

## Part One: War Comes to America

*Text: This film has been compiled from authentic newsreel, official United Nation, and captured enemy film. Use has been made of certain motion pictures with historical backgrounds. When necessary, for purposes of clarity, a few reenactments have been made under War Department Supervision.*

Children: I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Narrator: In the jungles of New Guinea, on the barren shores of the Aleutians, in the tropic heat of the Pacific Islands, in the subzero cold of the skies over Germany, in Burma and Iceland, the Philippines and Iran, France, in China and Italy, Americans fighting. Fighting over an area extending seven-eighths of the way around the world. Men from the green hills of New England; the sun-baked plains of the Middle West; the cotton fields of the South; the close-packed streets of Manhattan, Chicago; the teeming factories of Detroit, Los Angeles; the endless stretching distances of the Southwest; men from the hills and from the plains; from the villages and from the cities; bookkeepers; soda jerks; mechanics; college students; rich man; poor man; beggar man; thief; doctor; lawyer; merchant; chief. Now veteran fighting men. Yet two years ago many had never fired a gun or seen the ocean or been off the ground.

Americans, fighting for their country while half a world away from it. Fighting for their country, and for more than their country. Fighting for an idea, the idea bigger than the country. Without the idea the country might have remained only a wilderness. Without the country, the idea might have remained only a dream.

[Chorus singing]

Over this ocean. 1607, Jamestown. 1620, Plymouth Rock. Here was America: the sea, the sky, the virgin continent. We came in search of freedom, facing unknown dangers rather than bend the knee or bow to tyranny. Out of the native oak and pine we built a house, a church, a watchtower. We cleared a field, and there grew up a colony of free citizens. We carved new states out of the green wilderness: Virginia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Carolina.

Then came the first test in the defense of that liberty: 1775, Lexington. Our leaders spoke our deepest needs:

[Quoting James Otis] "Colonists are by the law of nature free-born, as indeed all men are!"

[Quoting Thomas Jefferson] "It is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government."

[Quoting Thomas Paine] "These are the times that try men's souls."

[Quoting Patrick Henry] "But as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

In the midst of battle, it happened. The idea grew, the idea took form. Something new was expressed by men, a new and revolutionary doctrine, the greatest creative force in human relations: all men are created equal, all men are entitled to the blessings of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That's

the goal we set for ourselves. Defeat meant hanging. Victory meant a world in which Americans rule themselves.

1777, Valley Forge. We fought and froze, suffered and died, for what? For the future freedom of all Americans. A few of us doubted and despaired. Most of us prayed and endured all.

1781, Yorktown. Now we were a free independent nation. The new idea had won its first test. Now to pass it on to future Americans. The Constitution, the sacred charter of "We the People," the blood and sweat of "We the People," the life and liberty and happiness of "We the People." The people were to rule. Not some of the people, not the best people or the worst, not the rich people or the poor, but "We the People," all the people.

Text: *"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."*

Narrator: In this brotherhood America was born, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. We began as 13 states along the Atlantic seaboard. We pushed across the Alleghenies, the Ohio River, the Mississippi, the last far range of the distant Rockies. We carried freedom with us. No aristocratic classes here, no kings, no nobles or princes, no state church, no courts, no parasites, no divine right of man to rule a man. Here humanity was making a clean fresh start from scratch. Behind us we left new states, chips off the old blocks welded together by freedom.

Chorus [Singing]:

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountainside  
Let freedom ring!

Narrator: Until finally we were one nation, a land of hope and opportunity that had arisen out of a skeptical world. A light was shining, freedom's light. From every country and every clime, men saw that light and turned their faces toward it.

Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!