing at 40 degrees. Those emerging from below deck were met with gunfire from the sky as the Japanese continued to strafe the deck with their machine-guns. The huge timbers that had covered the deck shifted with each explosion, trapping men and crushing bodies. It was hopeless to remain and swiftly the men on deck moved to the starboard side to leap into the water and swim for safety. Below deck Peter Tomich continued to do what he did best, tend to the boilers. He must have realized due the incline of the *Utah*, that his time for escape had run out, but his valiant efforts would buy precious minutes for his fellow sailors. Before the ship rolled completely over, he got the job done to prevent the explosion that would have end all hope of survival for hundreds of men now trying to swim to safety.

At 8:12 A.M. the mooring lines that held the *Utah* in place snapped with the sound of whips whistling through the air. With a last gasp the aging ship rolled completely over, its masts digging into the muddy floor of Pearl Harbor. The last bubbles of air made their way to the surface as time ran out for those still trapped below deck. In all, 58[*] men died; 54 of them would never make it out of the hull of the *Utah* as it rolled. It became their grave…. For all time interring them within its rusting hull.

The letter to John Tomich informing him of his cousin Peter's death at Pearl Harbor was returned stamped "Address Unknown". Three months after Pearl Harbor President Roosevelt authorized the award of the Medal of Honor to Peter Tomich. The letter announcing the award was returned the same way. (No one knew that almost twenty years earlier, John Tonich had returned to Croatia.) No other relatives could be found for Peter Tomich. His award is the only Medal of Honor since the Indian Campaigns in the late 1800s that has never been awarded either to a living recipient or surviving family member. Indeed, the crew of the *USS Utah* was the only family John Tomich had. For them he had given everything that they might return to their own families.

When the destroyer named in his honor and memory was commissioned in 1943, it was decided to award his Medal to the ship itself. Rear Admiral Monroe Kelly presented the award on January 4, 1944. In 1946 the *USS Tomich* was mothballed. Once again Peter Tomich was without a family. In 1947, Governor Herbert B. Maw of the State of Utah proclaimed Peter Tomich an honorary citizen of that State and guardianship of his Medal was granted to Utah. In 1989 the Navy built the Senior Enlisted Academy in Newport, Rhode Island and named the building Tomich hall in honor of Chief Tomich. Chief Tomich's Medal of Honor is now proudly displayed on the Quarterdeck of Tomich Hall where his new adopted family; the chief petty officers of the Navy, are inspired even today by his actions more than half-century ago.

Efforts continue, even to this date, to locate any surviving family members and finally properly present John Tomich's award. In the long process, conducted by private citizens and survivors of the *Utah*, much has been learned. We now know that Peter Tomich was actually Petre Herceg-Tonic...a Croatian immigrant who became an American citizen, adjusted his name for easier pronunciation, and then gave his life for his adopted country.

For years when survivors of the *USS Utah* gathered for reunions there was rumor of a 55th body entombed inside the *Utah*. As with many stories that pass among veterans, it was told and retold, but generally disregarded as legend. When finally confirmed that 55th body was identified as that of an infant girl.

[*] Four members of the crew of the *USS Utah* are buried on Oahu

Requiem for a Little Girl

Nancy Lynn Wagner

Chief Yeoman Albert Thomas Dewitt Wagner was just finishing breakfast when the first bombs hit the *USS Utah. "Suddenly, the air was rent by a terrific explosion*," he recalled. *"Rushing to a porthole I saw a huge column of black smoke billowing high into the heavens."*

While racing to his battle station on the third deck, three torpedoes dropped by the enemy planes overhead made direct hits to shatter the aging vessel. As the *Utah* rolled to its side, he jumped into the water in hopes of reaching the shoreline half a mile distant. In only fourteen minutes the *USS Utah* was upside down in the water, 54 men and the remains of one infant girl still trapped inside the overturned hull.

Nancy Lynn Wagner was one of twin girls born to the Wagner family in 1937. She died two days after birth and was cremated. Following cremation Chief Yeoman kept the urn containing her ashes in a locker in the Chief's quarters of the *USS Utah*. A traditional Navy man, it was his hope that a chaplain would be assigned to his ship at some point, and that on a future mission little Nancy's ash might be scattered at sea. Instead, the urn remained within the shell of the *Utah* as it carried 54 men to their grave.

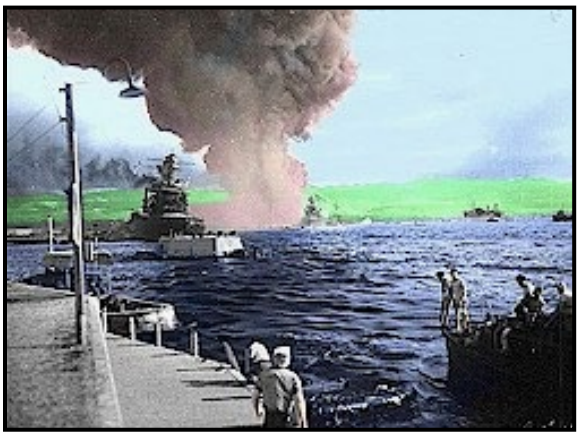
Divers later attempted to enter the sunken vessel and recover the urn containing the ashes of Nancy Lynn Wagner. Because of the extensive damage to the ship they were unsuccessful. She remains there to this day.

"I've always thought it was an absolute beautiful thing," says Mary Dianne (Wagner) Kreigh, Nancy Lynn's surviving twin. I could not have wanted more than to have my sister's ashes guarded by all the men of the U.S. Navy."

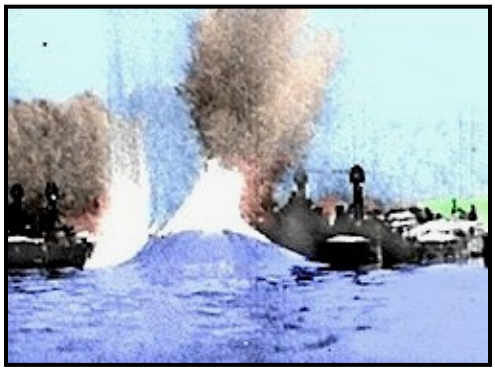
"Whenever I go to Hawaii, I always go to Ford Island. The scene is breathtaking. The *Utah* lying on her side like a magnificent metal giant guarding her cherished treasures entombed within her bowels—she is at peace as are her charges—54 gentle men and one tiny baby. As I quietly release a fragrant floral lei out to her as an offering of gratitude and love, I can't help but whisper, *"Aloha, my little sister. Thank you, my brave Warriors, for taking such good care of her."*

The Day the Seas Burned

When the first wave of Japanese planes descended on Pearl Harbor the 8 A.M. muster and flag raising ceremonies were well underway on most of the big battleships neatly lined up on the southeast side of Ford Island. With Zeroes weeping in from three directions, chaos erupted all around. As the first torpedo was striking the *USS Utah* on the northeast side of Ford Island, torpedo bombers were releasing their lethal charges against the Navy's big battleships on "Battleship Row".



Almost immediately, the *USS Oklahoma* and *USS West Virginia* began taking deadly hits. The mighty battleships shook violently as torpedoes slammed into their hulls, ripping metal as if it were tinfoil. Water rushed through the gaping wounds in their sides and oil spread outward on the surface of the harbor. Bombs continued to fall, striking the other big ships moored beside the *West Virginia* and *Oklahoma*. The oil on the surface of the water ignited to send towering pillars of smoke into the blue morning skies.



The *Oklahoma* never had a chance, three torpedoes crashing through its sides in the first minutes of the attack. With seawater pouring in the ship lurched to its side, tossing helpless sailors around in the darkness below. As many as a dozen torpedoes may have hit the *Oklahoma* in the first ten minutes of the attack before the order was given to abandon ship. With time running out desperate men raced for safety, leaping into the waters of a harbor that was now coated with oil and beginning to burn.

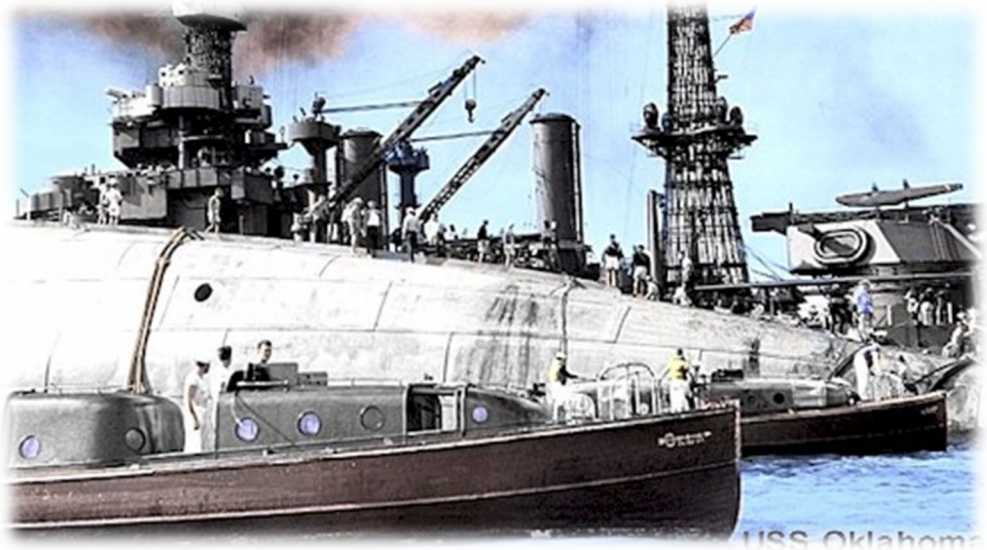
USS Oklahoma

As the *USS Oklahoma* rolled slowly to its side, terror reigned below deck. In darkness men sought to find a way out of the burning, metal coffin. Twenty-two-year-old Ensign Francis Flaherty heard the turmoil around him in the gun turret. Quickly he grabbed a flashlight and flashed its beam on the corridor exits, urging doomed men with him to follow the light to safety. Calmly he stood against the slanting wall to point the way out for others, all the while feeling the giant battleship giving in to the elements as it settled to a watery grave.

Nineteen-year-old Seaman First Class James Richard Ward found himself in a similar situation, surrounded by terrified men all seeking any escape from certain death. In the darkness could be heard the cries of the injured and the shrieks of those facing ultimate death. In the cacophony of a hell even Dante could not have imagined, the brave young sailor from Springfield, Ohio found his own flashlight and played in on the darkened interior others towards escape and safety.

The battle in the sky was barely ten minutes old when the 25-year-old dreadnought *Oklahoma* finally "gave-up-the-ghost", rolling completely over. Trapped inside were more than 400 sailors and Marines, men who would never again see the light of day. Fires raged on the waters surrounding the overturned battleship, as those who had survived struggled through the thick oil to reach safety. Many survived because of a naval ensign and a young enlisted sailor, two American heroes who had stood fast in the darkness and terror to point others to avenues of escape.

Those who survived because of the brave actions of Ensign Flaherty and Seaman Ward would never have the chance to thank the two brave men. Their bodies were among far too many others permanently entombed in the broken remnants of the *USS Oklahoma*.



USS West Virginia

Captain Mervyn Bennion commanded of the *USS West Virginia*, resting at anchor just ahead of the *Oklahoma*. When the first torpedoes struck the *Oklahoma*, three more reached out for the *West Virginia* and opened holes in her side. Water poured into the battleship with the force of a flash flood, causing it to list dangerously to one side. From the bridge Captain Bennion quickly took control, ignoring the crash of bombs around him and the hail of bullets spewed by the strafing zeroes. He ordered flooding on the side of the *West Virginia* opposite the torpedo strikes to balance the weight caused by flooding from the gaping wounds and turn his ship upright.

The counter measures worked, the *West Virginia* sinking lower in the water but leveling out. Then more torpedoes were unleashed, followed by bombs dropped from high above. Captain Bennion moved to the starboard side of the bridge, barking out orders and doing everything in his power to save his ship.

As intent as the intrepid Naval officer was in keeping his battleship afloat, the Japanese pilots were equally determined to send the *West Virginia* to the bottom of the harbor. A bomb falling from 20,000 feet above made a direct hit on the *West Virginia*, while a simultaneous strike was made on the neighboring *USS Tennessee*. Fiery eruptions filled the air with flying shrapnel. On the bridge, ragged pieces of hot metal ripped into Captain Bennion's abdomen. Struggling against unbearable pain, the ship's Captain refused to be evacuated. Fire broke out all over the *West Virginia* and secondary explosions shook the bridge. Little more could be done to save her. Captain Bennion ordered others on the bridge to get out before it was too late. As they departed to find shelter away from the rapidly sinking battleship, Captain Bennion fought off his pain to receive reports and issue orders as long as he could think clearly. At last his horrible wounds became too much for human endurance and he collapsed...unconscious. Then he died.

The smoke of battle filled the heavens as the *USS West Virginia* slipped beneath the surface of the water. In all, 106 of her crew were killed including the captain who refused to give up trying to save his ship...or spare his men...until he went down with his ship. Through the smoke little could be seen above the surface of the water to indicate that a once proud Naval vessel had floated peacefully in that location on Battleship Row. In its own stirring way however, when the *West Virginia* settled into the mud at the bottom of the harbor, the United States Flag could be seen through the smoke, still waving from its fantail.

The three Medals of Honor awarded for actions on the *USS Oklahoma* and *USS West Virginia* fittingly illustrated the levels of heroism and sacrifice that day. From the youthful Seaman James Ward, to the young Naval officer Francis Flaherty, to experienced career officer and captain of his ship Mervyn Bennion...there was no distinction in rank...only dedication, courage, and sacrifice.

Into the Inferno

USS Arizona

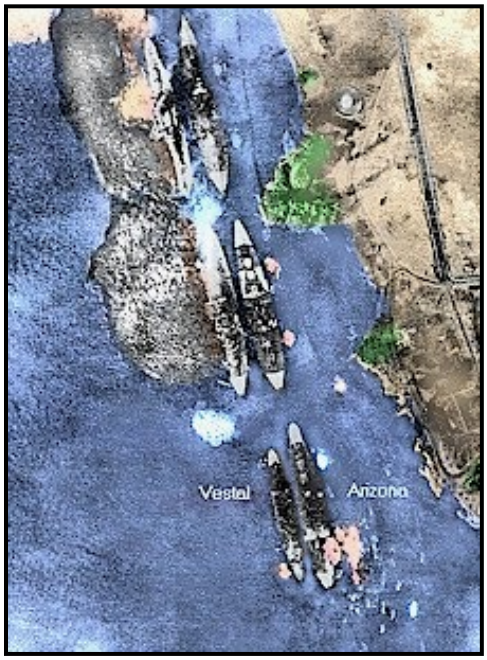
Captain Franklin Van Valkenburgh (left) was proud of his ship, the *USS Arizona*. The largest of the huge battleships in the Navy's Pacific Fleet, it was an impressive example of the US Navy's might. It was a privilege to command such a vessel.

Rear Admiral Isaac Campbell Kidd (right) was equally proud of the *Arizona*, as well as rest of the Pacific Fleet. A career Naval officer, Rear Admiral Kidd was commander of Battleship Division 1. Both officers were aboard the *Arizona* on the morning of December 7, 1941. Neither had any inkling of what was about to occur. No one could have imagined that on this day the heavens would rain death upon not only the *Arizona*, but upon the entire Island of Oahu in the Paradise of her homeport.

When the first wave of Japanese airplanes swooped down on battleship row, no one was overly concerned. Most of the men on the ground or in the ships in the harbor mistook them for American aircraft. Even when the first bombs began hitting the water it was more logical to assume that some kind of practice drill was occurring than to believe that the Pacific Fleet was under attack from a country 4,000 miles away.

When American airplanes parked on the runways at Ford Island and nearby Hickam airfield began exploding where they sat, when balls of fire mushroomed across the skies from hits on the *Utah* and *Raleigh* on the northwest side of Ford Island, and as flaming oil poured from the ruptured sides of the *Oklahoma* and *West Virginia* on battleship row, any doubts about what was occurring vanished.

Both Rear Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh quickly command of the increasingly dangerous situation from the bridge of their impressive battleship. From their position at anchor behind the *Nevada* and inboard of the repair ship *Vestal* they couldn't yet see the pool of oil spilling from the ruptured sides of the *Oklahoma* and *West Virginia*. Within seconds however, they knew Pearl Harbor was under attack. They knew for they heard the scream of Japanese Val dive-bombers swooping down on the *Arizona*. From distances as close as twenty feet above the decks the Japanese pilots began unleashing their warheads. The *USS Arizona* quivered with their impact.



Frantically sailors aboard the *Arizona* manned the big guns, only to find that there was no ammunition. In 1941 the American Navy was at peace with the world, expecting no reason for armaments other than training rounds. While the bombs crashed on deck and as Japanese zeroes dove in to strafe the running sailors with their lethal machine-guns, determined men ran below deck to retrieve ammunition from the *Arizona's* magazines. Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh stood their post though fully exposed on the bridge, taking reports, directing resistance, and trying to restore order in unbelievable chaos.

In the wardroom below deck Captain Samuel Fuqua had just finished breakfast when the first sounds of air raid sirens reached his ears. He phoned the bridge to learn what had happened, but no one answered. Quickly he headed topside, expecting to find some kind of practice drill in progress. When he emerged from the hatch, he heard the sounds of incoming aircraft, not necessarily an unexpected noise for a practice drill. Then the *Arizona* shook with the force of several violent explosions, throwing Captain Fuqua against the metal deck of his ship. Suddenly his world went black.

When Captain Fuqua regained consciousness, he found himself lying next to the ragged edges of a gaping hole in the *Arizona's* deck. Debris was everywhere, smoke filled the skies, and there were cries of agony all around. For the first time he heard the sounds of return fire as a few of the battleship's big guns started firing back at the invading aerial armada. He picked himself up and continued towards the bridge where Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh were trying save their ship and its crew. Across the litter-strewn deck he could see wounded sailors, many of them blinded as they emerged from below. In the chaos men in pain were running for the railings, intent on plunging into the water below. More rational comrades were forced to knock many of them unconscious to keep them from leaping to what would have been certain death. All around the *Arizona* the waters burned with the searing heat of a blast furnace. Even the metal bulkhead of battleship itself was becoming too hot to touch.

Captain Fuqua heard the roar of more enemy planes diving on the *Arizona* and witnessed the bombs raining from high above. One struck the *Arizona* next to the bridge, penetrating the deck to explode amid a million and a half pounds of gunpowder in the forward magazine. The bridge vaporized along with Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh. The battleship itself was broken in half.

Captain Fuqua looked towards the place where the bridge had stood moments before. He knew that Rear Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh had vanished into eternity. He also knew that the *Arizona* too, was beyond salvation. Quickly he assumed command and gave the order to abandon ship. Then he began moving through the fires that burned all about to find what few survivors might remain. Calmly and deliberately he set to the task of seeing the wounded loaded on lifeboats to ferry them to shore. Less than 300 of the ship's crew survived, most of them wounded and many burned beyond recognition.

Captain Fuqua refused to give in to the fires and explosions that were consuming the *Arizona* until he had reached and rescued all who could be found. Finally, he boarded the last life raft to Ford Island. As he looked back the *Arizona* finally slipped beneath the sea, taking with it the bodies of more than 1,000 American sailors and Marines.

USS Vestal

The repair ship *Vestal* was moored between the *Arizona* and Ford Island and had already been taking its own share of hits from the enemy bombs. Standing exposed on its deck was Commander Cassin Young, ordering resistance and seeking to organize his crew. The violence of the explosion on the *USS Arizona* was so intense more than 100 crewmen on the nearby *Vestal* were thrown into the air and hurled into the oil-covered waters of Pearl Harbor. Commander Cassin Young was among them.

Immediate panic set it. The *Vestal* appeared to be done for with water flowing into the engine room from an earlier bomb hit. Bulkheads bowed and buckled inward. The ship's commander vaporized along with 100 others in the explosion that destroyed the *Arizona* and Japanese airplanes kept coming. In a last-ditch effort to save the crew the ship's executive officer issued the order to abandon.

Men were streaming over the sides when an apparition clambered aboard. His uniform drenched with water and his entire body covered with oil, the figure presented an eerie sight standing completely exposed on the *Vestal's* gangplank. "Where the hell do you men think you are going?" shouted the voice of Commander Cassin Young. Unbelievably he not only survived the blast that hurtled him into the air but also the flaming waters of Pearl Harbor. Determinedly he swam back to save his ship. Looking down at the water, now filled with crewmen who were racing towards shore, he shouted, "Come back here! You're not going to abandon ship on me yet!" Then he strolled the litter-strewn deck, heedless of enemy strafing and bombardment. "All hands back to your battle stations and prepare to get under way," he shouted.

Normal steam pressure for moving the *Vestal* was 250 pounds. Damaged pipes spewed hot steam into the air and only 50 pounds of pressure could be achieved. On this day, it was enough. Mooring lines to the doomed *Arizona* were cut and slowly, miraculously, the *Vestal* moved into open water under the fearless guidance of Commander Cassin Young. Two tugs were commandeered to help the stricken vessel continue its escape from the burning *Arizona*, but water continued to pour in and it was apparent that the *Vestal* was sinking. To prevent the loss, Commander Young ran his ship aground on a coral reef at Aiea. The *Vestal* would sail again, after some repair work, thanks to its fearless skipper's sheer guts and determination.

Just four months after the attack at Pearl Harbor the *USS Vestal* was well on its road to recovery. On April 18, 1942 Admiral Chester W. Nimitz was piped aboard the repaired Pearl Harbor veteran to present the Medal of Honor to Commander Cassin Young.

The following November as commander of the *USS San Francisco*, Captain Cassin Young was killed in action during the Naval battle of Guadalcanal. He was buried at sea.

Captain Samuel Fuqua received his Medal of Honor March 19, 1942, one month before Cassin Young. Fuqua served a full Naval career, retiring as a rear admiral in 1953. He died on January 27, 1987 at the age of 87 and is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Posthumous Medals of Honor were awarded to Rear Admiral Kidd and Captain Van Valkenburgh. The citation for their award is a simple one, recognizing them for discharging their duties courageously. So simple a citation could easily have been applied to many other sailors on that day. Perhaps in its own way, just as the *Arizona* came to memorialize the sacrifice of all Naval personnel on December 7, 194, the Medals of Honor awarded its top commanders can memorialize the valor of all the other sailors and Marines at Pearl Harbor at Pearl Harbor as well.

Doing the Impossible

The element of surprise had served the first wave of Japanese aircraft well. Within 20 minutes of the initial attack, all of the big battleships of the Pacific Fleet had suffered devastating losses. On the ground at Ford Island, Kaneohe Bay and Hickam Field, little was left of America's air power. Slowly, in that first half hour, the Americans at Pearl Harbor began to recover enough to arm their guns and begin firing back. Shortly before 8:30 the first wave of enemy planes turned north to return to their carriers, leaving Pearl Harbor in smoking ruin.

Five major American air stations were scattered across the island of Oahu including the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe Bay and the smaller Marine Air Station at Ewa. The bulk of America's air presence in the Pacific was located at Wheeler Field near Schofield Barracks in the center of the island and at Hickam Field located between Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. In addition, there was the new Bellows Airfield on the island's southeast coastline. In all, these five fields were home to some 400 aircraft on the morning of December 7, 1941; and all were priority targets for Japanese Commander Mitsuo Fuchida's first wave of 183 fighter planes and torpedo bombers.

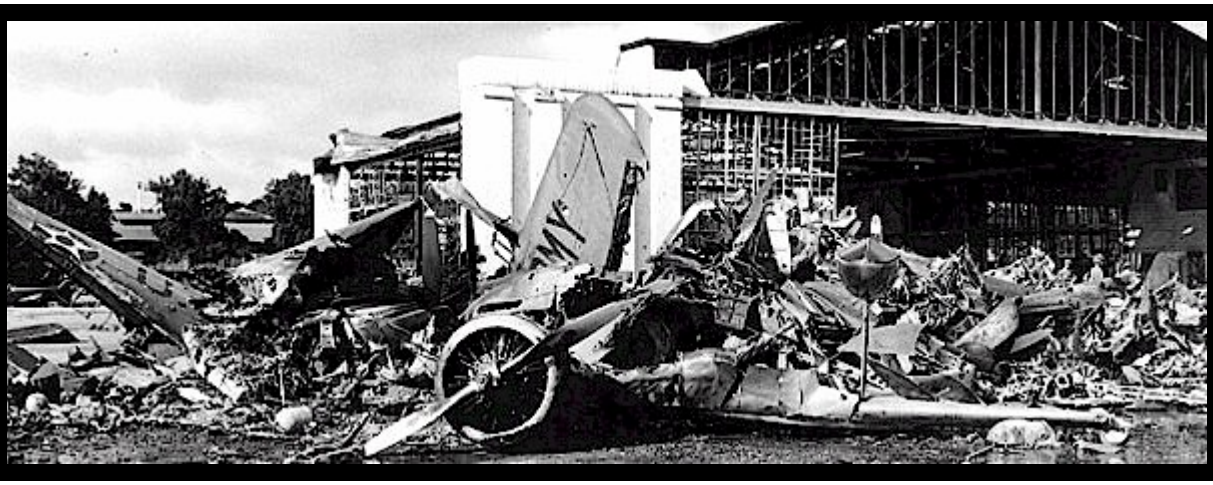
When the first wave approached the north end of Oahu from the carriers just 200 miles away, the invaders split up to attack in all directions. One flight peeled off towards the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe Bay where John Finn determinedly fought back. Despite his courage, and similar valiant efforts by others at Kaneohe Bay, within minutes twenty-six PBYs were destroyed where they sat and six more were severely damaged. Only three planes (out on a morning patrol) survived the attack of that first wave.

Six Zeroes from an enemy flight that skirted the coastline to attack Pearl Harbor from the west peeled off as they passed the Marine Air Station at Ewa to strafe the fields. Of forty-eight aircraft based there, thirty-three US Marine Corps fighter airplanes were destroyed or damaged.

Almost before the first bombs fell on the American ships around Ford Island, US Naval and Marine Corps aviation in the Pacific had been reduced by half. The damage was even worse for the Army Air Forces.

The threat of sabotage was far greater than the threat of attack at Pearl Harbor late in 1941, and to minimize this risk the Army Air Force Commander Lieutenant General Walter C. Short had ordered his airplanes to be neatly parked in highly visible rows away from the hangers. At 7:51 a.m. Japanese aircraft descended on Wheeler Field and, four minutes later, other enemy aircraft simultaneously launched the assault on Pearl Harbor and nearby Hickam Field.

The bulk of the United States Army Air Force was destroyed on the ground. By the time the second wave of Fuchida's attack force arrived over Oahu perhaps as many as 20 American airplanes had risen to the defense. It was a feeble attempt to preserve what remained. When the sun set over the Hawaiian Islands on December 7, 1941, of nearly 230 Army aircraft assigned to duty in the Pacific, 64 were destroyed and 82 were damaged. More than 500 airmen were either killed or wounded.



The one hundred eighty-three Japanese airplanes that attacked Oahu in the first wave on may have ruled the skies, but they were not unchallenged. Even as Major Landon dropped from his cloud cover into the exploding skies below, American pilots were responding. By the time Landon's B-17 taxied to a stop amid a hail of bullets and bombs, daring fighter pilots were climbing into any available and undamaged airplanes to respond.

Lieutenant Philip Rasmussen was still in his pajamas when he raced across Wheeler Field in the center of Hawaii and climbed into to his aging P-36 fighter. Ground crews were rushing around to arm the few planes that had survived the initial onslaught. Ammunition had been locked up in storage, and the process took considerable time. During this delay bombs continued to fall on the airfields and the parked airplanes on the tarmac continued to explode.

Climbing quickly to 9,000 feet, Lieutenant Rasmussen managed to shoot down one Zero before his own aging fighter was raked with bullets. With two 20mm cannon shells buried in the radio behind him and without rudder, brakes or tail wheel, he managed to get back Wheeler Field.

In the confusion the 45th Pursuit Group squadron operations officer Lieutenant Gordon Sterling grabbed the first available plane. Whipping his watch from his wrist he handed it to the crew chief and said, *"Give this to my mother! I'm not coming back!"* Then he was airborne, engaged with enemy fighters...and then gone. When Pearl Harbor survivors held their 60th reunion in 2001 Lieutenant Sterling was still counted among the missing, the first such airman of World War II.

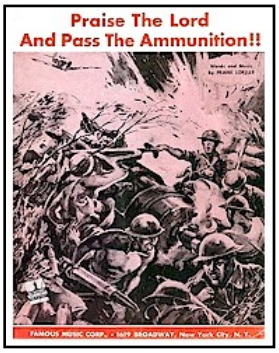
When the smoke cleared, not only was the Navy's Battleship Row awash in flame and debris, so too was every major airfield in Hawaii. The enemy had struck with complete surprise, throwing 360 airplanes in two waves at the Hawaiian Island. American airmen rose in that early morning to meet the surprise, just as they would rise to repeated challenges in the years to come. One hundred and eleven Japanese airplanes were damaged in the battle, twenty of them beyond repair. Five young Army Air Force pilots including the pajama-clad Lieutenant Rasmussen shot down nine enemy aircraft. Second Lieutenant George Welch scored an impressive four victories. Both men were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the first Air Force heroes of World War II.

L-R: 2Lt Harry Brown (1), 2LT Philip Rasmussen (1), 2Lt Kenneth Taylor (2), 2Lt George Welch (4), 1Lt Lewis Sanders (1)

USS Shaw

The respite lasted for only a brief fifteen minutes before the second wave of nearly 200 Japanese bombers, torpedo planes, and Zeroes swooped in to finish whatever remained from the first wave's attack. Battleships already struggling to stay afloat sustained new damage, and as quickly as fires were extinguished in one area, bombs and torpedoes from the fresh wave of enemy planes caused new eruptions, fires, and death. The *Vestal* struggled to free itself from the doomed *Arizona*, and the *Oklahoma* nearly pinned the *Tennessee* to the ground as it rolled over in the finality of death. In a huge ball of fire, the *USS Shaw* literally blew apart. But above the din, new sounds emerged with greater frequency. American sailors and Marines were fighting back. As their ships bucked and swayed with hit after hit, as Zeroes strafed open positions and gun emplacements, and as the metal of many decks heated almost beyond tolerance, resistance mounted.

Every man, regardless of rank or physical condition, took it upon himself to fight the enemy. Navy Steward Dorie Miller had never been trained in the use of a machine gun, but that didn't stop him from grabbing the first one available and shooting back at the incoming airplanes. The Black Naval Steward shot down one enemy invader and became a symbol of the resistance of that day. He was ultimately awarded the Navy Cross.



Aboard the *USS Maryland* Captain Carter turned to Commander Fitzgerald on the bridge and said, "We can't do much good up here. Let's go down to the guns and give them a hand." Minutes later the two officers stood shoulder to shoulder with their enlisted sailors to man the anti-aircraft batteries.

On the cruiser *New Orleans* Chaplain Howell Fogey pitched in, passing ammunition forward to keep the guns operating. When one Jap plane was hit and began its fiery drop from the sky, he turned to grasp the next armful with what would become one of the great quotes of the day, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." (When news of that impromptu remark reached the homeland, Frank Loesser immortalized it in a popular song.)

Though only a small number of Japanese airplanes were actually shot down, each flaming Zero was a moral victory badly needed by the Americans.

USS California

Anchored a short distance behind the other battleships was the *USS California*, a ship considered to be behind not only at anchor but in its readiness for war. Other sailors joked that the *California* couldn't pass an admiral's inspection. On a day full of the unexpected more men aboard the *California* would earn Medals of Honor than those of any other ship. The big guns of the *California* were firing back when enemy planes targeted her and strafed her decks with bullets.

Machinist's Mate First Class Robert R. Scott was assigned to work in a compartment containing the ship's air compressor. In his duty station he suddenly felt the *California* tremble when an enemy torpedo ripped through her side. Water rushed into the gaping hole in her hull, cascading into the compartment where Scott was working. Above he could hear that, despite the severe damage to the *California*, the big anti-aircraft guns were still firing. The flooding in the compartment was swift and dangerous and other crewmembers turned to flee to safety, urging Scott to follow them. He replied, "This is my station and I will stay and give them air (the men above) as long as the guns are going." The guns kept going, Scott kept supplying air, and the water continued to flood the ship. Machinist's Mate Robert Scott died at his post.

Radio Electrician Thomas Reeves felt the tremor when the *California* took its fatal hit. The damage destroyed the mechanized hoists that moved ammunition from below deck to the huge guns that were firing back at the invading Japanese. Quickly the 45-year old career Navy man started passing ammunition by hand, up the corridor to the big guns. Fire erupted and smoke filled the hot corridor, but Reeves refused to give up his post and leave the anti-aircraft guns without a steady supply of ammunition. Sweating with exertion, fighting back any fear or concern for himself, he continued to pass ammunition until the smoke and fire in the corridor stole the last signs of life from his body. He died two days before his 46th birthday.

Ensign Herbert Charpoit Jones organized and led a crew of men in a similar ammunition supply effort for the anti-aircraft battery. Just six days earlier he had celebrated his 23rd birthday. It would be his last. As he directed the chain of ammunition towards the guns, another bomb exploded seriously injuring the young man from the same state for which his ship was named. Fire broke out in the compartment where his battered body lay, and deadly smoke quickly filled every air space. Two sailors bent to recover the body of the wounded officer. It was a valiant act spawned by the desire to save their Ensign before seeking safety their selves. Ensign Charpoit knew he was dying… knew their efforts might only cost them their own lives. Gritting his teeth against the horrible pain he ordered, "Leave me alone! I am done for. Get out of here before the magazines go off."

The *California* rocked with hit after hit as bombs and torpedoes shook the mighty battleship. The pounding was too great and inches-thick steel peeled back like tin foil, opening vast wounds and admitting a rush of briny water from the harbor. She was obviously doomed and sinking fast.

Those above deck and able to move leaped into the oily waters in a desperate attempt to escape the inferno and swim for shore. Hundreds remained trapped beneath her sinking deck, trying desperately to find a way topside and escape what was rapidly becoming a tomb. Many men below were seriously injured from the earlier explosions and unable to walk or even to craw to safety. For them there was little hope for salvation.

Lieutenant Jackson Pharris was leading an ordnance repair party on the third deck when the first torpedo hit the *California*. The explosion was directly below him and hurled his body into the air to crash hard on the metal deck. The Lieutenant was badly wounded but somehow struggled to his feet to organize the passing of ammunition up to the guns. Water and oil continued to rush into the ship where the port bulkhead had been torn apart by the explosion. The heat of the fires was intense and acrid smoke quickly damaged human lungs. Despite his pain and heedless of the dangers around him, Lieutenant Pharris continued to direct the effort to maintain a hand-supply train of ammunition to the guns. It was evident that the *California* was sinking but her crew was going down still fighting back.

When the demise of the *California* was beyond doubt and there was nothing left to use to fire back at the enemy Lieutenant Pharris refused to escape when there was any man he might save. Repeatedly he ran into flooded compartments to rescue unconscious sailors and drag them to safety. Twice he was overcome by smoke and fell unconscious. Each time, upon regaining consciousness, he fought back the pain of his wounds to return for more injured sailors. His example inspired panicky men around him, motivating them to not only try and get out themselves, but to render life-saving assistance to their comrades.

When at last *California* sank into the mud of the harbor her crew had given a grand account in her final moments of service. Of fifteen Medals of Honor awarded for heroism at Pearl Harbor on that *Day of Infamy*, four went to men of the *USS California*—more than any other ship in the harbor.

USS Nevada

The *USS Nevada* was the northernmost ship on battleship row, just ahead of the *Arizona*. It promised to be an easy day for the crew. The ship's commander and executive officer had gone ashore leaving the junior officers in charge. Some of the men were planning a tennis tournament later in the day, others were preparing for a swim at the nearby beach at Aiea Landing. Moments before the first Japanese planes appeared over the harbor much of the crew had gathered for the 8:00 A.M. presentation of the colors. When the first enemy planes dove on the American ships the men aboard *Nevada* held their ranks while the last notes of the National Anthem sounded. Then they broke formation to head for their guns.

Below the ship's deck Warrant Machinist Donald Kirby Ross had just finished shaving. December 7th was the prelude to a special day, his birthday. Tomorrow the young man who had been born in Kansas, moved about from various foster homes during his early life, and then enlisted in the Navy in Colorado would be thirty-one years old. His world, after an often-harsh childhood, was looking brighter. The Navy had become a wonderful home and ashore he had a girlfriend waiting for him. Helen was a student at the local university and the two had been dating and falling in love. When the first sounds of warfare reached Ross, he ran to the forward dynamo room. This was his duty station, an area he knew well. The dynamo rooms contained the controls for large electrical generators that kept the battleship running, that fed power to the guns, and that illuminated the darkened corridors below deck. If something were amiss his ship would need power. If there was an emergency the *Nevada* might need power to get underway.

"Getting underway" was an impossible dream for all the big ships at Pearl Harbor that December 7th morning, one of the single largest factors in the extent of destruction they suffered. It takes a long time to fire the huge boilers that power a battleship, often hours to build up the steam necessary to turn the big screws that propelled them into battle…or away from a massacre. To make matters even more difficult, such large ships usually require the assistance of at least two (and often as many as four) tugboats to maneuver in the confines of a harbor.

Fortunately for the *Nevada*, two of its boilers were fired up that day. Normally they could not quickly get up enough steam to move the ship out of harm's way, but that did not keep the junior officers aboard from giving it their best efforts. While the nearby *Arizona* was exploding in flames and as bombs ripped into metal all across battleship row, Chief Boatswain's Mate Edwin Hill gathered a crew to head for the wharf to which *Nevada* was tethered. Below deck Donald Ross and his crew were feeding electricity to power a *"run for it"*. Above, Zeroes swooped low to spray the deck and wharf with leaden death. Ignoring the danger, Hill succeeded in reaching his pier and casting off the mooring lines. While the second wave of enemy made its run on the ships now dead in the water, the *Nevada* was pulling away.

BMC Hill would not let his ship leave without him. He jumped from the pier and swam to the *Nevada* to help direct its escape.

Below deck, Machinist Ross continued to supply the power needed to move the battleship. Amazingly, under the guidance of only junior officers only and without assistance from any of the harbor's tugs, the big battleship was steaming away from the immediate area of danger and towards the open water. It was an unexpected sight--a thrilling sight--and a badly needed ray of hope in a day that was otherwise devoid of anything to celebrate.

The *Nevada*, despite its valiant escape, was a badly battered warship. Water poured through large holes and she was moving under a very limited amount of power. Halfway to open seas it became apparent the battleship would never reach safety. The young officers steered her towards the shoreline, hoping to settle her in shallow water where she could continue to fight and survive the damage already done.

Suddenly the current caught the ship, wresting control from the navigators, and turning it completely around. BMC Hill rushed forward to drop anchor and keep the ship from being crushed against the rocks. Enemy planes screamed from the sky and three bombs landed near the bow.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Edwin Hill vanished into eternity in their explosion.

More bombs rained from heaven, several landing directly on the huge battleship itself. One even penetrated and exploded through its stack. The force of that explosion was felt throughout the struggling *Nevada*, and the heat and smoke it generated whipped through the ship's ventilation system with hurricane force.

In the forward dynamo room Donald Ross was standing below one of the air ducts and took the blast full in his face. The searing heat blinding him. Acrid and deadly smoke poured into the small room. It was the kind of smoke that could quickly render a man unconscious and inflict permanent lung damage...even agonizing death. Don Ross ordered everyone out. To remain longer would be to die. But Ross also knew that unless someone manned the all-important power station the ship would lose power and all ability to fight back.

Power could be shifted to the aft dynamo room but that would take some time. Alone in the smoke-filled room he ordered the power switch, then struggled to remain conscious long enough to accomplish the transfer. It would take about 15 minutes to complete.

Throughout that period Don Ross made the necessary adjustments and flipped the required switches to give the aft dynamo room control of the ship’s electrical demands. All the while he maintained communications with the men in that compartment by phone. When the job was almost finished the phone went dead. Ross had remained conscious long enough to do his job, then collapsed. The final tasks of securing the forward dynamo room, shutting it down after the transfer of power, were uncompleted and Ross was either unconscious or dead.

Sailors rushed below and pulled the barely alive body of Donald Ross from the room. Corpsmen did their best to revive him but there were more problems as well. The forward dynamo room had still not been secured and the temperature inside was reaching 140 degrees. Slowly Ross regained consciousness. Then, despite the efforts of his fellow sailors to restrain him and despite the fact that he was blind, he braved the heat to feel his way back inside to secure the forward dynamo room. When he was at last finished, he allowed himself to be helped to the deck where for the first time he could breathe fresh air.

When the battle ended the ships still burned. Ross told no one about his blindness, bluffing his way through organizing a cleanup on the *Nevada*. Then word came that smoke was filling the aft dynamo room. No one could restrain Donald Ross from heading below, slowly feeling his way through the corridor to rescue the men still in there. Moments later he emerged, his lungs filled again with the deadly chemical smoke. Over his shoulders he carried the prostrate body of a rescued sailor. It was finally too much for his badly abused body. As he carried his shipmate the last steps to safety Donald Ross collapsed to the deck, blind and unconscious.

When the smoke slowly cleared around the harbor the *USS Nevada* sat beached at Hospital Point. Everything below deck was filled with seawater but the ship was still upright, and salvageable. She would

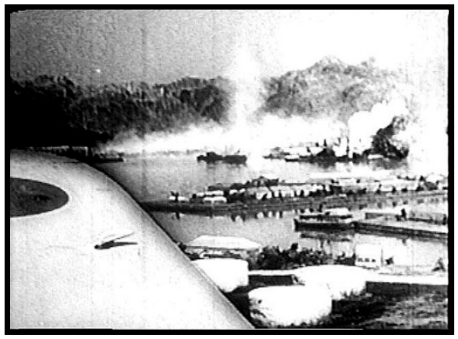
fight again, all because of the courage and leadership of junior officers, men like BMC Edwin Hill, and a Machinist who always found enough strength to get the job at hand done.

Posthumous awards of the Medal of Honor were made to Warrant Officer Thomas Reeves, Machinist's Mate First Class Robert Scott, and Ensign Herbert Jones of the *USS California*. Ensign Jackson Charles Pharris recovered from his wounds and lived to have the Medal of Honor hung around his neck. He retired from the Navy as a Lieutenant Commander and died on October 17, 1966 at the age of 54.

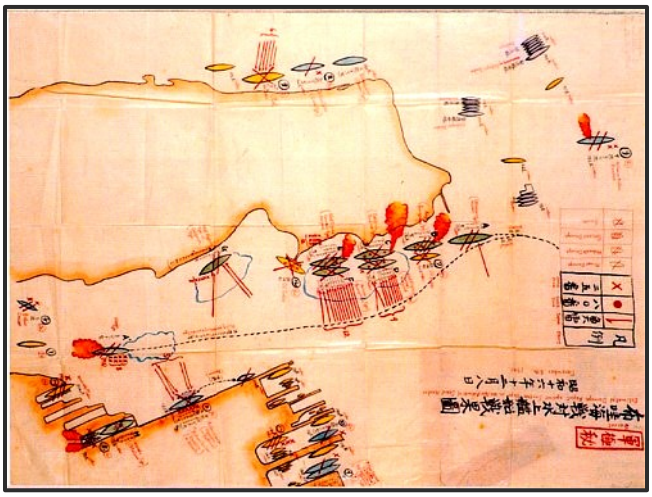
For his valiant efforts to save the *USS Nevada*, Chief Boatswain's Mate Edwin Hill was also posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor. The battleship was salvaged four months later the *USS Nevada* sailed out of Pearl Harbor under her own power for Bremerton, Washington. There she was rebuilt and returned to action in the Pacific in 1943.

Rising From the Ashes

By 9:45 A.M., less than two hours after the first wave had commenced the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, the pilots of the second wave had finished their job and turned to fly back to their carriers north of the island. In their wake they left Pearl Harbor in ruin, black smoke filling the blue sky. The surface of the harbor's normally calm waters was covered with a thick layer of burning oil.

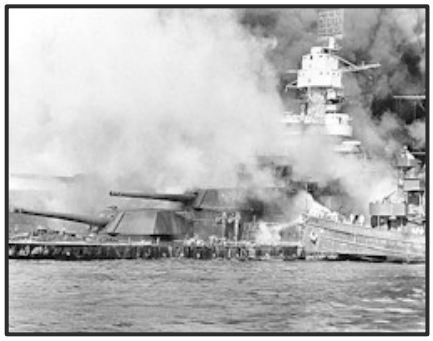


The *USS Arizona* was a total loss, still burning with only a small portion of the bridge appearing above the water's surface. The *Oklahoma* had capsized to port, sinking into the mud of the harbor "bottom-up" and carrying more than 400 men to a watery grave. Likewise, the *California* sank at its moorings, 100 sailors and Marines dying with their ship. Commander Mitsuo Fuchida, who had led the raid, returned to Japan a hero. Below is the map he presented to Emperor Hirohito in his after-action report. The long red arrows show the torpedo strikes. One slash indicates minor damage. Three slashes represent major damage. An "X" marks those ships that were sunk.



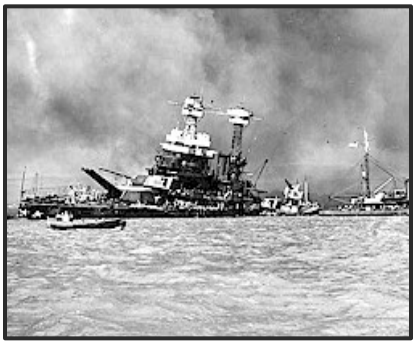
Fire crews worked feverishly to extinguish the flames around the *Tennessee*. The big battleship's guns had fought throughout most of the nearly two-hour battle, and her engines were at last running. But the *USS West Virginia* listed heavily, pinning the giant battleship against the two concrete quays to which *Tennessee* was moored. Unable to move, the *Tennessee* was trapped and surrounded by a burning sea in addition to the fires aboard ship from damage sustained in the battle. Because the *Tennessee* was one of the least damaged however, the wounded were taken to her galley where emergency treatment was being administered on every table.

Nearby the *USS Maryland* had suffered similar serious damage, but was still afloat. Next to her was the upturned hull of the *USS Oklahoma,* the giant warship now a total loss. Despite later salvage attempts she would never sail again. The *USS Pennsylvania* in dry dock nearby was also damaged, but would sail again. Incredibly so would the *USS California* which was raised from a sunken position that left little showing but her superstructure at the end of the day on December 7.



USS Tennessee & USS West Virginia

USS Maryland & USS Oklahoma



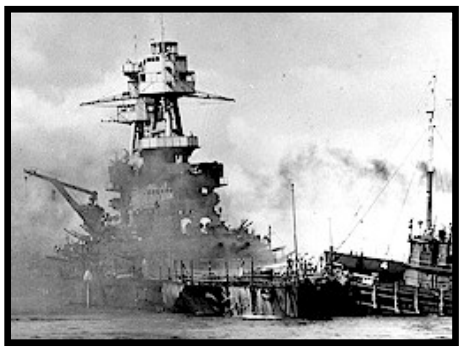
USS California

On the northwest side of Ford Island, the *USS Utah* had sunk upside down; its mast digging into the mud to keep the barnacle-covered hull above water. Inside were trapped the bodies of 54 men. Survivors huddled in trenches a short distance away on the island.

As the din of battle quieted between waves of enemy airplanes, two of the survivors on nearby Ford Island heard tapping from inside the over-turned hull. Machinist Stanley Semanski and Chief Machinist Mate Terry Mac Selwiney realized someone had survived and was trapped in an air pocket. From the nearby *USS Raleigh* they obtained a cutting torch and returned to the *Utah* ship to locate the exact point of the noise's origin. On the other side of the thick metal Fireman Second Class Jack Vaessen struggled to remain conscious in a pocket of stale air. He used the last of his ebbing strength to beat on the hull with a wrench. When at last the torch cut through metal, he saw daylight. Several hands reached into the upturned hull and pulled him to safety. His was the first such rescue at Pearl Harbor that day.

Six additional sailors were similarly rescued from the overturned *USS Oklahoma* later in the afternoon. On December 8 as the rescue efforts continued, two groups of eleven and thirteen men each were pulled to safety from holes cut in the hull of the *Oklahoma*. Sadly, when the big battleship was righted, raised and towed into dry dock six months later, the bodies of 20 more sailors were found inside. Scratches on the bulkhead showed that some had survived for two weeks while awaiting the rescuers who were never able to reach them.

The badly damaged *Nevada* was aground near Hospital Point, water filling its metal hull. She had made a valiant run to escape the inferno at Battleship Row before being intentionally grounded to keep her from sinking. After repairs the valiant *Nevada* would return to the war to serve in both theaters. She was one of the Navy ships that supported the D-Day invasion at Normandy in June 1944.

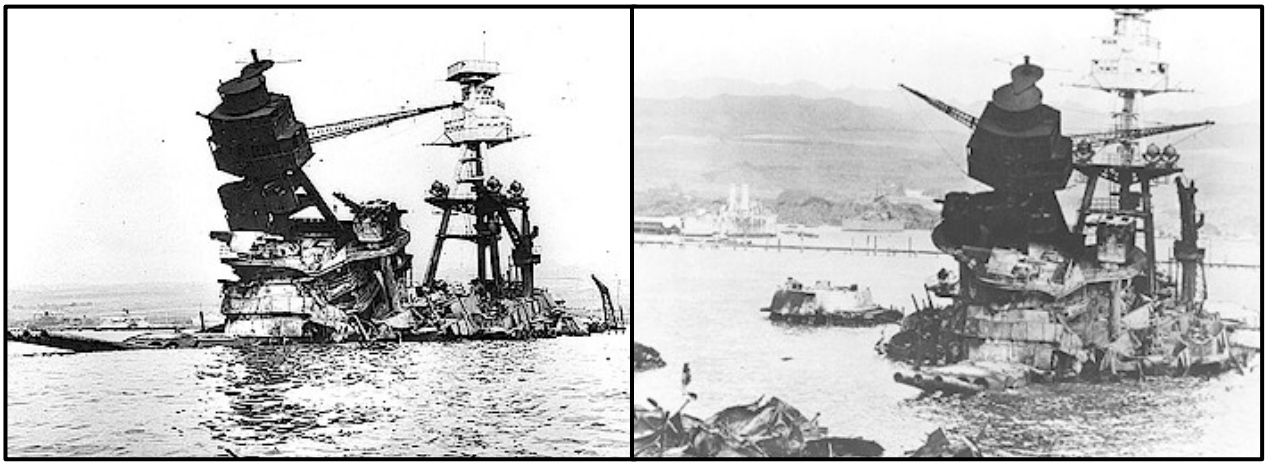


In her old age the *Nevada* was assigned the inglorious role of target ship, a task similar to that of the *USS Utah* prior to the attack at Pearl Harbor. On July 31, 1948, US Navy submarines and aircraft finally did what the Japanese had failed to do a Pearl Harbor. The aging and worn battleship were intentionally sunk off the coast of Hawaii.

The repair ship *USS Vestal* was also aground at Aiea Landing, an area where crewmembers from the *Nevada* had planned on an afternoon swim before their world was turned upside down. Throughout the harbor other American ships sat in ruin, smoldering into the night sky. In addition to the loss of all seven battleships on Battleship Row, the damage to the dry-docked battleship *Pennsylvania,* and the total loss of the battleship-turned-target-ship *USS Utah,* six cruisers were damaged along with four destroyers. Among the hardest hit were the destroyers *USS Cassin* and *USS Downes*. Both were brutalized beyond salvation. Only a few parts were salvaged from their ruin to help the Navy rebuild other ships.

Beyond a doubt however, the saddest and most shocking sight at Pearl Harbor was the burning hulk of the pride of the Pacific Fleet, the *USS Arizona*. The fatal blow that had crashed through the warship's decks to penetrate and ignite the forward magazines had struck with such force that few men were able to find shelter or safety. She sank quickly, precluding any opportunity for escape except for a very few fortunate survivors. On December 7, 1941 a total of 1,511 sailors were assigned duty on the *Arizona.* Only 334 survived the *Day of Infamy*. As many as 945 went down with their ship and remain entombed within to this day. (One hundred and twenty-four members of the crew are buried as "Unknowns" at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific.)

Though mostly submerged from the gaping hole where a Japanese bomb had split her in half, fires from the *USS Arizona* burned into the night and through the days afterward.



USS Arizona (BB-39)

When the sun finally went down on *The Day of Infamy*, the sky continued to be lit by the fires across the harbor. Sailors worked into the darkness fighting fires and seeking for survivors, all the while preparing defenses in the event of another attack.

There would be no second attack, just as there would be all too few survivors to rescue. The surprise at Pearl Harbor had been complete...and deadly. In addition to the sinking of 21 ships in the harbor, on the ground nearly 200 planes had been destroyed where they were parked. The most tragic loss, however, was the loss of life. More than 2,400 Americans were killed including 2,003 sailors, 108 Marines, 239 Army personnel, and 54 civilians. In addition, 960 more Americans were missing; well over one thousand were wounded.

When the sun rose on the morning of December 8 the smoke had begun to clear. Across the harbor the devastation could be seen: the sunken *West Virginia* pinning the *Tennessee* to shore, the upturned hull of *Utah*, and the tangled wreckage of the *USS Arizona*. In Washington, DC President Franklin D. Roosevelt appeared before Congress to address the American public by radio. He referred to the unprovoked attack on Pearl Harbor as "a date which will live in infamy." It took less than 7 minutes for Congress to respond with a declaration of war against Japan.

The image of a battle torn flag flying over the devastation of Pearl Harbor became a symbol of our Nation's grief. It also galvanized the American people to a cause, the struggle to meet aggression in the Pacific and crush it. No one had to call for volunteers; across American young men stood in line to volunteer their services to the American cause.

At Kaneohe Bay the sailors buried their dead, complete with the traditional Hawaiian good-bye lei. Then they set about the task of rebuilding.

At Pearl Harbor rescue parties and salvage crews worked around the clock. It required a monumental effort with everyone working beyond the point of exhaustion and pausing only when another body was brought past the work area. The brief pause was a final salute of respect to men who had given everything they had on a day of unimaginable horror and death.

The effort also demanded the highest degree of leadership from the more experienced of the Navy's senior enlisted men and officers. For two and a half days one Warrant Machinist sat on the dock directing the rescue and clean-up operations. Speaking into a phone from time to time and issuing orders as necessary, he helped to bring order to the chaos around him. He never strayed far from his station...he couldn't... for he was blind. It was Warrant Machinist Donald Kirby Ross of the *USS Nevada*.

Though sent to shore for treatment after collapsing the second time, he refused to seek aid for himself. Instead he stubbornly persisted in seeing that the rebirth of the Navy's Pacific Fleet in those first critical hours proceeded. His lack of eyesight didn't keep him from continuing to serve as a seasoned leader. Only when he was recognized by two officers from the *Nevada* and given a direct order to see a doctor did the intrepid sailor report to an aid station.

Despite the incredible damage suffered at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the Pacific Fleet rose from the ashes to valiantly meet the Japanese throughout the western seas.

The *USS Utah* and the *USS Arizona* were beyond salvage and were left where they fell, a permanent reminder to future generation of the high price of freedom.

Attempts were made to salvage the *USS Oklahoma*, but they were unsuccessful. After being righted, raised and moved a short distance, she sank beyond recovery. All of the other ships were ultimately raised, repaired, and returned to service.

Slowly, Warrant Machinist Donald Ross began recovering his eyesight. On December 17 his vision still somewhat blurry but he returned to his station on the *USS Nevada* which was undergoing repairs. On January 7, 1941, just one month after the attack, Don married his girlfriend Helen. On April 18, 1942 Admiral Chester W. Nimitz presented Don Ross with the Medal of Honor. Don retired from the Navy as a captain in 1956 and settled with Helen in their comfortable home on Puget Sound in Washington.

Many of Don Ross' post-retirement days were spent speaking to children in schools, reminding those who guard America's future that, as President George Washington once said, "If we desire peace, it must be known at all times that we are ready for war."

John Finn and Don Ross

On May 27, 1992 Donald Kirby Ross passed away. After cremation, his ashes were scattered at sea over the final resting spot of the *USS Nevada*. His widow Helen Ross has done much to remind America of heroes like her late husband, authoring several stories and books about Medal of Honor recipients.

The Memorials

The *USS Arizona* memorial was proposed as early as 1943 and began taking shape with the Territory of Hawaii's establishment of the Pacific War Memorial Commission in 1949. In 1950 a flagpole was erected over the sunken ruins of the *USS Arizona.*

Work on the present memorial began in 1958 and it was dedicated in 1962. Designed by Alfred Preis, it is one of the most visited attractions in Hawaii. The memorial wall contains the names of all those lost on the *USS Arizona* on December 7, 1941.

Mr. Preis described its design by saying, *"Wherein the structure sags in the center but stands strong and vigorous at the ends, (it) expresses initial defeat and ultimate victory."*

On the north side of Ford Island is a lesser recognized and therefore less-visited memorial to the 58 sailors lost on the *USS Utah.* From the memorial walkway those who do visit can still see the overturned hull of the ship which still contains the bodies of 54 sailors and one infant girl.

The Pearl Harbor Memorial was dedicated in 1992 and rededicated after renovation in 1995. The memorial displays 12 eight-foot metal and glass illumintated columns. Eleven columns represent a ship sunk or damaged on December 7, 1941. The twelfth is for all those who risked and sacrificed so much on December 7, 1941

Located inside the Naval Station at Pearl Harbor, its focus is to remember not a single ship, but all who were lost as well as those who survived, the *Day of Infamy.*

The Heroes
Medal of Honor Recipients

Fifteen men received Medals of Honor for their heroic actions at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Only five of them survived their moment of valor, one of these dying in action 11 months later. Today only John Finn survives. He will celebrate his 94th birthday on July 24, 2003. We pray for his continued health. Too few real heroes remain.

Though only these fifteen men received our Nation's highest award, each would have been quick to point to the courage and valor of the many others who were heroes that day and whose deeds may have passed unnoticed and unheralded. In almost every community around our Nation there are still living survivors of that horrible day. As a nation we owe them much...our respect, our thanks, and our compassion. But, more than anything else, we owe it to these valiant men, never to forget the events of December 7, 1941. God bless America.


Mervyn Bennion


John Finn


Francis Flaherty


Samuel Fuqua


Edwin Hill


Herbert Jones


Isaac Kidd


Jackson Pharris


Thomas Reeves


Donald Ross


Robert Scott


Peter Tomich


Van Valkenburg

James Ward


Cassin Young

Epilogue
The Other Day of Infamy Attacks

Guam

When the attack began at Pearl Harbor it was 4 a.m. of December 8 at the isolated American outpost of Guam on the other side of the International Date Line. Less than five hours later the morning sun had risen on the strategic island that was home to 150 Marines and a few assorted Naval personnel. With the sunshine came waves of aircraft from the Japanese 18th Naval Air Unit based on Saipan. The badly outnumbered Americans and their small contingent of local Chamorro from the Guam Militia were nearly helpless. The island had no artillery, only a few machine guns, and virtually no shelter to escape the torrent of bombs that followed. Though the defenders held throughout the day, and even through the following day of continued bombardment, on December 10 Guam became the first American possession to fall into Japanese hands.

Wake Island

One-hour east of Guam is Wake Island, an isolated American outpost of strategic importance to the American presence in the Pacific. Prior to December 7 it was the only island in the region (it is actually three small islands) not under Japanese rule and control. Major James P.S. Devereux commanded 400 Marines in defending the position that consisted of a newly constructed airfield and a few bunkers. Four days earlier the carrier *Enterprise* had sailed in close enough to dispatch twelve F4F Wildcats under the command of Major Paul Putnam to fly patrols from the island. Then the big ship had turned for home. At 8 a.m. on December 7 the *Enterprise* was only 200 miles west of her homeport and had launched her Scouting Squadron 6 to land at Ewa Airfield. These flew unsuspecting into the maelstrom that was Pearl Harbor while the bombardment was in progress and engaged enemy aircraft in the final stages of the attack. Eleven men from the *Enterprise* were killed.

It was 6:00 a.m. on December 8 at Wake Island when the first bombs fell over Pearl Harbor, and Major Devereaux received word of the attack with his morning coffee. While he alerted his small shore defenses, Major Putnam and three Marine pilots began immediate patrols over the north side of the atoll. A rainsquall darkened skies to the south. It was nearing noon when 36 twin-engine Japanese bombers slipped through the storm to surprise Wake's defenders. The four airborne American pilots returned to meet the enemy in the air, but not before the Japanese destroyed seven of the twelve Wild Cats on the ground and damaged an eighth. The heavy bombardment further destroyed most of the aviation fuel and spare parts needed for the Marine flying squadron, now reduced to but four aircraft.

Despite the damage the 400 intrepid Leathernecks held on, determined to rebuff the enemy bombardment. Unknown to them at the time, even as the first bombs rained down on Wake Island, a large Japanese landing force was departing from Kwajalein to finish the job. They would arrive within three days. Amazingly even that invasion force was repulsed and the defenders of Wake Island became a source of hope

and inspiration to America. In their most desperate hours of a nearly three-week struggle for survival, when asked by radio what the Marines at Wake Island needed, they responded: *"Send us more Japs!"*

Despite such courage and determination, eventually the Japanese forces overwhelmed the atoll. Wake Island finally fell on December 23.

Asia

Further west it was daybreak along the China coast and the Japanese continued their onslaught with attacks on Peking, at a small Marine guard unit in Chinwangtao near Tientsin, at the port at Singapore, and elsewhere throughout the region. It was 9:00 a.m. in Tokyo, nearly midnight in Washington, D.C., and still early afternoon at Pearl Harbor. The Day of Infamy was still young, with even more bad news to follow.

The Philippine Islands

Word of the Pearl Harbor attack reached the Philippine Islands by commercial radio shortly after 3:00 a.m. (local time) on the morning of December 8. Due the time zones and the International Date Line, this announcement arrived even as the second wave of enemy planes were returning to the aircraft carriers from their deadly mission. Within half-an-hour the American radar station at Iba Field on the west coast of Luzon plotted a formation of airplanes approaching Corregidor at the mouth of Manila Bay from 75 miles offshore. Several American P40 fighters were airborne by 4:00 a.m. and flying to intercept. Blips on the radar screen at Iba showed the two forces engaging, though in fact the American pilots never saw the approaching force. Flying at over 20,000 feet, the Japanese bombers passed above the American fighters in the pre-dawn darkness.

The 7,000 Philippine Islands are located 5,000 miles from Hawaii but only 1,800 miles from Tokyo. Under American control since the Spanish-American War, in 1941 the Philippines comprised the westernmost American outpost and stood as the last natural barrier between Japan and the rich resources of the East and Southeast Asia. Nearly all of the surrounding islands were under Japanese rule and control, and since 1895 the Empire had ruled Formosa less than 600 miles to the north. In November 1941 the Japanese 11th Air Fleet moved its 300 aircraft to Formosa and immediately began intensive training for night bombing missions. The intent was clear; the Japanese were preparing to launch bombing raids on the Philippines Islands.

Most of the 17 million people scattered through the Philippines lived on one of the 11 largest islands, including the big island of Luzon. Luzon was home to the both capitol city of Manila and the headquarters of General Douglas MacArthur. In 1941 MacArthur's ground defenses numbered fewer than 25,000 trained soldiers, more than half of which were Philippine regulars or scouts. An irregular force of 100,000-reserve militia was in training, but on December 8, 1941, most were ill-equipped and unprepared for combat.

American naval presence in the south Pacific was small, consisting primarily of the heavy cruiser *USS Houston*, fewer than a dozen light cruisers, and two-dozen submarines. The real defense of the region was delegated to the Far East American Air Forces based on Luzon and the southern island of Mindanao. Though airfields were scattered across

Luzon, most of MacArthur's FEAAF was based near Manila. The force consisted of nearly 100 P-40 and P-35 fighters with squadrons consisting of eighteen fighters each at Iba, Clark, and Nichols Fields. Also based at Clark Field were nineteen of the FEAAF's 35 new Boeing B-17 bombers, with the remaining sixteen 500 miles south at Del Monte Airfield on the Island of Mindanao. The largest 4-engine bombing squadron in the world, these were capable of delivering destruction to Japanese positions not only on the surrounding islands, but also as far away as heavily fortified Formosa. Realizing that these bombers posed America's only viable means of retaliation, Japanese war planners had intended to strike Luzon nearly simultaneously with the attack at Pearl Harbor...2:00 a.m. local time. The plan was delayed nearly 12 hours by a heavy fog that shut down flights out of Formosa.

At 9:30 a.m. American radar picked up enemy aircraft heading south over Lingayen Gulf, apparently destined for Manila. Fighters from Clark and Nichols Fields were dispatched to repel the invaders and eighteen operational B-17s were scrambled at Clark Field so as not to leave them unprotected on the ground. Instead of continuing towards Manila the enemy airplanes turned inland to bomb ground forces at Baguio and Tarlac, as well as the small airfield at Cabanatuan. The American fighters failed to make contact and shortly before noon both these and the airborne B-17s were running low on fuel and returning to their fields.

The American war plan code named Rainbow Five called for these to refuel, arm with 100 and 300-pound bombs, and launch an immediate retaliatory strike against Japanese airfields on Formosa. What the pilots or ground crews did not realize as they bent to the task of loading bombs and fuel on the vulnerable Flying Fortresses was that at that very moment a flight of 84 Zeroes was inbound as escorts for more than 100 Japanese bombers that had left Formosa (Tainan) as quickly as the fog had lifted.

The radar station at Iba Field picked up the incoming enemy aircraft and flashed a warning to both Del Monte and Clark Fields. On the island of Mindanao fighters were scrambled to head north to defend Clark Field, where the warning went unnoticed. The radio-operator was away from his headset...at lunch. Minutes later more than 100 Zeroes and Mitsubishis peeled off to attack Iba Field where the eighteen P-40s of the 3rd Pursuit Squadron were refueling on the ground. In moments sixteen of them were destroyed where they sat, while other enemy planes continued towards Clark Field only 40 miles further inland.

At Clark Field one B-17 was still airborne and circling the airfield amid a flurry of activity below. On the ground pilots and crew joked and laughed as they bent to their tasks. Over commercial radio they could hear a commentator announcing that Clark Field was under attack. To the contrary, the pilots were preparing to launch an attack of their own. Three B-17s outfitted with cameras for a reconnaissance flight over Formosa were taxiing into position, while the remaining bombers were loaded for "Payback". When the skies were suddenly filled with aircraft, someone looked up and gleefully announced, "Here comes the Navy!"

Another puzzled soldier glanced upward and asked, "Why are they dropping tinfoil?" Then the air raid sirens sounded.

The three B-17s preparing for takeoff exploded where they sat. This was followed by explosion after explosion. Enemy aircraft swooped down in two waves, bombing and strafing everything they could see. Men died, buildings burst into flames, and mighty B-17s exploded all around. Only four P-40 fighters managed to

take off and enter the fray. The one-hour assault left little to be salvaged from Army's Air Force in the Far East. The only Flying Fortress to survive was the one in the air; all eighteen others were destroyed on the ground. Also destroyed were a dozen P-35 and twenty P-40 fighters. American air power in the South Pacific had been reduced to half.

Back in Hawaii it was shortly after dinnertime on December 7, 1941. Fires still burned in the harbor, exploding munitions still rocked the airfields, and efforts were under way to find survivors. In Washington, DC it wasn't yet midnight. President Roosevelt had already penned the first draft of the speech he would deliver the following morning to the United States Congress. As reports continued to reach the Capitol of each new attack, with sorrow and disgust he was forced to revise his account to Congress.

Midway Atoll

The Japanese plan of attack at Pearl Harbor had called for three waves of invading aircraft. The damage inflicted by the first two waves far exceeded any victory Admiral Yamamoto or Commander Fuchida could have hoped for, but the absence of all three American aircraft carriers had provided the one disappointment. Due their absence, the third assault was cancelled and upon the return of the pilots from the second wave, the Imperial Fleet made haste to return home. Japan lay 4,000 miles west, far beyond the reach of any American retaliatory strike, but the unknown whereabouts of the American carrier task forces posed potential dangers for the returning fleet.

The third of those American carriers was the *USS Lexington*. At that moment she was en route to the small islands of Midway to deliver a Marine air squadron, a mission similar to that just completed at Wake Island by the *USS Enterprise*. Escorting the *Lexington* were three heavy cruisers (*Chicago, Portland*, and *Astoria*) and four light cruisers (*Mahan, Drayton, Lamson*, and *Flusser*). When news of the attack on Oahu reached the *Lexington,* the big carrier was 425 miles southeast of Midway and hoping to reach the 400-mile range from which it could launch the 18 planes of Marine Scouting Bombing Squadron 231 for the last leg of their trek to their new base. Instead, the *Lexington* upon learning of the attack on Oahu, launched scout planes to seek out the Japanese fleet while turning south to join the *Enterprise*.

Meanwhile far to the north Admiral Yamamoto was returning home unmolested. When darkness settled on that *Day of Infamy* he was within striking range of Midway and dispatched some of his ships to launch one final attack. It was after 9 p.m. on the night of December 7 that his destroyers moved close enough to the isolated outpost at the far west end of the Hawaiian archipelago to allow the defending Marines to rake their decks with machineguns. The Japanese commenced a half-hour naval bombardment killing four Marines and wounding nineteen.

On Midway's Sand Island a large Japanese shell struck and penetrated the air vent of the main communications center. Commanded by twenty-six-year-old Marine First Lieutenant George Cannon, the resulting explosion in the confined concrete bunker was deadly. Nearly deaf and bleeding from numerous wounds, Lieutenant Cannon refused to be evacuated. He remained throughout continued shelling to organize the evacuation of other wounded and direct his post. When the Japanese guns ceased fire and the big ships returned to join their fleet for the trek home, Lieutenant Cannon finally allowed his broken body to be evacuated to the aid station.

It was too late; his blood loss was too extreme to spare his life. He was the first Marine of World War II to earn the Medal of Honor. ***Back at Pearl Harbor the clock struck midnight...***

Day of Infamy -- The First 24 Hours								
	Manila	Tokyo	Guam	Wake	Midway	Hawaii	California	D.C.
Pearl Harbor Attacked	2:00 AM	3:00 AM	4:00 AM	6:00 AM	7:00 AM	8:00 AM	10:00 AM	1:00 PM
Guam Attacked	7:00 AM	7:00 AM	9:00 AM	11:00 AM	NOON	1:00 PM	3:00 PM	6:00 PM
Wake Island Attacked	8:00 AM	9:00 AM	10:00 AM	NOON	1:00 PM	2:00 PM	4:00 PM	7:00 PM
Japanese attacks at Peking, Hong Kong, Singapore, and throughout Southwest Asia								
Clark Field Bombed	NOON	1:00 PM	2:00 PM	4:00 PM	5:00 PM	6:00 PM	8:00 PM	11:00 PM
Midway Attacked	4:30 PM	5:30 PM	6:30 PM	8:30 PM	9:30 PM	10:30 PM	12:30 AM	3:30 AM
F.D.R.'s *Infamy* Speech	1:30 AM	2:30 AM	3:30 AM	5:30 AM	6:30 AM	7:30 AM	9:30 AM	12:30 PM
	December 8				*December 7*			
	December 9						*December 8*	

The Day of Infamy had finally ended!

Appendixes

Pearl Harbor Casualties

The *Day of Infamy* is often remembered for the tragic loss of seven big battleships. Scenes of these mighty warships erupting in flames, smoldering into the night, and as mere skeletons of charred metal the following day illustrate the damage wreaked on December 7, 1941. Fortunately, most of the ships sunk or bombed were subsequently raised, repaired, and returned to service. For the human toll there would be no such *second chance*.

The greatest tragedy at Pearl Harbor was the immense loss of life. The following numbers reflect the sad losses from Pearl Harbor to Kaneohe Bay to Wheeler Field, as well as elsewhere on Oahu:

	Killed
American Civilians	49
U.S. Army	17
U.S. Army Air Force	222
U.S. Marine Corps	108
U.S. Navy	2003
TOTALS:	2399

PROPERTY DAMAGE:

BATTLESHIPS	Killed	Damage/Loss Assessment
USS Arizona (BB-39)	1,177	Totally destroyed during the attack and sunken at her berth.
USS California (BB-44)	105	Sunken—raised and salvaged to rejoin the fleet in May 1942
USS Maryland (BB-46)	4	Damaged— Returned to Service in Feb. 1942
USS Nevada (BB-36)	57	Heavy Damage/Beached— Returned to Service in Dec. 1942
USS Oklahoma (BB-37)	429	Total Loss—capsized, later righted but sank being towed for repairs
USS Pennsylvania (BB-38)	31[1]	Damaged—Returned to Service in Mar. 1942
USS Tennessee (BB-43)	5	Damaged—rejoined the fleet in Feb. 1942
USS Utah (AG-16)	58	Totally destroyed during the attack and capsized at her berth
USS West Virginia (BB-48)	106	Sunken—raised & repaired and rejoined the Fleet in July 1942
CRUISERS		
USS Detroit (CL-8)		Damaged
USS New Orleans (CA-32)		Damaged
USS Helena (CL-50)	34	Damaged
USS Honolulu (CL-48)		Damaged
USS Raleigh (CL-7)		Heavy Damage – subsequently repaired and returned to service
USS San Francisco (CA-38)		Damaged
DESTROYERS		
USS Cassin (DD-372)		Totally destroyed—Salvaged for Parts
USS Downes (DD-375)	12	Totally destroyed—Salvaged for Parts
USS Helm (DD-388)		Damaged
USS Shaw (DD-373)	25	Heavily Damaged
OTHER VESSELS		
USS Ogala (CM-4)		Sunk—Raised, repaired and returned to service
USS Vestal (AR-4)	7	Heavily Damaged—repaired and returned to service.
USS Curtiss (AV-4)	21	Heavily Damaged—repaired and returned to service.
USS Sotoyomo (YT-9)		Sunk-- Raised, repaired and returned to service

AIRCRAFT	DESTROYED
Navy Aircraft	94
Army Air Forces	94

[1] This number includes seven seamen assigned to other ships who were killed on the *USS Pennsylvania*.

PEARL HARBOR CASUALTIES BY SHIP/LOCATION*

	Navy	Marines	Army	Army Air Force	Civilians
Civilians					49
Miscellaneous			17		
Hickam Field				186	
Wheeler Field				34	
Bellows Field/Ft. Shafter				2	
USS Arizona (BB-39)	1,105	72			
USS California (BB-44)	101	4			
USS Maryland (BB-46)	4				
USS Nevada (BB-36)	50	7			
USS Oklahoma (BB-37)	415	14			
USS Pennsylvania (BB-38)	25	6			
USS Tennessee (BB-43)	5				
USS Utah (AG-16)	58				
USS West Virginia (BB-48)	106				
USS Helena (CL-50)	33	1			
USS Chew (DD-106)	1				
USS Downes (DD-375)	12				
USS Shaw (DD-373)	25				
USS Vestal (AR-4)	7				
USS Curtiss (AV-4)	21				
USS Dobbin (AD-3)	3				
Ewa Marine Air Station		4			
Kaneohe	18				
Ford Island	1				
Pearl Harbor Hospital	2				
USS Enterprise (CV-6)	11				
TOTAL: 2,399	2003	108	17	222	49

When considering statistics regarding casualty statistics at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, one must keep in mind that a totally accurate count would be impossible. Scores of military personnel were missing in action and never fully accounted for. No one can accurately estimate how many civilian casualties might likewise have gone unreported/unaccounted for. Periodically new information is obtained resulting in the addition of new names to the roster as late as more than sixty years after the *Day of Infamy*. Property damage assessment is also difficult, as may ships and airplanes were subsequently repaired and returned to service, others robbed for parts. The *USS Oklahoma* capsized during the battle. It was later righted for towing to the West Coast of the United States for repairs, but sank en route and was a total loss.

* **Source: National Park Service from their Pearl Harbor Memorial Database. (This table of figures does not include American casualties at Midway Atoll or on Wake Island.)**

FDR's "Day of Infamy Speech"

On Sunday, December 7, 1941 American ships were attacked at Pearl Harbor signaling the beginning of World War II for the United States. The following day President Franklin D. Roosevelt addressed Congress to request a declaration of war. More than 1,000 Americans including members of Congress and guests watched as the President made his remarks from the Capitol. Millions more listened to the President by radio. It was the largest radio audience in history to that date. Following the President's address, it took less than 7 minutes for Congress to comply and vote the declaration of war. In the House of Representatives only one vote was cast in opposition, that of Representative Helen Rankin of Montana. Representative Rankin was the first woman to serve in Congress and the only member of the House to vote in opposition to the United States' entrance into both World War I and World War II. In the subsequent Senate ratification, the vote was unanimous.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
December 8, 1941
to the United States Congress

Yesterday, Dec. 7, 1941 - a date which will live in infamy - the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with the government and its emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific.

Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in Oahu, the Japanese ambassador to the United States and his colleagues delivered to the Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message. While this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days or even weeks ago. During the intervening time, the Japanese government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. Very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

- Yesterday, the Japanese government also launched an attack against Malaya.
- Last night, Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong.
- Last night, Japanese forces attacked Guam.
- Last night, Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands.
- Last night, the Japanese attacked Wake Island.
- This morning, the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation. As commander in chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense.

Always will we remember the character of the onslaught against us.

No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

I believe I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost, but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that that our people, our territory and our interests are in grave danger.

With confidence in our armed forces - with the unbounding determination of our people - we will gain the inevitable triumph - so help us God.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, Dec. 7, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese empire.

FDR's Flag of Liberation

The tropical twilight was slowly turning into a beautiful morning. It was Sunday, December 7, 1941. For the first time since Independence Day all eight battleships of the United States Navy's Pacific fleet were at anchor around Ford Island in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Inside the city the citizens were awakening to a warm day in Paradise. Aboard ships those sailors who had not spent the evening in town were preparing for a relaxing day. Aboard the U.S.S. *Nevada*, the last ship in the line, flag raising ceremonies had begun. Later in the day the sailors would be enjoying a tennis tournament.

At 7:58 A.M. Paradise was shattered. The first of two separate waves of Japanese fighters and bombers unleashed death and destruction on the city below. Amid the bullets raking her deck, the men of the *Nevada* stood in formation without breaking ranks until the flag had been raised and the "Star Spangled Banner" finished its refrain. Then they begin what ultimately became a two-hour struggle for survival. They watched in horror as the first bombs hit their sister ship the U.S.S. *Arizona*. A few minutes after 8 A.M. the *Arizona* sank beneath the surface of the harbor taking 1,103 men of its 1,400 crew to a watery grave.

Caught completely unawares, the devastation was unbelievable. By 10 o'clock 8 of the Navy's heavy battleships had either sunk or were severely damaged. Of 394 airplanes on the island, 140 were destroyed and 80 more damaged. The island lay in smoky ruins, 2,400 Americans killed, 1,145 wounded. Smoke from the *Arizona* filled the morning sky bearing mute testimony to the total destruction wrought by the enemy. But through the pall of smoke one image remained, the flag of the United States of America. It was the one symbol of hope, a reminder that freedom had survived and would ultimately triumph. When it seemed that all hope had vanished with the last whips of smoke from the *Arizona*, the Red, White, and Blue still waved over Hawaii.

Four years of warfare followed that fateful day of December 7, 1941, the day that President Franklin D. Roosevelt said was *"a date which will live in infamy."* More than 16 million American men and women rose to the defense of freedom during World War II. Almost 300,000 gave their lives; twice that number suffered wounds. On August 10, 1945 another bombing raid made history. This time it was a single aircraft...and it was American. Four days after the "Enola Gay" dropped a single 10,000-pound bomb on Hiroshima, Japan accepted the terms of surrender that ended World War II. On that historic day the flag flying over the White House in Washington, D.C. spoke of a Nation's will not only to win, but to survive the most horrible adversity. It was the very same flag that had flown over Pearl Harbor four years earlier on December 7th and survived that day of infamy.

Just as the flag that had flown over Pearl Harbor that December morning came to represent a Nation's resolve to "rise from the ashes" and fight to defend all it held dear, that flag also became a flag of peace. The flag of Pearl Harbor was present in San Francisco for the United Nation's Charter Meeting.

Washington, D.C. (December 7, 1941)

Though it was Sunday, the flag of the United States flew proudly in the wintry breeze of Washington, D.C. that December afternoon. Most of the residents of our capitol had returned from attending church and were enjoying lunch, unaware of the destruction and death suddenly unleashed half a world away. When the news finally broke the citizens went into a frenzy, pressing against the gates at the edge of the White House lawn or silently glued to their radios. Mixed with the sadness was fear and uncertainty. As in Hawaii, the one symbol of hope was the sight of the Stars and Stripes still flowing in the breeze over the seat of our Nation.

As it had inspired Francis Scott Key more than 100 years earlier when it survived the assault on Fort McHenry, the symbol of our freedom once again inspired the Nation by its very presence.

On Monday morning President Franklin D. Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war on Japan. Before doing so, however, he took a rather unusual step. Though normally the flags flown over our Capitol are changed regularly, on this day the President spoke to his Nation under the same flag that had flown the previous day.

The same flag flew again three days later when the Declaration of War was extended to include Germany and Italy. Then the President took personal care to preserve that historic flag. He called it the "Flag of Liberation" and took it with him on many historic occasions.

In January 1943 President Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill traveled to French Morocco to attend the historic "Casablanca Conference." One of the key issues was the pledging of the resolve of the British and American people to fight to victory in Europe. Whether as a symbol of that resolve, or as a personal symbol of the American commitment to survive utmost adversity, President Roosevelt carried his "Flag of Liberation" with him to Casablanca.

Two years later President Roosevelt's Flag of Liberation was unfurled to the breeze once again. Having accepted surrender terms on August 14, 1945, the Japanese had yet to sign the documents of surrender.

On September 2nd the new battleship Missouri was anchored in Tokyo harbor. Aboard was General Douglas MacArthur and many of our nation's top generals and admirals. Among them was the last of America's "fighting generals", Jonathan Wainwright, emaciated after surviving three and a half years of torture as a Prisoner of War. He was released in Manchuria on August 19th and arrived at Yokohama just two days prior to the historic meeting on the Missouri.

Slowly two Japanese men in suits and top hats walked across the deck with their entourage. They were there to sign the surrender documents officially ending World War II. If they had chanced to glance up as they approached Generals MacArthur and Wainwright, they'd have seen the Flag of the United States of America waving proudly from the mast of the Missouri. It was the very same flag that had flown over our nation's capital nearly four years earlier. It was President Roosevelt's Flag of Liberation.

Medal of Honor Citations
Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941

*BENNION, MERVYN SHARP

Rank and organization: Captain, U.S. Navy. ***Born***: 5 May 1887, Vernon, Utah. ***Appointed from***: Utah.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage, and complete disregard of his own life, above and beyond the call of duty, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. As Commanding Officer of the U.S.S. West Virginia, after being mortally wounded, Capt. Bennion evidenced apparent concern only in fighting and saving his ship, and strongly protested against being carried from the bridge.

FINN, JOHN WILLIAM

Rank and organization: Lieutenant, U.S. Navy. *Place and date*: Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. *Entered service at:* California. *Born*: 23 July 1909, Los Angeles, Calif.

Citation:

For extraordinary heroism distinguished service, and devotion above and beyond the call of duty. During the first attack by Japanese airplanes on the Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, on 7 December 1941, Lt. Finn promptly secured and manned a .50-caliber machinegun mounted on an instruction stand in a completely exposed section of the parking ramp, which was under heavy enemy machinegun strafing fire. Although painfully wounded many times, he continued to man this gun and to return the enemy's fire vigorously and with telling effect throughout the enemy strafing and bombing attacks and with complete disregard for his own personal safety. It was only by specific orders that he was persuaded to leave his post to seek medical attention. Following first aid treatment, although obviously suffering much pain and moving with great difficulty, he returned to the squadron area and actively supervised the rearming of returning planes. His extraordinary heroism and conduct in this action were in keeping with the highest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service.

*FLAHERTY, FRANCIS C.

Rank and organization: Ensign, U.S. Naval Reserve. ***Born***: 15 March 1919, Charlotte, Mich. ***Accredited to***: Michigan.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty and extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his own life, above and beyond the call of duty, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. When it was seen that the U.S.S. Oklahoma was going to capsize and the order was given to abandon ship, Ens. Flaherty remained in a turret, holding a flashlight so the remainder of the turret crew could see to escape, thereby sacrificing his own life.

FUQUA, SAMUEL GLENN

Rank and organization: Captain, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. Arizona. ***Place and date***: Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. ***Entered service at:*** Laddonia, Mo. ***Born***: 15 October 1899, Laddonia Mo.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in action, outstanding heroism, and utter disregard of his own safety above and beyond the call of duty during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Upon the commencement of the attack, Lt. Comdr. Fuqua rushed to the quarterdeck of the U.S.S. Arizona to which he was attached where he was stunned and knocked down by the explosion of a large bomb which hit the quarterdeck, penetrated several decks, and started a severe fire. Upon regaining consciousness, he began to direct the fighting of the fire and the rescue of wounded and injured personnel. Almost immediately there was a tremendous explosion forward, which made the ship appear to rise out of the water, shudder, and settle down by the bow rapidly. The whole forward part of the ship was enveloped in flames which were spreading rapidly, and wounded and burned men were pouring out of the ship to the quarterdeck. Despite these conditions, his harrowing experience, and severe enemy bombing and strafing, at the time, Lt. Comdr. Fuqua continued to direct the fighting of fires in order to check them while the wounded and burned could be taken from the ship and supervised the rescue of these men in such an amazingly calm and cool manner and with such excellent judgment that it inspired everyone who saw him and undoubtedly resulted in the saving of many lives. After realizing the ship could not be saved and that he was the senior surviving officer aboard, he directed it to be abandoned, but continued to remain on the quarterdeck and directed abandoning ship and rescue of personnel until satisfied that all personnel that could be had been saved, after which he left his ship with the boatload. The conduct of Lt. Comdr. Fuqua was not only in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service but characterizes him as an outstanding leader of men.

*HILL, EDWIN JOSEPH

Rank and organization: Chief Boatswain, U.S. Navy. *Born:* 4 October 1894, Philadelphia, Pa. *Accredited to:* Pennsylvania.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, extraordinary courage, and disregard of his own safety during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. During the height of the strafing and bombing, Chief Boatswain Hill led his men of the line handling details of the U.S.S. Nevada to the quays, cast off the lines and swam back to his ship. Later, while on the forecastle, attempting to let go the anchors, he was blown overboard and killed by the explosion of several bombs.

*JONES, HERBERT CHARPOIT

Rank and organization: Ensign, U.S. Naval Reserve. *Born:* 1 December 1918, Los Angeles, Calif. *Accredited to:* California.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage, and complete disregard of his own life, above and beyond the call of duty, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Ens. Jones organized and led a party, which was supplying ammunition to the antiaircraft battery of the U.S.S. California after the mechanical hoists were put out of action when he was fatally wounded by a bomb explosion. When 2 men attempted to take him from the area which was on fire, he refused to let them do so, saying in words to the effect, "Leave me alone! I am done for. Get out of here before the magazines go off."

*KIDD, ISAAC CAMPBELL

Rank and organization: Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy. *Born:* 26 March 1884, Cleveland, Ohio. *Appointed from:* Ohio.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his own life, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Rear Adm. Kidd immediately went to the bridge and, as Commander Battleship Division One, courageously discharged his duties as Senior Officer Present Afloat until the U.S.S. Arizona, his Flagship, blew up from magazine explosions and a direct bomb hit on the bridge which resulted in the loss of his life.

*REEVES, THOMAS JAMES

Rank and Organization: Radio Electrician (Warrant Officer) U.S. Navy. *Born*: 9 December 1895, Thomaston, Conn. *Accredited To:* Connecticut.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, extraordinary courage and disregard of his own safety during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. After the mechanized ammunition hoists were put out of action in the U.S.S. California, Reeves, on his own initiative, in a burning passageway, assisted in the maintenance of an ammunition supply by hand to the antiaircraft guns until he was overcome by smoke and fire, which resulted in his death.

PHARRIS, JACKSON CHARLES

Rank and Organization: Lieutenant, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. California. *Place and Date* Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. *Entered Service at:* California. Born: 26 June 1912, Columbus, Ga.

Citation:

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while attached to the U.S.S. California during the surprise enemy Japanese aerial attack on Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. In charge of the ordnance repair party on the third deck when the first Japanese torpedo struck almost directly under his station, Lt. (then Gunner) Pharris was stunned and severely injured by the concussion which hurled him to the overhead and back to the deck. Quickly recovering, he acted on his own initiative to set up a hand-supply ammunition train for the antiaircraft guns. With water and oil rushing in where the port bulkhead had been torn up from the deck, with many of the remaining crewmembers overcome by oil fumes, and the ship without power and listing heavily to port as a result of a second torpedo hit, Lt. Pharris ordered the shipfitters to counterflood. Twice rendered unconscious by the nauseous fumes and handicapped by his painful injuries, he persisted in his desperate efforts to speed up the supply of ammunition and at the same time repeatedly risked his life to enter flooding compartments and drag to safety unconscious shipmates who were gradually being submerged in oil. By his inspiring leadership, his valiant efforts and his extreme loyalty to his ship and her crew, he saved many of his shipmates from death and was largely responsible for keeping the California in action during the attack. His heroic conduct throughout this first eventful engagement of World War 11 reflects the highest credit upon Lt. Pharris and enhances the finest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service.

ROSS, DONALD KIRBY

Rank and organization: Machinist, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. Nevada. *Place and date*: Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. *Entered service at*: Denver, Colo. *Born*: 8 December 1910, Beverly, Kans.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, extraordinary courage and disregard of his own life during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. When his station in the forward dynamo room of the U.S.S. Nevada became almost untenable due to smoke, steam, and heat, Machinist Ross forced his men to leave that station and performed all the duties himself until blinded and unconscious. Upon being rescued and resuscitated, he returned and secured the forward dynamo room and proceeded to the after dynamo room where he was later again rendered unconscious by exhaustion. Again recovering consciousness he returned to his station where he remained until directed to abandon it.

*SCOTT, ROBERT R.

Rank and Organization: Machinist's Mate First Class, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 13 July 1915, Massillon, Ohio. *Accredited to* Ohio.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his own life, above and beyond the call of duty, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. The compartment, in the U.S.S. California, in which the air compressor, to which Scott was assigned as his battle station, was flooded as the result of a torpedo hit. The remainder of the personnel evacuated that compartment but Scott refused to leave, saying words to the effect "This is my station and I will stay and give them air as long as the guns are going."

*TOMICH, PETER

Rank and Organization: Chief Watertender, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 3 June 1893, Prolog, Austria. *Accredited To:* New Jersey.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, and extraordinary courage and disregard of his own safety, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor by the Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Although realizing that the ship was capsizing, as a result of enemy bombing and torpedoing, Tomich remained at his post in the engineering plant of the U.S.S. Utah, until he saw that all boilers were secured and all fireroom personnel had left their stations, and by so doing lost his own life.

*VAN VALKENBURGH, FRANKLIN

Rank and Organization: Captain, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 5 April 1888, Minneapolis, Minn. *Appointed From:* Wisconsin.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his own life, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor T.H., by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. As commanding officer of the U.S.S. Arizona, Capt. Van Valkenburgh gallantly fought his ship until the U.S.S. Arizona blew up from magazine explosions and a direct bomb hit on the bridge which resulted in the loss of his life.

*WARD, JAMES RICHARD

Rank and Organization: Seaman First Class, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 10 September 1921, Springfield, Ohio. *Entered Service at:* Springfield, Ohio.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his life, above and beyond the call of duty, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. When it was seen that the U.S.S. Oklahoma was going to capsize and the order was given to abandon ship, Ward remained in a turret holding a flashlight so the remainder of the turret crew could see to escape, thereby sacrificing his own life.

YOUNG, CASSIN

Rank and Organization: Commander, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 6 March 1894, Washington, D.C. *Appointed From:* Wisconsin. *Other Navy Award:* Navy Cross.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in action, outstanding heroism and utter disregard of his own safety, above and beyond the call of duty, as commanding officer of the U.S.S. Vestal, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, by enemy Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Comdr. Young proceeded to the bridge and later took personal command of the 3-inch antiaircraft gun. When blown overboard by the blast of the forward magazine explosion of the U.S.S. Arizona, to which the U.S.S. Vestal was moored, he swam back to his ship. The entire forward part of the U.S.S. Arizona was a blazing inferno with oil afire on the water between the 2 ships; as a result of several bomb hits, the U.S.S. Vestal was afire in several places, was settling and taking on a list. Despite severe enemy bombing and strafing at the time, and his shocking experience of having been blown overboard, Comdr. Young, with extreme coolness and calmness, moved his ship to an anchorage distant from the U.S.S. Arizona, and subsequently beached the U.S.S. Vestal upon determining that such action was required to save his ship.

*REEVES, THOMAS JAMES

Rank and Organization: Radio Electrician (Warrant Officer) U.S. Navy. *Born*: 9 December 1895, Thomaston, Conn. *Accredited To:* Connecticut.

Citation:

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ROSS, DONALD KIRBY

Rank and organization: Machinist, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. Nevada. *Place and date*: Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, 7 December 1941. *Entered service at*: Denver, Colo. *Born*: 8 December 1910, Beverly, Kans.

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Citation:

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*TOMICH, PETER

Rank and Organization: Chief Watertender, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 3 June 1893, Prolog, Austria. *Accredited To:* New Jersey.

Citation:

For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, and extraordinary courage and disregard of his own safety, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor by the Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. Although realizing that the ship was capsizing, as a result of enemy bombing and torpedoing, Tomich remained at his post in the engineering plant of the U.S.S. Utah, until he saw that all boilers were secured and all fireroom personnel had left their stations, and by so doing lost his own life.

*VAN VALKENBURGH, FRANKLIN

Rank and Organization: Captain, U.S. Navy. *Born*: 5 April 1888, Minneapolis, Minn. *Appointed From:* Wisconsin.

Citation:

For conspicuous devotion to duty, extraordinary courage and complete disregard of his own life, during the attack on the Fleet in Pearl Harbor T.H., by Japanese forces on 7 December 1941. As commanding officer of the U.S.S. Arizona, Capt. Van Valkenburgh gallantly fought his ship until the U.S.S. Arizona blew up from magazine explosions and a direct bomb hit on the bridge which resulted in the loss of his life.

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An asterisk (*) denotes posthumous awards

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