

Letters from the Front Lines

Correspondences from Those in Harm's Way

Sunday, 30 May 2021

Introduction:

Throughout our nation's history, circumstances have resulted in its armed forces to be deployed in defence of the homeland. Common to each of these conflicts has been communications home by combatants to their loved ones.

Over the centuries, these writings have brought great comfort to those who have received confirmation that the one in harm's way was obviously doing well when the letter was posted.

Over the years, numerous correspondences have been made available to the general public by the writers themselves or by their loved ones who willingly shared them.

A few years ago, I did such sharing with this congregation from a compilation of several of these by **Andrew Carroll**, executive director of the American Poetry & Literacy Project. His collection was **published in 2002 by Washington Square Press** under the title, *War Letters: Extraordinary Correspondence from American Wars*.

This book contains contributions from the War between the States, World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, the Gulf War, Somalia, and Bosnia.

The common threads from the front lines are words of comfort that the writer is in good health but desperately missing girlfriends, wives, parents, siblings, relatives, and friends.

Some are gripping and some humorous, but most express the desire to get the job done and head home while simultaneously expressing emotions typical of being separated from their loved ones. On occasion the last letter written home was the last to be sent because the writer was subsequently killed in action.

What follows are selections that express the patriotism, emotions, professionalism, and good humor by those who wrote while in harm's way.

I. **The War between the States: Chancellorsville, Virginia:**

Dr. Calvin Fisher Reports to His Brother Alfred the "Awful Scene" at Chancellorsville and the Fate of Several Civilians Caught in the Crossfire:

“May God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none,” boasted Joseph “Fighting Joe” Hooker in April 1863, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac. With twice as many soldiers as Lee, Hooker was not unjustified in his confidence. Hooker drafted a plan that entailed splitting his 130,000 troops and overwhelming Lee’s 60,000 men, entrenched at Fredericksburg, from both the front and the rear. But Lee was devising his own plan. Leaving behind a small force at Fredericksburg, Lee rushed the majority of his troops to a densely wooded area called “the Wilderness” to intercept Hooker. After a fierce surprise attack on May 1 the Union forces scurried in retreat. Early on May 2 Lee divided his army again, sending an estimated 30,000 soldiers under the command of Thomas “Stonewall” Jackson. Just after 5:00 P.M. Jackson struck, and once again Hooker’s forces were caught off guard and routed by the Confederates. Hooker set up his headquarters at a roadside inn, known as Chancellor House and Chancellorsville, and ordered fortifications around the perimeter in the event of a renewed offensive. It came the next morning; the Rebels battered the Union troops and shelled the inn relentlessly. Hooker himself was nearly killed after a pillar he was leaning against was smashed to pieces by an artillery round. Against the advice of his officers, Hooker ordered a retreat. Calvin Fisher, a Pennsylvania doctor who had been in Chancellor House during the siege, described the assault to his brother Alfred and concluded with this synopsis of Gen. Hooker’s leadership during the battle.

“Al, I am afraid that Genrl. Hooker did not manage the battle rightly. As the enemy were retreating at the same time we were, I for my part cannot understand the necessity of our recrossing the river.”

Closing with my Love from your affect Brother,
Address 148th Pa C S Fisher

After learning of the Union withdrawal, President Lincoln was incredulous: “My God!” he exclaimed. On June 28, Lincoln replaced Hooker with George Gordon Meade. Lee had masterminded his greatest triumph of the war, but it was a Pyrrhic victory; he lost over 12,000 out of his 60,000 men, more than on fifth of his army.

Lee was devastated by one death in particular. As Stonewall Jackson and his staff were returning from a reconnaissance mission, nervous Rebel soldiers, seeing silhouettes approaching in the darkness, opened fire, killing two of Jackson's aides outright and hitting Jackson in the right hand and left arm. Doctors sawed off Jackson's arm below the shoulder, but, despite hopes of a recovery, he died in bed on May 10. In less than two months they would clash again in a small Pennsylvania town called Gettysburg. (pp. 79, 81)

II. World War I: The Battle of Belleau [be-ló] Wood, France:

A brigade of marines with the Second Division attacked fortified German positions on June 6 just west of the town in Belleau Wood. Outnumbered, gassed, and raked by machine-gun fire, the marines were nearly overwhelmed. When retreating French troops advised the Americans to do the same, Capt. Lloyd Williams barked, "Retreat? Hell, we just got here." Resorting to hand-to-hand combat, they tenaciously fought back and prevailed over the Germans on June 26. But their losses were staggering; the marines suffered approximately 5,200 casualties, almost half of their strength. One of those wounded was Edward B. Cole, a Marine Corps major who left behind his wife, Mary, two young sons, Charlie (age 10) and Teddy (age 8) to serve in France. Cole frequently wrote to his family back in Brookline, Massachusetts, to give them updates on his well-being and general whereabouts, and six weeks before the attack at Belleau Wood, Cole sent his boys the following letter. ("Prince" is Cole's horse.)

April 22, 1918

Dear Charlie and Teddy:

I have received several very nice letters from you both. What a time you did have with the measles, did you not? Well the time to have them is when you are young so you will not catch them when you get older. Prince is quite well and sends his love to you both, he says that when we get back to the United State that he will be very happy to let you ride him provided that you feed him regularly with sugar. He and I went to the front line trenches the other day at least Prince went part way, but just now we are back in our headquarters.

A short time ago Capt. Curtis and I were in our mess room eating breakfast when ‘Blooie’ went a big shell just outside the window. I got a piece of toast mixed with a swallow of coffee in the wrong channel of my throat and Capt. Curtis, well the last I saw of him he was easily outrunning a 9.2 shell in the direction of the dugout. Somehow I caught up with him at the entrance and we passed in neck and neck for a dead heat. It ain’t no disgrace to run when you are skeered. These 9.2 shells are almost as tall as Teddy. How would you like to shoot one in your air gun. Where I am writing this letter is behind the lines and the Bosche [Germans] have only shelled us once but a dugout entrance leads into my office so you can see I resemble a prairie dog sitting in front of its burrow ready to duck in if danger comes its way.

We see lots of airplanes here ... it reminds of Pensacola [Eglin Air Force Base] except that when it is a German plane our antiaircraft guns fire at them. They do not hit many, but they keep them high and away. The Germans have lots of balloons in their air like the one you boys and mother went up in while we were at Pensacola. The French have lots of them also. Where I sleep is a little three-room cabin or hut that you would like to own for it would be just the thing for boy scouts. At night we have to darken all the windows so the lights will not show—that is to prevent the German airplanes from interrupting our sleep with bombs. I do not think you would like that part of the hut life quite so well, do you?

Yesterday I saw a mule that had been killed by shrapnel fire. The French had skinned him and were cutting him up to eat. The meat looked rather tough to me but I do not see any reason it should not be wholesome so some day when I get a chance I shall try a mule sirloin. I wonder if it will be as good as that polecat stew. Good gravy! My men got a few helmet’s (*sic*) the other day but had to turn them in so I can’t send you one. Anyway they were not the right kind as they had no spikes on top. Now I know you boys have no yellow streak because you (*sic*)do well and when mother writes me that you are not doing well in your studies it makes me very unhappy so if you want to help your old dad away over here—away from you and who is fighting for you just study hard and do your best in school.

The woods here are full of wild flowers, violets and many other pretty varieties. One could pick a bouquet from the table in a very few minutes but the only bouquet that we have picked for the table is one of dandelions and those we cooked and ate. Yum! Yum! Some bouquet. Are both you boys going to be promoted this year but then of course you are. I have not seen Uncle Charlie for two months but he is not far from here and is doing well for which we should all feel very proud.

Now I must close but I want you both to do something for me. Go to mother, put both you arms around her neck and give her a kiss for dad and tell her that although dad scolds her sometimes in his letters and is pretty much of an old grouch, he loves here with all his heart and the poetry she sent him about the ship sailing over the sea is very beautiful and she was a darling to send it. Now boys be good and take care of the only girl in our family. Dad

On June 13, one week after the marines launched their attack at Belleau Wood, Mary Cole received a letter from her brother-in-law, Brig. Gen. Charles H. Cole, stating that her husband had been wounded in both arms, both legs, and on his face after a grenade exploded directly in front of him. “Lucky for him,” Gen. Charles Cole wrote after visiting his brother in the hospital, “his eyes were not hit, (something miraculous). Today the doctor told us that, unless something unforeseen happens, he ought to survive. Tell Charlie and Teddy there I no braver man in the American Army than their daddy.” Something unforeseen happened two days later; severe blood poisoning spread rapidly throughout Cole’s system and, despite two amputations to stem the advance of the infection, Maj. Edward B. Cole died on June 18. In October 2018 the United States Navy christened destroyer no. 155 the USS Cole in his memory. (pp.136–38)

III. World War II: Bataän, Philippines; Corrégidor, Philippines:

Only hours after the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, the Japanese struck U.S. forces stationed in the Philippines commanded by Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Few soldiers would find themselves in a more brutal nightmare than the 80,000 mostly American and Filipino troops cornered on the Bataan Peninsula.

For four months they battled not only a superior number of Japanese troops, but debilitating diseases like malaria and dysentery, hunger, thirst, sweltering jungle heat, and repulsive sanitary conditions. When defeat seemed imminent in late February 1942, MacArthur (alone) was ordered by President Roosevelt to abandon the Peninsula. Vowing defiantly, “I shall return,” MacArthur left for Australia. Fighting continued until the Americans and Filipinos were forced to surrender on April 9. By this time the men were so famished, dehydrated, and ill, they were scarcely alive. The worst, however, was yet to come. Despite having access to trucks and transport vehicles, the Japanese ordered the emaciated prisoners to walk sixty-five miles to a railway junction without food, water, or medicine. Many collapsed along the side of the road and were left to die. Japanese soldiers arbitrarily whipped, beheaded, bayoneted, and tormented men as they marched. An estimated 10,000 men, including British and Australian soldiers, perished along the way, and those who survived spent the next three years as prisoners of war. Three brothers—Sgt. J. M. Smith, Capt. Burney Smith, and Sgt. Clark Smith, as well as their brother-in-law Capt. James Sadler—fought at Bataan and were captured. Six weeks before the April 9 surrender, J. M. , a father of two little girls (Patricia, who was born while he was away, and Judy, who was not yet two), wrote to his wife Martha in Clovis, New Mexico, to downplay the severity of their situation and to assure her they would all return home:

Somewhere in Bataan, Feb. 22, 1941

My Sweet,

Well darling, life has been good to us and God has surely been with us—in many ways and if we carry on as we have in the past. He will stay in our hearts and by our side as long as there is need of him—So I open my letter asking His blessings for you all—

I can't exactly say it has been easy for us yet it hasn't been too awful bad as yet—I can't realize yet how people can be such fools to cause so much trouble and suffering and heart aches not only for the ones actively engaged, but, also to those left behind.

I know you have suffered and have grieved many times since I have left but chin up and look the world in the face for you have 2 of the sweetest things in the world to brighten your life—God bless them. I miss you all so much—but with God’s will, I will return some day and that in its self is all we could ask of anyone.

The boys here are in high spirit, and there could never be any equal to these fellows, all of them, I mean soldiers here in Bataan—you would never know what it could be like unless you were here.

Jim [brother-in-law James Sadler] is my Btry Commander now so I see him every day. Clark [brother] is feeling very well, Burney [brother] is O.K.—but they said they would sure like to see the Squirts.

Did Judy [2-year-old daughter] have a big Xmas? I wanted to be there so much to have a big Xmas and if I ever get home I will sure throw a big party for you all.

Well my sweet you know I miss you very much and I would give anything under the sun to be with you, but, I am not, so just have faith in me and in God and I will be home some day.

I could write a lot of nonsense and a lot of foolishness but I know you will read between the lines and see more in spirit than in what I write.

God bless you all, and I pray that He keeps you well and happy. I love you all, J.M.

J.M.’s brother-in-law, Capt. James “Buddy” Sadler, was also his commanding officer and therefore responsible for inspecting his mail. Sadler saw J. M.’s letter and penciled a special note to Martha:

Dear Sis,

I have to censor this so I will add a few lines to send you my deepest love to you and to ask the blessings of our Dear Father in Heaven and the blessings of our Lord Jesus on yourself and the babies. Jake [J. M.] is doing ok. I have his Battery now and so am in constant touch with him and each night I ask God’s protection and that it be His will that we both be spared to return to our beloved wives and our other loved ones at home.

It hasn’t been too bad so far, and with God’s blessing and His help, we will come sailing back someday to you.

I haven't heard from home since the war but my prayers are ever of loved ones at home. I would give a lot to see my newest niece—if she is as cute as Judy she's some baby. Keep in touch with Carmen for news and so good bye dear sister and may the Good Lord above keep and bless you and may He will that this reach you soon.

Your own loving Buddy.

Martha Smith never heard from her husband or brother again. Burney Smith was also killed. Only Clark Smith, who, with several thousand other men, had escaped to the island of Corregidor (just south of Bataan), survived the war. Living in tunnels on the fortified island, the troops endured an almost month-long bombardment before finally surrendering to the Japanese on May 6, 1942. Twenty-one-year-old Lt. Tommy Kennedy was one of the thousands taken prisoner at Corregidor, and he spent nearly three years as a POW. Fatally malnourished and incarcerated on a Japanese hell ship, Kennedy sensed, by early January 1945, that the end was near. On the back of two family photographs he had saved throughout the war, Kennedy handwrote in tiny letters a farewell message to his parents. He began with a note to whoever found his body:

Notify: C. R. Kennedy, Box 842, Maricopa, California. Death of Son Lt. Thomas R. Kennedy 0-890346.

Momie & Dad: It is pretty hard to check out this way without a fighting chance but we can't live forever. I'm not afraid to die, I just hate the thought of not seeing you again. Buy Turkey Ranch with my money and just think of me often while you are there. Make liberal donations to both sisters. See that Gary has a new car his first year in hi-school.

I am sending Walt's medals to his mother. He gave them to me Sept. '42 last time I saw him and Bud. They went to Japan. I guess you can tell Patty that fate just didn't want us to be together. Hold a nice service for me in Bakersfield & put a stone in new cemetery (*sic*). Take care of my nieces & nephews don't let them ever want anything as I want even warmth or water now.

Loving & waiting for you in the world beon [beyond?].

Your son, Lt. Tommie Kennedy

Kennedy lived for a few more days, and, after finding a larger scrap of paper, wrote the following:

Dearest Momie & Dad,

I am writing this so that you will know exactly what happened and won't be like so many parents. I guess I really made a mistake in not listening to you and coming over here. If I could only have been killed in action, its so useless to die here from Disentry [dysentery] with no medicin. Walt and Bud [James Sadler] went to Manchuria Sept. '42. We have been since Dec. 13 from Manila. Bombed twice from 2 ships, on the 3rd now. Use my money to buy Turkey Ranch so you will always have some place to always go. Also give both sisters liberal amounts & see Gary has Sport model auto his 1st year hi school. Also nieces are always best dressed. Write: Mary Robertson at Houtzdale, Penn. Her son Melville died of disentry on the 17th of Jan. with his head on my shoulder. We were like brothers. He was buried at sea somewhere off the China coast. Tell Patty I'm sorry, guess we just weren't meant to be happy together. I weigh about 90 pounds now so you can see how we are. I will sign off now darlings and please don't greave to much. These are my bars and collar ensigns. The medals are Walts, please see his mom get them. I'm not afraid to go, and will be waiting for you. All my love, Tommie Kennedy.

Kennedy's final letters and medals were smuggled from one POW to another. Each made certain that, before dying, the items were passed to someone else. When the survivors were liberated at war's end, Kennedy's belongings were mailed to his parents in late 1945—well over four years after their teenage had left for the Pacific. (pp. 192–195)

IV. World War II: Iwo Jima, Japan:

Iwo Jima. Center island of the three in the Volcano Islands, Japan: 759 statute miles south of Tokyo; small volcanic island 5.5 miles long, maximum width 2.5 miles, 8 square miles. Scene of one of severest campaigns in U.S. History; bombed by U.S. planes Dec. 1944, Jan. and Feb. 1945; invaded by U.S. marines Feb. 19; Mt. Suribachi at Southern end seized Feb. 23; Motoyama airfields taken late Feb., and island completely taken by mid-Mar.¹

¹ *Merriam-Webster's Geographical Dictionary*, 3d ed. (Springfield, Mass.: Merriam-Webster, Publishers, 2007), s.v. "Iwo Jima."



Pfc. Bill Madden, Wounded Twice in Combat, Describes to His Father Coming in with the First Wave at Iwo Jima:

A speck of land only eight square miles in size, Iwo Jima was of immense strategic value to the B-29 bombing campaign against Japan. The Japanese had established an early warning radar system on the island, located 800 miles southeast of mainland Japan, and they launched fighter planes from its airfields to intercept incoming B-29s. Tiny as it was, Iwo Jima was defended by 22,000 Japanese troops entrenched in a honeycomb of camouflaged caves, pillboxes, and tunnels—all carved out of volcanic rock and protected by innumerable boobytraps and minefields. As the first wave of U.S. Marines struggled ashore on the morning of February 19, 1945, the Japanese unleashed a withering onslaught of machine-gun fire and mortar shells. Rushing headfirst into this deluge was Pfc. William Madden with the Twenty-seventh marines, Second Battalion, “Easy” Company. Madden watched as some of his closest friends were critically injured or literally blow to pieces. Madden, himself, was shot in the right wrist and arm on March 6. Recuperating from his wounds in a hospital in Hawaii, Madden wrote to his father in La Paz, Indiana, about the battle for Iwo Jima. (Bob, mentioned in the letter, was Madden’s older brother.)

April 22, '45

Dear Dad,

I read once that a Dad likes to get mail addressed to just him sometimes, so if you can stand lefthand (*sic*) writing this is for you. I’ll tell you a few things about Iwo.

It all started in the Hawaiians months ago. On every problem, we practiced landing, pushing across an imaginary island, then making a right turn and knocking out pill-boxes for miles.

We were crammed aboard transports (5 high in bunks & 2,000 to a ship) and began a 40 day voyage stopping for fuel & supplies, only at the Marshall Islands & Saipan. During the entire trip, we were schooled on maps & fortifications of Iwo, especially the 6 days between Saipan & there. We had a large clay model to study too, although we weren’t told the island’s name till 0-3.

0-1 was my birthday and as the fellows sang greetings to me I wondered if I would see my 20th one.

At Saipan we transferred to (L.S.T.'s) ships that carry amphibious tractors inside. The initials stand for "landing ship tank," but we renamed it "large stationary target" because it's so slow.

We got up at 4 o'clock on D day & could see the flashes of gunfire from the battle ships & cruisers in the distance as we ate our last warm chow for a long time.

At 6 o'clock we were packed in the amphib, & the bow of the ship swung open. At 6:30, we left the ship & spent 2½ hours on the ocean forming into waves. 9 o'clock was H-hour, & as we neared the beach, Jap shells were falling close. The amphib. on my right was blown up 2,000 yards from shore, & one of our planes was shot down near us.

I was in the 1st wave of troops to land, but a wave of armored tanks landed 2 minutes earlier. This would have been swell if there hadn't been a 15 ft. embankment of loose sand in my sector. The tanks didn't get off the beach, & you can imagine the trouble we had!

The Nips pattern-shelled the beach with mortars, cross fired it with pill-boxes, block houses, & individual Nambu² & heavy machine-guns. They had the beach mined too, & I saw plenty of Marines die before they got over the first bank.

Just before we hit, the Navy gave the beach a thorough going over & then raised their fire to give us a "Rolling Barrage" in front. While we were only 200 yards from the beach, the ships hit it with a rocket barrage that even shook us. Our planes took over from there & strafed enemy emplacements till we got there (also laying us an ineffective smoke screen.)

Yes, I know it sounds like nothing could be living there, and it looked that way too, but we found them still waiting in their emplacements & ready when we arrived. There were no buildings. The entire population lived underground in their defenses & there were no civilians to bother with, so you can see it was a natural fortress.

² Type 14 semi-automatic pistol used by Japan during World War II.

After the first bank of sand there were two more and just as well defended. I got my first Nip on the second bank. He raised up to throw another grenade & I shot him in the neck with an armor piercing shell. You can imagine what was left of him!

Do you remember me telling you about “Best” winning the “Silver Star” overseas before? This time I saw him charge a Jap pill-box alone while they threw grenades at him, keep on going when shrapnel from one hit him in the mouth and jaw, shoot one, & kill the other two by beating them over the head with his rifle butt when it failed to fire. He did it so fast they couldn’t even use their bayonets on him. Best wouldn’t go back till he was hit again when I was. He’s going to the states now & is recommended for the Navy Cross. Chicago is his home and his Dad’s a cop.

My out-fit (27th) drove across the island at the narrow part with the 28th on our left. We sure caught a lot of hell-fire from the volcano, too, especially when we reached the other beach and turned right, with our backs to it. It certainly felt good to see the “Stars & Stripes” raised there, believe me!

Dad, a friend here in the hospital is going to the states tomorrow & says he’ll take this letter & mail it there. It’ll miss the censors, so I can tell you about my “company.” Out of 252 officers & men, only 12 men came through the campaign without being killed or wounded. None of these 12 were officers or sergeants. One corporal who was back at the C.P. was the only N.C.O. left. It was awful to watch steel crash into human flesh & rip it apart. I saw a lot of good men die & I never want to see it again.

It seemed that every Nip had a mortar. One fellow said every one he saw carried a mortar but one, & that one had a requisition slip to get one.

They were plenty accurate too! One fellow said, “If you held up a tobacco tin, a Nip would drop a mortar shell in it without touching either side,” and that’s about the truth too.

The Nips had a German made rocket that we called “Box-Car Bessie.” It was a 2000 lb. shell that made a red streak across the sky. Our artillery couldn’t knock it out because they pulled it back in a cave in a cliff by the use of rails.

In the northern part of the island we had to take one cliff after another, all full of caves. A lot of caves were hidden & facing backwards. We got their fire in our backs as we advanced. This gave us the feeling of being surrounded at all times. Our outfit was machine-gunned by our L.V. Ts, hit by our own mortars, bombed by our rockets, shelled by our naval gunboats, and was hit hard by our artillery as we began an attack. The barrage broke it up & the attack failed. Now I know how a Nip feels!

After a few days on Iwo a guy can dig a 4 ft. foxhole with his bare hands. I don't know who killed the most marines; the Japs or the men behind us. As Bob tried to tell me before I enlisted, I'm in the wrong outfit! It's a great one though!!

We were told we'd be bombed by hundreds of carrier & land based planes, but the reason we weren't is the action of "Task Force 58." They hit the planes before they took off, & intercepted & destroyed the ones that did. I'll always be grateful to that task force.

I had plenty of close calls in those 16 days that I'll always remember. When I was finally shot they shipped me to Guam & then Pearl Harbor. I'm just a little way from Honolulu now.

You know our casualties were given at 4,000 dead & 16,000 wounded. Well 2,000 more died of wounds & several thousand men are crippled for life. Do you think that rock was worth those men's lives, Dad??

Well, I haven't said all I wanted to, but it's all I can think of now. My arm is doing o.k., so don't worry about it.

Oh yes—Happy Birthday Pop!

Love Bill

The raising of the Stars and Stripes over Mount Suribachi, which Madden alluded to in his letter, was photographed by Joe Rosenthal on February 23 and has become one of the most famous and dramatic war pictures ever taken. (Total victory over Iwo Jima was not achieved until over a month later, and three of the six flag raisers were killed in the fighting.) With more than 6,800 Americans killed and nearly 20,000 wounded, the battle for Iwo Jima remains the bloodiest in Marine Corps history. Thousands of U.S. airmen used the island for emergency landing in the war's remaining months. (297–300)

V. Retrospective:

The several reports from the battlefields of our nation's history communicate the struggle our client nation has faced throughout the 244 years of its history—from the War for Independence to the more recent struggles in the Middle East.

In order to protect the freedoms our Founders established following Yorktown, Virginia, there have been several challenges to occur resulting in the deployment of arms by patriots tasked with the chore of restoring order by defending our shores. The navies of Great Britain were the first. We fought an internal battle between the northern states and the southern states that was concluded at Appomattox, Virginia.

Things magnified to the level of multiple nations going to war on two occasions. The first effort threatened our European allies' shores and potentially at the ultimate cost of their freedoms. The trouble started in 1910 when major nations in Europe, including Russia, France, and Great Britain, joined together to defend themselves from the saber rattling by Germany and Austria. The United States sent arms to assist in 1917 and its superior military contributions to the turmoil resulted in driving Germany out of France. Germany's Kaiser [Emperor] Wilhelm II abdicated on November 28, 1918.

The war was officially concluded on November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was signed at 11:00 A.M., local time. This day later became known as Armistice Day. It was later changed to Veterans Day in the United States when President Dwight Eisenhower signed the bill into law.

Things never did become copacetic among the European combatants. Out of the attitudes that simmered among the Germans emerged a reboot of nationalism and the desire to try taking over Western European nations. We have noted among previous studies that what metastasized into another World War emerged in the dark mind of Adolf Hitler. His brand of terror was known as Nazism, a political party known as National Socialism that came to power in 1933 which is best described a totalitarianism.

What Hitler sought to institute in Europe was opposed by the Allies including the United States. Germany and its allies waged war against the West and we engaged in World War II to suppress this demonic system and were victorious.

On Memorial Day, 2019, we went through a six-hour study of D-Day and its successful victory that ultimately led to the overthrow of Nazi Germany. Totalitarianism was defeated by the combined efforts of these Western nations.

Yet, 77 years later, the West has lost the thought! Peace and freedom was won on battlefields with mass losses of life in the European and Pacific theaters of battle. Thousands of men died during both engagements, yet peace was won due to concentrated use of military power.

In the present environment of the United States, its citizens face an emerging totalitarian takeover mostly accomplished without an alien shot being fired. It is the citizens of this client nation that have joined in on the implementation of what was so soundly defeated in two World Wars.

I will quote from an excellent source that will expose the details of the term, totalitarianism. As you hear its recitation, keep in mind the activities presently playing out, in the clear light of day, in this country.

Ergo, we require a good, solid definition of what is presently going on within our country. To do so, I quote excerpts from: *The New Encyclopaedia Britannica: Micropaedia*, 15th edition, published in 2010, from its article, “totalitarianism,” in volume 11, pages 863–64:

Totalitarianism, form of government that theoretically permits no individual freedom and that seeks to subordinate all aspects of the individual's life to the authority of the government.

By the beginning of World War II, “totalitarianism” had become synonymous with absolute and oppressive single-party government.

In the broadest sense, totalitarianism is characterized by strong central rule that attempts to control and direct all aspects of individual life through coercion and repression. Examples of such centralized totalitarian rule include ... the totalitarian states of Nazi Germany under Adolf Hitler (1933–45) and the Soviet Union under Joseph Stalin (1924–53) were the first examples of decentralized or popular totalitarianism, in which the state achieved overwhelming popular support for its leadership.

Totalitarianism is often distinguished from dictatorship, despotism, or tyranny by its supplanting of all political institutions with new ones and its sweeping away of all legal, social, and political traditions. The totalitarian state pursues some special goal, such as industrialism or conquest, to the exclusion of all others. All resources are directed toward its attainment regardless of the cost. Whatever might further the goal is supported; whatever might foil the goal is rejected. Any dissent is branded evil, and internal political differences are not permitted.

Under totalitarian rule, traditional social institutions and organizations are discouraged and suppressed; thus the social fabric is weakened and people become more amenable to absorption into a single, unified movement. Participation in approved public organizations is at first encouraged and then required. Old religious and social ties are supplanted by artificial ties to the state and its ideology. As pluralism and individualism diminish, most of the people embrace the totalitarian state's ideology. The infinite diversity among individuals blurs, replaced by a mass conformity to the beliefs and behavior sanctioned by the state.

Large-scale, organized violence becomes permissible and sometimes necessary under totalitarian rule, justified by the overriding commitment to the state ideology and pursuit of the state's goal. In Nazi Germany and Stalin's Soviet Union, whose classes of people, such as Jews and kulaks (wealthy peasant farmers) respectively, were singled out for persecution and extinction.

Police operations within a totalitarian state often appear similar to those within a police state, but one important difference distinguishes them. In a police state the police operate according to known, consistent procedures. In a totalitarian state the police operate without the constraints of laws and regulations. Their actions are unpredictable and directed by the whim of their rulers.

Stalin provided a constitution for the Soviet Union in 1936 but never permitted it to become the framework of Soviet law. Instead, he was the final arbiter in the interpretation of Marxism–Leninism–Stalinism and changed his interpretations at will.

This description of totalitarianism was published in 2010, 11 years ago. It was obviously not privy to the goings on in the present Zeitgeist. However, its text clearly describes and defines what is presently occurring within client nation America.

It is time that Christians with doctrine resident in their souls take seriously their obligation to stand fast with doctrine. This is not the time for houses of worship to remain empty or drift away from electronic contrivances.

Now it the time and now is the hour to become warriors for Christ by the inculcation, facilitation, and application of the immutable Word of God empowered by absolute confidence in its power to control history in concert with wall of fire provided by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

It is with the power of the Word that the believer can withstand the Dark Side's flaming arrows.:

Ephesians 6:11 Put on for yourselves the full armor from God that you might continue to be able to hold your ground against the tactics of the devil.

v. 12 For our combat keep on being absolutely not against blood and flesh, but against demonic general staff, against demonic commissioned officers, against world rulers of the dark side and spiritual propaganda.

v. 13 Because of this angelic combat, pick up and put on the full armor from God in order that you might have the ability to hold your ground and resist in the evil day, even after having advanced to spiritual maturity to oppose the forces of Satan.

What follows is a description of the spiritual panoply that empowers the soul to stand fast in the face of intensified opposition against the truth, the power, and the immutability of the Word of God.

Therefore, be a good soldier for Christ. Use your doctrine to counter the intensifying strategy and tactics from the faculty and students who occupy the Satanic Academy of Cosmic Didactics.

(End MD21-01: Letters from the Front Lines.)