

NARRATOR: And we're not writing letters, Adolf. We're on the job. We weren't picked out for our looks or our Aryan names. We weren't picked out to heel heels or to chew up small countries that never did us any harm. We weren't picked out to sit around on our parking-spaces and wait for you to be nasty. We've been picked out for a job and a very large and extensive job and we mean to police it up. And that means you and Musso and old man Hiro-Stab-in-the-Back and all the rest of you rug-biters. Sure, we let you get away with a lot. We sat around and argued, over here, while you were cooking with gas. But that's all over.

Let me tell you a few things about us--about the kind of army we are. They won't make you happy.

When my bunch first went in, we had a drill-corporal from upstate Georgia. He didn't read the papers much--he'd rather go to town and pick a scrap with the MP's. But he drilled us well--"hut, two, three, four"--and every day he kept saying--

VOICE: "Now you birds better pay attention here. This business is for keeps."

NARRATOR: That was March, 1941. But he knew what was coming. And we listened but--well, most of us had left good jobs and that seemed pretty important. We had a bunch of Italians and they missed their spaghetti and conversation. We had a bunch of Maine lads and they sweated under the Georgia sun and thought about the lakes beginning to melt, back in Maine. We had some Poles--and they knew the score.

(MORE)

*Holden*  
*Army*  
WEAF

"DEAR ADOLF"

( ) ( )  
5:00-5:15 PM

JULY 26, 1942

SUNDAY

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

ANNOUNCER: (OPENS COLD) "Dear Adolf" - A letter to Hitler!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND FADE BEHIND ANNOUNCER)

ANNOUNCER: The National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Council for Democracy, presents "Dear Adolf", a series of six narrative letters written each week by Stephen Vincent Benet, one of the nation's greatest writers.

These broadcasts are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by Americans. Today's program, the fifth of the series, present the well-known screen actor, <sup>*Wm Holden*</sup> ~~Jeffrey Lynn~~, who is now a private in the U.S. Army - relating the views of an American soldier as he addresses a letter to Hitler.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEN DOWN FOR)

NARRATOR: Dear Adolf--this is me--one American soldier.  
My dog-tag number's in the millions--my draft-number came  
out of the hat in every State in the Union.  
I'm from Janesville and Little Rock, Monroe City and Nashua.  
I'm from Blue Eye, Missouri, and the side walks of New York.  
I'm from the Green Mountains and the big sky-hooting plains,  
from the roll of the prairie and the rocks of Marblehead,  
from the little towns where a dog can go to sleep in the  
middle of Main Street, and the nickel-plated suburbs and  
the cities that stick their skyscrapers into the sky.  
I used to be a carpenter and a school-teacher and a soda-  
jerker and a mechanic. I used to be a hackie and a farm  
hand and a leg-man and a book-keeper--the son of a guy with  
money and the son of a guy with none. But I'm a soldier,  
now.

X million of us now and still growing.

Listen to the roll-call!

SERGEANT: Adamoffsky, Adams, Anderson, Bailey, Bratillo, Brown--

NARRATOR: That's my outfit--that's us. The biggest and best-trained  
army ever raised on American soil.

Ski-troops and parachute-troops, motorized and mechanized,  
tank-troops and tank-destroyers, cooks and cryptographers,  
bakers and bombardiers--

SERGEANT: --Cohen, Costello, Daugherty, Di Ross, Dupont--

NARRATOR: From Alaska to Australia--from Australia to Ulster--in the  
cold skies and the hot--under desert suns and clear skies  
and jungle rains--

That's us--the United States Army!

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN . . . . . )

NARRATOR: Their folks had heard from Warsaw. But they didn't argue  
(CONTD) much. They just kept humping.  
Sure--that was what we were like--just a little while ago.  
We beefed. And we wondered why we were in the Army.  
But we learned how to handle guns and we learned about Army  
chow. We learned what a march under pack means, and we  
learned about team-play with discipline. We got confidence  
in our weapons and pride in a well-oiled unit.

(MUSIC . . . SNEAKS . . . . .)

Yes, it was all pretty new. But when most of my company,  
at the end of thirteen weeks, marched off to join a new  
division--well, some of them were bawling like kids.  
Because, somehow, without lectures and orders and editorials,  
there had jelled a sense of comradeship that would make  
your well-advertised Gemeinschaftgeist look sick.

(MUSIC . . . UP AND DOWN . . . . .)

And then we trained some more--and waited. For the answer  
you gave us--you and your Axis pals. And that was when  
civilians worried about our morale. Because military  
service wasn't our chosen way of life. We wanted to get a  
job done and get through with it. And maneuvering against  
a Blue Army (which we knew was Yanks all the time) didn't  
seem to be settling much. Even if it was making the U.S.  
Army a good one, as you'll soon find out.

So that Sunday, when we lay on our bunks, full of chicken  
and black-eyed peas, and idly turned on the radio--and get  
the news--we didn't have to count pulses to know what our  
morale was. It was there.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: Because now the real job was starting and that meant  
(CONTD) something. "It's about time" one soldier said.  
And that's about all you need to know about us, Adolf.  
Period.

SERGEANT: --Dalton, Davis, Dombrowski, Ettelsohn, Edwards, Farrar--

NARRATOR: Like to hear from some of them? Here's one. From Ohio.  
Used to drive a bus. Now he's mechanized infantry.

VOICE: In the part of Ohio I come from, lots of people have  
religious convictions against war. I keep these prayers at  
the back of my mind every day and believe these prayers. I  
pray for peace. But I am not so much like those people in  
Ohio as I used to be. My convictions are that war is evil  
and that the evil men are those who started it. When you  
ask me what I have personally to be angry against the Nazis  
and the Japs, that is my answer. They have hurt me and my  
people by making us fight a war that in our religion is  
bad. I don't know if I have made myself clear but Hitler  
is my personal enemy and I aim to stop him.

NARRATOR: And--prayers don't make a soldier, Adolf? Not by your book?  
Well--ask about Lee's army--the Army of Northern Virginia.  
They prayed when they felt like it.  
Here's another.

VOICE: I have always made my living in this country. Now I must  
fight for it. This country didn't ask for war. I know I  
didn't. But now we are going to win. The least thing I  
am fighting for is to get my job back. And it was a good  
job, worth fighting for.

NARRATOR: That was a twenty-six year old garment-worker--sorry-- corporal in the Air-Force. And here's a marine--just back from the Atlantic Patrol--and sore. Sore because he's been made an instructor and isn't with his outfit.

VOICE: All I want to be is where I belong, in the mortar platoon of the 5th Marines. Don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to wave the flag or become "Joe Hero". But, surely, patriotism is something more than knowing the words of the "Star Spangled Banner." I'll admit that, ten years hence, nobody may give a hoot about what the boys in uniform did today. Those who die in action will be hardly a memory and those who come back maimed will be an expense, a bore and a nuisance. But, for today, let's not forget the foxholes of Bataan or the rape of Nanking or the ghettos of Poland or the million and one other acts that violate every human and decent instinct of man.

(MUSIC . . . SNEAK . . . . .)

I've seen death many times recently and dodged it on several occasions, and, if I get killed--so what? Nobody ever left this world alive and very few of us get to die for a cause. If I do get through, I will have had the satisfaction of knowing that I did try to do a man's job.

(MUSIC . . . UP AND DOWN . . . . .)

NARRATOR: And here's a letter from Bataan--February 12th--1942.

VOICE: Dear Mother and Dad and Frances:  
This letter may never be delivered. It will go to Corregidor and there await transportation.  
I am proud to be part of the fight that is being made here. Bataan may fall but the eventual outcome of the war is fore-ordained. (MORE)

VOICE:  
(CONTD)

I have seen some horrible things happen and had my share of narrow escapes. But I have also seen some very wonderful acts of courage, self-sacrifice and loyalty. At last I have found what I have searched for all my life--a cause and a job in which I can lose myself completely.

Life and my family have been very good to me and given me everything I have really wanted. Should anything happen to me here, it will not be like closing a book in the middle. In the last two months I have done a lifetime of living and been part of one of the most unselfish, cooperative efforts that has ever been made.

Mistakes may have been made--but that has nothing to do with the manner in which my comrades on Bataan--both Filipino and American have reacted to their trial of fire. If the same selfless spirit were devoted to world betterment in time of peace, what a good world we would have (and "how dull" I can hear the younger generation muttering)

(MUSIC . . . SNEAK . . . . . )

This letter is written to send you all my love and thanks for just being my family. It is written with no so-called premonitions. My chances are pretty good. So I'll send it on its way. Keep 'em flying--West!

Your loving son and brother.

(MUSIC . . . UP AND DOWN . . . . . )

NARRATOR: No--we haven't heard from that lieutenant. Not since Corregidor fell. But--we'll keep 'em flying. We're not talking about being Joe Hero. There's a long, dirty, bloody job ahead of us. We know that.

(MORE)

NARRATOR;  
(CONTD)

Wars mean filth and thirst and pain and the scream of the dive-bombers on top of you and going on to the end of endurance, and beyond. Wars mean seeing your best friend killed beside you and it's only afterwards you have time to think about him, because the line must be held. All right, Mister, you started it rolling. We know the score. We're the guys who take cars apart and put them together, just for fun. We're the guys who fiddle with radio-sets and are crazy about the comics -- Bat Man and Terry and the Pirates and Donald Duck and all kinds of people who do things they aren't supposed to do. The Army wasn't supposed to get away with bombing Tokyo. But it did. The Navy wasn't supposed to sink four Jap air-carriers in the battle of Midway. But it did. We don't build armies just to put guys in uniform and shove civilians around. We build them to fight and win battles. We build them just the same way we built Boulder Dam -- and out of the same kind of stuff.

(MUSIC . . SNEAKS , . . . . .)

No, we aren't so much on slogans, Adolf. We aren't talking about a new order or a co-prosperity sphere. We aren't even talking much yet about a new world. And when it's over and the bands start playing -- they're just as likely to play "Don't Sit Under The Apple-tree" as they are "The Star Spangled Banner". Because we're that way. We kid about things that mean a lot to us. We make wise-cracks about generals and presidents. We say "Don't give us the oil" when we mean business. And we mean business now.

(MUSIC . . UP AND DOWN . . . . .)



NARRATOR: And, back of us, all the time, there's a roll-call and a knowledge --

SERGEANT: -- Follett, Fraser, Garrett, Hamilton, Herkimer--

NARRATOR: That's the muster-roll of the Revolution, Adolf -- the muster-roll of free men who fought for their country because she had to be born. And they got worse chow than ours and they got paid off in paper -- and, if they were living, afterwards, they went back to their farms and hoed corn. But they knew what they'd done. And they were satisfied.

SERGEANT: --Izard, Jones, Jacobson, Jackson, Kearney, Lee Fitzhugh, Lee R. E. --

NARRATOR: That's the roll of the Civil War, Adolf. And, out of it, the Union lived and the free thing went ahead. It cost blood and toil and long bitterness but it made us one nation.

SERGEANT: --Levinsky, Liebowitz, Liggett, Macarthur, McCook, Maginetti

NARRATOR: That's the last war, Adolf -- the Rainbow Division and the First Division and all the divisions -- the two million who went to France. And we came in late and we had to borrow other folks' equipment because ours wasn't ready. But the record's written from Cantigny to the Argonne. This time we'll have the equipment -- our factories are turning it out. And this time we aren't going to stop with just "saving democracy" -- and then running out on it. This time we're after a durable peace -- and it isn't your kind.

SERGEANT: --Nason, Nathan, Nimminger, O'Brien, O'Hare, Orlando --

NARRATOR: That's a few of the new names, Adolf. No, the roll isn't finished. It won't be finished till you are.

SERGEANT: --Patterson, Prokosch, Pryor, Quintanilla, Quisada, Que Lung-

NARRATOR: Chinese, Italian, Bohemian, British, Mexican -- the sons of the men who fought five wars and won them -- the sons of the men who came here to get away from wars. But they're all Americans now, Adolf -- and all against you. Against you and the Nipponese pals you sicked on us at Pearl Harbor -- against you and all your ideas and ways.

We don't like being ordered around, though we'll take it and like it in war-time. We think one man's as good as the next and maybe better. If we feel like going to church, we'll go to the church we pick out and the next guy can go to his. If we want to get married, we'll marry the girl we like -- and the guy who makes a crack about her ancestry had better look out for his teeth. If we don't like the people who run our government, we'll change them by peaceable election. That's us, That's our platform. And behind us are a hundred and thirty million Americans.

SERGEANT: --Raconski, Rattray, Rourke, Saltonstall, Secepanowics --

NARRATOR: All the funny names there are -- yes, Adolf -- the old names and the new -- the names that made America from Jamestown to the Cherokee Strip and back and forth and across and up and down. Only this time, the building will be bigger than anything we've ever tried. This time the roll-call will not end with the armistice.

SERGEANT: --Camacho, Chiang-Kai-Shek, Churchill, Cripps, De Gaulle, Litvinoff, Quezon, Roosevelt, Stalin, Van der Teen, Wallace, Willkie --

NARRATOR: Yes -- this time -- it's for a new world. But not for yet. Now it's the march in the mud and the heat on the steel box of the tank and the stutter of the tail gun from the bombing-plane. And yet --

SERGEANT: The command is forward.

NARRATOR: Now -- it's fever and wounds and the stink of the slit-trench. And yet --

SERGEANT: The command is forward.

NARRATOR: The command is forward. March!

(MUSIC . . . UP AND DOWN . . . . .)

NARRATOR: Got a nice rug to chew on, Adolf? Vanilla or chocolate? Well, make it a double one with maraschino. You'll need it before we're through.

CURTAIN

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT

*Wm Holden*

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard "Dear Adolf", starring ~~Joe~~ *Wm Holden*, the fifth of a series of six narrative letters written each week by Stephen Vincent Benet and presented by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Council for Democracy. The program was directed by William Sweets, with original music composed by Tom Bennett, and conducted by Josef Stopak.

These broadcasts are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by Americans. Won't you send in your own letter to Dear Adolf?

Listen next week to \_\_\_\_\_ letter to Hitler  
with \_\_\_\_\_, as narrator.

Copies of today's "Dear Adolf" letter from an American Soldier may be secured without cost by writing directly to the Council for Democracy, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

THIS PROGRAM CAME TO YOU FROM NEW YORK.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

am  
7/16/42  
11:30 PM