

HERMAN WOUK



War and

Remembrance

REMEMBRANCE

Herman Wouk



BOSTON TORONTO

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Books by Herman Wouk

Novels

AURORA DAWN
THE CITY BOY
THE CAINE MUTINY
MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR
YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE
DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL
THE WINDS OF WAR
WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

Plays

THE TRAITOR
THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL
NATURE'S WAY

Nonfiction

THIS IS MY GOD

WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

WAR AND

a novel by

Little, Brown and Company

In Remembrance

Abraham Isaac Wouk

“Abe”

firstborn son of

Betty Sarah and Herman Wouk

September 2, 1946–July 27, 1951

בלע המות לנצח

He will destroy death forever.

Isaiah 25

Foreword

WAR AND REMEMBRANCE is a historical romance. The subject is World War II, the viewpoint American.

A prologue, *The Winds of War*, published in 1971, set the historical frame for this work by picturing the events leading up to Pearl Harbor. This is a novel of America at war, from Pearl Harbor to Hiroshima.

It is the main tale I had to tell. While I naturally hope that some readers, even in this rushed age, will find the time for both novels, *War and Remembrance* is a story in itself, and can be read without the prologue.

The theme of both novels is single. The last words of Victor Henry's commentary on the Battle of Leyte Gulf give it plainly enough:

"Either war is finished, or we are."

I have put this theme in the colors and motion of the fiction art, so that "he who runs may read," and remember what happened in the worst world catastrophe. As to the history in both tales, I trust that knowing readers will find it has been presented responsibly and with care.

These two linked novels tend to one conclusion: that war is an old habit of thought, an old frame of mind, an old political technique, that must now pass as human sacrifice and human slavery have passed. I have faith that the human spirit will prove equal to the long heavy task of ending war. Against the pessimistic mood of our time, I think that the human spirit — for all its dark side that I here portray — is in essence heroic. The adventures narrated in this romance aim to show that essence in action.

The beginning of the end of War lies in Remembrance.

Washington
23 March 1978
Purim, 5738



Japs did try an end run for Hawaii, he could double back and intercept them in time.

The 1936 game-board exercise, Pug realized, had been prophetic. In the game, the Marines had been beleaguered on Wake after a sneak Japanese attack on Manila. The Pacific Fleet had sailed to relieve them and bring the Jap main body to action. The mission had failed. "Orange" air had clobbered "Blue" into turning back. "Blue" carrier attacks had not knocked out the enemy's island airfields, the umpires had ruled, due to bad weather, pilot inexperience, and unexpected Jap strength in AA and aircraft.

Spruance ticked off distances, times, and hazards until Halsey exploded, "Jesus Christ and General Jackson, Ray, I know all that. I want some arguments to throw at Cincpac so I can shake myself loose!"

Dropping the dividers on the chart, Spruance shrugged. "I suspect the whole operation may be cancelled."

"Cancelled, hell! Why? Those marines are holding out splendidly!"

His sympathies all with Halsey, Pug Henry put in that while flying from Manila to Hawaii on the Pan Am Clipper, he had been under bombardment at Wake Island.

"Hey? What's that? You were there?" Halsey turned angrily glinting eyes on him. "What did you see? How are their chances?"

Pug described the Marine defenses, and said he thought they could resist for weeks. He mentioned the letter he had brought from the Marine commandant to Cincpac, and quoted the colonel's parting words in the coral dugout: "*We'll probably end up eating fish and rice behind barbed wire anyway, but at least we can make the bastards work to take the place.*"

"You hear *that*, Ray?" Halsey struck the desk with a bony gray-haired fist. "And you don't think we're honor bound to reinforce and support them? Why, the papers back home are full of nothing but the heroes on Wake. '*Send us more Japs!*' I've never heard anything more inspiring."

"I rather doubt that message ever came from Wake. Newspaper stuff," said Spruance. "Henry, were you stationed in Manila?"

"I was coming via Manila, Admiral, from the Soviet Union. I was naval adviser on the Lend-Lease mission."

"What? Rooshia?" Halsey gave Victor Henry a jocular prod with two fingers. "Say, that's right! I've heard about you, Pug. Hobnobbing with the President and I don't know who all! Why, old Moose Benton told me you went for a joyride over Berlin in a Limey bomber. Hey? Did you really do that?"

"Admiral, I was an observer. Mostly I observed how frightened I could get."

Halsey rubbed his chin, looking roguish. "You're aboard to relieve Sam Hickman, aren't you?"