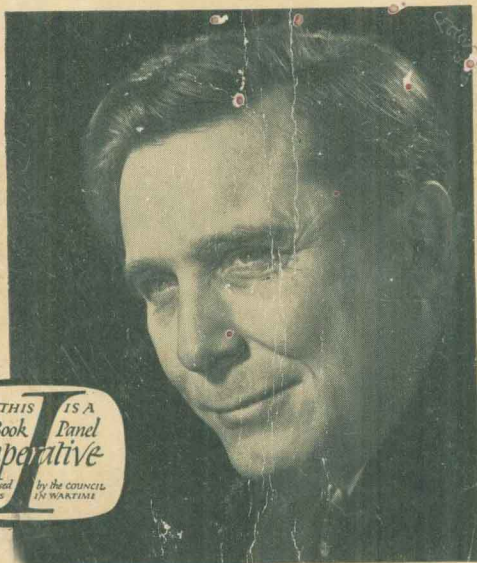


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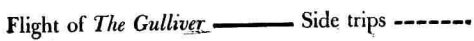
*WENDELL L. WILLKIE*



**POCKET BOOKS INC.**

New York

**IMPORTANT**—This book is not  
a condensation or a digest of the  
original. It is the *complete* book.

Flight of *The Gulliver* ————— Side trips -----

TO

MAJOR RICHARD T. KIGHT, D.F.C.,

*who piloted The Gulliver, the plane in which we flew around the world, and to whom on November 24, 1942, the War Department awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster for extraordinary achievement in completing that "difficult and hazardous mission in excellent time and without mishap, despite extreme weather conditions and the presence of enemy aircraft over part of the route,"*

AND TO

*the members of the tireless and skillful crew of  
The Gulliver,*

CAPTAIN ALEXIS KLOTZ, CO-PILOT

CAPTAIN JOHN C. WAGNER

MASTER SERGEANT JAMES M. COOPER

TECHNICAL SERGEANT RICHARD J. BARRETT

SERGEANT VICTOR P. MINKOFF

CORPORAL CHARLES H. REYNOLDS

# INTRODUCTION

TODAY, because of military and other censorship, America is like a beleaguered city that lives within high walls through which there passes only an occasional courier to tell us what is happening outside. I have been outside those walls. And I have found that nothing outside is exactly what it seems to those within.

I had an opportunity to fly around the world in the middle of this war, to see and talk to hundreds of people in more than a dozen nations, and to talk intimately with many of the world's leaders. It was an experience which few private citizens and none of those leaders have had. It gave me some new and urgent convictions and strengthened some of my old ones. These convictions are not mere humanitarian hopes; they are not just idealistic and vague. They are based on things I saw and learned at first hand and upon the views of men and women, important and anonymous, whose heroism and sacrifices give meaning and life to their beliefs.

In this book I have tried to set down as dispassionately as possible some of my observations and—perhaps not quite so dispassionately—the conclusions I have drawn from them.

I was accompanied on my trip by Gardner (Mike) Cowles, Jr., a noted publisher, and by Joseph Barnes, an experienced foreign correspondent and editor—both perfect traveling companions—both my friends. They have been most generous and helpful in the preparation of material for this book. And though I am sure they would agree with many of my conclusions, they bear no responsibility for this expression of them.

Captain Paul Pihl, U. S. Navy, and Major Grant Mason,

U. S. Army, went with me as representatives of those services and gave me valuable advice on the trip from their special knowledge. Everyone in the party and crew alike was helpful and companionable. But I know I am gratifying the wish of all when I pay special tribute to Major Richard (Dick) Kight, our equable, engaging pilot, for his amazing skill in the operation of the bomber in which we flew.

W. L. W.

*New York*

*March 2, 1943*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WENDELL WILLKIE was born in Elwood, Indiana in 1892. He had local primary and secondary schooling, and graduated (A.B.) from Indiana in 1913; and then in 1916 graduated from the School of Law. He was immediately admitted to the Indiana Bar—and his career was begun. He went into practice, in Elwood, with his father, and the firm name became Willkie and Willkie—this association lasted for three years.

His marriage to Edith Wilk took place in 1918, and it was with his bride that, early in 1919, seeking greater opportunity, he moved on to the city of Akron, in near-by Ohio—the firm name now was Mather, Nesbitt & Willkie; he stayed here ten years. He was admitted to the New York Bar and until 1932 was a partner in the law office of Weadock & Willkie.

Fame and fortune had been trailing the young man from Indiana for a long time, and now caught up with him and tapped him for the Presidency of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. The rest is common knowledge—his nomination as the Republican candidate for President.

And then something happened that had never before occurred to a defeated Presidential candidate; he grew in social stature and political significance. In the Autumn of 1942 he decided to fly around the world and confer with the rulers and military, air, and naval commanders of many of the United Nations. One result of that journey is this book—just about the fastest-selling publication the United States has ever known.

Mr. Willkie is now (September, 1943) back in the law, this time, as senior partner of the New York firm of Willkie, Owen, Otis, Fair & Gallagher.



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## *Chapter One*

### EL ALAMEIN

IN a four-engined Consolidated bomber, converted for transport service and operated by United States Army officers, I left Mitchel Field, New York, on August 26, to see what I could of the world and the war, its battle fronts, its leaders, and its people. Exactly forty-nine days later, on October 14, I landed in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I had encircled the world, not in the northern latitudes where the circumference is small, but on a route which crossed the equator twice.

I had traveled a total of 31,000 miles, which—looked at as a figure—still impresses and almost bewilders me. For the net impression of my trip was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them. If I had ever had any doubts that the world has become small and completely interdependent, this trip would have dispelled them altogether.

The extraordinary fact is that to cover this enormous distance we were in the air a total of only 160 hours. We usually flew from eight to ten hours a day when we were on the move, which means that out of the forty-nine days given to the trip, I had about thirty days on the ground for the accomplishment of the purposes in hand. The physical business of moving from one country to another, or from one continent to another, was no more arduous than the trips an American businessman may make any day of his life to carry on his business. In fact, moving about the world came

to seem so easy that I promised the president of a great central Siberian republic to fly back some week end in 1945 for a day's hunting. And I expect to keep the engagement.

There are no distant points in the world any longer. I learned by this trip that the myriad millions of human beings of the Far East are as close to us as Los Angeles is to New York by the fastest trains. I cannot escape the conviction that in the future what concerns them must concern us, almost as much as the problems of the people of California concern the people of New York.

Our thinking in the future must be world-wide.

On the way to Cairo, at the end of August, bad news came to meet us. At Kano, Nigeria, there was open speculation as to how many days it might take General Rommel to cover the few miles which lay between his advance scouts and Alexandria. By the time we reached Khartoum, this speculation had become hard reports of what is known in Egypt as a "flap"—a mild form of panic. In Cairo, some Europeans were packing cars for flight southward or eastward. I recalled the President's warning to me just before I left Washington that before I reached Cairo it might well be in German hands. We heard tales of Nazi parachutists dropped in the Nile Valley to disorganize its last defenses. The British Eighth Army was widely believed to be preparing to evacuate Egypt altogether, retiring to Palestine and southward into the Sudan and Kenya.

Naturally, I wanted to check these reports. And Cairo itself was the world's worst place to check anything. There were good men there. Alexander Kirk, United States Minister to Egypt, was not hopeful about the future, but I learned from my long talks with him that he used his corrosive, cynical pessimism as a mask to cover what was really extensive knowledge of what was going on and great skill

in trying to hold a fragile situation together. There were other well-informed men in Cairo, not least among them the round, laughing Prime Minister, Nahas Pasha, who has so much gusto and good humor that I told him if he would come to the United States and run for office, he would undoubtedly make a formidable candidate.

But the city was full of rumors and alarms. The streets were filled with officers and soldiers coming and going. A very tight censorship made the American reporters in Cairo doubt and feel skeptical of all British reports from the front. In a half-hour at Shepherd's Hotel, you could pick up a dozen different versions of what was taking place in the desert not much more than a hundred miles away.

So I accepted eagerly an invitation from General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery to see the front for myself, at El Alamein. With Mike Cowles and Major General Russell L. Maxwell, then commander of United States forces in Egypt, we drove out of Cairo on the desert road to the front. I had bought, at a French department store in Cairo, a khaki shirt and trousers, both several sizes too small for me, but the best they had, and we borrowed the simple bedding which every man carries with him in desert fighting.

General Montgomery met me at his headquarters, hidden among sand dunes on the Mediterranean. In fact, it was so near the beach that he and General Alexander and I took our next morning's bath in those marvelous blue-green waters. Headquarters consisted of four American automobile trailers spaced a few dozen yards apart against the dunes for concealment purposes. In one of these, the general had his maps and battle plans. He gave me one for sleeping quarters. In another his aide put up and in the fourth the general himself lived, when he was not at the front.

This was not often. The wiry, scholarly, intense, almost fanatical personality of General Montgomery made a deep

impression on me, but no part of his character was more remarkable than his passionate addiction to work. He was almost never in Cairo. He was usually at the front itself, with his men. I was surprised to find that he did not even know General Maxwell, who had been in complete charge of American forces in the Middle East for several weeks. When we drove up to his headquarters he took me aside and asked, "Who is that officer with you?" I replied, "General Maxwell." And he went on, "Who's General Maxwell?" I had just finished explaining when General Maxwell himself approached and I introduced the two.

Almost before we were out of our cars, General Montgomery launched into a detailed description of a battle which was in its last phases and which for the first time in months had stopped Rommel dead. No real news of this battle had reached Cairo or had been given to the press. The general repeated the details for us step by step, telling us exactly what had happened and why he felt it was a major victory even though his forces had not advanced any great distance. It had been a testing of strength on a heavy scale. Had the British lost, Rommel would have been in Cairo in a few days.

It was my first lesson in the strategy and tactics of desert warfare, in which distance means nothing and mobility and fire power are everything. At first it was hard for me to understand why the general kept repeating, in a quiet way, "Egypt has been saved." The enemy was deep in Egypt and had not retreated. I remembered the skepticism I had found in Cairo, born of earlier British claims. But before I left the trailer in which General Montgomery had rigged up his map room, I had learned more about desert warfare, and he had convinced me that something more than the ubiquitous self-confidence of the British officer and gentleman



lay behind his assurance that the threat to Egypt had been liquidated.

General Montgomery spoke with great enthusiasm of the American-manufactured General Sherman tanks, which were just then beginning to arrive in important numbers on the docks at Alexandria and Port Said. He also spoke very highly of the 105-millimeter-self-propelled antitank cannon of American make, which was just then beginning to prove that a tank *can* be stopped.

Almost his central thesis was his belief that earlier British reverses on the desert front had resulted from inadequate co-ordination of tank forces, artillery forces, and air power. General Montgomery told me he had his air officer living with him at his headquarters, and that complete co-ordination of planes, tanks, and artillery had been chiefly responsible for the decisive check to Rommel of the last few days. He estimated that the Germans had lost some 140 tanks, about half of them high-quality tanks, in the battle just about concluded, against a British loss of only 37 tanks; and he predicted that he would achieve the same supremacy on the ground that he already had in the air.

That evening, we had dinner in General Montgomery's tent with his superior officer, General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, commander of all British forces in the Middle East, General Maxwell, Major General Lewis H. Brereton, then commanding American air forces in the Middle East, and his British counterpart, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder. Air Marshal Tedder, whom I had also seen and talked with in Cairo, is a curiously charming and impressive soldier, with soft, quiet face and voice, who carries water colors with him on every assignment into the desert. He is a flying hero, and a thoughtful man.

Brereton and Tedder talked that night about the future