

**KARAL ANN MARLING
AND JOHN WETENHALL**



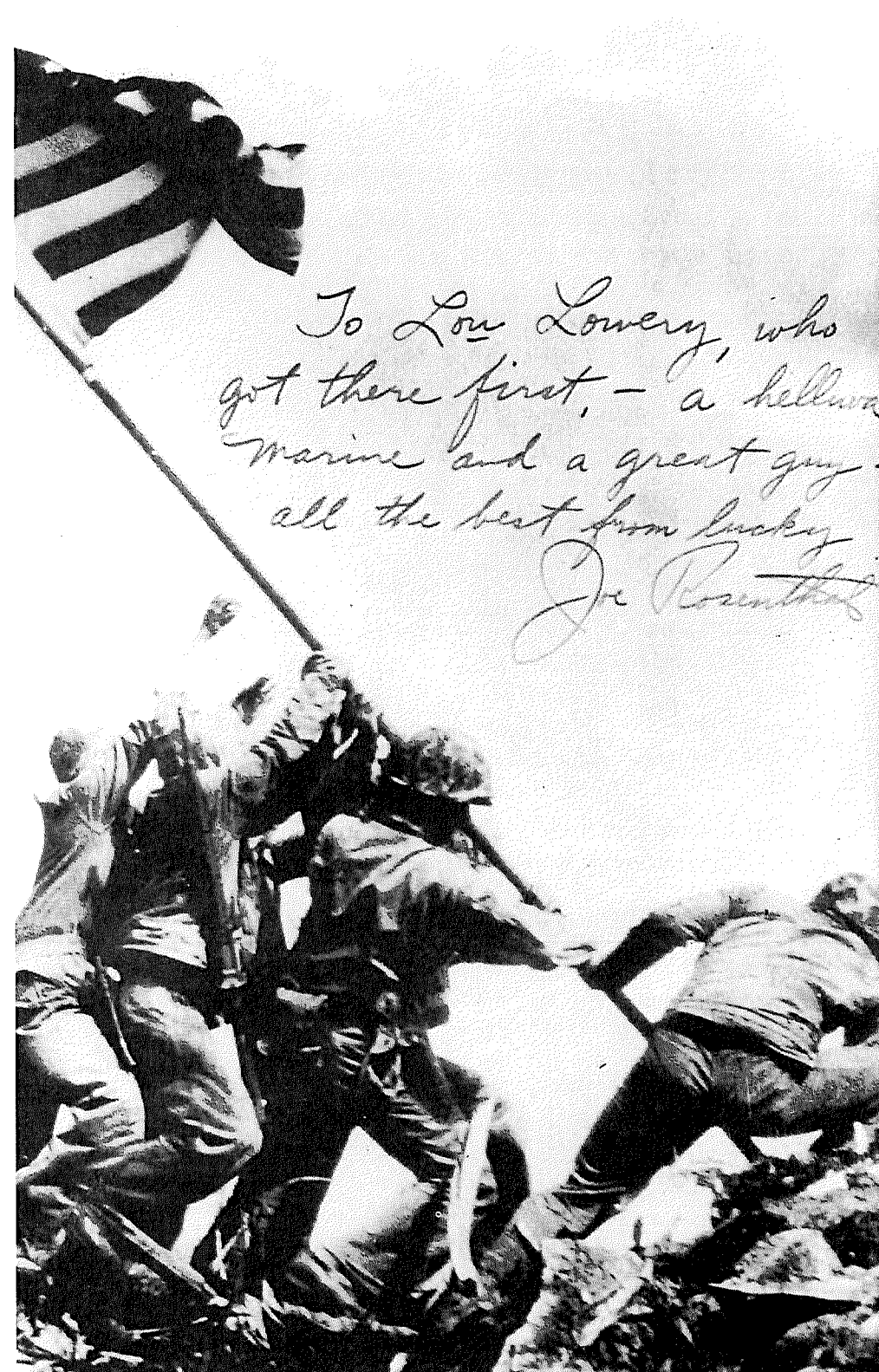
IWO JIMA



**Monuments, Memories,
and the American Hero**

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge, Massachusetts
London, England
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*To Lou Lowery, who
got there first, - a helluva
marine and a great guy -
all the best from Lucky
Joe Rosenthal*



dampen the inflation produced by a combination of full employment and rationed goods. Compulsory sales, on the other hand, while yielding similar revenues, would only encourage Congress to ease off on income taxes.³

For strict voluntarism to work, however, the Treasury needed a massive sales campaign of an entirely new type. During World War I, strong-arm tactics and coercion had been used to move bonds: vigilantes splashed the houses of those who refused to buy with yellow paint. For World War II, Morgenthau put his faith in the power of modern advertising. With a little Hollywood hoopla and lots of “hard sell,” his Madison Avenue recruits were determined to “make the country war-minded.” Showmanship was the way to win the war of dollars on the home front.⁴

Sales psychology for the Seventh Bond Drive (“The Mighty Seventh,” in the copywriters’ lingo) was particularly tricky. A poll taken at the conclusion of the fifth such campaign, in 1944, warned against overemphasis on patriotic themes as the war in Europe was winding down. A full 50 percent of those questioned thought that troops overseas would not get weapons and ammunition if they stopped buying, but “this literal-minded attitude,” said the Treasury’s pollsters, “may lead to the thought that it is unnecessary to buy Bonds once hostilities cease.” In that uncertain atmosphere, Rosenthal’s Iwo Jima photograph was “a lucky break” for the admen in the Treasury, a “soul-stirring” symbol which, if properly used, would guarantee record sales. The Mighty Seventh had found its logo—“the most dramatic poster and insignia of all the war loans.”⁵

Fresh off the plane from the Pacific, Joe Rosenthal was asked for his opinion of the poster in progress. Although he privately thought it “a little overdrawn,” with a wild wind whipping the flag and bombs bursting in the sky, the occasion did not invite searching criticism of the new full-color version of his photo with the lump-in-the-throat emphasis on the Red, White and Blue. Rosenthal’s inspection of the sketch was a staged event, a press conference at which Generals Vandegrift and Denig of the Marine Corps and Ted Gamble of the Treasury Department all smiled and pointed while the cameras clicked. Gamble, a former movie theater owner, now director of the War Finance Division of the Treasury, was an old hand at the art of illusion. No niggling reservations, no uncertainties or imperfections would mar the heroic image of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima his poster so dramatically illustrated.⁶

That poster, based on a florid oil painting by the magazine illustrator C. C. Beall, improved upon the original in two ways. The addition of color



The official poster for the 1945 bond drive was painted from the Rosenthal photo by C. C. Beall.



Howard Chandler Christy's version, combining Lowery's and Rosenthal's raisings, was summarily rejected.

made the flag the dominant element in the scene. And by a judicious use of a band of light behind the figures, the artist also managed to break Rosenthal's tangled cluster of arms and legs into six discrete forms. Had he posed his tableau on Mount Suribachi, Rosenthal often remarked, he would have "picked fewer men, for the six are so crowded in the picture that [for] one of them . . . only the hands are visible." Although Beall did not reposition the flag-raisers—he denied changing a single line of the photograph—color alone sufficed to create a more rational composition, one in which each soldier, as a struggling individual, bore a clearer cause-and-effect relationship to the ascending banner.⁷

The decision to use the Beall-ized version of the photo had been "fairly settled" by early March, when the Treasury's poster committee reconvened to take up the issue of what slogan should be superimposed on the image. Several volunteer ad agencies, including the prestigious firm of Young and Rubicam, submitted copy: "Lend a Mighty Hand!" "Shoulder Your Share!" "Spirit of the 7th!" "Now, All Together!" The committee (of which Mrs. Morgenthau was a member) looked and read and looked again and finally settled on a tag line of its own—"Now, All Together for the 7th"—linking the collective action depicted to the effort demanded on the home front. It was, the weary members concluded, "the best spirited copy for this Drive" and, by May 14, when the push began, it would adorn three and a half million posters. More than a million storekeepers had promised to put them in the front window. Posters were going up in 16,000 movie theaters, 15,000 banks, 200,000 factories, 30,000 railroad stations, on 15,000 big outdoor billboards. The Treasury Department would, Gamble pledged, display the Iwo Jima flag-raising "more widely than any other picture has been displayed in history."⁸

A smaller, simpler insignia was approved for use in streetcars and buses, for insets in the corners of full-page ads run by public-spirited firms. Designed by Joseph Reichert, art director for Ruthrauff and Ryan, the ancillary trademark for the Mighty Seventh extracted only two figures from the seminal photograph—the crouching man at the far right and the Marine with the carbine, second from the end at the left.⁹ The most important and visually arresting participants in the actual planting of the flag, the remaining pair also hint at the ubiquity of a picture the public could now recognize in the most attenuated of forms. The shorthand version of the picture included several added ingredients, too, elements that point toward the meaning already vested in the flag-raising icon in

**Buy Your Extra
Bonds Here**



The official bond drive insignia was a variation on the Rosenthal picture, simplified and reduced to its basic elements.



Another stripped-down version was used on display cards in buses and trolley cars.

March of 1945. The terrain is simplified: the lead figure pushes the flagpole into a sharp, upward slope evoking the name of *Mount Suribachi* and underscoring the rigors of an uphill fight, of obstacles overcome. On the opposite side of the insignia, on the downward slope, a figure found nowhere in the prototype confronts an unseen enemy. On this Mount Suribachi, a place of danger and hardship, the battle still rages. On this Mount Suribachi, those who raise the flag are clearly heroes, brave heroes under fire.

If the public wanted heroes, the Treasury Department and the Marine Corps were going to provide them. Discussion of a first flag-raising was dampened; reporters quizzed Joe Rosenthal on his brushes with death and



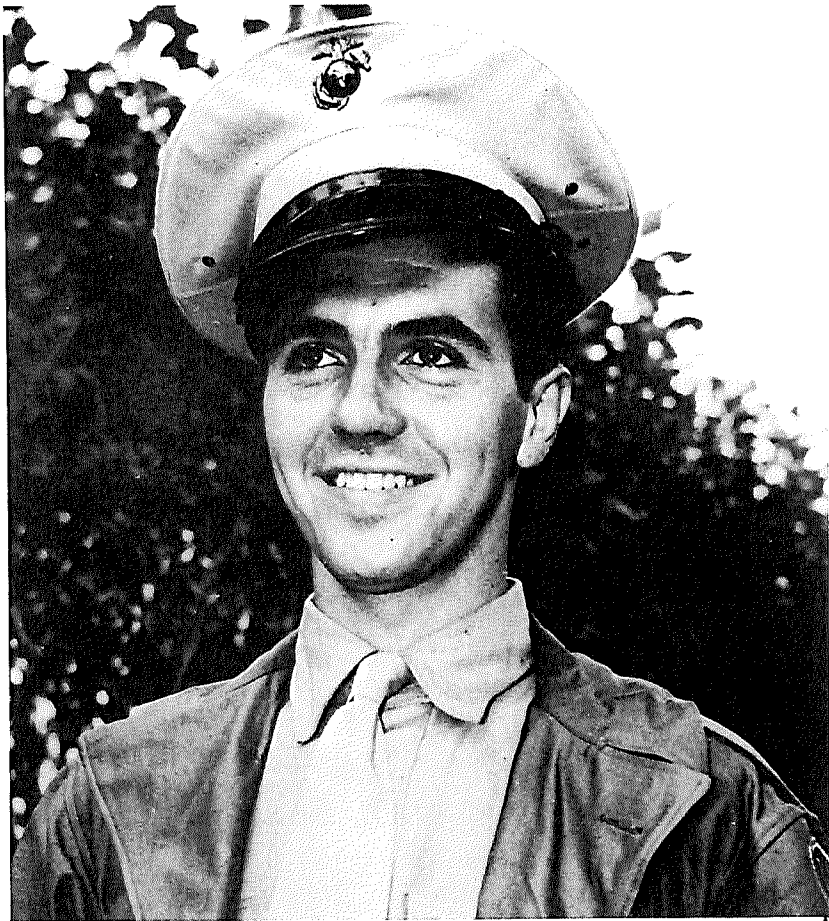
Sergeant Tom Lovell turned the icon into an effective Marine recruiting poster.

played up the parts about “artillery and mortar fire . . . rising to a high pitch of intensity,” the mines, the “crack of rifle fire.” Putting aside any reservations about the forced heroics of the graphics, Rosenthal smiled for more pictures, this time showing him presenting a poster to Spencer Tracy, representative of the Hollywood bond effort.¹⁰ In fact, the whole campaign smacked of Hollywood and smiling make-believe. Private Hayes, just off the plane from Hilo, voiced concern that the raiser at the foot of the pole, officially identified as Henry Hansen, was really his friend Harlon Block. Hansen had only figured in the first flag detail, he argued. But Hayes was told to keep quiet. Both men were dead. It didn’t matter to them. What mattered was the bond tour. What mattered was public confidence in an event already enshrined in American mythology. What mattered was raising the flag and being a hero.¹¹

On May 9, 1945, the heroes of Iwo Jima hoisted over the U.S. Capitol building the same tattered flag they had once raised over Mount Suribachi. It was V-E Day, and their gesture, calculated to remind the public that the war had not yet ended in the Pacific, proved effective with bond buyers. A mobile booth set up on Capitol Plaza was mobbed. Some came because they had boys of their own on Iwo, but others in the crowd of a thousand or more were simply curious about the three heroes, celebrities now, made famous by Rosenthal’s famous photo: the Indian, a full-blooded Pima, pulling solemnly on the guide rope; the sailor, straightening the folds; the third kid, a “poor man’s Tyrone Power,” standing at rigid attention.¹²

A host of other notables saluted or covered their hearts on signal: Forrestal, Morgenthau, Vandegrift, Rayburn. The Speaker opened the ceremony by calling what had happened on Iwo Jima “a symbol of victory to Americans.” The commandant recalled how the sight of the flag, fluttering over Suribachi, had inspired the Marines below. The same flag—a stateside publicist had fired a pistol at the banner, to make it look more authentic—must now “inspire the utmost efforts of all in the hard fighting that is to come,” he added, reminding his audience of the coast-to-coast bond tour scheduled to begin in New York City the following morning. The big bond show—the patented “hero routine”—was off and running. The breeze picked up. The flag billowed, showing off its synthetic tatters and its brand new hole. A Marine in the crowd, just back from Iwo Jima himself, looked up. “A hell of a lot of people got killed to get that up there,” he said, in a small, sad voice.¹³

Bond tours rarely dwelt on death, however. A series of ads reminding



This movie-star shot of Rene Gagnon was taken at Pearl Harbor in April, as the young Marine was on his way home to sell bonds. Unlike his two buddies, Gagnon was never camera-shy.

buyers of the recent demise on Iwo Jima of Medal of Honor winner John Basilone was proposed early on for the Mighty Seventh. The maudlin pitch—"He traveled all over America, urging every American to buy more bonds [but] he can't ask you now!"—was dumped in favor of the upbeat flag-raising. Interspersed with a little inspirational razzle-dazzle, it was

songs, dances, gags, and pretty girls that really moved the merchandise. Celebrity auctions were sure-fire hits. During the course of World War II, Betty Grable's nylons and June Havoc's panties both went on the block, for instance, and Jack Benny's \$75 violin brought \$1 million in bond pledges during frenzied bidding at Gimbel's department store. Miss America for 1945, Bess Myerson, was in great demand as a bond speaker; during her Washington appearances, Julius Garfinkel and Company gave out chances on free (unused) nylon stockings to shoppers who bought a \$25 bond.¹⁴

Smaller cities made do with homegrown attractions. In Tampa, a cannon was shot off on the hour during bond drives. In the Bronx, purchasers got to ring a replica of the Liberty Bell. In Cheyenne, Wyoming, bonds were sold at "pie socials." If Tampa and Cheyenne missed the bonds swaps held in big-city movie palaces, where touring bands of starlets and bit players exchanged perfume, cigarettes, and juicy steaks for sales, they could still join in the excitement on the radio. Bob Hope kicked off the Mighty Seventh with a show carried on all the major networks. He clowned with Morgenthau, Vandegrift, and comedian Jerry Colonna in a Washington studio and sang a duet with Bing Crosby via a remote hook-up with Hollywood. Disk jockeys all over the country played Crosby's recording of "Buy, Buy Bonds" for months afterward.¹⁵

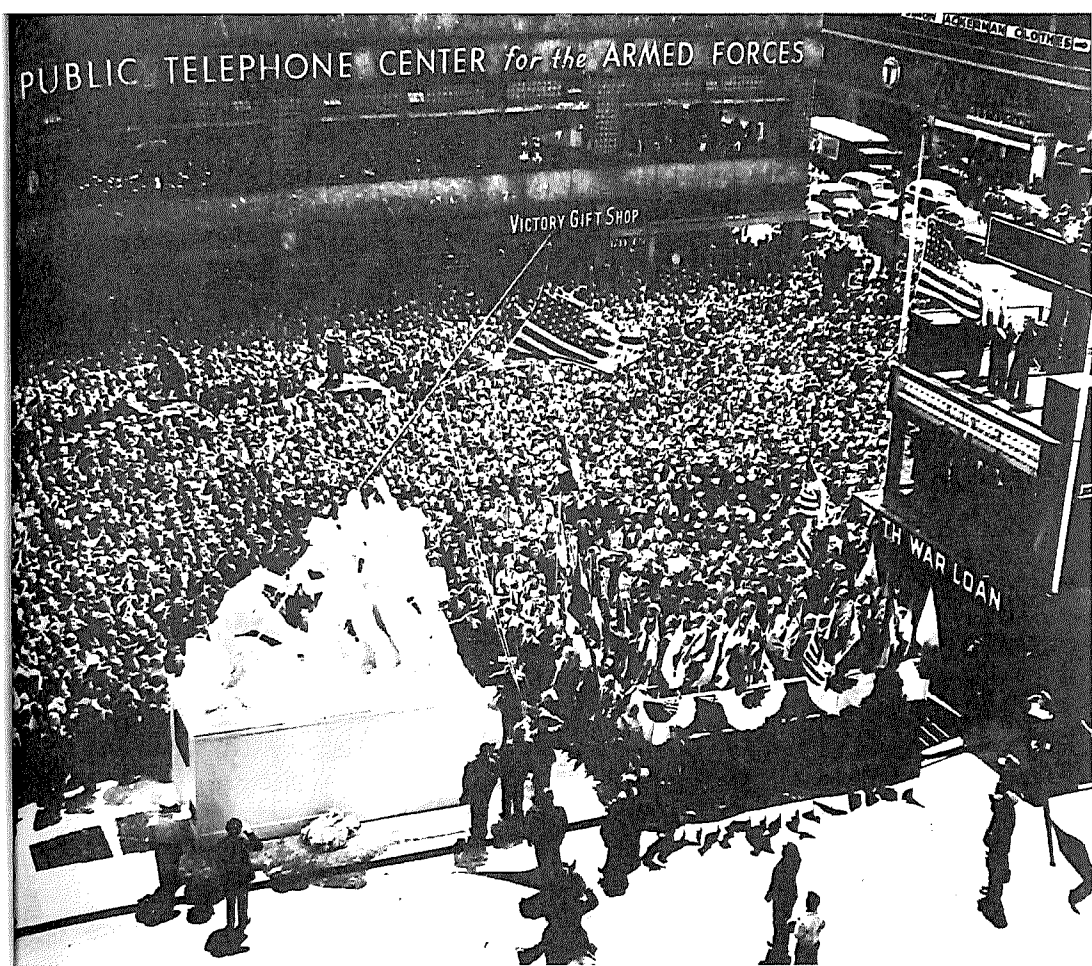
War heroes were useful additions to a good bond tour. They led the parades, right behind the flag. They collected the ceremonial keys to the cities on the circuit. They were photographed in uniform with the politicians and the starlets. They gave the interviews and reminded everybody that there was a war on. Recalled to the home front for a bond tour in 1942, John Basilone did it all—three solid months of speeches, parades, and kissing movie stars that culminated in a rally in Raritan, New Jersey, his hometown, where "trophies" collected on Pacific battlefields were raffled off and organizers gave the hero of Guadalcanal a \$5000 bond. When it was over, he had had enough. Basilone felt, he said, like "a museum piece," not real, not himself.¹⁶

Tours took their toll on young men unaccustomed to public attention, young men sometimes consumed with guilt because they were back home, being toasted and cheered, while their friends, just as brave as themselves, were still fighting and dying. That they were representative of fighting men everywhere was a distinction wasted on the designated heroes who ate the steaks and answered the questions about their deeds of valor. Line

troops, too, on occasion resented seeing one of their number suddenly sent home, to become a "Hollywood Marine." More often, however, they sympathized with the poor guy: a bond tour was known as hard duty and cautionary tales about those who had succumbed to an insidious mixture of cocktails, nightclubbing, and adoring women were a part of the serviceman's folklore. Informed that he was being shipped back to Washington to work for the Treasury, Rene Gagnon declared that he would rather go back into battle "than make a bond tour." And the usually taciturn John Bradley was voluble on the subject of tours, which he clearly found frivolous: "Men of the fighting fronts cannot understand the need for rallies to sell bonds for the purchase of seriously needed supplies. The bond buyer is asked only to lend his money, at a profit. The fighting man is asked to give his life."¹⁷

But Bradley, Gagnon, and Hayes shook hands with the president and smiled for the cameras. They endured the applause of the Senate and the cheers of local baseball fans. They raised their flag over the Capitol. Then they packed their bags and caught the train. The first stop on the Iwo Jima tour was New York City. In the lobby of the Paramount Theater a huge enlargement of Rosenthal's photo dangled between portraits of Roosevelt and Truman. In Times Square, under a canvas shroud at 43rd Street, stood a fifty-foot statue of the flag-raising. In Wall Street, outside the Bank of Manhattan, a half-size replica of the big sculpture lurked under cloth wrappings. Posters were everywhere. Organizers checked rosters of volunteer workers, the so-called Blue Star Brigade. During a luncheon at the Astor Hotel, representatives of the ready-to-wear industry set themselves a \$100 million sales goal. Life insurance executives, dining elsewhere, pledged the efforts of 30,000 New York area agents to the cause.¹⁸ Lights! Cameras! Action! Bring on the heroes!

The Times Square rally was held on May 11, a Friday, in a midday crush of spectators that included fifty wounded Iwo Jima Marines, currently under treatment at a nearby naval hospital. The mayor was on hand. So were Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Basilone from Raritan, who had lost their much-decorated son, John, on Iwo Jima. So was a group of theater owners, the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry, sponsors of the statue, the backdrop for a tightly scripted pageant of patriotism, full of pathos and national pride. The veterans were introduced, the Basilonas, and three once-faceless boys who had stepped out of a front-page photo into history. As Gagnon, Hayes, and Bradley



Times Square, May 11, 1945: Gagnon, Bradley, and Hayes raise the flag over a sculptural replica of the Rosenthal photograph as bond buyers look on.

unveiled the replica of the picture and ran up the flag, General Vandegrift praised the "unsurpassed gallantry" of America's men in uniform. The three raisers stood for all of them. "Their courage," he continued, "was from exactly the same cloth as that which smashed Germany's war juggernaut in Europe and which has driven back the Japanese in every sector of the Pacific. Such courage is a part of the legacy this statue commemorates."¹⁹

As the sale got under way, Vandegrift's party sped toward Wall Street

and the day's second rally: another crowd, another statue undraped, more speeches on courage and heroism, a pledge that every bond bought would "help carry the flag" deeper into enemy territory. This time, however, reporters cornered the raisers in the lobby of the Bank of Manhattan. What was it like, being a hero? Looking a little harried, the threesome explained that appearing in the Seventh War Loan Drive "is not as much fun as it would seem." How did a real Indian get a name like "Ira Hayes"? How many "Japs" had the Chief killed? Hayes retreated into morose silence. At the Roxy Theater, he autographed posters without a word to the bond buyers who thrust them into his hand. At a gala bond dinner, where speeches were expected, he uttered a single sentence, in a defeated monotone: "I'm glad to be in your city an' I hope you buy a lot of bonds."²⁰

Tech. Sgt. Keyes Beech, the Marine publicist who had found the survivors in the first place, had been brought home to shepherd the trio through the tour. From Day One, the sergeant worried about Hayes: his shyness, his temperamental unsuitability for what Beech called a "vaudeville act to persuade a bunch of fat cats who had grown rich on the war to invest in a sure thing." In New York, Beech's worst fears came true. Goaded by the press, and by his own growing sense that the real heroes were buried on Iwo Jima with Johnny Basilone, Hayes began to drink heavily. Beech locked him in his room at the Waldorf. Thereafter, local bond promoters were alerted to the problem. Wherever the tour went, Hayes had a "tail," to keep him out of real trouble.²¹

Written from the posh confines of the Waldorf, Hayes's letter to his mother back in Arizona gave no hint of trouble. He told of upcoming stops in Philadelphia and Boston and looked forward to the arrival of the entourage in Phoenix, in a month's time. He was, he told her, "excited but happy." Philadelphia was fine. It rained in Boston but more than 200,000 turned out anyway for a Purple Heart parade of wounded vets that stretched for six miles. Because he was a New Englander, Gagnon carried the flag in the lead car, followed by a column of jeeps bearing city officials and a Hollywood bond troupe. He and his two companions auctioned off autographed copies of the Rosenthal photo on Boston Common and took front-row seats for an all-star show headlined by Jane Wyman, Cesar Romero, Joan Fontaine, and the Ritz Brothers. Then, after a side trip to Worcester, it was back to New York and Wall Street to meet the Gold Star Mothers.²²

The emotional high point of the tour, the second Wall Street ceremony

was, in fact, the official kick-off for the national sales campaign. Against a screen of giant posters "picturing the six Marines at the climax of their heroic surge up Mount Suribachi" sat Gagnon, Hayes, Bradley, and the mothers of their three fallen comrades: Goldie Price, Franklin Sousley's mom; Martha Strank, Michael's mother, from Pennsylvania; and Mrs. Madeline Evelley from Somerville, Massachusetts, whose son, Sgt. Henry O. Hansen, led the inaccurate list of raisers compiled by the Marines. Although the president of the New York Stock Exchange was slated to present \$1000 bonds to the guests of honor later in the program, New Yorkers by the thousands packed the narrow thoroughfare to witness something else—the first meeting between the three who had come back and the grieving mothers, a moment of deep sorrow put on public display in the interests of a successful bond drive. But when the time came, "the touch of their fingertips called up memories that caused onlookers to fall silent and avert their eyes." The hype and the hoopla seemed all the more unreal in the face of genuine grief, endured in silence: "The survivors did not look at the posters, nor did the mothers of their fallen comrades. And few words were spoken by either group. Each seemed to understand what was in the others' hearts."²³

After the rally, Mrs. Price remembered that Franklin, on his last furlough, had told her he wanted her to be proud of him. "I don't think he could have done anything greater than to help raise that flag," she said. Exactly who had raised the flag was becoming an issue among the touring heroes, however. Hayes was convinced that Sergeant Hansen had been misidentified. His doubts fed the sense that the whole exercise was a sham. His letters from Boston and New York grew impatient with the rigor of the schedule, the silliness of it all, events like "some lady's rally where there will be 2,000 women and no men except us."²⁴ But the tour moved north and with it the heroes of Iwo Jima, whose memories of that Friday morning back in February were dimming by the day. The tour headed west, collecting bonds, watches, wallets, and a growing burden of guilt—and anger. Rochester, Cleveland, Akron, Canton, Detroit, Indianapolis.

The Rochester stop was much like all the rest. Main Street was festooned with bunting. A platform was built there—part reviewing stand, part stage—to hold a big cutout of the poster, from which a real flag would be raised in solemn ceremony. High school bands practiced military marches. Local veterans of the Iwo Jima campaign were found and brought home

for the occasion. Local businesses ran giant ads urging attendance at all bond functions. Business leaders set ambitious goals for employee payroll-savings plans. Newspapers followed the progress of the bond tour as it moved toward the city, adding an aura of suspense to an otherwise predictable round of events. A parade, in the rain. The flag-raising. Radio interviews. Posing for pictures, holding up the real Iwo Jima flag. Bond luncheons. Bond dinners.²⁵

In Rochester, thanks to some fortuitous Iwo Jima connections, the relationship between the bond tour and local industry was even more apparent than usual. Folmer-Graflex of Rochester had made Rosenthal's camera. The Treasury's poster for the Mighty Seventh was being printed by Stecher-Traung Lithography. So the flag-raisers visited those factories—and the plants of other major Rochester firms, big war contractors, too powerful to overlook. Hayes, Bradley, and Gagnon appeared at Eastman Kodak and Bausch and Lomb. They made a broadcast from Stecher-Traung, formally dedicating the poster. They attended a fancy banquet hosted by Graflex at the Chamber of Commerce building, where the heroes ate steak and the rest of guests settled for ham. When the dinner was over, Beech and his charges each received a "well-filled wallet" from the business community and then faced the press, to sing for their suppers—reluctantly. "Wherever they go their arrival is heralded by cheering citizens who refer to them . . . as 'the Iwo Jima heroes.' But if you ask them," noted the Rochester *Times-Union*, "that's a pretty trite phrase": "What about the other three guys who helped them lift the flag on that memorable occasion, now with many other Yankees in an impromptu cemetery on what was once a battlefield on Iwo Jima? . . . They give you the impression that they feel a bit guilty about their jobs as Bond salesmen."²⁶

When pressed to recall the dangers of their exploit, Bradley mentioned the Japanese lurking in caves atop the mountain, watching as they struggled with the pipe. "The action was tense," he said. But what interested the corpsman more than yesterday was tomorrow: after the war, he was going back to Wisconsin and pick up where he had left off, as an apprentice mortician. Gagnon talked about the future, too. When the war was over, he wanted to "hustle" straight back to New Hampshire and join the State Police. As for Hayes, he flushed and strode away, down the staircase and out into the street, with reporters scurrying in his wake, "declaring at every step that he would rather be back in the Pacific war theater eating

K rations than getting fat on steaks twice a day while his buddies are still carrying on."²⁷

The bad feelings boiled over in Chicago. It was a cumulative thing, the result of the pressures, the constant drinking (bottles were shipped from stop to stop in the case intended for the flag), the careless eagerness of the public to bestow its praise (even Beech was now being introduced as "a hero of the Iwo Jima campaign").²⁸ The phoniness got to everybody: Gagnon was infuriated by dignitaries who lauded Hayes in public but shunned the Indian in private, and began to think that the first raising had been "hushed up" on purpose, to sell more bonds. Into Bradley's platform remarks crept an ill-disguised contempt for civilians who wouldn't buy war bonds without first being entertained, edified, and flattered. At the beginning of the Chicago drive, Hayes seemed to be the most stable member of the whole traveling circus. Honored by his fellow Native Americans at a Bismark Hotel luncheon, he gave his first bona fide speech of the tour, sketching the raising for his listeners in expansive detail, with real feeling. "Nothing in the world mattered but to put the flag up," he concluded.²⁹

In the show-biz world of the bond tour, things weren't quite so simple. Chicago brought more reenactments, more autographed pictures, more movie stars. The "cheering multitude" at the State Street rally in the heart of the Loop was a "gay payday crowd," eager to be amused. Ida Lupino, the Warner Brothers star assigned to get the bond sales rolling, offered the gold clips from her dress for bid and got \$75,000 for them. Then, responding to the pleas of the cameramen below the platform, she performed another popular ritual: the kissing of the hero. She bussed Bradley and Gagnon with mock fervor. But when she reached for Hayes, he was gone. Instead, Keyes Beech kissed the movie queen, who complained kittenishly that she was a favorite "of all service men—except one." Ira Hayes didn't turn up again until morning.³⁰

When Hayes did roll into the Stevens Hotel, an hour before the start of a gigantic "I Am An American Day Rally" at Soldier Field, it was in the custody of the police: he'd been picked up in a Loop bar, not far from the scene of yesterday's debacle. As Beech pumped black coffee into his charge, Hayes questioned him about the upcoming event. Wasn't it sponsored by the Hearst paper in Chicago? And wasn't Hearst the one "that ran that shit about how MacArthur was right and the Marines got too many men

killed at Iwo?" Well, why raise the flag for an s.o.b. like that? There were no answers. His companions hustled Hayes to the stadium and shoehorned him into position in an open car to make a circuit of the field. Wedged between Gagnon and Bradley for support, Ira Hayes looked presentable enough, at least from a distance, and Beech breathed a sigh of relief. Then came the soft voice from the row of seats just behind him: the commandant! "I understand your Indian got drunk on you last night," Vandegrift whispered. How much longer did the tour last? A month. "My god!" sighed the General. "My god."³¹

Out on the field, the car pulled up next to a mound of earth scraped into a rough approximation of Mount Suribachi. With the wobbly Hayes still in the middle, the trio contrived to slog up the dirt pile and raise their flag—for the last time, as it turned out. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall stood at attention. General Vandegrift made a speech. The reporters circled the celebrity guests. Should the United States give captured islands in the Pacific to some international body after the war? "Hell, no!" Gagnon answered. "The Marines fought and died to take those islands. We had 20,000 casualties on Iwo alone. We don't want to go through that again!" Fine. Thanks. Now when did Bogart and Bacall plan to marry?³²

Chicago was the end of the road for Ira Hayes. A Marine PR officer dispatched from Washington on a damage-control detail handed him an airline ticket to the Coast and ordered him to rejoin his unit in the Pacific immediately. Beech's pleas for a reprieve fell on deaf ears. Word had come down from the highest authority. The private was *not* to stop in Arizona to see his family. The flight left Midway at 9 P.M. and the private *would* be aboard. Except in Phoenix, where Beech had to tell "some fair-sized whoppers" to account for his absence, Hayes's abrupt departure was readily explained away. He had railed against the steak dinners often enough that the public believed the official story. He would "rather fight than sell war bonds," according to one published report, "so he is going back . . . at his own request." Hayes "constantly has reiterated his desire to return to combat," read another. After Memorial Day, at the remaining stops on the tour, the speeches always began with a reference to the brave Indian lad who had begged to go back to war.³³

"People shoved drinks in our hands and said we were heroes," Hayes later said of his two awful weeks of bond selling:

I was sick. I guess I was about to crack up, thinking of those guys who were better men than me not coming back at all, much less to the White House. On the reservation I got hundreds of letters and I got sick of hearing about the flag-raising and sometimes I wished that guy had never made the picture.³⁴

In July of 1945, Hayes was in Hawaii with Easy Company, a celebrity even there, and still miserable as he followed the tour through the stream of clippings mailed to other guys in the outfit. His fellow heroes were still on the road, winding through the southwest, signing autographs and raising flags without him. Beech and Bradley were sick of it. Only Rene Gagnon, according to letters that reached the Pacific, "could have gone on and on."³⁵ He alone had learned to live with being a "Hollywood Marine."