

THE HISTORY YOU HEARD ON THE RADIO

FROM **D***DAY THROUGH
VICTORY
IN
EUROPE

THE EYE-WITNESS STORY AS TOLD BY
WAR CORRESPONDENTS ON THE AIR:

EDWARD R. MURROW
WILLIAM L. SHIRER
CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

ERIC SEVAREID

HOWARD K. SMITH

QUINCY HOWE

MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

WINSTON BURDETT

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

BILL DOWNS

LARRY LESUEUR

RICHARD C. HOTTELET

GEORGE HICKS

Including Broadcasts by

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT • PRESIDENT TRUMAN

WINSTON CHURCHILL • GEN. DE GAULLE

AND MANY OTHER FAMOUS PERSONAGES

AND NORMAN CORWIN'S "ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH"

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM 1945

FROM D-DAY
THROUGH VICTORY
IN EUROPE

★
In cooperation with the government's war effort, this book has been made in strict conformity with WPB regulations restricting the use of certain materials.



FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Gen. George Patton, U. S. Third Army Commander; Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, Commander of U. S. 12th Army Group; Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander; Lt. Gen. Courtney Hodges, U. S. First Army Commander. SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Maj. Gen. William B. Kean, chief of staff, First Army; Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, 19th Corps Commander, First Army; Maj. Gen. J. Laughton Collins, 7th Corps Commander, First Army; Maj. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, 1st Corps Commander, First Army; Maj. Gen. Elwood Quesada, Commander of 9th Fighter Command. THIRD ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Maj. Gen. Leven C. Allen, Brig. Gen. Charles E. Hart, Brig. Gen. Truman C. Thorson, members of Gen. Hodges' First Army Staff. (Photo taken November 1, 1944)

FROM D-DAY THROUGH VICTORY IN EUROPE

THE EYE-WITNESS STORY AS TOLD BY
WAR CORRESPONDENTS ON THE AIR

*The documented broadcasts of the climax of war
in Europe, as they were transmitted by CBS
throughout America and the world, are taken
verbatim from the records of the Columbia
Broadcasting System.*



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

New York, 1945

THE PRINTING HISTORY OF
D-DAY through VICTORY
IN EUROPE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*This manuscript went to press on June 5, 1945
Published by the Columbia Broadcasting System
First Edition, June 15, 1945*

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Edited by Paul Hollister and Robert Strunsky

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CBS News Studio on D-Day (left to right): Robert Trout, Paul White, CBS Director of News Broadcasts; Everett Holles, Assistant Director; Major George Fielding Eliot.

I. *Those Marks on the Wall Look Like Handwriting*

IF, ON MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1944, any one of the 2000 people of CBS and its affiliated stations already in the armed forces knew when D-Day was coming they kept it a proper military secret. It was no secret that some day there would be an invasion, but *when* was anybody's guess. Significant little variations in the routine of broadcasting began to occur. Each time this happened it twisted the tension a little tighter, until finally there just didn't seem to be any stretch left in it.

Along in late February, Paul White, head of CBS news, had sent a memorandum to his broadcasters, saying:

“ . . . Keep an informative, unexcited demeanor at the microphone. . . . Give sources. . . . Don't risk accuracy for the sake of a beat. . . . Use care in your choice of words. Don't say 'German defenses were pulverized.' Say 'German defenses were hard hit.' . . . When you don't know, say so. Locutions like 'Allied troops were believed to be progressing, etc.' are out. Rather say 'Nothing has been released during the past 24 hours, etc.' . . . Exaggeration and immoderate language breed dangerous optimism. . . . Respect the listener's trust. Remember

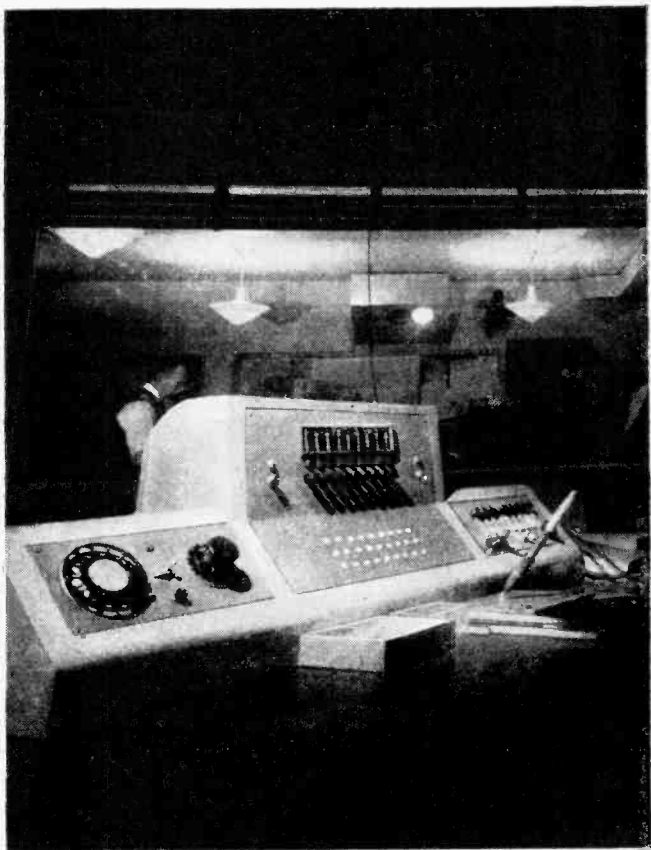
that winning the war is a hell of a lot more important than reporting it."

Those instructions said nothing about Invasion. But one inference was clear: they were *not* referring to a Sunday-school picnic.

Then one day on White's office desk in news headquarters in New York appeared a handsome contraption: an instrument board, faced with push-buttons, glass jewels, switches and dials. By pushing certain buttons, you tuned in on live transatlantic short wave radio channels: you could hear (from a loud speaker on the wall) what they had to say, and (through a little microphone on White's desk) you could talk back. Other buttons gave certain signals to the glass control room visible at the far side of Studio 9; other devices tuned in the CBS and colleague networks. The purpose of this desk-manual seemed to be that if Invasion ever happened it might be useful.

Then on May 15, out from New York to the 143 stations of the network, went 15 pages telling how CBS intended to function from the instant of the Invasion flash, at no matter what hour of the day or night. The regular broadcasting hours of the network were to be stretched to reduce the likelihood of getting caught "off the air." The 15 pages went on to say:

" . . . first reports may come from enemy or 'neutral' sources. In such instances, the news judgment of the editor-in-charge will be called upon. It may be that we will want to go on the air with such a bulletin, provided the editors believe there is good foundation for such report. However it is extremely important that any such bulletin be concisely and unmistakably labelled for what it is, and that we point out that there has been no allied confirmation as yet. . . . We must not reach beyond the facts. . . .



Push-button manual, or "piano," on News Director's desk opening short wave radio communication channels to CBS overseas correspondents.

" . . . A T & T and R C A C will set up monitors for us on their London circuits. . . . In addition . . . we will have an Army Signal Corps circuit from London (handled through A T & T) and known as 'FAX.' This circuit will not begin to function for us until the invasion has actually begun, but thereafter we will maintain a constant 24-hour monitor on it . . . in Studio 9. . . . Most of our coordination messages will be handled over FAX. But if the West-to-East FAX circuit is tied up when we want to get a service message to London we can send such a message through the War Department Signal Center in Washington . . . fifty words . . .

" . . . in addition . . . constant monitor on BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) . . . extension from our short wave listening posts. Listening-post to be fully manned . . . attached list of foreign expert-consultants in New York, to be called at any hour. . . ."

All across the country people in 143 CBS stations now began to take invasion as a personal matter, began testing, re-assigning, rehearsing. Then one day on the wall of Studio 9 appeared not handwriting but a new pine cupboard, about the size of a small medicine cabinet. Inside on a hook hung a small hand microphone, attached to a 60-foot insulated cable. Above the mike on the hook you saw a small switch, very commonplace. But flip that switch and you cut through all the intermediate controls, by-passed all the system's elaborate machinery of caution and precaution; you found yourself instantly and automatically on the air to the entire Columbia Network, and inside some 27 million homes; that's why the pine cupboard was locked to all but eleven picked keyholders.

On May 17 CBS told its advertisers that the first invasion

news probably would come from the Germans, who were usually garrulous when they wanted useful corrective denial from the Allies. The advertisers were told that their utmost tolerance in diverting commercial time would turn to their own interest. Their time might even be suddenly blacked out. "During a scheduled program any day now," CBS went on, "you may hear three beeps, like a baby chick, through your programs. That will mean that at the end of your program some hot news is coming up. Or we may beep five times, which means that in a moment or so we must interrupt only when we must. Bear with us. You'll be reimbursed for the time we recapture in the public interest, and we'll be reasonable and not waste time on chaff or gossip."

The advertisers and agents said fine, and went away and began to prepare intelligent and modest statements for their own use in case the news should catch fire: statements like ". . . *the following period usually sponsored by Blank & Co. is to be taken over by further news of our invasion*" or "*We forego our usual statement in order to bring you the latest news*"—or even (as in the case of a notable woman-character whose advice to the housewives of the 48 states is eagerly followed) a simple prayer for the good fortune of our men-at-arms.

Meanwhile it was unmistakably apparent during the last weeks of May that something was cooking. Familiar faces were absent from their familiar frames. Back in March, Charles Collingwood had returned to London carrying a dinky new wire-recording apparatus with which he hoped some day to make some interesting experiments. On his last day in New York he demonstrated it in great secrecy—and broke the wire eight times. New CBS names signed on at far outposts. One heard that the head of the network, who had gone to Italy in active military radio service in the last weeks of 1943, had turned up in London.

Some days later one read in a thick sheaf of mimeograph



John Daly broadcasting news reports from press association teletype machines in CBS News Room.

paper, that a new radio network had sprouted overseas. It was nicknamed ABSIE—short for American Broadcasting Stations in Europe. When invasion came, ABSIE was to function along certain defined lines of sharing by the four major United States networks. A certain short wave path through the transatlantic air would be clear day and night for vital news, if ever it happened, and abroad the four U.S. network news-chiefs had set up a working scheme whereby any big stories any network news man told might be broadcast by all four at once—this last to spread the maximum of trained men over the maximum of newspoints abroad. This was to be called the Invasion Pool.

May 18

That is—*if* anything should happen. . . .

Alexander's army lost its temper in Italy, punched through the Cassino stalemate and joined up with the pocket of troops burst out of the Anzio beachhead.

Eric Sevareid of CBS happened to be the first voice to report this junction to America. Though CBS puts no premium on news "beats" (for fear of their abuse), the news chief cabled to Sevareid:

CONGRATULATIONS YOU DID IT AGAIN
YOUR STORY UPJOINING SOTHERN ETAN-
ZIO FORCES UPPICKED EVERY PRESS AS-
SOCIATION WIDELY FRONT PAGED STOP
IF YOU MANAGE TO FIND ANYTHING
SUFFICIENTLY POTABLE THEN BLOW
YOURSELF (WINSTON) BURDETT (FARN-
SWORTH) FOWLE LARGE EVENING OUR
ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT LATER UN-
BLINKINGLY APPROVE EXPENSE ITEM
AND RESPECTFUL SILENCE

. . . to which Severeid replied:

THANKS MUCHLY YOUR CABLE HOPE UN-
TOO MUCH PUBLICITY THIS BEAT WHICH
DUE ENTIRELY DUMB LUCK HAVING
BROADCASTING SPOT SCHEDULED MO-
MENT ANNOUNCEMENT RELEASED STOP
MATTER FACT THEY FORGOT WAKE ME
THIS MORNING EYE LAST REPORTER
REACH SCENE JUNCTION TWO FORCES
STOP ALL OTHERS AWARE MY BEAT NOW
SAYING QUOTE WE SHOULD HAVE
STOOD IN BED UNQUOTE

Alexander's army did not stand in bed, but kept ramming northward.

June 2

Friday. A good guess went out by teletype to all CBS stations throughout the United States. It read in part:

"Confidential and unublishable, Beginning tonight, June 2nd and nightly until further notice, we will operate our full network until 3:05 a.m. EWT. The decision to start this overtime operation is not based upon any military information but it will provide additional protection to you in case extraordinary news does develop. . . ."

June 3

The tension was near the breaking-point, the preparation fine-drawn. A young woman named Joan Ellis in the teletype room in the London office of the Associated Press snapped it. Somehow, a practice-flash reporting an invasion got into a live teletype, and at 4:39 p.m. EWT, it was racing all over

the Allied world. At 4:39:15 CBS interrupted Ted Husing's broadcast of the running of the Belmont Stakes to quote the flash.* At 4:41 the AP spluttered "Bust that flash!" At 4:41:30 CBS interrupted Husing again to kill the report, and the AP at 4:44 tapped out a second correction formally "burying" it. But already the tide of *when?* was out of its banks, splattering thousands of telephone calls on stations and newspapers. The other networks were soon equally busy in further denying and explaining the false alarm. Next morning in the papers the familiar phrase "clogged switchboards" retold the half-rueful, half-scornful story, and one recalled vaguely the premature Armistice story of November 7, 1918 . . . and the radio invasion of Orson Welles by Mr. H. G. Wells' Martians in 1938.

June 4

It's Sunday, and Mark Clark's Fifth Army rumbles through Rome. A box on the top of the front page of *The New York Times* reads: "*Clear with slightly rising temperatures today; clear tomorrow.*"

June 5

Monday was in fact clear, calm and unusually cool. Monday evening rang up on a promising radio bill. On *The World Today*, at 6:45, the U. S. heard Edward R. Murrow from London. The President of the United States spoke to 34 million listeners on all four networks from 8:30 to 8:45, his topic The Fall of Rome. The Lux Radio Theatre offered Loretta Young and Orson (Invasion) Welles in *Jane Eyre*. The Screen Guild played *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*.

At 11 o'clock, Ned Calmer made his regular CBS news broadcast:

**Bounding Home* winning time: 2:32 1/5.

“ . . . up in western Europe we've been plastering the German defenses near the Channel coast for four days . . . still no hint as to when the great invasion will begin.”

Calmer went back into his glass work-cubicle to peck out, with one finger, in French, a broadcast he was due to make shortly over the CBS short wave for OWI—one of a series in which he had been giving American news to the French underground.

William L. Shirer, formerly of CBS in Berlin, now took his place at the network mike. He analyzed the news of the fall of Rome. He discussed a statement on the topic attributed to Mussolini, wherever he was, and said of it:

“It was so forlorn that probably few Italians paid any attention to it. The Duce is a dead duck. Hitler isn't, yet, and as the President just warned, neither are his Germans. And yet there were signs today of the coming crackup of the Master Race . . .”

His broadcast completed, Shirer walked down the corridor of glass-houses, nodded goodnight to Calmer, put on his coat and hat, lighted his pipe, and went home.

Inside the news room the 13 news-teletype machines were chattering like night frogs—Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, Reuters, and the Office of War Information. Jesse Zousmer, night news editor, looked up from his desk to see Major George Fielding Eliot, military analyst, fresh from a whimsical session as guest on *Information Please*.

ELIOT: *Anything up?*

ZOUSMER: *Nope.*

Eliot wandered over to the tickers to glance at the ribbons of news spilling out. Then he went home. We crossed

midnight. Zousmer went back to his desk at 12:15 to write a news-recap for Erwin Darlington, due on the air at 1:00 a.m.

June 6, 1944

Now it is Tuesday.

The place is pretty quiet. Calmer's typewriter-pecking is slowing down. In the control room of Studio 9, Jim Sirmons is fiddling with dials on the panel. Beth Zimmerscheid, Jean Tennant and George Sherman, night writers, are skimming the bulldog edition of the *Daily News*, up the corridor, in the bright closet where the short wave from the world pours in to CBS' Listening Post, the speakers on the wall have been gabbling out what London and Berlin and Tokio and Paris and Berne and Stockholm have to say. It all adds up to nothing very much.

Now it is a little after 12:36.* On the outer air over the swing shift and sleeping America there is music. Lennie Conn's orchestra, out at KNX in Los Angeles, is piping in a program to the network; Lennie and The Boys are putting a good deal of schmaltz into *Forget-Me-Nots in Your Eyes*.

In the news room a bell starts scolding on the AP ticker. *One . . . two . . . three . . .* (Zousmer looks up) *. . . four . . . FIVE!*

Zousmer jumps to the ticker. So do Calmer, Darlington, Zimmerschied, Tennant, Herman.

The ticker starts hiccuping, spells out, letter by letter:

*All times itemized are Eastern War Time, unless otherwise specified. All points of broadcast, unless otherwise specified, are New York. All correspondents and news broadcasts, unless otherwise specified, are CBS men.

12:37

VA 131

BULLETIN

LONDON TUESDAY JUNE 6 (AP)—THE GERMAN NEWS AGENCY TRANSOCEAN SAID TODAY IN A BROADCAST THAT THE ALLIED INVASION HAS BEGUN.

Zousmer grabs the phone, wakes Paul White at home, reads the bulletin. No—no verification yet, says Zousmer; he is keenly mindful of Miss Joan Ellis. Okay, says White. In the INS office across town the night editor is also acutely conscious of Miss Ellis, and he waits a few minutes to put the German report on the wire to his newspapers. Then White, with one leg in his pants, calls Zousmer back: "Got any confirmation?" "The INS is putting it out on the ticker now—same thing," says Zousmer. "*Get it on the air,*" says White.

At this point Calmer wanders into the news room. On Zousmer's face is the expression of a man frozen; Calmer doesn't know whether Zousmer is going to sneeze or die. "What in the *hell* is the matter with you?" he inquires.

"Get this on the air, Ned," Zousmer says. "I'll tell Sirmons." Sirmons in the control room cuts into the network as Calmer, with the scrap of yellow paper in his hand, slides into a chair in the news studio and says:

12:48

CALMER:

We are interrupting this program to bring you a special bulletin. A bulletin has just been received from the London office of the Associated Press which quotes the German Transocean News Agency as asserting that the invasion of Western Europe has begun.

This report—and we stress it is of enemy origin with absolutely no confirmation from Allied sources—says that American landings were made this morning on the shores of northwestern France.

There is as yet no reason to believe that this report is anything more than a German propaganda move or a fishing expedition for information. You will recall that Prime Minister Churchill warned us not long ago that the actual invasion would be preceded by feints and diversions. Nevertheless, until confirmation or denial of this German report is forthcoming, the CBS World News staff is standing by and will bring you developments as reported.

Neither Calmer nor Zousmer nor anybody else is yet satisfied that this is the McCoy. Zousmer shuttles from ticker to microphone with fresh takes for—

CALMER:

. . . the long expected invasion appears to have begun . . . simultaneously with the landing of air-borne troops in the area of the Seine estuary, strong Allied bomber formations attacked the areas of Calais and Dunkerque. . . .

and Calmer goes on chopping the rumor as far down as he dares.

. . . We return you now to your regular program.

So by the end of a minute or so, you hear Lennie Conn and the Boys once more, winding up *Forget-Me-Nots in Your Eyes*.

The OWI ticker, usually alert to dissect enemy report, is as taciturn as General Marshall.

Darlington grins across at Zousmer, who does not return the grin because he is on the phone calling in all key people, according to plan. This German rumor may or may not be true, but it is certainly hot enough to get the team out of the locker room and on the field to warm up.

1:00

It is now 7:00 a.m., Normandy time. As the LST's are going in through a chop flecked white with tracers and stained suddenly red, Erwin Darlington goes on the CBS air on his regular news broadcast. He requotes the German rumor, and he hedges it.

1:05

So now it's 1:05 in New York, 12:05 in Chicago, 11:05 yesterday in Salt Lake and 10:05, or the shank of last evening, in Los Angeles. Rare indeed across our country is the CBS station that has gone off the air, rarer the stations that look forward to any sleep this night. Ralph Morrison's music takes over, from Chicago. . . .

Meanwhile Paul White has got his other leg in his pants and propelled both legs onto the premises at 1:03 by the clock in the hall. As he hits his desk he pushes a button on the manual, puts the baby-microphone on his blotter, and goes into gear:

"Hello London . . . Hello London . . . This is CBS . . . Hello Ed Murrow . . . Hello London."

No reply. The whole thing can be another phoney. *It probably is. . . .*

1:30

Calmer goes on the air again, repeating pretty much what he said 42 minutes earlier. "Keep your radio tuned to CBS" he adds. "We'll be on duty all night and let you know if the report is true." He signs off at 1:34:38. An orchestra takes over.

A few minutes before Calmer started his broadcast, the CBS Short Wave Listening Post (an elegant cubbyhole containing 3 loudspeakers, 3 chairs, 3 Ediphone machines, and assorted translators) heard BBC in London speaking to



LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Trout, William L. Shirer and Quentin Reynolds in CBS News Studio on D-Day.

Europe, in English. *You people who live anywhere along the Coast within 18 miles of the beach* (said BBC in effect) *please get out of your homes at once, and stay off roads, railways, bridges.* At 1:30 BBC repeats and amplifies this warning in all European languages. The Listening Post smells smoke. . . .

Major Eliot was called back before he could get to bed. Quentin Reynolds was laid low with laryngitis at the River Club, so he came right in. Robert Trout's last trick on the air had been his afternoon news broadcast at 3:15. He comes in, fresher than he will be a day later. White talks briefly with his staff. Zousmer starts marking salient statements on the paper which is now a staccato chatter pouring out of the news-tickers.

2:00

As the vermilion sweep-second hand on the clock in Studio 9 crosses the hour, Trout pitches into the same news you have already heard, but now playing around its edges there is heat lightning. He yields the microphone to Major Eliot. This is the moment a military analyst lives for; the Major, as a responsible military authority, has now an excellent temptation to let his heart run away with his head, but he keeps his balance, drily itemizing the alternatives. Trout relieves him to close with later strips from the tickers . . . and a Chicago orchestra takes over.

At 2:30 Trout reports the news. One little suspect kernel of news . . . phosphorescent with the wildest speculation that ever grew in the dark . . .

2:33:30

By now it is 8:33:30 in the morning on the beach at Dives-sur-Mer, where William the Conqueror took off in 1066 for the invasion of England. By now in New York, Network Operations reports that 143 stations from Port-

land, Maine, to Los Angeles and from Grand Forks to Miami are on the air and alert, tying in to the task ahead without friction. There is active monotony in the complete lack of confirmation. The orchestra in Chicago keeps blowing.

3:00

Trout fishes in his pocket for That Key. He unlocks the pine cupboard. He takes down the hand-microphone, flips the commonplace little switch. He speaks now to the whole wide awake network, or USA. He opens the door of Studio 9 and trailing the cable behind him out into the noisy news room, to the INS ticker . . . reads . . . then sidles along to the UP and the AP and Reuters machines. (The OWI machine which usually exposed phony Nazi stuff was silent, because its editors knew better than to knock this story down.) Trout reads into the hand-mike the high spots of their imperative conjectures. He seasons his direct quotations with crisp and unruffled sequences of his own objective interpretation. For 17 and $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes he ranges the news room, wagging behind him the cabletail that takes the news out over America.

3:18

Major Eliot resumes. The battle signs, to a soldier, are falling into place and beginning to sort out—if the Germans are telling the truth. Firepower. Personnel. Manpower. Match their probable number against opposite number of the enemy. . . .

At his desk beyond the glass Paul White is now punching button 271 (London) on his Goldberg-contraption. No sound. He says "Hello London." *No answer.*

He punches 197, London and FAX. *No answer.*

He punches button 1, to see what the BBC has to say. Loop 1 is silent.

He punches buttons 2 and 3 to see if anybody anywhere on earth has anything to report. Nobody has.

The floor of Studio 9 is littered with flat stubs of cigarettes and heavily pencilled yellow copy-paper, bearing the marks of rubber heels—history paper, ignored, bound for the scrap drive. “Make sure this is all being recorded—everything, from now on.” Somebody makes sure. Major Eliot goes on. Strategy. Tactics. If . . . still if and *if*.

3:27

Suddenly and unreasonably the clatter of the news-room dies. The noise made by a lot of people in a hurry is hushed. Into that hush one of White’s 6 telephones lets go one long raking imperative. He picks up the instrument.

“War Department in Washington calling CBS.”

“Okay.”

“Stand by for an important message over FAX Army Signal Corps. Channel at 3:32:zero.”

White pushes the FAX button on his panel, opening the channel to London; he flags the word to the control room, and to Major Eliot, who is now dissecting 88 mm. cannon, Rommel and Montgomery. The Major suavely winds up with a few seconds to spare.

3:32:05

The FAX channel speaks to the network, in the arid, clear, unmodulated voice of Col. R. Ernest Dupuy, senior public relations officer attached to Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces in Europe. The voice says:

“UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL EISENHOWER, ALLIED NAVAL FORCES, SUPPORTED BY STRONG AIR FORCES, BEGAN LANDING ALLIED ARMIES THIS MORNING ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF FRANCE.”

So this was it.

The dubious German handwriting on the wall had been right, after all. Nervous, doubtful, and shaky . . . but correct. Now all the Ifs and Whens were finished-buisness. Already it was 9:33 "this morning" on the Normandy beachhead.

II. D-Day at Last

AND WHERE, WHEN WE NEED them most, are our overseas men?

Murrow, whom we have heard constantly on the private cue-channels for the past three hours, is in London. There the correspondents of press and radio have been briefed and have gone forth to their several stations in their several states of mind.

The boys left at base are by now hermetically sealed in the basement press room of London's Supreme Headquarters. Not so Richard Hottel, who has gone with the first Marauder wave. Not so Charles Collingwood, who has traded in his wire-recorder for a sharper film-recorder with no wire to break, and is with a party shoving off into the Channel. Not so Larry Lesueur and Bill Downs, who have gone with the British, Canadian and American ground troops. Somewhere out in the early morning now are 4,000 ships, 8,000 planes, X hundred thousand men. Motes among them are the CBS men, and the Blue and Mutual and NBC men, and the AP and UP and INS men, spotted at the points where the danger should match the probability of the right story.

"The only thing that counts," Murrow told his people, "is what comes out of your loudspeaker, and what we're trying to make come out of the loudspeaker is an honest, coherent account of events. We've all seen enough of war to be conscious of our responsibility. It's no part of our job to please or entertain you. When we try to put into words a report on an Army, Navy or Air Force operation we aspire to do it in such fashion that the men engaged in action will say of the report, '*That's about the way it was.*'"

Hot on the heels of Col. Dupuy, and the first communique, Major Eliot resumes his analysis in New York. The metal of rumor-become-fact is now in his voice. Under his nose someone shoves a pencilled message: "*Close at 3:37:40 Murrow coming in.*" Eliot flicks a glance at the clock, races his final paragraph, and at 40 seconds past the minute Murrow's voice, the first civilian voice to come from Europe now the die is cast, tramps through the fog of static. He is reading General Eisenhower's Order of the Day—words from a bugle:

3:37:40 a.m.

MURROW:

"Soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force: You are about to embark on a great crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere go with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers in arms on other fronts you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

"Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well-equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight, fight savagely. But in this year of 1944 much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940 and 1941.

"The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats in open battle, man to man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air, and their capacity to wage war on the ground.

"Our home fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and have placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men.

"The tide has turned. The free men of the world are marching together to victory. I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory.

"Good luck and let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking."

This order was distributed to assault elements. It was read by appropriate commands to all other troops in the Allied Expeditionary Force.

In New York Robert Trout summarizes for three minutes the news that had come in since 3:32, and at 3:42, says "CBS takes you again to London." Again London takes the air, this time to clear in four minutes the jam of report that had backed up there behind the censor's gate since the first citizen pulled off the road into a dark Hampshire ditch to let a troop-lorry pass to the sea. At 3:46 Trout resumes just about long enough to warn that a moment later we shall hear London once more. We do.

Murrow warns that Eisenhower is coming on the air. Somebody at SHAEF in London gives a short introduction. A somehow familiar voice, but it has come and gone and the General is on the air before anyone realizes that that familiar voice was Dave Taylor's . . . the CBS assistant director of programs, now on leave. . . .

3:47

EISENHOWER (*speaking to the captive people of Western Europe*):

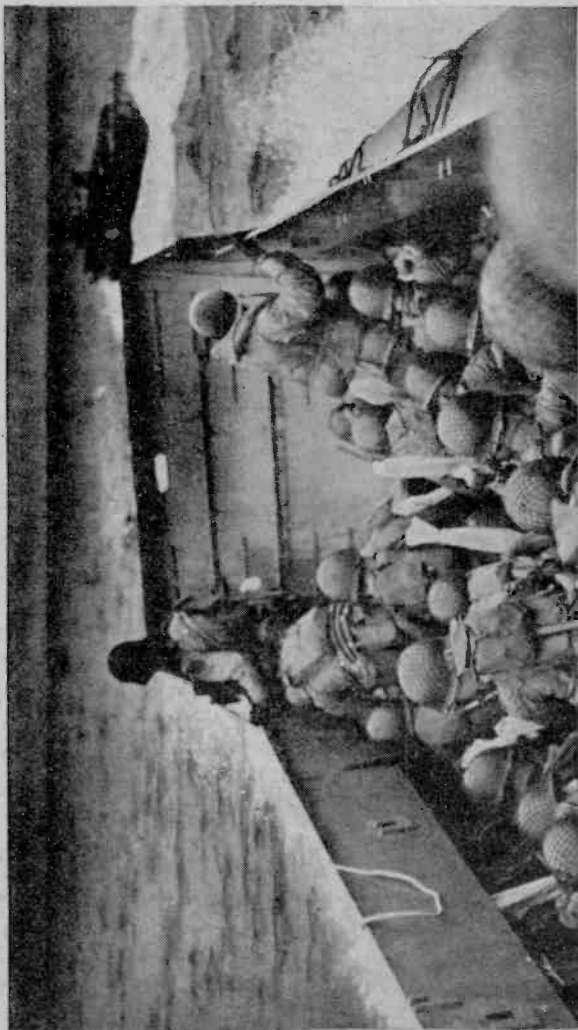
People of Western Europe . . . the hour of your liberation is approaching . . . follow the instructions you have received . . . continue your passive resistance, but do not needlessly endanger your lives until I give you the signal to rise and strike the enemy. . . . A premature uprising of all Frenchmen may prevent you from being of maximum help to your country in the critical hour. Be patient. Prepare. Those who have common cause with the enemy and so betrayed their country will be removed. As France is liberated from her oppressors, you yourselves will choose your representatives and the government under which you wish to live.

In the course of this campaign for the final defeat of the enemy you may sustain further loss and damage. Tragic though they may be, they are part of the price of victory. I assure you I shall do all in my power to mitigate your hardships. I know that I can count on your steadfastness now, no less than in the past.

The heroic deeds of Frenchmen who have continued their struggle against the Nazis and their Vichy satellites, in France and throughout the French Empire, have been an example and an inspiration to all of us.

This landing is but the opening phase of the campaign in Western Europe. Great battles lie ahead. I call upon all who love freedom to stand with us. Keep your faith staunch. Our arms are resolute. Together we shall achieve victory.

That was Ike Eisenhower from Kansas. How many dark figures on the Continent, when they had heard his voice crept out of their hiding places to pass the word, to derail, to undermine, we cannot know until Ike's promise is fulfilled. Next day neutral newspoints report mounting civilian "difficulty" in Southern France, Holland, Norway . . . Quislings packing their valises. An alarm clock in a home in Princeton, N. J., awakens a sleeping woman. To find out the time she turns on the radio. Then she hears . . .



Americans crouch behind the bulwarks of a Coast Guard landing barge headed for the invasion beach.

3:51

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY (*speaking to his people*):

From now on . . . hinder and impede the enemy by every subtle and covert means that does not expose yourself or others. This order does not apply to organized resistance groups, who are in touch with the Allied military authorities. They have been given their special orders . . . with the knowledge that, if they are in need of a hiding place or food or any other help, they will always find it. . . . Stand firm . . . look forward to ever exacting tasks in a spirit of self-sacrifice and confidence.

The Supreme Allied Commander will at all times keep you informed about what is expected of everyone under his command, and over the radio and by other means, our people will continue to be in close contact with their constitutional authorities. . . . Fellow countrymen, keep together and be prepared. . . . Long live the cause of freedom!"

THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE NETHERLANDS:

The enemy will not fail to employ any means of provoking or deceiving you. Wherever you may be, watch your own behavior. Listen only to the instructions we give you from here. As soon as more forceful action is desired of you, this will be made clear in unmistakable fashion.

Dutchmen, go with us for victory. Long live the fatherland.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF BELGIUM (*to his people, a 10-minute rocket-flight across the Channel*):

This first assault is the certain signal for your deliverance. You are going to undergo trying days in anxious waiting. This is the time to show once again those fine qualities of discipline and self-control which for four years you have so often displayed. . . .

The Allies are grateful to you for the magnificent resistance which you have shown in the German oppression, and the government is convinced that you will do everything possible to contribute to the overthrow of the German war machine.

The watchwords are courage, discipline, unity and confidence.

A man in a lunch-palace in Burbank, California, where they serve triplex-burgers, is cleaning up after the swing-shift traffic from Lockheed's, and he has the radio turned on and he hears it too. So does John Steinbeck, who wrote "The Moon Is Down" about underground Norway.

4:15

ROBERT TROUT:

. . . The story is now moving very swiftly and even as we are talking the bulletins are coming in thick and fast. In a few moments we'll go to London again. I don't know just exactly what we'll have. . . . Oh, yes, we are going to hear from Wright Bryan, representing the Combined American networks in London.

Murrow has another real strike on his line. This one is offered to all networks. It's the first word from a correspondent. It's Wright Bryan, who went to the war from WSB in Atlanta, Georgia. Bryan has just been in the navigator's dome of a C-47 over the channel.

4:17

WRIGHT BRYAN (*on all four networks*):

. . . I rode . . . with the first group of planes from a troop-carrier command to take our fighting men into Europe. . . . I watched from the rear door of our plane, name "Snooty," as 17 American paratroopers led by a Lieutenant Colonel jumped with their arms, ammunition and equipment into German-occupied France . . .

Down the long passenger cabin I walked to see how the paratroopers were riding. More than half of them had taken their colonel's advice and were dozing with their heads back against the wall and their feet stretched out in front of them. The others were sitting silently except for two or three who talked among themselves in whispers. . . . Half-way across the channel, planes one by one switched out their formation of lights. . . . The moon was almost full . . . visibility was excellent . . . the small fields looked peaceful with their orderly hedge rows. . . .

"Are you all set?" asked the colonel. "Get this thing hooked for me," he said, as he took his own place closest to the door. They blinked as the pilot threw his switch and before I could look up they began jumping. I wanted to know how long it would take the eighteen men to jump. I tried to count 101, 102, 103, to estimate the number of seconds. Before I had counted to ten seconds, it may have been eleven or twelve but no more, our passengers had left us, all but one of them. The paratroopers shoved each other so swiftly and heavily towards the open door that they jolted against the door frame. One man among the last half-dozen hit the rear of the door so heavily that he was thrown into the back of the cabin and dazed. The men behind shoved him aside and went on jumping. Before the unhappy soldier could get to his feet our plane was well past the drop zone and in a matter of minutes it was back over the water and setting a course for home.

On CBS from New York once more comes Trout. Then Major Eliot. Quentin Reynolds has forgotten all about his sore throat: up the corridor he has been banging away at a typewriter. This isn't the print-journalist's task of seeing it, writing it, polishing it and filing it: this is the biggest story of them all caught only by ear 3,000 miles away. Reynolds sees it.

4:32:30

REYNOLDS:

There seems to be no doubt that our forces struck boldly at the very heart of the German defenses, the best defended part of the French coast.

. . . Two years ago we left some 3,500 Canadians at Dieppe. Many were made prisoners, many more died there on the black, shale beaches. They were buried where they fell, many of them, and if the ancient words of the army song are correct, we know that old soldiers never die. It is not too fantastic to assume that the spirit of those Canadian dead have been waiting patiently for this hour. It has been a long wait for them but the revenge will be sweet.

Now at last those who died at Dieppe will know that their lives were not wasted. . . . The main object of the Dieppe raid was to test out the German defenses—to find out as much as we could about them. We accomplished that object. Without that dress rehearsal this big show would have been impossible. We learned many lessons at Dieppe. We depended then entirely upon the element of surprise. We did no preliminary bombing. We used no airborne troops.

Reports from France during the night and early morning tell us that there was not only a strong preliminary air bombing of the French coast but a terrific naval artillery barrage as well. Dieppe taught us that we needed this bombardment. . . . At Dieppe we used no airborne troops and German reserves hurried up unopposed. Last night thousands of airborne troops were landed and dropped inland. Dieppe taught us that we needed airborne troops to cut off the enemy roads, to demolish enemy blockhouses, to disorganize German reserves.

At Dieppe we landed on what was roughly a five mile beach area. The whole Luftwaffe came at us, concentrating

its strength in that small area. Dieppe taught us that this was a reckless method of landing, that only by spreading over a period of miles and striking in several places simultaneously could we split the Luftwaffe up into several smaller units which could be handled easily by our air force fighters.

There are those who still say Dieppe was a failure. If you think of Dieppe in terms of lives that were saved during the past seven hours, Dieppe was not a failure: it was a glorious success. Every lesson that our military commanders learned at Dieppe was utilized during the long hours of last night. The lives of those men who fell at Dieppe were not wasted. And today the ghosts of those who fell at Dieppe hover proudly over the French coast, satisfied that finally they have come into their own—they know now and the world knows that their sacrifice was not in vain and being soldiers they are content.

Here's a letter Quentin Reynolds got later:

“Dear Mr. Reynolds:

“It is with the deepest gratitude that I heard your speech yesterday over WABC. My husband . . . was killed in his Spitfire over Dieppe on that day of August 19, 1942—the first American fighter pilot believed to have been lost in the European theater. After almost two years of hearing the words ‘disgrace of Dieppe,’ ‘worthless bloodshed’ and ‘the Dieppe failure,’ I had to come to the conclusion that only those of us who *had* lost someone there that day could possibly know the sorrow and anger such a national reaction could bring. It is a hard thing to be told that you have lost your husband for a failure, for a national disgrace. I had the feeling that people would like to forget his sacrifice, because it had accomplished nothing.

"And so, during all the wild excitement and exhilaration of yestermorning, I kept wishing that . . . could have been there too, that he could have shared in the honor and thrill of a successful landing on the shores of 'Hitler's Europe'; that he could have been flying with his squadron on this other and more fruitful mission.

"It was then that you spoke, and the pride and gratitude that I felt cannot be easily expressed on paper. . . . I can only say that I felt with you, that he *was* there and that, through his mission two years ago, he was guiding these flyers in, saving the lives of hundreds of other young men, and that now I could know he died for a reason.

"I should be deeply indebted to you if you could let me have a copy of your talk, so that his son would know what, in the eyes of one who had been at Dieppe and at many other scenes of action in this war, his father had accomplished for him."

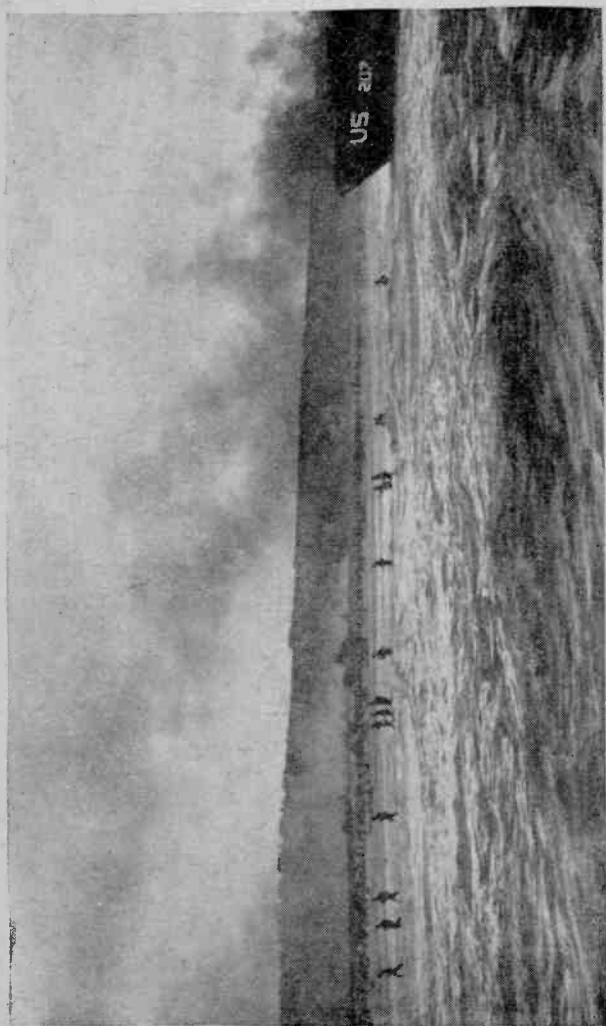
4:40

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK OF NBC (*by Invasion Pool*):

The feints and diversions promised by Winston Churchill are now relegated to the limbo of dead words. Millions of people will say today, *This is it*.

This is Queen's Move straight across the board. An astronomical number of planes for weeks past has been pulverizing rod by rod and yard by yard every German position from literally the beginning of shallow water to far within the hinterland of France. Now with close naval support, these planes have been followed by paratroopers, landing gear and infantry.

General Eisenhower has called this mighty mission "The Great Crusade."



The first waves of Americans wade through the surf toward the Normandy beach.

And the vermilion sweep-second hand of the clock on the wall of Studio 9 hits

4:33:01

All over town the night newspaper and wire service men have been working both-handed. The foremost newspaper of them all is now hitting the street, bearing the earmark "5 a.m. Extra." By now the radio has been reporting invasion to a rising fraction of 30 million American homes since a little before 1:00 or a little more than 4 hours. CBS has so far broadcast, as a passing measure of output, some 29,000 words on the subject: true, plain, vivid, tough good words. The joint service radio and press can deliver in a crisis, in the wider public interest, is something to think about . . . perhaps later.

The trucks move out of the newspaper plants.

4:48

JAMES WELLARD OF THE BLUE:

. . . James Wellard speaking from SHAEF. I have just seen the first American troops preparing to storm ashore on the continent of Europe. . . . At 6:23 the Marauder bomber in which I was riding dropped the last load of bombs on the coastal target just before H-Hour. . . . I could see no evidences of the landings beyond the small number of parachutes lying on the ground. With the exception of German tanks moving up the beachheads or hiding in hedges, we saw no signs of enemy resistance. . . . At this point I'd like to report that Sgt. Paul Stopp (?) of Cedar-town, Ga., the waist-gunner with whom I was riding, promptly turned his machine guns on one German tank by a crossroads and claims to have set it on fire. I saw the tank burning. . . .

The air and sea armadas I saw this morning were the biggest that nations at war have ever launched at one time.

At briefing, our pilots were told to stay at a level below 6,000 feet over England. The air was filled with other planes—Fortresses, Liberators, Thunderbolts, Spitfires—hundreds of them crossing and criss-crossing above and below us. . . . The pilot of our ship called out over the intercom telephone, "There are planes strung out ahead and behind us like strings of sausages." Even more incredible was what we could see on the water . . . long lines of ships sailing in single file . . . vast convoys from above looked like water beetles . . . there were literally ships as far as the eye could reach, and the eye can reach a long way at 5,000 feet up. . . . The weather was clear, the sun was shining on Brittany, and visibility was good. Farms, roads, hamlets, and enemy tanks were all plain to the naked eye.

Then . . . our eighteen 50-pound bombs were away. . . . I watched these and other bombs cascading down from our formation. When they hit the earth they seemed to draw out plumes of dirty, oily, yellow smoke. . . . From the amount of high explosives we were pouring on the land below, it seemed impossible for anything, however small or however deeply hidden, to survive. As our flight of 50 Marauders were on their bomb run, we were met by only a few puffs of inaccurate flak. . . .

Though our gunners trained their guns several times, not a single enemy fighter or plane was sighted. In fact, the only time our guns were fired was when our boys cut loose on the German tanks. It was the same all the way out and back to England.

Our flight was as peaceful as a skyride between New York and Chicago.

On the CBS air Trout speaks. Eliot speaks.

To both in Studio 9 Paul White sends word that Columbia's Dick Hottelet has come back to London from his ride in the first wave of Marauders over the French Coast.

5:07:14

RICHARD HOTTELET:

We saw medium bombers and fighters crossing on the way to the target, without a sign of a German plane. We turned in over the coast about ten minutes before H-Hour. We saw a fast assault boat race along parallel to the beach laying a smoke screen. We opened our bomb bay doors. The flight ahead of us dropped their bombs, the guns on the ships off shore resumed fire. The bombs and the shells burst together. *Four and a half* thousand feet up our plane was rocked by the concussion and we got the stench from the explosives. . . . One thing we can say already, and that is that our supremacy over the invasion zone today is not seriously challenged."

That's the chief thing we wanted to know early, so Hottelet told us. And he's safe. One up. Trout resumes his presidency of the microphone in Studio 9 for a moment, and then Dave Anderson, of the NBC staff in London says

5:15:37

ANDERSON:

There is no doubt in my mind that Hitler was literally caught with his pants down by the Allied landing on the north coast of France. I was able to gain substantiation for this opinion. . . .

At 1:30 yesterday afternoon I entered the gates of an RAF station. . . . The Adjutant introduced me to a Group Captain, the youngest, incidentally, in the entire RAF. He's only 27. . . . He smiled briefly and said out of the corner of his mouth: "I've been waiting for this for a long time." . . . Each man had his area of attack. Each man knew what was expected of him. . . .

I was waiting in the briefing room as the first pilots re-

ported. Their task had been to hunt out and shoot up or bomb any German transports on the road to the French coast. From the very beginning, it was hoped that none would be seen. This would be a definite indication that the Hun didn't know where we were going to land. And as the boys came back, one by one, this hope was realized. Except for a few scattered cars on the road, nothing was seen. Most of the pilots saw no transports whatsoever, so they concentrated on bombing road-junctions and railways.

Trout takes the air in New York. Part of the time the radio channels send words, part of the time they carry photographs from radio senders in London to radio receivers in New York. The first photographs have been passed by censor and have been travelling the short wave channels, their audible signal on the loudspeaker being a tireless burple-tweedle-burple-twerple-beedle, a billion frogs. The first print, showing a landing, hit the Pentagon at 5:22; forty-seven others came during the day. Now the short wave channels are clearing. White gets word that in a few minutes he can talk again to Murrow. It was to be a private conversation, like all the rest, but White decides to share it with America on the network party-line, for, after all, this invasion is the people's own. We hear:

5:29

WHITE:

Hello, Ed Murrow. Hello, CBS London.

MURROW:

Hello, Paul.

WHITE:

. . . Ed, is it now possible to reveal the dispositions of our staff, where we have various men?

MURROW:

Well, Paul, we hope to have some action recordings back from the Navy before long. Charlie Collingwood is out on an LST and Larry Lesueur is with the American ground forces and Bill Downs with the British, and Bill Shadell is somewhere at sea.

WHITE:

Fine. As a matter of fact, all of the men who were on from the various networks have turned in a swell job and I don't know how much of an audience we had, except that I think all networks were on all night and I believe we'll stay right with the pool operations as long as we want to continue and then we'll break away with our own staff.

Sunrise is due in Washington at 5:34, but lights blazed all night. To Army Headquarters in the Pentagon, by way of CBS' Washington station WTOP, CBS goes at 5:37, and Bill Henry and Joe McCaffrey give the nation its first news of the first reaction to the invasion news in the Capital.

The first Army word went at 11:30 p.m. June 5, by telephone to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to a man lying in bed waiting for it. As the anxious night moved forward, he took pencil and paper, as once a Boston woman had done in the small hours. He wrote a battle prayer—as she had written a Battle Hymn. Then he went to sleep, as she too had done. The sun rose, on time, just as it rose over Fort McHenry another morning.

There was so far only one solid bone to this story—General Ike's communique at 3:32—and the newsmen abroad and at home have gnawed it white.

6:01:25

SHAEF (from London):

Air attacks began shortly before midnight, when well over 1,000 heavy bombers of the Royal Air Force Bomber Com-



Members of a U. S. Navy Beach Battalion dive as a German plane swoops down to strafe the Normandy beach.

mand opened up on German coastal defenses. During the night, troop carriers and gliders of the United States Ninth Air Force and the Royal Air Force, flew paratroops and Airborne infantry into the zone of operations while night bombers of the Second Tactical Air Force attacked roads and rail junctions and bridges.

At daybreak more than 1,000 heavy bombers of the United States Eighth Army Air Force and waves of United States Ninth Army Air Force medium bombers took up the air bombardment of gun emplacements and defensive works in support of landing operations.

Fighter bombers have made repeated attacks during the morning on gun batteries and communications in and behind the assault front. Fighters have been out in large numbers, supporting the heavy bombers and covering land and sea operations.

Trout follows SHAEF, and Major Eliot tramps right along with him. One wonders what it is like in London itself now.

6:24

CHARLES SHAW (*from London*):

For an hour after the broadcast of communique No. 1, I played town-crier to a London generally unaware that France had been invaded. I rode and walked thru the Strand, Fleet Street, past St. Paul's along the Thames Embankment to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey up to Piccadilly Circus and other parts of so-called downtown London, asking people here and there what they thought of the news. In most cases, I found out that I had to report the news before getting any comment. It looked like London any morning, between 9:30 and 10:30 . . . the streets comparatively deserted, soldiers of all nations ambling about, street cleaners running their brushes along the curbs.

I asked a taxidriver to take me around the city, because

I wanted to see how people were reacting to the news. "Incidentally," I asked him, "have you heard the news?" "I heard something about it," he said, "but I don't know whether it's official." I assured him it was, because I had just returned from the studio where the communique was broadcast. Waiting for a traffic light, we drew alongside a car driven by a girl, wearing the uniform of France. I leaned out and said: "What do you think of the news?" "What news?" she asked. "The Allies have landed in France." All she said was: "Thank God!"

Fleet Street, headquarters of the press in London, was normal. A couple of men who might have been reporters were seen dashing into buildings. And up to St. Paul's Cathedral . . . to see whether there were worshippers inside. The only person in the vast auditorium was a black-robed guide to the crypt, who hadn't heard the news. His comment, after being informed, was: "That's good!"

6:50

Trout and Ned Calmer, refreshed and vigorous after no sleep, take over to report that Churchill has just told the House of Commons of an "immense Allied armada." Calmer draws on his long term in France to describe the terrain of the coastal area. Trout amplifies his previous report of Churchill's House of Commons speech, and from 6:56 to 8:24:45 Bill Henry, Joe McCaffrey and Colonel Morrison in Washington, Major Eliot and Ned Calmer and Joe King and Quentin Reynolds and Allan Jackson in New York, take turns inking in detail and perspective-lines on the landscape that is steadily clearing over the Norman beach, reaching from the lighthouse Phare de la Heve off Havre, on the left to the lighthouse Phare de Barfleur off Cherbourg on the right. From Advance Press Headquarters abroad now come two more voices of the All-American team working on the Pool: Stanley Richardson and Merrill Mueller of NBC.

8:24:25

RICHARDSON:

I've just returned from the Channel approaches to the coast of France . . . the opening phases of the largest scale military invasion operation in history. My ringside seat was the heaving deck of a United States naval patrol torpedo boat on which I traveled across the Channel with the first contingent of a naval task force . . .

. . . we could see hundreds of bombers and fighters . . . dropping their bomb-loads and returning to England for more explosives to blast the enemy . . . the big two-engined American transport planes, also in the hundreds, returning to their bases in the United Kingdom after dropping their airborne troops in France.

MUELLER:

I have never seen *any* commander receive greater acclaim for buoying his men more than does General Eisenhower. One British battalion cheered him as they climbed aboard their vast landing barge and he waved a friendly hello and that broad grin lit up his face—a face that showed nothing but confidence in his men, a face in which fatigue is miraculously erased whenever it mirrors the Allied esprit de corps and the fighting spirit of the little men with the rifle and bayonet. He came back from the port full of a sense of victory. No finer force ever went into battle with a better spirit or with greater courage than this one. . . .

From the CBS news floor you look out and down on the jade roof and the frosty pinnacles of St. Patrick's. The Cathedral doors are open. There is more than ordinary movement. From this city alone have gone forth three-quarters of a million under the flag. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop, turned on his radio at 3:35 in the Residence down yonder. Case-hardened New Yorkers come from everywhere else—from Rotterdam and Calabria, from Indiana and Iowa, from

Halifax and Helsinki and Hingham; this morning they bow their heads. At St. Patrick's, at the Epiphany, at the African Baptist Church, at the Temple Emanuel . . . wherever His doors beckon, the humble people of our town have heard that He has now "loosed the fateful lightning" . . .

Somehow Collingwood has sent back to London a recording made of his LST taking off from Britain. Shaw plays it to America on the short wave. Noisy, blurred, and grimly genuine—

9:15

COLLINGWOOD:

Now we're up here, on the deck, on the main deck of the LST, which is crowded and packed with vehicles of every sort. The trucks are full . . . just reading the names on the boxes of some of them . . . here's one that says "Cartridges" and another one says "Hand Grenades" and there are also bags, bed rolls, in which these men are going to sleep.

I wonder what the soldiers feel like and here they are, before the LST, their last leg, their last piece of land, had been cut off. They're just as sealed here as though they had severed every connection with the outside world. I wonder what they're thinking about, I wonder what they feel about everything that's going to come? Let's ask one of them. Hey, soldier, come over here, will you?

SOLDIER:

Yes, sir.

COLLINGWOOD:

What's your name?

SOLDIER:

Staff Sgt. Alexander Ham.

COLLINGWOOD:

. . . Where do you come from, Alex?

HAM:

From Chicago, Illinois.

COLLINGWOOD:

From Chicago, huh?

HAM:

Yes, sir.

COLLINGWOOD:

Well, what do you feel about this thing that you're on?

HAM:

Well, sir, I feel a lot better since we're all here. Feel like we'll do more good than the last one I was on.

COLLINGWOOD:

What was the last one?

HAM:

It was an LST.

COLLINGWOOD:

That was one of the maneuvers, was it?

HAM:

Yes, sir, it was.

COLLINGWOOD:

Is this any different from that one?

HAM:

Yes, it is. We have a lot more equipment than we did have the last time.

COLLINGWOOD:

More guns, I suppose?

HAM:

Yes.

COLLINGWOOD:

Do you think this is going to be the real thing this time?

HAM:

Well, I really can't say.

COLLINGWOOD:

You think so?

HAM:

I don't know.

COLLINGWOOD:

Does it worry you?

HAM:

No, it doesn't worry me any.

COLLINGWOOD:

You don't care?

HAM:

No!

COLLINGWOOD:

You're all set?

HAM:

Yes!

COLLINGWOOD:

Well, that's fine, Staff Sgt. Ham.

(He addresses the audience)

Those kids are certainly security conscious because there's no chance of any leakage from the ship as it is at the moment

. . . that one wasn't telling us anything. I wonder whether they really do know what sort of an operation they're going on, that it really is the real thing.

There's a captain coming along here. I'll ask him. Captain, if you have a minute, can I see you?

CAPTAIN:

Yes, you may.

COLLINGWOOD:

What's your name?

CAPTAIN:

Captain Wood:

COLLINGWOOD:

What sort of a briefing have you had, Captain, or don't you want to tell us?

CAPTAIN:

Well, all I can say is that I've had a briefing on this exercise.

COLLINGWOOD:

All right, that's fine! Well, in what sort of shape do you think the men are that you've got along with you? Have they had a lot of training?

CAPTAIN:

Well, as far as I can see and from what I've seen of the men . . .

COLLINGWOOD (interrupting):

I think they're well capable of doing any job that the exercise may demand of them.

CAPTAIN:

That's fine! Putting words in my mouth. (Laughter)

COLLINGWOOD:

How did the loading go on the ships here, from your point of view.

CAPTAIN:

The loading on the ship seems to have gone without any bit of trouble whatever.

COLLINGWOOD:

It certainly looked smooth from where we were down below watching it, everything seemed over very quickly. It seemed well organized.

CAPTAIN:

Yeah, that's the Army for you, you know!

COLLINGWOOD:

Well, how are they settling down here on board? Is everybody comfortable or as comfortable as they can be?

CAPTAIN:

Yes, they are. The men seem to have been on these boats before . . . and taken to it like they take to water.

COLLINGWOOD:

Well, I hope they don't have to take to water. Thank you very much, Captain Wood.

(Again addressing you in America)

The soldiers are settling down now, as Captain Wood said, and the trucks are all on, the soldiers are all on, and all around us there are other LST's in the same condition as this one, with soldiers lining the rails and with trucks full of equipment, both inside, on the back deck, and up on the main deck, which is where we're standing now on our ship. The LST-48 is just beginning to get under way. We're pushing away from the harbor, away from the shore where we

loaded, and we're going back to our anchorage where we will stay until we set off on this coming expedition. Our last link with the land has been cut.

Shaw asks Paul White on the cue channel how the Collingwood recording has come through. So now America hears:

9:26:45

SHAW:

How was the reception of the Collingwood recording?

WHITE:

Fine. Can you tell us a little more about the assignments . . . Shadell . . . Rider . . . ?

SHAW:

Shadell . . . with the navy. Rider, too . . . you know about the rest. . . . Then it looks as though the King would be up at 9. . . .

WHITE:

That's 3 our time. . . .

SHAW:

That's right. . . .

To the run-of-the-mill radio man, a good typically-dull routine conversation. A radio workman in London says casually to a radio workman in New York—"—by the way, the King's coming up. . . ."—and that is how America knows that this is the 20th century. You don't need a regiment of mounted trumpets, with tabards—not any more. You just speak into a little contraption in an office in London and you're talking to 30 million non-isolated homes in North America. . . . A waiter from the quick lunch carries 37 empty coffee tumblers down to the scullery. The news writ-

ing alcoves are knee deep in egg yellow ribbons of paper. Quincy Howe's office is buried under coats and hats. You might know, said someone, that that Yankee would grab the hat-check concession.

Bill Henry and Joe McCaffrey sum up the past two hours in the capital. By 9:38:45 CBS World News is once more originating in New York, as Trout goes on the air for his 25th broadcast of the vigil, Major Eliot for his 10th. They give way to Quentin Reynolds. Reynolds is followed by Ned Calmer, Calmer by Trout, Trout by Allan Jackson. Jackson passes the baton across the table to Quentin Reynolds—who passes it to Bob Trout. . . .

Perhaps baton is the wrong word. For the task of getting all the invasion news to the American people has now lost something of the sustained spirit of a relay race, and is a real Marathon. For the past 6 hours and 27 minutes the news department has been continuously on the air reporting a single topic hung on a single terse official communique. Everything the censor has cleared has been said and resaid. It is neither good reporting, good faith nor good radio to spin it finer, to repeat further, to pad or stall, to "sell a headline," or to jangle the public's nerves. The news chief accordingly tells his staff to get out from under. The network signals to the actor troupe ready to take over the next scheduled entertainment-program on the network that they can go ahead with their show. It opens with no commercial announcement, but a War Bond plea instead.

It is a serial story called *Valiant Lady*. Near the end of *Valiant Lady*, under the dialogue, we hear the special signal beeps; five of them meaning "news ahead!"

10:15

DOUGLAS EDWARDS:

President Roosevelt will go on the air at 10 p.m. tonight, EWT with the hope that the nation will join him in a prayer

which he has written for the occasion. Columbia will broadcast the President's prayer.

10:15:35

On the air comes "Light of the World;" it is a dramatization of the Holy Bible. And then "Open Door," then "Bachelor's Children," then "Honeymoon Hill," then "Second Husband." An hour and three-quarters pass. It is now about 5 o'clock of a summer afternoon in London.

11:00

Suddenly the special continuous monitor of the BBC in the back office pays for its keep by reporting that General de Gaulle who has just flown in from Algiers, will speak on the air to the French at 11:30 New York time. Maybe nobody else hears the announcement, or cares, but the fact is that CBS is the only network to carry his speech.

11:34

DE GAULLE:

. . . Here at last is the decisive clash for which we have waited so long. Yes, this is the Battle of France, and this is France's battle. Help has gone out to us, in the vast machinery of war which is now beginning to flow from the shores of old England.

And France, submerged for four years, but not destroyed nor vanquished, is rising again. . . .

The simple and sacred duty of her sons, whoever they may be, wherever they may be, is to fight with everything they have. They must destroy the hated enemy, the dishonored enemy who has crushed and sullied our homeland. This enemy is going to do everything in his power to escape his fate; he will cling stubbornly to our land just as long as he can, even though he is already steadily drawing back like the hunted beast that he is. . . .

France is going to fight this battle with fury, and at the same time she is going to fight it with clear-headedness, with skill, with discipline. That is the way we have won each of our victories for the last fifteen hundred years, and that is the way we shall win this victory. . . .

Through the dark cloud of our blood and tears, there shines again the sun of our greatness.

As de Gaulle is speaking, Holles has assigned Douglas Edwards to stand by with Quincy Howe in Studio 9 for further reports. Edwards knows that the President has requested that his prayer be given full advance broadcast, so when Howe has done, Edwards reads the prayer.

11:45

Now the domestic counsellor whom the millions know as "Aunt Jenny" is saying:

. . . Right now I want to appeal to all you wives and mothers in times of anxiety. . . . You are the one the whole family looks to for hope and strength. So even though it may be difficult, I'm appealing to you to be strong and cheerful and matter-of-fact as possible. . . .

The woman who sold 108 million dollars' worth of War Bonds in one day last February is now doing her regular philosophical commentary on the network.

12:00 noon

KATE SMITH:

Wherever you are at this moment, whatever you're doing, join your prayers with mine. . . . Pray that our crusaders may be strong . . . that they may speedily bring their adversaries to unconditional surrender. . . . If millions of us—every man, woman and child in America—will lift our fervent prayers to God, those prayers will be answered.

The second news tide is setting in now as fast as it sweeps across the quicksands at Mont St. Michel. "Big Sister" has

been on the air, but now the expression of listener-hunger for news and more news has been tallied. So at 12:41:05 "Helen Trent" and all succeeding commercial programs are erased, till further notice.

12:41:20 p.m.

Edward R. Murrow speaks for 7½ minutes from London. Winston Churchill, he says, has told Parliament that German shore batteries opposing the armada have been knocked out, and that the underwater obstructions proved less dangerous than had been feared—that the whole operation by the 11,000 planes and the 4,000 ships is, in fact, proceeding according to plan. The Luftwaffe has been strangely missing, but now we hear that the marshal of the Reich, one Goering, an ex-flier, has sent an order of the day to the German air forces telling his pilots that the invasion must be repelled, even if it means the death of the Luftwaffe.

By 1:29 we have heard among many other things: that Prime Minister Churchill has conferred with King George at Buckingham Palace; that both have visited General Eisenhower at his headquarters; that 600 naval guns laid down a barrage of 2,000 tons of shells within 10 minutes beginning at 5:15 a.m. Quincy Howe speaks of the satisfaction the Russians will gain from news of the western invasion; he adds that "the combined liberation of Europe means bad news for Tokio." John Daly reports Churchill's second appearance of the day before the House of Commons. He then cuts in with a flash from Reuters in London reporting the use for the first time of secret weapons by the Allied armies.

General Eisenhower's headquarters have announced that there is now a foothold in Normandy. Local German reserves have been licked. Our troops are engaged in the second phase of the operation: defeat of German tactical reserves which have been brought in from outside the immediate area of the Allied landings. The third critical phase will be that of de-

feating the enemy's strategic reserves, Germany's large mobile tank armies.

Enemy resistance has stiffened. Allied reconnaissance shows huge concentrations of German troops and motorized units in Normandy. A major German attack is apparently shaping up. Already it appears that fierce fighting is going on in the vicinity of Caen, nine miles inland. Medium bombers have carried out a heavy assault against Caen.

American heavyweights have struck their second large-scale blow of the day in attacks on French rail hubs. One report says that the Allies have already set up landing strips in Normandy.

The Germans say that Allied troops are attacking westward from captured Bayeux in a drive to cut the Cherbourg peninsula from the mainland. And the Germans also say that the Russian army has launched a major offensive in Rumania, but so far this hasn't been confirmed in Moscow.

1:30

Bernadine Flynn and Allan Jackson come on. Bill Henry in Washington says Admiral King has talked with the President, and on his way out has said "the invasion is doing all right so far." To the news men General Marshall has said "I can't make any statement." But Henry reports that the General had an air of confidence about him.

Meanwhile Allied Headquarters in England has disclosed that the invasion had been scheduled for Sunday night, and had been postponed because of bad weather.

The radio researcher Hooper has been researching like a beaver this morning in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles—calling thousands of homes to ask whether folks were listening. His report:

For the morning hours 8 to 12, Eastern War Time, 218% of the number of radios normally turned on at this season and hour were going wide open; 217% of those in use during

the month of June 1943.

The man in the street and his housewife know that not since 1066 A.D. has the hazard of invasion across the Channel won. We hug the "loud-speaker".

Bill Henry, Quincy Howe and Tony Marvin report once more. A little while ago a man in a grey suit got off the elevator and puffed his pipe right past the cops and marched into a little office. That is Shirer. You wouldn't blame Shirer much if now, against the background of his indignities at the hands of the enemy in Germany, he were to go overboard . . . just a little overboard.

Instead . . .

2:22

WILLIAM L. SHIRER:

Mr. Churchill in his first address to the Commons today spoke of the underwater barriers being overcome easier than had been expected. Three years ago, upon that Channel coast, I had a look at some of those barriers. They consisted mostly of steel contraptions put in two lines for the tides; one out two or three hundred yards from shore, and one maybe within fifty yards of shore, and which were designed to stop landing boats from coming up on the beach. The way to get at those, of course, is by torpedoes and exploding your own mines and, so far as we can see, our troops do not seem to have any great deal of difficulty in overcoming these water barriers.

Now, there have been pictures in our papers, which have come from German sources, showing great underground forts along the coast of France, and while undoubtedly some of those do exist (I saw some of them), they have been greatly over-exaggerated and there are not a large number of these underground forts. . . .

As a matter of fact, while the Germans have erected strong defenses here and there along the whole coastline in west-



American tanks start the drive inland as assault craft discharge their cargos on the beach.

ern Europe, the truth is that the ballyhoo about the Atlantic Wall has been largely a product of German propaganda. . . .

In other words, what seems plain . . . and I think what we will see in the next few days and weeks in the fighting in north-western Europe . . . is that there has been no such thing as a great European fortress and no such thing as the great Atlantic Wall, but merely groups of German fortifications, largely made up of mines and so-called strong points which the Germans call *Schwer Punkti* along strategic highways and ridges which they will use in trying to stop our troops. I always think, when we hear this propaganda (and undoubtedly you'll hear a great deal, if the German propaganda gets to you in the next few days) about the Atlantic Wall, that the Germans themselves have never believed in the idea of a chain of forts, a fortified line, such as the Maginot Line, stopping a good army. . . .

2:27

On Shirer's heels come Mr. Howe and Fielden Farrington with more news bulletins. London suddenly says stand by.

3:00

KING GEORGE VI:

Four years ago our nation and empire stood alone against an overwhelming enemy with our back to the wall, tested as never before in our history, and we survived that test. The spirit of the people, resolute and dedicated, burned like a bright flame, surely, from those unseen fires which nothing can quench.

Once more the supreme test has to be faced. This time the challenge is not to fight to survive, but to fight to win the final victory for the good cause. Once again, what is demanded from us all is something more than courage, more than endurance . . .

That we may be worthily matched with the new summons

of destiny, I desire solemnly to call my people to prayer and dedication. We are not unmindful of our own shortcomings, past and present. We shall ask not that God may do our will, but that we may be enabled to do the will of God. And we dare to believe that God has used our nation and empire as an instrument for fulfilling his high purpose . . .

If from every place of worship, from home and factory, from men and women of all ages and many races and occupations, our intercessions rise, then, please God, both now and in the future not remote, the predictions of an ancient song may be fulfilled:

'The Lord will give strength unto his people, the Lord will give his people the blessing peace.'

Fielden Farrington and Allan Jackson report the news spun out by the tickers. Then Merrill (NBC) Mueller's second eyewitness contribution to the Invasion Pool crackles in from London:

3:30

The Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsey, made two startling revelations on the initial operations of the second front:

First—he said the Allies were 100% successful in putting the original assault forces ashore on the beachhead. . . .

Second—Admiral Ramsey officially announced the invasion of Europe had made a false start on Sunday night when vessels which had put out to sea were called back on account of weather. You will remember earlier I told you some of the invasion convoys had to refuel before sailing last night. This was the reason.

In Washington Bill Henry has rounded up members of Congress to comment. We hear:

REP. MELVIN J. MAAS (Minn.):

It is a relief to know that it is started. However, we

mustn't take the initial starting as the end. . . . This is a serious occasion and it should sober us.

REP. EDITH NOURSE ROGERS (Mass.):

The women of America have always been brave—they will be brave about this grim and terrible invasion. The mothers and wives and sweethearts who are giving their sons and their relatives, the men they hold dearer than their own life—have believed that after this war has resulted in victory we will have a nation reborn, or a world reborn.

REP. JERRY VOORHIS (Calif.):

It's an hour to hold one's breath; to pray with all our souls for strength for the arms of our fighting forces, to pray that as many as possible of them may be spared this ordeal to live again as heroes in the world tomorrow which they made possible.

REP. F. EDWARD HEBERT (La.):

I think that if the records were surveyed today they would show that the South probably has more volunteers than any part of this country. . . . I'm sure the South will give a very good account of itself, not only in Europe, but when our troops land in Tokio as well. . . . I think that everybody in America should get down on their knees and thank God that we've got America and that we've got America to give to the world to help now.

John Daly sits down across the studio table from a tired-looking, pale, young woman. She is a refugee from Caen, where bitter see-saw fighting is now going on. Into the microphone she describes the city of 70,000, its steel mills, shipyards, railroad terminals. She says that she has seen Germans operating the mills and the shipyards. She describes the pasture lands, the sandy plains, the old university, the determination of her townspeople.

3:47

MRS. MAGAT:

I have friends in Caen now. . . . I know that they . . . are now following the instructions of General Eisenhower . . . and I know how happy they must feel, knowing that their liberation is in sight. People all over France are waiting for the liberation and will help. . . . When the Germans came to Caen, they announced that they had 200 fifth columnists in the city. The Germans will find now that the Allies have 70,000 fifth columnists working for them!

Close on the tails of the military carrier pigeons homing to their British lofts are a handful of the first correspondents detailed to get back and tell the story. One now reaches London.

HERBERT MARSHALL (*of the BBC*):

I've just come back from the beaches, and as I've been in the sea twice, I'm sitting in my soaked-thru clothes, with no notes at all . . . my notes are at the bottom of the sea. . . .

. . . I was in a barge which was due to pick up the Brigadier of an assault group and we were going in with the first assault wave. So we circled round with the various types of vessels opening fire on the beach, which we could see quite plainly in the dim morning light . . . in their own manners and at the appointed time. First of all the cruisers started with a rather loud bang and soon the air grew heavy with the smell of cordite and loud with the sound of explosions and, looking along the beach, we could see the explosions of our artillery creating a great cloud and fog of smoke. . . .

. . . . We could see, as we went in, that particular portion of the beach wasn't altogether healthy and, as we drove towards it with our planes overhead, giving us the sort of cover we've been hoping for and which we'd been expecting—as we drove in we could see shell bursts in the water, along

the beach and just behind the beach, and we could see France with a certain amount of difficulty because the wind was driving the sea in with long rollers.

Fielden Farrington resumes, and then 15 minutes of music is an innocent overture to the short wave story that follows.

4:15

COMMANDER ANTHONY KIMMINS (*of the British Navy*):

When we sailed last night . . . there were only two doubts in our minds . . . the state of the weather and could we achieve tactical surprise. . . .

A little Yorkshireman, looking round as he stepped out of a lorry and marched down to his landing-craft summed it up in three words: "What! No bands?" . . .

Minesweepers, the spearhead of the invasion force, were sweeping ahead of us during the night and are now carrying on. Beyond the minefields we knew we must expect a large number of underwater obstructions which must be cleared before the landing craft could have any chance of reaching the beaches. Specially trained volunteers, dressed in tight-fitting, rubber, sea-green suits and helmets, rather like gnomes, leaped into the shallows to place charges and to pull out those obstructions. . . . In spite of the obstructions, the heavy surf, and the minefields on the beaches, all the beaches in our sector were soon gained. Then started that mad rush to get the follow-up supplies ashore at record speed before the enemy could muster his forces for his counter-attack.

When I left this afternoon that mad rush against time and weather was at its height. When I came back across the hundred-odd miles of English Channel to these shores, I shall never forget what I saw. There was no need for any navigation. It was just as easy as walking down Fifth Avenue. The whole way across the Channel, there were continuous

lines across, approaching the Bay of the Seine, and not only continuous lines but rows and rows of lines stretching out on either side as far as the eye could see.

Joseph C. Harsch comes on from Washington to try to put straight some of the fragments of this great smoky panorama.

4:19

HARSCH:

. . . there is a surprising and encouraging list of things we might have expected the Germans to do—which they have not done. . . .

First—the German submarine. . . . So far, there is no indication from any source that the U-boats have played a part in invasion defense. . . .

Second— . . . the secret weapon. We know that all along the Channel coast the Germans did build curious groups of buildings. . . . The best deduction we could make from aerial photographs was that these represented underground launching devices for radio-propelled planes or flying bombs. One theory was that they would be used to wipe out London at the time of the invasion. Another was that they would be directed against the ports from which the invasion would be launched, possibly smashing the flotillas before they could even get under way. So far, there is no evidence of anything from the Channel coast of anything other than orthodox heavy gunfire. (*The rocket bombardment began 40 days later. Ed.*)

Third— . . . German underwater devices . . . have proved to be much less serious than was anticipated.

Fourth— . . . E-boats . . . the dispatches . . . mention no significant use of them so far.

Fifth—the German Air Force. . . . Weather may have kept it down today. . . .

. . . They may be keeping their best tricks under wraps. . . the only two German devices left, which may reasonably be expected to develop, are the secret weapon and air resistance.

Bill Costello follows Harsch, and is followed by Fielden Farrington, John Daly, Shirer, Howe. Then Farrington reports:

4:24

“ . . . The President has reported the loss of two destroyers”—*and there is a respite of music.*

In CBS news headquarters, London has warned us to expect Eisenhower's second communique released at 5:30 (14 hours after his first) . . .

5:39

So far no second communique.

6:03

Quincy Howe (on the air now) knows he'll be cut for the communique when it arrives. London cue-channel open—but still silent. In the news room Peg Miller stands by a ticker. On the paper before her stutters the Second Communique: “It's coming in on Reuters,” she calls in to Everett Holles, and strips off the yellow “take” and shoves it at Quincy Howe in Studio Nine, and Howe puts it on the air.

At 6:28 Edwin C. Hill concludes his news broadcast with a prayer by Bishop Henry St. George Tucker.

6:30

Over the tumult a pretty girl named Jeri Sullivan is singing and as she sings Harry Marble interrupts to say:

6:36:40

This is CBS World News Headquarters. Here's a late bulletin just received. Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force announced tonight, that more than 1000 troop-carrying aircraft, including gliders, took part in the airborne phase of the invasion. It was also announced at Headquarters that the American Navy, including the cruisers Tuscaloosa and Augusta and the battleship Nevada participated in the bombardment supporting the Allied landings.

—and then *Jeri Sullivan* sings again.

Douglas Edwards opens "The World Today"—the program which rounds up global news by short wave and standard wave. On this day of all days it brings in:

MURROW (*from London*):

. . . the *Nevada*. The Japanese tried to sink her at Pearl Harbor . . . Tanks all water-proofed for travelling in water up to six feet . . . Charles Collingwood says the first craft onto the beaches were the little LCVT's. They came in doggedly, looking very small, and gallant with their heads off. Offshore . . . the silhouettes of the big ships . . . each wave of landing craft dressed like a unit of foot soldiers and were then dispatched to the beach. As each wave went in, a new group of landing craft advanced at the starting line. When their turn came, they too went in. Some of the men moved off to find and fight the enemy, destroy his guns, push him back from the beach. . . .

. . . An LCI is 155 feet long . . . a great floating garage . . . her mouth opens and trucks and vehicles of every description roll out of her. . . .

FOWLE (*from Rome*):

This morning, driving back along the Appian Way, we saw two soldiers holding up a sign in big black letters: "Second Front—France Invaded" . . . The men of the Fifth

and Eighth Armies are proud that they were able to complete their assigned task of liberating Rome before the beginning of this greater and more decisive battle. . . .

. . . The Allied armies in Italy have brought home to the Germans and the world one of the imponderables of this war—that whatever the delays and losses and reverses in the campaign, there will be no swerving from the objective set up for our fighting men to achieve.

HENRY (*from Washington*):

President Roosevelt at his news conference this afternoon could be accurately described as cheerful . . . he described himself as being sleepy. He said . . . that we had lost only two destroyers and one landing craft in the first 12 hours and that air losses had been only one percent, both well under expectations . . . The House . . . continued to make demands for prompt investigation of Pearl Harbor. . . .

6:55

HARSCH (*from New York*):

This is also the day which Hitler planned would never happen. . . . Their war was to go in a succession of blows first east and then west, back and forth, until all opposition had vanished. It went that way at first with horrifying ease, Poland in the east, and Denmark and Norway. Then France in the west and Belgium and Holland. Back to the east again for the Balkans and Russia. Russia was to fall swiftly, then Hitler would turn on Britain and wipe it out before America could throw any real weight into the balance of the war. . . .

. . . German armies are today facing not one single front at a time as they had planned so meticulously and shrewdly but five fronts bearing down at them at once. . . .

The last-night shift that went out with the coffee tumblers this forenoon now begin to reappear along the corridor of glass offices. Major Eliot, Quentin Reynolds (with a new

throat), John Daly and Harry Marble, take the air from 7:00 to 7:15 John Nesbit follows. The American Melody Hour brings Eileen Farrell and Evelyn MacGregor and Bob Hannon and Remo Bolignini on to sing against a background of battle.

Out of the Pool abroad now emerge three veterans of the British Broadcasting Corporation, Kent Stevenson, Chester Willmart and Ward Smith. Under Everett Holles' introduction they say:

STEVENSON:

. . . I left London in early morning. My assignment was a practice flight with Coastal Command Beaufighters carrying rocket projectiles. We flew before the sun while formations of Allied heavy bombers crossed us, coming from the southwest. They cruised low overhead in flights, squadrons, and still larger formations, and continuously. On the flank of one large Fortress group was an American heavy with its starboard outer-engine dead. The plane was wobbling. Doubtless those heavies were returning from a job of work.

We circled our destination. A voice from Control Tower squeaked into our cockpit, "Come in now." And we touched down. Then in the Control Tower I heard the voice of a Squadron Leader greeting me very faintly through the roar in my ears with, "Of course, you've heard the news?" and that's how I DID hear it. It had happened at last!

WILLMART:

I've come from the final briefing of the air crews and glider pilots who are taking the spearhead of the Allied invasion into France tonight. They are going to land an airborne force behind the German lines by parachute and glider. . . . The briefing of every man in the airborne force has been carried out with the same thoroughness. The days of not telling the men are gone. Every man in this force has been told the

general invasion scheme, the precise job of his own unit, from battalion down to section. Their briefing began with an inspiring survey of the problem and the plan by the General.

SMITH:

Paratroops, still helmeted, black-faced . . . covered the long line of pocket seats. Our men sat in the fuselage. . . . Almost before we realized we were off. Here and there lights, hungry lights, winked at us. Our planes fell into close formation behind us, left and right . . . everyone adjusted parachute harness, flak suits. . . . "Say," someone sang out suddenly, "what's the date? I'd feel kind of dumb or more if some guy asked me and I get it wrong." Then things began to happen. The Paratroop Battalion Commander was talking quietly to his men. A final briefing. We saw fires around us below on all sides. Our bombers had done their work. Corporal Jack Harrison of Phoenix, Arizona, who was opposite me, stepped over and thrust a package of cigarettes into my hand. "You might need them on the way back," he said. Then, he lined up with the others.

Well, just in case Corporal Harrison happens to hear this, I'd like him to know that I'm keeping those cigarettes for him. . . . But if he can spare then, I'd like to keep them. Always.

Norman Corwin has heard the radio 6,000 miles from France. He has heard from KNX in Los Angeles that the President is coming on at 10 EWT, 7 PWT, and that his show is scheduled for 8 in New York, 5 on the Coast. This lops off Corwin precisely 2 hours of last-minute readjustment to what has been going on in the world.

The problem is ticklish, for tonight's program is one of a trilogy in which long-planned he has been calling on three poets (Whitman, Wolfe and Sandburg) to give three bearings on America. Tonight it is Sandburg's turn. Corwin

calls him long distance at Chickaming Goat Farm at Harbert, Michigan. To the poet among his goats he says: "Carl, will you please find, among your works, a passage which points sharply to D-Day—and as soon as you find it, wire it to me? I mean collect!" A little before broadcast time the wire from the poet came in.

8:10

CHARLES LAUGHTON (*reading Sandburg*):

Nothing we can part with, nothing we can say good-bye to, nothing of material and practical contribution, is to be mentioned for comparison with the pouring out of the blood of our picked and chosen youth on altars dedicated to national existence and the rainbow hopes of the Four Freedoms. Death carries majesty. The dust of vanished youth can be sacred. The phantom of a good fighting man can come back asking "How goes the flag I fought for? Has any man's dream of a better world been helped?" . . .

You can blow on great brass horns
 The awful clamors of war and revolution
 When swarming anonymous shadowshapes
 Obliterate old names, big names. . . .
 Across the bitter years.
 The deathless dream will be the stronger. . . .
 The dream of equity will win. . . .
 Hope is a tattered flag and a dream out of time. . . .
 The evening star inviolable over the coal mines. . . .
 The ten-cent crocus bulb blooming in a used car sales-
 room,
 The horseshoe over the door, the luckpiece in the pocket,
 The kiss and the comforting laugh,—
 Hope is an echo, hope ties itself yonder, yonder.

The realists move in with the real echo of hope, hope trying so hard to "tie itself yonder": John Daly, Quentin Rey-

nolds, Major Eliot, Charles Shaw from London, Don Pryor from Washington, then Harry Marble from New York. The situation now:

8:30

DALY:

We know officially that our naval casualties were light, much lighter than expected . . . there have been no German counter-attacks up to this time, although such attacks are expected momentarily. . . . The *London Daily Mail* says in a dispatch from Stockholm that Adolph Hitler is expected to make a speech soon from somewhere in the west, where he is said to be in personal command of the anti-invasion operations and that's the best news we have today, considering his record to date as a commander of the German forces in the field.

REYNOLDS:

I know nothing about the master strategy of war and it would be presumptuous of me to try to guess what will happen tomorrow or the next day, . . . but I do know GI Joe. . . . There was a chaplain on every large ship in the invasion armada. The GI Joe doesn't want any sermons preached to him just before he goes into battle. He wants a pat on the back, and sometimes he wants to talk, to unburden himself. That's what GI Joe did last night.

. . . it didn't matter much what faith the Padre belonged to. All chaplains wear the same uniforms and there is only one God at the front.

Then the invasion fleet neared the enemy coasts. Now GI Joe tightened up. He examined his M-3 sub-machine gun carefully, took it apart, put it together, fingered his clips of ammunition. He kept telling himself that HE wasn't afraid. . . . Well, they got near the enemy coasts, and his nervousness increased. . . . The boat grounded a few feet from the

beach and GI Joe hopped out, keeping his gun high over his head, adjusting his steel helmet. . . .

He surged forward, the cold water acting as a bracer. Then he hit land. . . . Now suddenly the nervousness left GI Joe. He looked coolly ahead, and when he saw a flash, he automatically lifted his tommy gun and sprayed a clip of bullets toward it. Now his long training told. He did things, the right things instinctively. . . . He kept on advancing all afternoon. . . .

This morning, GI Joe was just another healthy young American kid. Tonight he's a soldier, a veteran, a man who has been tested and not found wanting. . . .

ELIOT:

There is no use minimizing the stern and savage character of the fighting that lies ahead of our armies and their Allies, before they can hope to overcome the resistance of the German forces . . . the present American Army is the most capably commanded army which the United States has ever placed in the field at the outset of a war. . . .

Every American general who now commands a division, a corps, or an army of American troops, has now been put through this hard and unforgiving mill of trial. Those who have failed in any degree have been relegated to non-combat duties or to the retired list.

For this stern but highly necessary elimination of incapable leaders, the fathers, mothers, and wives and sweethearts of the country have to thank the chief of staff of the army, General George Marshall. . . .

SHAW:

It is D-Day plus one in London. It is 2:45 o'clock on the second morning of the invasion, and London is asleep. . . . London took D-D calmly and soberly. . . .

Along the subway tracks, empty beds awaited those who had occupied them since the London blitz. . . . At early

evening the beds were empty. As darkness neared their occupants began arriving. In fact, they arrived earlier than usual, and one of them told me "Jerry will sure come over here tonight." He didn't. . . .

At fifteen minutes to nine the lobby of the Savoy Hotel looked normal. At ten minutes to nine, not only the lobby but the bars and other rooms began emptying into a special lounge where BBC broadcasts may be heard. They were gathering to hear the King and they listened reverently. At the end men and women rose sharply, to stand while *God Save the King* was played. . . .

PRYOR:

It wasn't a Washington show today at all. The High Command here has leaned over backwards to avoid any appearance of trying to take the headlines from General Eisenhower and his men. Actually, there was no more excitement in Washington today than there must have been in Keokuk.

This afternoon, at his regular news conference, Mr. Roosevelt . . . added a sober warning that there is a long road yet ahead, and a great deal of hardship and suffering. . . .

At noon today, Generals Marshall and Arnold and Admiral King called on the President and stayed with him in conference for an hour and a half. They . . . refused to report it, except for a very brief comment by Admiral King on behalf of the whole group. "The invasion," he said, "is going all right so far". . . .

10:00

"CBS takes you now to the White House, where we shall hear from the President of the United States."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

My fellow-Americans.

In this poignant hour I ask you to join me in prayer.

Almighty God, our sons, pride of our nation, this day

have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion and our civilization and to set free a suffering humanity. Lead them straight and true. Give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith. They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. The enemy is strong; he may hurl back our forces; success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again, and we know that by Thy grace and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

They will be sore tried by night and by day, without rest till the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violence of war. These are men lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest; they fight to end conquest; they fight to liberate; they fight to let justice arise and tolerance and good-will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home. Some will never return.

Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy Kingdom. And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts. Give us strength, too, strength in our daily tasks to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and material support of our armed forces. And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long tra-

vail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

And, oh Lord, give us faith, give us faith in Thee, faith in our sons, faith in each other, faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, or temporal matters, of but fleeting moment, let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose. With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogances. Lead us to the saving of our country and, with our sister-nations, into a world unity that will spell a sure peace, a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men and a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

· Thy will be done, Almighty God. Amen!

Throughout the past 14 hours radio listening has increased 78% above normal. Radio has met its greatest test of public service so far.

While the nation is following its Chief Magistrate in prayer, and while transportation and communications employees cannot, White punches a button on the desk-panel, flips a switch, and mutters toward the microphone: "Hello London. Hello London."

MURROW:

Hello. Hello.

WHITE:

Oh, hello Ed. We'll pick you up after the President.

MURROW:

All right. ABSIE seems to have collapsed for the moment. It's possible we'll have a Navy statement but I don't think it's (*his voice is lost*). A recording for the Pool will be available at 5:30 our time, that's George Hicks of the Blue.

WHITE:

Is the President still on?

(In the control room, visible through Studio 9, a headphone monitor has heard White and Murrow talking; through the glass to White he nods 'yes.')

WHITE:

I'll tell the other boys.

10:07

MURROW *(through ferocious static)*:

This is London.

Early this morning we heard the bombers going out. It was the sound of a giant factory in the sky. It seemed to shake the old gray stone buildings in this bruised and battered city besides the Thames. The sound was heavier, more triumphant than ever before. Those who knew what was coming could imagine that they heard great guns and strains of the Battle Hymn of the Republic well above the roar of the motors. . . . We were told that General Montgomery is commanding the ground forces, while Leigh-Mallory directs the air offensive. His bombers put 8000 tons onto the target area in the course of ten hours. . . .

Here in London, the steadiness of the civilian populace is one of the most remarkable things I've ever seen . . . walking along the streets of London, you almost wanted to shout at them and say, "Don't you know that history is being made this day?" . . . They realized it all right, but their emotions were under complete control. For weeks and months, the long lines of khaki-colored tank forces had been riding down to the coast. Everyone, including the enemy, knew what was coming, but when it came, it didn't seem to break the tension. . . .

The Germans have been fishing for information all day. The Allied Command has been withholding it. . . . The

Germans must not only try to anticipate our next move, they must think constantly of the coming Russian offensive. . . .

Trout comes back on the air, introduces a man who knows the field commander, General Montgomery.

10:15

REYNOLDS:

It seems fitting that we follow the prayer offered by our President just ten minutes ago, with a few words about the man who is leading our troops tonight. Because he, too, has an amazing spiritual quality you don't often find in a successful General. . . . General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, leader of all Allied ground forces. Montgomery is a colorful, almost a legendary figure. . . . He has lived an austere, almost monk-like existence, and strangely enough, the one thing he hates above all else is bloodshed.

Late last September, the Fifth Army had established itself on the beaches of Salerno and was off on the road to Rome. I was with General Montgomery then and I asked him how long it would be before we took Rome. "What do the troops think about that?" he asked me. "Oh, they're fairly optimistic," I told General Montgomery, "They think they'll be in Rome within three weeks or so." Montgomery laughed, and then he said seriously, "If the winter isn't too severe, if we don't have too much rain, and if we have good luck, I expect we'll be in Rome some time in the late Spring." At the time, I thought that Montgomery was fooling. I thought he was merely indulging in his well-known sense of the dramatic. But two days ago, when our troops did enter Rome, I recalled his words. Monty had been right once more.

This magnificent general, who has been leading our ground forces in the invasion, has a habit of being right. I've never seen a general who was venerated by his men as is the little man in the black beret. His officers sometimes resent the way he treats them. He insists upon them being in perfect

physical condition, and he has been known to immediately transfer, demote officers, who couldn't stand the strain of a forced 20-mile march. His discipline is rigid even in the desert. But his men will do anything he asks, because they know one thing. They know when Monty gives the order to advance, they will have everything they need in the way of weapons, supplies, and air cover. . . .

. . . No general is more reluctant to attack unless he is fully prepared. No general is less willing to take unnecessary chances. His men of the Eighth Army, and now the American and Canadian troops who fight side by side with the British, know this. They know, too, that in any army headed by Montgomery there will be no unnecessary casualties. Monty does not believe that men are expendable. He would rather lose a hundred tanks or guns than one man . . . if your son serves under Montgomery, he serves under the greatest tactical general in the world, and he serves under a man who is vitally concerned with the welfare and the safety of every one of his men. . . .

10:17

SHIRER:

. . . A word about the German Commanders our invading forces are facing. General Eisenhower's opposite number is Field Marshal von Rundstedt. He's sixty-nine, the oldest of the top German generals, and thus eighteen years older than General Eisenhower. On the other hand, he is undoubtedly the best general Hitler has. I learned considerable about him when covering the German armies first in Poland, and later in the German drive through Holland, Belgium and France just four years ago. He made a great name in Poland, and a great name in France and later in Russia. In Rundstedt and the other general, Blaskowitz, if not in Rommel, the Allied Commanders are up against two of Germany's best generals. But as one who saw them operate in two campaigns, I imag-

ine they're not as confident now as they were then. The opposition is different now, and so are their own once unbeatable forces.

The Network cuts through him to report that the first troops ashore were Americans.

10:20

ELIOT:

The Germans in planning their beach defenses left a number of fundamental weak spots, among them the shallow defense systems of the coastal strongholds between major ports. To all indications, the Allies took advantage of this lack of depth, that is, of these weak places where the defenses were not disposed in many lines or rather in many systems of virtually supporting strong-points, one behind the other. The Nazis pinned their Atlantic Wall defensive system upon the retention and defense of the major seaports; that is, places like Cherbourg, Le Havre, Dunkirk, Boulogne. According to German reports, Allied invasion armies struck between them at the weakest points in the defense chain, and one would think well they might. . . . The Germans say it is very unsporting of us to attack a weak spot. . . .

The United States Navy Band, its anchors aweigh, is letting go on the network now, all out on all tubas. The cue channel gives voice through the slantwise speaker high up on the wall of the news chief's office:

10:43

"Hello, New York. Calling all networks." (It's Supreme Allied Headquarters in England speaking.) "We're trying to switch to new commercial circuits. Hold on a second, Johnnie; we'll see if the GPO can set up two workable commercial circuits.

New York asks:

"What's the introduction?"

London replies:

"The cue will be . . . 'to George Hicks aboard an American warship at sea.'" It will be a recording that has just come into London, and that even now is threading its way through the permissions of the censor. The Navy band has spoken its last loud piece now, and Calmer and Quincy Howe are on the air:

10:59:45

CALMER:

. . . the first of the Allied wounded are returning to Britain and the thoughts of the whole civilized world are with them and with their comrades who are still in the midst of the fight. . . .

May or June are now known to have been the months selected for the invasion, as long ago as the Teheran Conference.

. . . The German communique claims to have knocked out our airborne forces south of Le Havre . . . and trapped our troops at . . . the mouth of the River Orne. There's an enemy report of battling near Rouen. . . .

Within the past few hours the Nazis have been reporting imminent new landings by the Allies. They say a British-American naval squadron is standing off Cherbourg and expects action in the region of Dunkirk and Calais, and a rumor in Turkey says the Allies have landed in Greece. Absolutely no confirmation from our side. . . .

In Russia . . . American bombers and fighters made their first strike from bases in the Soviet Union. A raid on the German airfield at Galati in Rumania.

In Italy . . . French troops have captured the road Junction at Tivoli, to the northeast of Rome, and the Fifth Army is pursuing the enemy to the north and west.

In the war against Japan, our troops on Biak Island, off

New Guinea, are now within a mile and a half of Mokmer airfield and increasing their pressure all the time.

The Burma fighting goes well for the Allies, but in China the Japs have now fought their way into the outskirts of Changsha. . . .

HOWE:

. . . General de Gaulle and the French Committee now have their opportunity to prove their claim to represent their country. . . .

We don't need to speculate on how the British and the Russians feel. . . .

Today's landings in western Europe not only improve Russia's military prospects by confronting Hitler with a three-front war. The Russians now have tangible practical proof that they can do business with Britain and the United States in war and if in war, why not in peace? . . .

But, for the United States, today's news has a unique significance. If our fighting men are not carrying more than their share of the first attack it's at any rate certain that American supplies, American resources and American reserves form the backbone of the whole vast enterprise of liberating Western Europe. . . . The United States has now thrown all this power into the greatest military campaign and the most ambitious program of popular liberation in all history. . . .

11:15

The clear voice of Joan Brooks picks up the air of a song.
Now—

11:30

Here is Trout, fishing for London, fishing for London.
Here it comes now. . . .

11:31

GEORGE HICKS (*a recording made in action*):

This is George Hicks speaking. I am speaking now from a tower above the signal bridge of an American naval flagship and we're lying some few miles off the coast of France where the invasion of Europe has begun. It's now 20 minutes to six and the landing craft have been disembarked from their mother ships and are moving in in long irregular lines towards the horizon of France which is very plain to the naked eye.

Our own bombardment fleet lying out beyond us has begun to blast the shoreline and we can see the vivid yellow burst of flame quite clearly although the sound is too far away to be heard, and at the same time from the shore are answering yellow flames as the Nazi batteries are replying.

Overhead planes are high up in the thin cloud which is a gray screen over the sky but which is not thick nor heavy, and is not low enough to be an inconvenience to bombing.

The LCT's and LCI's have begun to pass along the side of us. Those are the amphibious beach-landing craft that carry the tanks, trucks, the bulldozers, and finally the men ashore. They have been churning along and are bouncing along in the choppy channel sea now, and all around us on either side are stretched the vast transports at anchor, which have disembarked the small craft. All over the surface of the sea here they can be seen cutting and zigzagging and then falling into those somewhat irregular lines that make a black pencil-point across the sea itself, heading towards the ribbon of land that's France and the coast of Normandy. . . .

It's now becoming quite near daylight as 6 a.m. approaches on June 6th, 1944. . . . We can hear the thud of shells or bombs landing on the French coastline, perhaps eight or ten miles before us, and the steel bridge on which we stand vibrates from the concussion of the heavy guns that are

firing on the American and British battleships and heavy cruisers on the long line right behind us. I can count twenty-two of the squat square-nosed landing craft, carrying vehicles . . . as they turn and bounce in the choppy sea awaiting the exact timing to form their lines and start in toward the beach.

On our first (*static*) . . . it was the shore batteries of the Nazis that had spotted us here at sea, (*static*) . . . and our naval bombardment squad has replied to them.

One battleship is in as close as three miles, and one of the famous American battleships, the *Texas* was . . . (*static*) . . . finally in her firing position. (*Static*) . . . battleships lying just a couple of miles off the French shore and firing broadsides into the land. The Germans are replying from the land with flashes and then the battleship lets go with its entire broadside again. The whole side of the battlewagon lights up in a yellow flare as a broadside goes off, and now we can see brown and gray smoke drifting up from her, from her gunbarrels . . . and now batteries are firing from the beach . . . the broadsides of the battleship are pouring it back at them. Overhead, high, planes are roaring . . . they just came in and dropped a salvo of bombs. . . .

The (*static*) . . . one of America's famous cruisers, is in off the shore near (*static*) . . . as well as the *Texas*, the *Nevada*, and the *Arkansas*; old battleships. . . . They're just anchored off shore and blowing into the Nazi batteries on shore. . . . The first Allied forces are reaching the beaches in France. . . .

That baby was plenty low!

I think I just made the statement that no German planes had been seen and I think there was the first one we've seen so far . . . just cleared our stack . . . let go a stream of tracers that did no harm. . . .

(*Sound of ship's whistle*)

Our own ship has just given its warning whistle and now

the flak is coming up in the sky. . . .

It's planes you hear overhead now . . . they are the motors of Nazis coming and going. . . . The reverberation of bombs. . . .

(Sound of crash)

That was a bomb hit, another one That was a tracer line, shaped arching up into the darkness.

Very heavy firing now off our stern . . . Fiery bursts and the flak and streamers going out (several words drowned out by voice in background and static) in the flak.

(Sound of explosions)

Now, it's died down. . . . We can't see the plane. . . . Here comes a plane. . . . More anti-aircraft fire . . . in more toward the shore . . . the Germans must be attacking low with their planes off our stern because the streamer fire of the tracers is almost parallel with the water. *(Noises in background)* . . . Flares are coming down now. You can hear the machinegunning. The whole seaside is covered with tracer fire . . . going up . . . bombs . . . machinegunning. The planes come over closer *(sound of plane)*, firing low . . . smoke . . . brilliant fire down low toward the French coast a couple of miles. I don't know whether it's on the shore or is a ship on fire.

Here's very heavy ack-ack now—*(heavy ack-ack)*—right . . . the plane seems to be coming directly overhead . . . *(sound of plane and machinegun fire and ack-ack)*

Well, that's the first time we've shot our guns . . . directly right over our head . . . as we pick up the German bombers overhead.

VOICE:

What was that—a bomb?

VOICE:

Cruiser firing over there.

HICKS:

Heavy fire from the naval warships . . . 20 mm. and 40 mm. tracer . . . was the sound you just heard. . . .

Well, it's quiet for a moment now. . . .

If you'll excuse me, I'll just take a deep breath for a moment and stop speaking. . . .

Now the air attack has seemed to have died down. . . . See nothing in the night. . . .

Here we go again! (*Noise*) Another plane has come over . . . right over our port side . . . tracers are making an arc right over the bow now . . . disappearing into the clouds before they burst. . . .

Looks like we're going to have a night tonight. Give it to her, boys . . . another one coming over . . . a cruiser on . . . pouring it out . . . something burning is falling down through the sky and hurtling down . . . it may be a hit plane. (*Terrific noises in background*) . . . Here he goes . . . they got one! (*Voices cheering*) They got one! (*Voice: Did we?*) Yeah . . . Great splashes of fire came down and are smoldering now just off our port side in the sea . . . smoke and flame there. (*Various sounds and voices in background*) . . . The lights of that burning Nazi plane are just twinkling now in the sea and going out. . . .

To recapitulate, the first plane that was over . . . was a low-flying German JU88 that was leading the flight and came on the convoy in surprise, we believe, because he drew up and only fired as he passed by, and perhaps he was as surprised as we were to see each other. . . . One bomb fell astern of this warship, 150 yards away as the string of rockets were fired at a cruiser beside us on the port side. No damage was done and gun No. 42 at our port, just beside the microphone, shot down the plane that fell into the sea off to the port side . . . Scheiner (?) of Houston, Texas, who is the gunnery control officer, and seaman Thomas Snyder (?) of Baltimore, Maryland, handled the direction finder.

It was their first kill for this gun and the boys are all pretty excited about it. A twin-barrel 40 mm. anti-aircraft piece.

They are already thinking of painting a big star on their chart and will be at that first thing tomorrow morning. . . . It's daylight. . . .

Trout and Reynolds resume:

11:46

TROUT:

. . . Late this evening, according to Royal Air Force pilots, returning from low-level flights over the beachheads, the Allied troops are moving inward. The Royal Air Force pilots report that there is no longer any opposition on the beaches, on which we landed. These beaches are now completely in Allied hands. And one of the returning Royal Air Force pilots said, "We could tell easily that the beaches are secure. We could see our soldiers below, standing up. We could see our tanks moving up on Caen, and in the area inland we saw several fires. They looked like gasoline dumps. When we left, after the last sorties, we could see no enemy infantry at this point near the coast. Our balloons were already over the landing beaches, guarding the ships from a low-level attack by any German fighters which might be about, but the lack of air opposition from the German air force was fantastic.

11:51

REYNOLDS:

A few moments ago, a report came in here from London saying that today General Montgomery held a press conference, at which he told correspondents that he had just received a present, a brand new watch from a group of Americans. . . .

. . . This might be a good time to bring the whole subject of relations between British and American troops right out into the open.

Two years ago, we used to hear of occasional clashes in London between American and British soldiers. They would meet at dances, at pubs, they'd have a few beers, and sometimes a careless word would be spoken, the fur would fly, and stories would go out that British and Americans just couldn't get along. The truth of it is—and I was there in London then—that the British and American soldiers had no chance to meet on any common ground of respect for each other. . . . Then, we landed, in North Africa, and the real fighting began for us. Our boys found it tough. . . . Finally, they joined forces with Montgomery's Eighth Army. . . .

Our boys now looked at the British through different eyes. These were fighting devils who never asked what the odds were. The Eighth Army had a motto—"Attack and pursue." Our boys like that. It's the American tradition to like offensive fighters. . . . Jack Dempsey is still a hero to millions of us; the Eighth Army is the "Jack Dempsey" of this war. . . .

Don't worry about our boys not getting along with their British comrades in arms. They're both fighting on the same side under two great men—two men whom they call almost reverently "Ike and Monty."

. . . Now we're going to hear from Columbia's correspondent, Charles Shaw. Go ahead, London.

11:57

SHAW:

The liberation of Europe is not being accomplished by robots. The story of the Second Front is the story of your son, your kid brother. . . . From commanders down to buck privates, the Allied invasion army is a human army. . . .

A veteran of Dunkirk . . . admitted he cried—when he

flew his Spitfire over the French coast to help his earth—and—sea-bound buddies take the road back. A French pilot was thrilled at the sight of his homeland, even though he had to drop bombs on it, because he said it meant that he was on his way home. . . .

And the story of this war can't be told properly until the story of certain civilians is told, such as those inside France who have been waiting and fighting for liberation these last four years. . . . Ninth Air Force flyers returned to England this afternoon to tell how French farmers and families waved eagerly to the Allied flyers as they rounded up farming animals and herded them to places of safety. . . .

June 7

We cross midnight in New York. . . . During the next half hour we hear:

12:06 a.m.

HARSCH (*from Washington*):

One can only wonder how different the atmosphere must be tonight in the city where this war was planned quite another way—in Berlin. . . .

As one of the American correspondents who was there when we were still neutral, I can describe it then. It was a city where the leaders were arrogantly and completely confident of success. . . . I remember the grandstands which went up in the heart of Berlin at the time of the Fall of France, and were left standing all during the Fall and early Winter of 1941, because the Germans thought Britain would surrender under the punishment of the Luftwaffe. . . .

From the Swiss border, we get stories today that the German people were shocked and bewildered and angered this morning by the news that Allied landings had been made successfully in France. . . .

The recurring doubts of the German people have been kept down by the picture of a western barrier which could never be broken.

12:11

CALMER:

. . . At West Point today, a great cheer went up at the graduation exercises. This was because a boy named John Eisenhower was receiving his diploma. His mother, the wife of the invasion chief, was asleep like millions of other Americans when the General issued his historic Communique No. 1 announcing that the invasion had begun, and when the girl reporter gave her the news, Mrs. Eisenhower got her voice under control and then said, "Why didn't somebody tell me?"

12:20

ELIOT:

During the past hour or two, we have received two dispatches dated at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force about the defenses of the coast of France, the so-called Atlantic Wall . . . and that particular stretch, across which the Americans drove into France today, with their British comrades. These were selected many months ago as the best points of attack. . . .

Not until Field Marshal Rommel's first extensive western inspection in February last did the enemy show increased interest in these invitingly bare beaches and river estuaries. . . .

12:26

TROUT:

. . . In approximately three minutes . . . at 12:30 Eastern Wartime, we who are on duty here at Columbia's news headquarters are going to take a brief intermission from our news

coverage. Of course, we're remaining on duty here at our microphones and here in the News Room we shall interrupt any program to bring you late news that comes in, and we shall be back, even if no news does come in, to keep you up-to-date with summaries and dispatches direct from Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force. . . .

This is Bob Trout speaking from Columbia's news headquarters in New York. This is CBS . . . the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Up the corridor in his glass pen, Ned Calmer is pecking out a story. The speakers in the Listening Post are bringing in all the clamor of the roused swarm of all the people on earth, as they have buzzed and yapped and snarled all day. Somebody brings in the bulldog of a morning tabloid and hands reach automatically for it . . . maybe for the comics, maybe for the racing results. Shirer and Reynolds and Calmer and Trout and Holles and Eliot and Edwards are waiting for their next trick. On the cue channel Murrow is saying ". . . and by that time I think I'll be taking a little shut-eye. . . . I won't know just exactly who I'm working for."

If you care to glance at the clock you will see the vermilion sweep hand pass 12:36:00

That means that it is now 24 hours since that bell on the ticker sounded off one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . FIVE, signifying—

"D-Day!"

That is where we came in . . .

Just for the record:

During D-Day the Network broadcast 15 hours 52 minutes of Invasion News. 29 broadcasts originated overseas, totaling 3 hours 7 minutes; 75 originated in the U.S. for a total of 12 hours 45 minutes. Seventeen sponsors gave up their regular time totaling 5 hours 5 minutes. Trout spoke 35 times, Eliot 13, Reynolds 10. Between 4 and 5 p.m. listening reached 138% over normal. The CBS short wave Listening Post has heard broadcasts in 15 languages, has written digests of 100 of them, totaling 30,000 words; has sent out 12,000 words by teletype to the AP, UP, INS and New York newspapers, and to "Time" and "Newsweek." The five CBS short wave transmitters broadcast during the day 67 programs of invasion news to Europe and Latin America in 10 languages for a total of 17 hours 7 minutes. The usual broadcasts to German soldiers were suspended on the theory that the German soldiers might be too busy to listen.

III. Break Through

IN THE TWILIGHT of D-Day Lt. Col. Leonard H. Nason of the 2nd Armored Division, veteran of Africa and World War I, watched the broadcasting in the CBS news room. As he left he said: "Pretty useful dress rehearsal for some real news. News like, say, Paris, or even Berlin maybe."

The troops consolidated the beachhead and hung on.

The first broadcast to come direct from the beachhead to America is on

June 14

6:30 p.m.

BILL DOWNS:

. . . somewhere in Normandy . . . 12:30 in the morning over here . . . ninth day of invasion. . . . If you hear strange noises during this broadcast, we are having our nightly air raid. We don't pay much attention to them and I hope you won't.

I could take you right now in a 30-minute jeep ride up to where the Allied troops are fighting. You can get to some

part of the front in 30 minutes no matter where you happen to be . . . these past 8 days seem like eight months. . . . Americans have died. British and Canadians have died. But the Allied forces have achieved what Hitler's henchmen said was impossible. . . . We are in Europe to stay. . . . The news from the front tonight is good. . . . On the American sectors . . . the troops have continued to widen the front. The British and Canadian sector is likewise growing. There are holdups in a village here and there that the Germans have strongly fortified. . . . As more guns and tanks and ships pour in something is to be expected; thus far the Germans have been unable to do much about it.

However, last night and today, there are signs that the Nazi high command has finally been able to get some fresh troops into the line. The fact that it took a week for the first reinforcements to arrive speaks for itself as to the effectiveness of the Allied night and day bombing over the past month. But . . . there can be little doubt that a big battle will develop. The battle of France is a race between supply columns. Since the invasion I have counted exactly six Nazi fighters over the beachhead. German bombers appear only at night. . . . Not only have the Allied air forces kept the enemy grounded, but also they've bombed and strafed military targets directly in the line of our offensive. The dive-bombing Thunderbolts have just about saved the position of the Americans. Rocket-carrying British planes are as good as artillery for attacking German strongpoints.

Naval bombardment too has played a big part . . . point blank fire from American and British destroyers knocked out German pill-boxes; fifteen and sixteen-inch guns of the cruisers and battleships fired far into German-occupied villages. Full credit must be given to the men of the merchant fleet, the front line sailors who transported us over here. They have undergone bombing and strafing, collisions and confusion among the thousands of boats, but the supplies hit the

beach. Without them we might as well go home. But we are not going home, not until a lot of us have seen the ruins of Berlin. We are keeping the trust of the men over whose bodies we have walked. We're keeping this trust for the honor of the people back home. Keeping it for the people of this section of liberated Normandy who have showered us with flowers.

The Allies flood forward, ebbing under counter-attack, slamming back with new advances. Robot planes begin to pound London. On June 27 the United States Seventh Corps took the surrender of Cherbourg. July 9 the British took Caen. Bastille Day saw the United States Army from St. Lo to the sea "on the move." Four days later it had cleared St. Lo. On July 20, Hitler was unfortunately not killed by a bomb. By July 29, the Allies had passed Coutances. Fifty-six days of the fiercest enemy resistance to an irresistible internal combustion from the swollen beachhead brings us to—

July 31

6:00 a.m.

ALLAN JACKSON:

In Normandy, this morning, American troops have entered Avranches, one of the main objectives in their drive down the Cotentin peninsula. Another column pushing down the coast is within three miles of the important port of Granville. All German attempts to break out of the allied trap have been repulsed, and our troops have taken many more Nazi prisoners. The total of German prisoners taken since the beginning of our offensive last Tuesday had risen yesterday to ten thousand men. Some of these were the famous SS German crack troops who threw in the sponge and *voluntarily* surrendered.



CBS' William R. Downs, Jr. (foreground) made the first broadcast from a mobile transmitter on the Normandy beachhead, June 14, 1944.

9:05:20 a.m.

DOWNS (from the British sector of the Normandy battle-front):

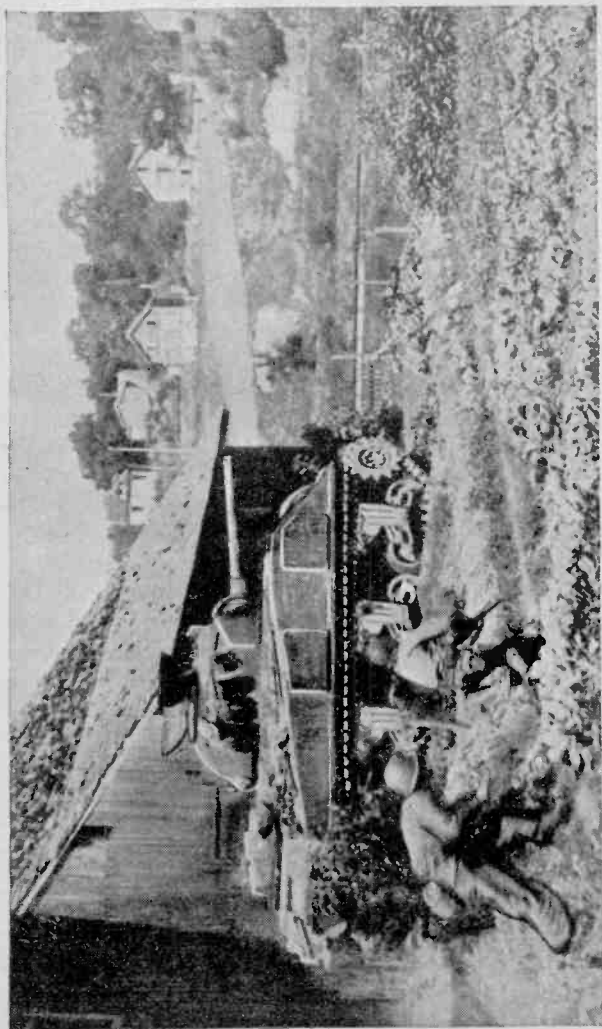
British tanks this morning have expanded their latest wedge into the German lines another three miles, making a total advance southward from Caumont of six miles since they started this new attack yesterday morning. Infantry and tanks are now fighting in the town of St. Martin, some six miles south of Caumont on one of the main lateral German supply roads, between Avranches and Caen.

This British wedge points southward like a finger, some two miles wide, with German troops on both sides of it.

For the first time in this Normandy fighting . . . infantrymen and machine gunners who usually advance on foot found the going too slow and found that they cluttered up the narrow farm lanes over which the tanks were passing. So the situation was solved by allowing the foot soldiers to climb aboard the tanks and to ride into battle with them. It is by no means a new idea but it has worked very effectively in this difficult battle country.

Several hundred prisoners have already come in and more are arriving. Many of these prisoners say they are members only of outpost German battle groups. They say that their main forces have been drawn back a few miles where a strong defense line is being constructed. . . .

You have no idea just how hard it is to get around in this close country. With men and material, guns and tanks crowding roads to the front, it's like trying to fight a war in the middle of a holiday traffic jam. I spent two hours trying to reach one divisional headquarters this morning and the dust is so thick that it coats everything like a layer of talcum powder. Visibility is sometimes less than three feet along the road. You literally have to use your windshield wiper to clear the dust from the windshield. You come back from these trips looking like an unbeaten rug and when you move you leave



Infantrymen following a tank in pursuit of retreating German forces.

a small cloud of dust behind you as if some dusty spirit were following you.

We were held up for more than a half hour on one narrow dusty lane by a huge American-made truck. Tempers are short under such conditions and it didn't do mine any good when after a half hour I found that this truck, stopping us from going forward, was loaded only with hundreds of pick handles. Now, what they want with hundreds of pick handles this close to the front I couldn't and still can't imagine.

9:07:30

COLLINGWOOD (*from London*):

An American tank column has lunged forward all the way to Avranches, the French town which lies at the hinge where the Normandy peninsula ends and the Brest peninsula begins. This means that any German line to keep us bottled up in the Cherbourg peninsula has already been turned. Ahead of us now lies the whole of France, spreading out in any direction General Montgomery decides to advance.

The American push is proceeding in miniature blitzkrieg style. The armored column that has entered Avranches drove straight down the main road. In its wake, behind and on either flank, it left pockets of German resistance, still fighting hard, still holding on . . . we are still three miles from Granville, a coastal town 15 miles behind Avranches. And heavy fighting continues in the areas of Gavray, Percy, and Tessy-sur-Vire.

This concerted offensive in Normandy plus the stepped-up air bombardment, plus the spectacular, incredible Russian advances, add up to a general attack on Germany at a time when her internal weakness is evident for the whole world to see. That all the world *can* see it is shown by the present attitude of the wily Turks who have shown themselves to be very astute in keeping their eye on the main chance. . . . There are hints that are practically promises from Ankara

that in the next couple of days Turkey is going to break with Germany. . . . At least, Von Papen and his German staff in Turkey have begun to pack up. . . .

11:01:50

CALMER:

We've really broken the bottleneck on the western flank of the beachhead in France. . . . In a fresh forward surge, American columns have covered eighteen miles in a day. They've crossed the See River at Avranches . . . have taken Avranches itself . . . Granville on the Atlantic coast has fallen and Brehal, six miles to the northeast, is also ours. The last of the Germans in this area are being mopped up . . . six enemy divisions have virtually been destroyed . . . two others have been badly mauled. All along the right wing the American First Army is on the move . . . we're moving forward and the enemy is falling steadily back . . . we become free to strike across the Brest peninsula or turn eastward toward Paris—160 miles away. Only below Saint Lo and Caumont is the enemy offering anything that even resembles a fight. . . . They have in fact regained control of Percy and Tessy-Sur-Vire, two towns we had previously taken. . . .

The British are doing more than holding their own around Caumont. And their progress is limited only by the speed with which sappers can clear the densely laid mine-fields. . . . The whole allied offensive in France is fitting into a pattern: while we strike, the British hold, and when the British move forward, we land the diversionary support.

At the other end of the European pincers, the Russians continue to move westward along a thousand mile front. In the past 24 hours, another two thousand populated places have been over-run. And tonight . . . the Russians have already opened a large-scale attack on the eastern suburbs of Warsaw. . . .

In their drive toward East Prussia, the Russian armies have

advanced to within 15 miles of the frontier and to within less than sixty miles of Insterburg, one of the vital rail hubs of East Prussia.

In the air war over Europe, a thousand or more of our bombers went after scattered points near Munich and Ludwigshafen today. . . . For the first time, so far as is known, the enemy sent jet-propelled fighters against our ships. . . . While we were hitting Germany from the west, other bombers from bases in Italy picked up the attack over the Balkans. Storage plants near Bucharest and the oil fields at Ploesti were bombed. . . . On the ground in Italy, the Germans are fighting doggedly to hold their lines before Florence . . . if any of us tonight are feeling resentful about war conditions or our own sacrifices, we might think about the Englishwoman who said today: "A doodlebug just hit my house and I'm bombed out—my husband is a prisoner of war—and my sons are fighting at the front—but I've still got my job in the war plant."

IV. The Blow from the Underbelly

THROUGH THE GAP the Americans poured, spreading south and west to conquer Brittany, reaching now Rennes, now Brest, now St. Malo and LeMans, now the Loire—then looking eastward up the river. The hinge of this prodigious sweep held firm to the northward, and by August 13 the enemy was reported as pulling out of the Falaise pocket, eastbound. The retreat continued through the 14th.

August 15

1:00 a.m. EWT

The War Department notifies CBS to stand by for an important announcement, and to keep its short wave ears peeled for Rome and Algiers stations. CBS stands by all night.

6:00 a.m.

DALY:

. . . The nature of the announcement has not been disclosed, but the news is expected at any minute. . . . There is tense expectancy over all of South Europe this morning.

Allied bombers from bases in Italy blasted the important southern French port of Marseilles yesterday and also hit other targets in southern France and northern Italy. . . . The Germans are certain a new landing is coming and coming soon . . . they have ordered all French civilians to evacuate Marseilles. . . . The Vichy radio failed to go on the air this morning. . . .

The United States fighting force now . . . in France . . . is the greatest ever massed in battle under the American flag. General Omar Bradley is the overall commander. General Hodges . . . has taken over Bradley's place as commander of the American 1st Army. . . . The Germans say General Patton is leading our 3rd Army but the Supreme Command remains silent on this announcement. . . . The 3rd Army . . . has taken more than 31,000 prisoners, killed more than 9,000 Germans . . . some of its tanks have rolled forward 96 miles in 24 hours and another column dashed more than 100 miles in 12 hours. . . .

We've stayed on the air all through the night waiting. . . .

(Here it comes!)

And now, for a special communique from the battlefield we take you to Allied Headquarters in Italy:

6:10

A VOICE (*from Italy*):

5-4-3-2-1—

Here's a special communique just issued from Allied Force Headquarters, Mediterranean theatre. "Today American British and French troops strongly supported by Allied air forces are being landed by American British and French fleets on the southern coast of France."

CHESTER MORRISON (*from Italy*):

This is a joint broadcast to all networks by three radio correspondents, Eric Sevareid, Lowell Thomas and Chester Morrison. It comes direct from a tank (word lost) off the beachhead against which the first invasion of Southern France was thrown this morning.

There was a minimum of German resistance when the first wave of American infantry landed on a beach which may not be more definitely described at this time than as a beach in southern France. In less than one hour one company of the first wave had reached its first objective. In less than two hours seven waves of infantry had been put ashore. Seven waves should mean about 2000 men or more in France before 10:00 o'clock this morning. Paratroops were landed a few miles in shore before dawn, to clog up the enemy communications and make it inconvenient for the Germans to occupy high ground overlooking the beaches. At dawn aerial bombardments began, but the bombers are handicapped by low clouds which persisted until the sun was high enough to wash away the clouds.

H-Hour, the hour of infantry attack, was at 8:00 o'clock in the morning. That was 2:00 a.m. in New York. At ten minutes to seven, 70 minutes before H-Hour, an early naval bombardment began. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and rocket ships poured constant fire into the shore positions. Their primary objective was to neutralize if not to destroy enemy gun installations . . . (several words unintelligible), made the . . . stubborn, but when the heavies ceased fire, assault craft loaded with troops stormed toward the beaches. A lot of them were (static) with (static) enemy slightly damaged. This meant that the storming of the third beach was due to come in, but the fact that the first objective was reached by one (static) company (break in broadcast) . . .

DALY:

We've interrupted the broadcast from the Mediterranean which has brought you the news that Allied troops have landed in southern France.

Now, for more details on this new Allied operation . . . we take you to the Pentagon Building in Washington.

PRYOR (*from Washington*):

. . . the Supreme Allied Commander, Sir Henry Maitland Wilson . . . said that French troops are participating in these operations side by side with their Allied comrades-in-arms by sea, land and air. "The Army of France," he said, "is in being again, fighting on its own soil for the liberation of its country, with all its traditions of victory behind it," and he said "—remember 1918! All Frenchmen, civilians as well as military, have their part to play in the campaign in the south. Your duty," he said, "will be clear to you. Listen to the Allied Radio, read notices and leaflets, pass on all instructions from one man and woman to another. Let us end the struggle as quickly as possible so that all France may resume again her free life under conditions of peace and security. Victory is certain! Long live the spirit of France and all that it stands for!"

Germany has been claiming that our forces would attempt to strike at what Prime Minister Churchill has described as the "soft underbelly of France" . . . this landing force . . . is made of crack, seasoned soldiers from the Mediterranean campaign.

. . . The Maquis have been especially strong in the mountains of the Rhone Valley and, undoubtedly, that is the section at which this landing is aimed . . . and the men of the French Underground have already shown in northern France that they can be of most valuable aid to our forces.



CBS' Eric Sevareid (holding microphone) recording a broadcast on an LST during invasion of Southern France, August 15, 1944. Sevareid landed with the first waves of Americans.

ELIOT (*in New York*):

. . . the original defenders of the Mediterranean coast was the German 19th Army, a part of Army Group F, commanded by Field Marshal Johannes Blaskowitz. The 19th Army had from 10 to 12 divisions at the time of D-Day. . . . The light resistance . . . does not indicate that Blaskowitz, or whoever is in command of the German forces . . . doesn't mean to make a real stand . . . elements of the 1st German Army, which was the other part of Blaskowitz' army group, are now north of the Seine . . . the Germans may be pulling all their troops north . . . to defend the route to Paris, and to the robot bomb coast. . . . We also know that American troops have reached . . . the river Loire at Nantes and Angers . . . and we have heard without confirmation that they are approaching two towns further up the Loire, Tours and Orleans . . . of particular importance as they control most of the rail communications between northern and southern France. . . .

DALY: (*who is roving the news-room with a hand-mike reading the tickers as he confirms from one ticker after another the news already broadcast*):

. . . our Short Wave Listening Post has just been checked and reports that the Germans have been absolutely and completely silent so far about the landing. That in itself is significant because they originally came out with the first really authentic statement that something might come up. . . .

7:00

WINSTON BURDETT (*from Rome*):

. . . vast convoys came from Italy, from Africa . . . Corsica, Sardinia. They were escorted to their rendezvous by ships of the American, British, French, Canadian, Dutch, Polish Greek and Belgian navies . . . more than 800 ships of all types . . . Eric Sevareid, who has gone in with the

Americans, sent a first despatch from an LST off the French coast . . . he says . . . "At this moment I can see scores of landing boats hurrying in toward the shore. Our battle-wagons are now distinct on the horizon. There are great flashes from them as they crack their guns which are rattling our teeth and knocking our helmets sideways even at this distance."

8:00

BURDETT (*from Rome once more*):

A naval communique says—(I quote) "responsibility for landing and establishing the army on shore is naval, and the naval commander has ordered the assault pressed home with relentless force. Operations continue." (End of quotation)

. . . CBS reporter George Moorad is flying over the invasion scene in a reco plane or perhaps in a B-5 bomber.

. . . Our transport planes had to fly in over mountainous terrain to drop their men in the narrow valley of the Orgens—O-R-G-E-N-S, Orgens River. . . More than 14,000 air combat men of the Mediterranean and allied air forces equivalent to the line strength of two divisions, were airborne this morning. . . .

In a proclamation . . . General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, says, (and I quote) "The armies of the united Nations have landed in the south of France. Their objective is to drive out the Germans and to join up with the allied armies advancing in Normandy."

12:31:10 p.m.

SEVAREID (*from the beachhead in Southern France*):

Only a few lives were lost . . . it is now very quiet here. . . . Where the Germans are now, the bulk of them, I cannot tell you—but you may find out very suddenly. They've done very little harm to this famous holiday coast. It is obvious there's been little pleasure here for some time.

A few minutes ago, I talked with an American woman who had been living here since war began, with her two children. They are all right, but they are thin from lack of food. . . . When the bombardment began this morning, she ran with her two children to take cover. The noise, she said, was deafening. When she saw people in the village, she came out of hiding to find to her inexpressible joy that they were Americans. . . .

Apparently many French Fascists and Vichyites were living here and are here also. One is the Director of one of the worst Pro-Nazi, anti-semitic French newspapers, which was a great help to the Germans in confusing the French before the war began.

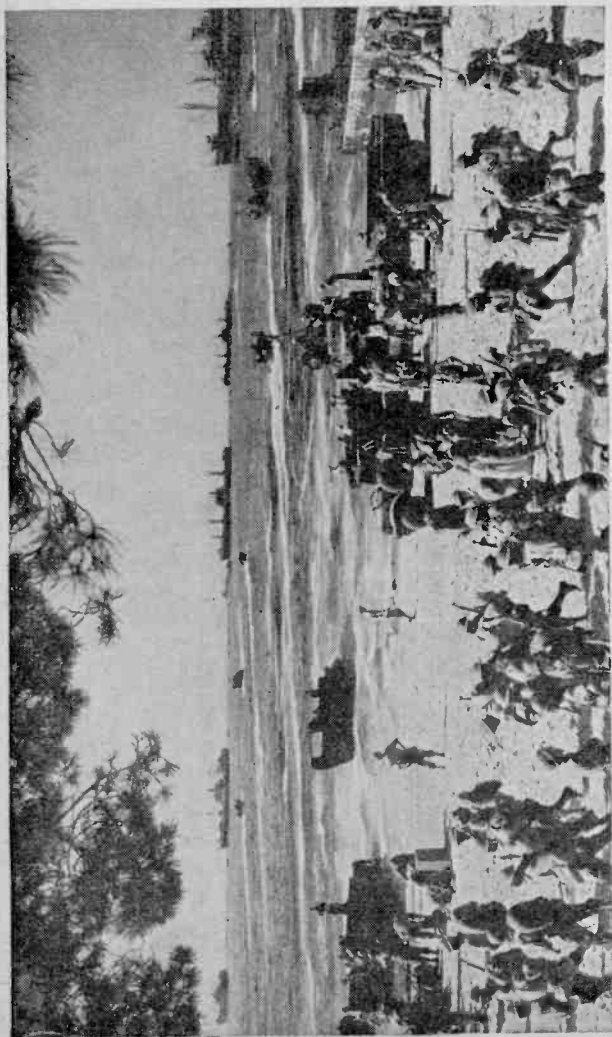
The village and country people have welcomed us most sincerely, but not with a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm. . . . There were a few strained tears. And they are people who suffered a long, long time. . . . They are a little more shrewd than the Italians, and they are not counting upon the unending flow of manna from the American armies. And we are only the beginning. Before long, there will be hundreds of thousands of fighting Frenchmen here. This will be part of a hallowed ground when Frenchmen themselves begin the liberation of their own lovely land—long imprisoned but never forgotten.

And now from the beachhead a correspondent of the British Broadcasting Corporation, the spokesman for the combined networks at the front. . . .

12:33:04

VAUGHAN THOMAS:

I'm speaking . . . from a point ten miles inland. . . . The enemy made trouble . . . he placed machine-gun nests and he constructed an anti-tank wall all along around the whole front . . . but it seems that Hitler's soldiers didn't



U. S. Coast Guard landing barges bringing supplies, guns, ammunition to Southern France beachhead.

really have their hearts in this job . . . American soldiers are firmly established in the luxurious villas and the Grand Hotels that line this part of the coast.

This millionaires' playground is now teeming with guns and jeeps and bulldozers and all the myriad workers of a modern army. . . . From the beach, I drove up to the steep pine-clad hills. I saw fires burning here and there among the woods from naval guns. But on the whole, the country looked astonishingly untouched by the devastation of war. . . . But inland, the people were out in the roads waiting. Even the children are obviously suffering from malnutrition . . . no one asks you for food. They ask you to use their wine instead. . . . Have the Germans already pulled out, or are they preparing a defense further back? Or have they entrained for a remote part of the world to launch a counter-attack? We may get the answer to these questions by tomorrow. Today, we are firmly ashore, with a constantly growing beachhead, and with the blazing Riviera sun beating down and the . . . There's no doubt about it now—the first phase in our adventure is a major success.

As a contrast to the sanguinary terror of D-Day, let us invade the floral Riviera, as daylight wanes—

5:15:12 p.m.

GEORGE MOORAD (*from Allied Field Headquarters in southern France*):

I have just returned from an interesting and very peaceful sightseeing trip through southern France, over that lovely, curving harbor of Cannes and the rugged coastline winding down to the Gulf of Napoleon. In pitch blackness this morning, our paratroopers and gliders dropped silently behind the coastal hills and at dawn sea-borne troops landed. By this afternoon the place was incredibly quiet . . . if the Germans are still there . . . and our pilot cruised around at

500 feet, hoping that someone might wave us down to dinner. We made the trip in convoy with hundreds of gliders and paratroop transports, carrying a regiment of French troops, food and medical supplies, engineering equipment and even jeeps. They had us covered with a lovely screen of Spitfires and Thunderbolts and on the way over we listened to American jazz music on the radio. It was very pleasant to see those beautiful long lines of planes and below us clusters and processions of Allied ships, cutting white wakes in the blue water.

It certainly appears after an hour's low-level journey and some 20 miles beyond the coast that Jerry has pulled out. There are only a few exceptions to the impression of lazy peace along the Riviera. Just off the finger of the breakwater of Cannes one of our bombers was going for a certain harbor installation. His near-miss fell in the water, raising a tall column of spray.

On the sparsely wooded hills flanking a valley, naval shelling had started small forest fires. At another place a large fire belched yellow flames to about 3,000 feet.

Down in the harbor where we landed was an incredible collection of ships; the big fleet battleships and cruisers lay offshore at anchor and destroyers whipped around them, throwing out screens of smoke, though it did hardly seem necessary. Our big silver barrage balloons were hoisted around the beach and it seemed as if we were already unloading fairly good-sized ships, perhaps Liberties, at the docks.

It was just after six o'clock, Mediterranean time, five hours ago, that we flew over this beach and over those little towns in the countryside below. It was very strange, since these four years of war have made all Europe a mysterious, forbidden zone, to see that the fields . . . the little brick houses, and the old stone medieval buildings, look just like the

travel books used to say—"quaint and quiet in the afternoon sun."

But the eerie thing was that we never did see a French civilian. None waved at us from the city streets or beside the farmhouses. There were no carts on the roads. Nothing but occasional groups of Allied soldiers walking or bowling along in their inevitable jeeps. Not a shot was fired at us, although at times we seemed low enough to be targets for a snowball.

I'd like to add something to what has been said about the story of troop carriers, paratroopers and gliders, those yet crans of Normandy, who today made the most remarkable air invasion in history. So far as we know, not a single plane was lost in the gigantic job and you can see today in the fields of southern France, the white parachutes that certify that most of the men got safe landfall in spite of a night in the fog. So far as we could see, most of the gliders landed safely. Some were parked on the neat green fields; others were burned by their occupants as a precaution; and the job wasn't easy, despite the lack of enemy opposition. A miscalculation of seconds last night might have flung hundreds of men into the rocky crevices which brook the French Riviera.

V. To Paris

THE SOUTHERN BEACHHEAD is "firmly established," and the German High Command is permanently distracted. On August 18 Patton's tanks have rolled to St. Arnoult within 15 miles of Versailles, 23 miles of Paris. The German radio bawls "we must be prepared for a withdrawal from France." The French underground springs into the sunlight, picking off Germans like squirrels at every hedgerow. On August 23 Paris is blocked off on the south and east. The Cannes beachhead is 140 miles deep and within 240 miles of Patton's tanks.

Fragmentary broadcasts came out of Paris those first few days of hysteria, but none was more eloquent than one caught by the CBS short wave Listening Post at 6:03 p.m. EWT on August 24. You had to put on stethoscope headphones to hear it:

A voice on Radio France, inside the city, seems to announce the evening program. It blurs. Then you hear "We will use our last energies for the final struggle." Again a blur: then—"It is the duty of all Frenchmen to participate in the fight against the Germans."

Someone says something about one Georges Bidault, president of the French National Resistance Council . . . and

he says: "Paris is liberated. It has liberated itself."

And suddenly over his voice you hear the machine guns. He resumes: "The Parisians have risen in irresistible spirit. The shame and treason are over. . . . I address, by radio, France, and the world." Then you hear the heavy guns.

At 6:20 the voice fades under a German voice—the Boche is jamming the wave-length. Presently another French voice says "the engineer is going to work." He apparently did, for at 6:38 Radio France is back on the air, saying "The street does not belong tonight to the joy of the people, but to the fighters . . . nearby barricades . . ." then *WHAM*—shooting, very nearby. Then: ". . . the morale is excellent, the people are confident, they have erected barricades. We will give you the news as soon as we get it." Then somebody quotes from a play about the French Revolution, the voice fades, and you hear music: *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*, and *Après de ma blonde*. Then silence.

Next day at 2 p.m. General Leclerc announced the surrender of the Germans in Paris in a scrubby baggage room at the Gare Montparnasse.

August 25

6:45 p.m.

HOTTELET (*from London*):

American infantry is at the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in the heart of Paris. The American Command gave the French pride of place in entering their own capital, but sent American infantry in immediately behind them. The situation in Paris tonight is not completely clear yet. Small enemy units still seem to be fighting in various parts of the city, but General Leclerc has received the German Commander to arrange their surrender.

Radio Paris has been broadcasting all afternoon descriptions of a city going wild with joy, of enthusiastic welcome to the French and American troops. Even while fighting con-



Parisians dodging German sniper's bullets during the liberation of the French capital.

tinued and artillery shells and machine gun bullets ripped down the streets, the people of Paris stayed out to cheer the men who had come to help them.

General De Gaulle has arrived in Paris, and today General Eisenhower signed the civil affairs agreement, regulating the position of our troops on the soil of France, America's oldest international friend.

Here is the CBS man who entered Paris with the forward elements.

LESUEUR (*from Paris*):

There was no evidence of a truce when I entered Paris this afternoon. Tanks were blasting away at the Chamber of Deputies and German machine-guns were rattling all around the Place de la Concorde all the way to the Ritz Hotel. Even tonight German snipers are hiding in Paris rooftops but all massed German resistance is over.

American infantry . . . the famous divisions which landed on the Normandy beaches, the conquerors of Cherbourg, are still taking prisoners in the Paris streets. . . . Paris is filled with tanks tonight. . . . It was hard for both the French and the American troops to fight their way into the city, so turbulent was the reception they got from the Paris people. They had to ask the civilians to step aside so they could fight.

Paris is certainly the happiest city in the world tonight. Everyone has on their best clothes. The last remaining German snipers are being ignored. Everyone looks well-dressed and well-fed . . . and no American car makes its way through the streets without being mobbed by grateful, excited and emotional Parisians.

Paris has been scarred by the liberation, but it bears its scars proudly. It was not an open city this time. The Grand Palais . . . is in smoking ruins tonight. The Place de la Concorde and the Quai d'Orsay are badly marred by artillery, but Paris free. The sight of German prisoners . . . on Sher-

man tanks driven by Frenchmen was a scene that Paris had looked forward to for four long years, and today they got it, and the Parisians have certainly made the most of it. The cheering crowds certainly went wild.

Shortly after seven o'clock tonight, General De Gaulle set foot in Paris for the first time in four years, and the cheers that filled Paris left no doubt in anyone's mind as to De Gaulle's popularity. Tonight all Paris is laughing in the streets.

VI. Into Germany

THE THIRD ARMY is still rampant. On October 28 Patton's tanks fan out northeast to Chateau-Thierry. Since D-Day they have killed 16,000 Germans, captured 65,000. In the North, Allied troops reach the Meuse. Before one week is out, the Germans quit Brussels. Before another passes the first American shells are exploding in Germany near Aachen. On September 10, Roosevelt, Churchill and Eden in Quebec turn their thoughts to the Pacific. And the next day SHAEF announces the liberation of Luxembourg.

September 11

7:45 a.m.

DOUGLAS EDWARDS (from CBS News Headquarters):

. . . American First Army troops have officially set free the city of Luxembourg. . . That means that the actual German frontier is now only about ten miles away. And our big field guns already are dropping their shells neatly on German soil and on a dozen or so strong points in the Siegfried Line. There's still not much actual news about the progress of our troops because headquarters wants to keep the Ger-

mans guessing until it's too late. But . . . between the lines of communiques and dispatches, you get the idea that Allied troops are even now attacking or are about to attack Adolf Hitler's West Wall along a two hundred mile front ranging all the way from Northern Belgium through the Ardennes Forest down into the Lorraine Basin near Metz and Nancy.

6:00 p.m.

HOWE:

. . . United States troops are now fighting on German soil. They are units of General Hodges' First American Army and they have driven five miles into Germany in the vicinity of Trier, just across the Luxembourg frontier. . . . This is official. To the north, General Dempsey's Second British Army has again advanced into Holland, 14 miles north of the Albert Canal. To the south General Patton's Third Army troops have established a bridgehead several miles long on the further bank of the Moselle River. They have taken Aumetz, 22 miles northwest of Metz, and now hold a section of the old Maginot line with all its guns intact. Other elements in the Third Army moving west have made contact with some of General Patch's Seventh Army forces moving north. . . . The Berlin radio has announced that . . . Gestapo Chief Himmler has sentenced seven prominent Nazis to death for alleged participation in the alleged plot against Hitler's life on July 20. The victims include Count Helldorf, Germany's number two Jew-baiter; Ulrich von Hassell, former Ambassador to Rome, and Dr. Goerdeler, the former mayor of Leipzig. All of them are accused of having plotted to take over the government from Hitler and surrender Germany to her enemies.

Patton only needs 48 hours more to take another 15,000 prisoners. On September 15 SHAEF announces that the Battle of France has so far cost the Germans 750,000 killed,

wounded and captured. On September 17 Field Marshal Montgomery, tells his troops it's problematical how much longer the enemy can continue the struggle. As he does the Allies launch the greatest airborne operation ever carried out. More than 4000 planes and gliders land across the Dutch border at Eindhoven, Arnhem and Nijmegen.

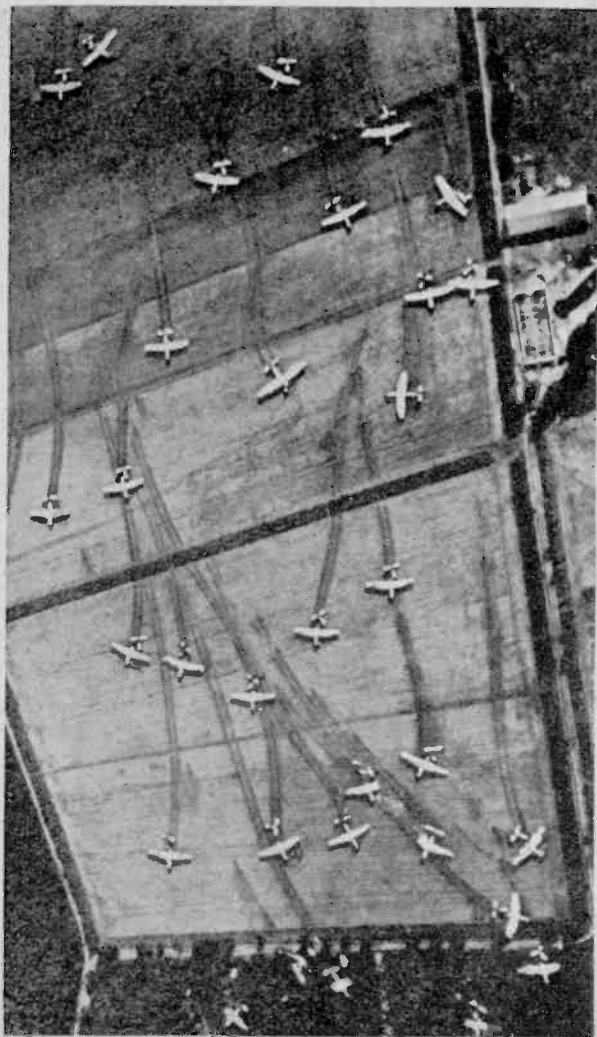
September 17

1:45 p.m.

MURROW (from London):

You'll have heard that the Allies today made a great airborne landing in Holland. It was the greatest operation of its kind in the history of warfare. Early this morning, the paratroopers, laden down with equipment, walked out across a green field and climbed into the C-47s of the 9th Troop Carrier Command. After we took off we seemed to gather more ships as we passed over a series of airfields and the pilot said: "We're gathering in all the little chickens before we cross the big water. Before we crossed the English coast the ships were in formation as far as the eye could see. The paratroops sat there completely relaxed—two of them were asleep. Another told me that flying always made him sleepy. The door of the rear of the plane had been removed; all the belts and hinges had been covered with tape to prevent the parachute harness fouling. The big fellow near the door looked down and said: "Look at them land girls down there, picking potatoes!" And the men were completely relaxed. Occasionally, one would rub the palm of his hand on his trouser leg. One sat staring into his tin helmet. He had four packages of cigarettes tucked under the straps.

As we went out over the North Sea there were British gliders on our right, heavy bombers to port, and ahead of us the C-47s stretched out mile after mile. They were going in to drop their parachutists at no more than four or five hun-



British Horsa and Hamilcar gliders after landing First Allied Airborne paratroopers at Eindhoven, Holland.

dred feet. They didn't carry an inch of armor-plate, no guns, no self-sealing gas tanks. Bob Masell, of the Blue Network, was handling the recording gear in our C-47. We returned to London only an hour or two ago and there has been no time to edit or polish the recording, but this is what it was like when we crossed the Dutch coast.

(RECORDING)

Now, we are over Holland and I'm going to move forward, up to the pilot's compartment, and I've got my parachute harness hung on the door. We're flying over country that has been inundated. I can see a railway which seems to be still in operation, but some of the most civilized countryside in Europe now lies under water. I can see the red roofs of the houses just protruding. The sun is shining very brightly and can see the shadows of the formation ahead of us on the water. I'm just going to ask the skipper now if he's seen any flak yet.

VOICE:

No, not so far!

MURROW:

Seen any flak?

VOICE:

. . . Very small amount over on our left, about five hundred yards.

MURROW:

What did it look like . . . 20 mm. stuff?

VOICE:

Yes, it was either 20 mm. or 37.

MURROW:

Right! The skipper is sitting there very calmly, flying with one hand. This country has been flooded as far as my eye

can reach. . . . There is no traffic on this one railway which stands well above the water. It seems to have been built along the top of a dyke. It has also been broken in one or two places. This countryside below looks like the area around the Mississippi during flood time except that all the houses seem to be covered with red tile. Just occasionally a little spot of green, a little hillock, stands out above the water. There is a very sizeable village off to starboard now, which has not been flooded. It stands on a slightly rising piece of ground. I can see literally hundreds of aircraft ahead and, so far, no flak. It has been on the whole a very smooth trip, so far. We had a little prop wash at the beginning, when we were forming up, but the air is very calm now. We're flying steadily, I should think at about 1,500 feet. The little village off to the right seems to be completely lifeless. Oh, yes, I can see four people standing in the roadway, right in the center of the town; a few green trees on each side of a short but broad street. The spire of a magnificent old Dutch church rising clear above the little houses that surround it. One barge in a canal, but completely deserted. . . . The country is desolate . . . it isn't possible that people are living down there, because in most cases the water is right up to the eaves.

We're now passing out of the flooded area, every ship still in perfect formation. The fighters are swirling around below us, going down to have a look at every hedgerow and every small wood that might possibly conceal an ack-ack emplacement. Bob Masell, of the Blue Network, is sitting here, working on the recording gear, just as calm and cool as any of the paratroopers, but, perhaps both of us should be because they're going to jump and we aren't. But in a few minutes now these boys will be walking out of that back door. . . .

I'm standing here, looking down the length of the ship now. The crew chief is on his knees back in the very rear, talking into his inter-com, talking with the pilot. The rest

of the men are folding up their Mae Wests, but there's certainly no possibility that we're pitching into the water on this trip. They're looking out the window rather curiously, almost as if they were passengers on a peacetime airline. You occasionally see a man rub the palm of his hand across his trouser leg. There seems to be just that . . . a sort of film over some of the faces, as though they were just on the verge of perspiring, but they aren't. . . .

The pilot of this plane, has just said: "Jerry must not live here any more. He isn't shooting at us." The co-pilot is sitting up there. . . . We've been flying straight into Holland for something like twenty minutes, so far without any opposition, at least none that I've been able to see. Our fighters are down, just almost nosing along the hedgerows, searching the little villages, and are up above us and on both sides. This is the real meaning of airpower and it seems that the Dutch realize it as well because in a little village that we're just passing over I can see at least two dozen people standing along the narrow, winding streets. Some of them are children and I can see that most of them seem to be wearing a white shirt or a white blouse of some kind.

There go the parapacks of a formation ahead of us—yellow, brown, red, drifting down gently, dropping the containers. I can't see . . . they're a little too far away . . . I can't see the bodies of the men . . . yes, I can . . . just like little brown dolls hanging under a green lampshade. . . .

I look back at the door and the pilot gives me the clenched-hand salute, like a boxer about to jump. . . . The ships ahead of us are still going on. There's a burst of flak. You can see it right from the side. It's coming from the port side just across our nose, but a little bit low. . . . I think it's coming from a railway embankment just down to the left and was certainly considerably under us and just ahead of us. This is the first flak we've seen. There's one burst of light flak . . . there's another. More are tracers going across

us, in front of our nose. I think it's coming from that little village just beside the canal. More tracer coming up now, just cutting across in front of our nose, a lovely orange color it is. More ships ahead of us are now dropping. . . . Nine ships ahead of us have just dropped and you can see the men swinging down. In just about 40 seconds now our ship will drop the men; the men will walk out onto Dutch soil. You can probably hear the snap as they check the lashing on the static line. There they go! Do you hear them count? Three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen . . . sixteen. . . . Now every man is out . . . I can see their chutes going down now. Every man clear . . . they're dropping beside the little windmill near a church, hanging there, very gracefully, and seem to be completely relaxed, as I said a minute ago, like nothing so much as khaki dolls hanging beneath a green lampshade. I see the men go down just north of a little road. The whole sky is filled with parachutes. They're all going down so slowly; it seems as though they should get to the ground much faster. We're now swinging about, making a righthand turn. . . .

That's the way it was!

The gallant effort to leapfrog into Germany doesn't come off. On September 26 nearly half the 15,000 men who dropped from the skies are prisoners; the other half pushed back across the border by fierce German resistance. But south and west British and Canadian troops are cleaning out both banks of the Schelde Estuary 8 miles downstream from Antwerp; their objective to open the great port for supplies. Major Eliot crystallizes its importance.

November 8

11:10 p.m.

ELIOT:

The net gain to the Allied position on the Western Front from these operations in the southwestern Netherlands may be summed up as follows: First, the Schelde Estuary has been freed of direct domination by German coastal batteries, so that it may be swept clear of mines and dredged to admit ocean-going ships. When this has been done the port of Antwerp will be available for the supplies of the Allied armies on the northern half of the western front. Since the docks and other works of this port are intact in Allied hands, this will be a vast relief to the overstrained railways and the ports of lesser capacity along the channel coast. This is a great gain in the field of logistics.

Second, the Allied left flank will be freed of the threat which was offered by the German armies as long as they were south of the Maas. It was pressure from this direction that was largely responsible for the failure of the airborne drive to Arnhem. The Allies can now devote themselves to offensive operations against the main German positions along the Rhine and the Maas or Meuse without having to look over their shoulders toward the Germans on their left flank and rear. This is a great strategical advantage.

Third, the First Canadian Army which in fact is only part Canadian and also includes the British, Polish, Dutch, Belgian, and American units—will be relieved of its mopping up duties and will become available to take part in whatever major offensive may now be in the making.

This contributes greatly to the general Allied power to exert pressure against the Germans. This balance of fighting power is further affected by the fact that the 5th German Army which was charged with the duty of defending the Schelde Estuary and the area south of the Maas, has suffered some 45,000 casualties in the course of these operations,

including the virtually complete destruction of the 64th and 70th infantry divisions. The 64th division held the enclave south of the Schelde while the 70th was the garrison of Walcheren Island.

It is true that the British and Canadian also suffered casualties but there are replacements available to make these up, whereas with the Germans a division broken in battle is a division lost for good and all. The only German replacements which are available are the old men, young boys, and invalids, which have been scraped up by the total mobilization of this summer and who are being recklessly used by the German High Command in the endeavor to check the various allied thrusts which have kept the Germans busy while the operations in the southwestern Netherlands were being brought to a successful conclusion.

On November 30 the docks of Antwerp are loaded.

VII. Counter Attack

THE ALLIES MEET *stiffening resistance along their entire front from the Roer to the Saar.*

On the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor Patton attacks the focal arsenal of Saarbruecken.

On December 15 Von Runstedt issues an order of the day: "Soldiers of the West Front, your great hour has struck. Everything is at stake."

Next day it comes.

December 17

1:45 p.m.

HOTTELET (*with the First Army, cabling via London*):

The Germans have begun a major counter-offensive on the 1st United States Army front, 30 miles south of Aachen. They are attacking and advancing westward into our lines in the area south of Monschau. By noon today they had penetrated several miles into our lines and were still advancing and fanning out. The German counter-offensive is being carried out by a number of divisions, including infantry and Panzer Divisions. During the night and this morning, scores

of paratroopers were dropped behind our lines to cut communications. This German counter-offensive is on the largest scale they've tried since Mortain, in the Normandy beach-head. There's no doubt that it's their major effort but there is no reason to believe that it will seriously endanger the 1st Army front.

The purpose is obviously to take the pressure off the Roer River front, farther north, where the American 1st and 9th Armies are threatening the approaches to Cologne.

Though we were taken by surprise, swift counter-measures were taken to bring the German advance to a stop. Right now, fighting is still going on with several German spear-heads and, fortunately, the weather improved slightly during the forenoon so that our fighter-bombers could go in and attack. The German attack began at 7 yesterday morning. Our reconnaissance have spotted additional movements behind the German lines in this area, but there was no other indication that any major operation was being prepared. Then, night before last, German artillery all along our front opened up in an extremely heavy barrage, laying thousands of shells into not only our forward positions and supply lines up toward the front, but into communication centers many miles behind the front. The barrage was heaviest south of Monschau.

At 7 yesterday morning the Germans began their offensive drives. The first of these were small, sharp counter-attacks in company or battalion strength. In a few hours it became apparent that they were all being pushed forward vigorously and it also became apparent that on such front from six to seven miles south of the town of Monschau something much bigger was in progress. There, in the first few hours of fighting, our forward elements were either overrun or pushed back. The enemy followed with tanks as well as infantry. After eight or ten hours we saw that the enemy was attacking with divisions, including Panzer Divisions,



A soldier stands on a wrecked half-track stringing communication wire during the German counter-offensive.

because the pressure on our lines continued more heavily than before.

Into this attack the enemy poured his men and his tanks with convoys of literally scores of tanks and long columns of vehicles. He could afford to do this because weather over both the front and our air bases yesterday completely cancelled out our airpower. The attack continued without meeting any effective American resistance until we stopped it after darkness had closed down. But the Germans still had another trick up their sleeves. Beginning at about 7 o'clock last night, they sent an unusually large number of airplanes over our lines. I was up at the front, at the 1st Army's northern flank, and even up there they had air alerts all during the night. At first it seemed that they were reconnaissance planes because they dropped flares through small breaks in the clouds, but, then, others came over, dropped bombs, and strafing. It was only hours later that it became apparent that the enemy's main intention was to drop paratroopers. He dropped them at widely scattered points along more than 50 miles of the 1st Army front. They were not saboteurs in civilian clothes; they were scouting paratroopers dropped in combat sticks. Their mission was to occupy road junctions, set up road blocks, attack some of our headquarters, and, in general, spread confusion behind our lines, which would delay us taking counter-measures against the main offensive.

Special American details went out immediately and took many of them prisoners. The mopping-up is still going on today. Then, early this morning the enemy's armored infantry pushed off again. This time he began to fan out in different directions, but, by this time, our counter-measures were beginning to take hold and the German progress was slower. Our fighter-bombers got up, too, and bombed one column on the road, a column of at least a hundred motor vehicles, 50 tanks, and self-propelled guns, and even

horse-drawn wagons heading west. Our bombs hit the columns heavily and knocked out a number of the tanks and guns.

Although the situation is certainly not clear yet, there's no doubt that this German offensive will be continued and contained. We are suffering losses, but so is the enemy. If he loses now on this sector, he will not have to help defend the Rhine.

What does this mean as a military threat?

2:30

ELIOT:

This attack was launched in a sector which has long been quiet; the Belgian and Luxembourg frontier region on the eastern edge of the great Ardennes Forest. . . .

The German reason for launching this counter-attack is perfectly clear. It is a normal German reaction whenever the German High Command believes that it is about to be attacked in force. The Germans always do it when they have the means. It upsets the plans of the attacker by forcing him to switch his reserves from his proposed offensive area to the area where the counter-attack is in operation. Thus, it may gain days, if not weeks, of time as well as giving the Germans valuable positions from which they have to be ousted at great trouble and expense before the original plan can be resumed.

. . . the German Commander-in-Chief seems to have taken the Americans completely by surprise. . . . German elements are across both the Belgian and Luxembourg borders and German pressure is continuing, though progress is slower today than yesterday. This is the largest German counter-attack since the one which tried to pinch off the Allied breakthrough east of Avranches, in Normandy, way back at the end of July.



A Third Army armored infantryman coming to the relief of Bastogne under the wire stretching in front of German gun positions.

The Germans chose well-wooded and difficult terrain for the attack. The reasons were undoubtedly to hamper the Allied airpower and to provide opportunity for the withdrawal of the German forces under cover in case they are finally stopped. The Germans are hardly going to risk the loss of their most important mobile reserve forces just to gain a few days' delay. Their idea would seem to be, so far as it can be guessed now, rather to upset our plans by a hard blow and then pull out their vitally important armored units before our gathering resistance can involve them in a fight from which they cannot escape.

The major results for which the Germans might hope, if everything goes *well* with them, would be a penetration into the communication zone of the 1st Army in the area Liege-Verviers. This would have the effect of turning the right flank of the 1st Army and might occasion us a good deal of trouble. However, the Germans are nowhere near this area as yet . . .

December 18

9 a.m.

HOTTELET (*from First Army Headquarters*):

. . . The enemy has poured more infantry and more tanks into the battle this morning, after a pause of about 12 hours.

The entire front, stretching about 20 miles south of Monschau is in motion. On our side counter-measures are being taken. On the enemy's side more strength is being thrown in. The weight of his tanks has already given him a penetration of a number of miles deep into our front. When I left the front two hours ago the situation was still fluid.

He's still pushing at several points farther up and farther down the front. He wants to make it hard for us to assemble troops to meet the main threat.

There's no doubt about it that this is the major German

effort. Some of the best units in the German Army are involved in this penetration. The Panzer Division spearheading the main threat is a crack division that's been on the most important sector of half a dozen fronts since it was formed.

Before the Germans launched this counter offensive, Von Rundstedt, German Commander in Chief in the west, issued an order of the day to the troops under his command. It read: "Soldiers of the West Front, your great hour has struck. Strong attacking armies are today advancing against the Americans. I need tell you no more. You all feel it; everything is at stake. You have the sacred duty to give everything and to achieve the superhuman for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland."

That order of the day about says it. This big offensive in the west is intended to be a serious threat to our whole army position and to break the back of our winter offensive toward the Rhine. There's no hit-and-run character about this. After tanks and infantry made the initial breach the enemy moved his artillery in. He means to consolidate and hold everything he takes and to sustain the offensive.

Behind the front right now he has more divisions ready to follow up. The preparation for this offensive took weeks. Paratroopers who have been dropped have revealed that they were alerted and formed into special combat teams for this push three and four weeks ago. The gasoline alone he had to accumulate was prodigious, and must have drained his operational reserves.

Our bombers and our artillery have been hitting the German ground forces hard last night and our night fighters and anti-aircraft destroyed another 91 of his planes. The enemy right now is matching us strength for strength, and there's no question in anybody's mind no matter how fluid the situation is right now, that we can outslug him in the end.

Hodges, acting swiftly from his Spa headquarters, (at which he was not far from capture) borrowed the Thirtieth

Infantry division from the 9th Army, threw the 1st Infantry Division back into the line at Monschau, just in time to plug that gap and hold on and never let go.

Three days before Christmas, in Bastogne, surrounded by 15 German divisions smashing toward Liege, an American brigadier general made of cement and named McAuliffe says "Nuts!". Says it to the German demand for surrender. And means it. He hangs on for 8 days and nights until another American general for whom "nuts!" is a term of endearment, puts on another of his memorable bursts of speed. On December 28 Patton relieves the Bastogne garrison.

The character of the battle changes overnight. Von Rundstedt's attack is now contained. The Wehrmacht goes into reverse.

1945

By January 17, "Monty" of El Alamein says: "The enemy has dealt us a shrewd blow . . . but now we have the initiative."

Three days later Hungary reads the handwriting on the wall, signs an armistice, and then declares war against Germany.

While American armies are now forcing the Westwall, Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at Yalta are figuring out who should occupy what part of Germany. Turkey feels pretty sure about things, too. On February 28 she declares war on the Axis, over 6 months after she was reported nervous about the underbelly invasion of France.

And on February 28 the Allied Armies start forward in mass. . . .

VIII. *To the Rhine and Over*

THE BATTLE OF THE WEST is now in its decisive stage. The air is suddenly cleared. The Allied chase is on again. The tension is out of the spoken and written reports.

March 3

8 a.m.

BILL DOWNS (*from First Army Headquarters*):

These are like the good old days of France and Belgium. Things are moving so fast that it's difficult to keep up with the war. General Simpson's 9th Army continues to rout the German 15th Army after reaching the Rhine in two places. The 35th Infantry Division is on the outskirts of the town of Geldern, and at one place is only some five miles away from the Canadians, attacking from the north. The 83rd Infantry Division has virtually cleared the town of Neuse, just across the Rhine from Düsseldorf. Doughboys say the Rhine looks like any other river . . . wide, deep and wet. All in all, advances generally ranged from 4 to 10 miles on the 9th Army front yesterday and last night. So many towns and villages were taken that no one has bothered to add them up. Prisoners up to the present count for the past 24 hours total more than three thousand.

The news from the 1st Army front is just as good, although not quite so sensational. Gains up to five miles were made yesterday and last night, and the 8th Infantry Division . . . stands a little over five miles from the Cologne city-defenses. Biggest advances on the 1st Army front were made in the southern flank of the drive where the infantry and armor are swinging around to the upper reaches of the Erft River. . . . On the plain in front of Cologne, armored units northwest of the city have a bridgehead six miles deep across the river. Heavy Nazi resistance has been encountered there. The 9th Army's advance to the Rhine has created a big sack on this side of the river, threatening to trap the retreating German army. The Rhine-crossings around Cologne now are a matter of life and death to the Nazis. They can be expected to fight bitterly for them and for the road networks leading to these crossings.

Prisoners to whom I've talked the last few days are confused and shocked by the force of this offensive. In one group of prisoners captured, there were members of the Luftwaffe, men from Panzer Divisions, parachutists, Volks Grenadiers, Volksturm, and regular army men; and all of them were fighting as infantry. This makes German confusion west of the Rhine pretty complete.

East of Berlin 7 Russian armies have been biding their time on the Oder since January 20th. So it is not too much to ask that the Allies should take five days to consolidate their positions on the Rhine. On March 6 we take Cologne. Maybe the Russians have been waiting for our pressure. On March 7 it happens—on both rivers.

March 8

6:00 p.m.

NED CALMER (*from CBS News Headquarters*):

There's big news tonight . . . news of an event that may possibly shorten the war in Europe. American troops of our

1st Army have crossed the Rhine and established a solid bridgehead on the other side, something that very few people, and maybe least of all the Germans, expected to happen so quickly. This is officially announced by Supreme Headquarters in Paris. And an officer at the front added the comment: "If we can hold this bridgehead, it means the war is months nearer its end."

For security reasons there's been a news blackout, which has not yet been entirely lifted, so that we can't tell you officially the exact location of the crossing of the Rhine; one report . . . says the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen. Anyway, troops began to go across somewhere south of Cologne, about 5:00 p.m., yesterday, as dark was falling. In the hours since then, we've been steadily reinforcing our bridgehead. And first reports from the east bank say the enemy apparently was taken by surprise and has not yet offered any stiff resistance. What we want to do, of course, is first of all get the beachhead out of range of German heavy artillery, so we may have pushed fairly deeply inland.

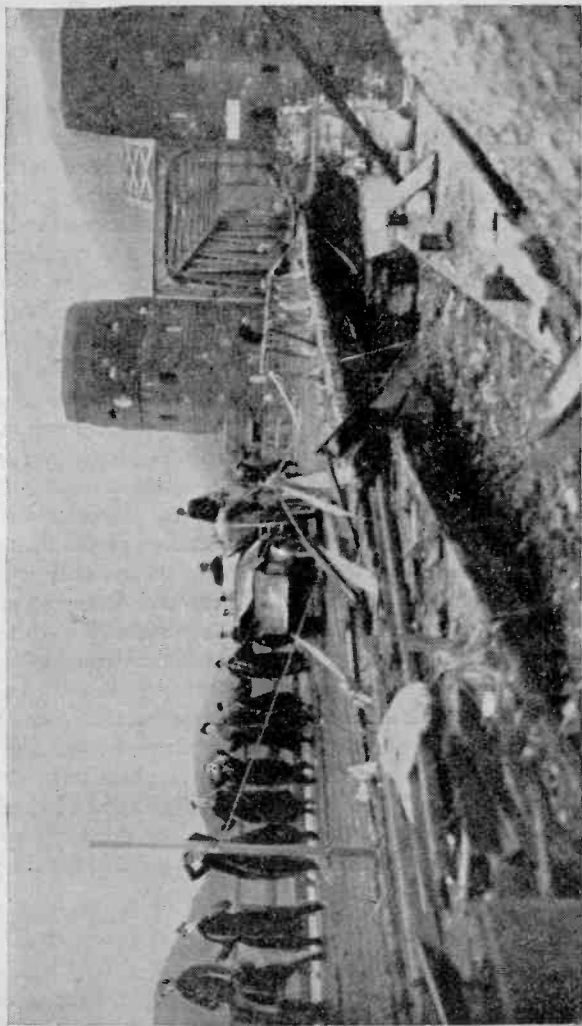
All this happened within two days of the capture of Cologne by the 1st Army. Naturally, it sent a thrill through the entire Allied world and particularly through the men who for so many long and bitter months have been struggling yard by yard toward the Rhine, that historic Teuton barrier, sometimes without hope that German opposition would ever collapse. . . .

One of Columbia's correspondents went across the Rhine today with the troops of our 1st Army. He's back now with a transmitter on the western shore.

6:04:00

DOWNS:

I have just returned from a narrow strip of land east of the historic Rhine River, where one of the most important



U. S. First Army moves across the Remagen bridge. Captured Germans marching to Allied rear.

battles of this 20th Century civilization is just beginning. Yes, I said "east" of the Rhine, east of Germany's Old Man River. The United States 1st Army has a firm and solid bridgehead into the low, rolling, wooded hills across the river south of Cologne. And the bridgehead is being reinforced and is growing every hour. This is a surprise victory, a lucky throw of the dice of war that has sent us across the Rhine. I can't tell you the details right now, but it's a story of courage and daring that has been matched in this war since the invasion of Normandy. The enemy has been caught with his pants down. It was only this afternoon, twenty-four hours after 1st Army troops crossed the Rhine, that there has been any resistance from the Germans. I was on the Rhine when artillery began to hit our assault troops, but there was only a breathless kind of firing by 75 mm. guns that was doing no harm. Although I can not locate for you the specific part of our bridgehead east of the Rhine, there is no military security involved in telling you that we have made our new attacks in one of the most spectacularly beautiful sections of the Rhine Valley. The crossing was made at a place where, only four hours before, hundreds of German soldiers were fleeing across the river. We had taken at least one village across the Rhine when I left the bridgehead at 3:00 o'clock this afternoon. We got to the high bluffs, looking down on our crossings, last night. The enemy has no direct observation on the spot, for our troops are pouring across in greater and greater numbers.

This crossing of Hitler's last major water-barrier in the west is another example of the daring of General Hodges' 1st Army. The 1st Army has earned one of the greatest reputations in American military history since it invaded the coast of France, nine months ago.

6:06:20

CALMER (*in New York*):

The Russians too, according to Berlin tonight, have seven armies headed for the heart of Germany. And, as you may

have heard, the Nazis declare that their enemy on the east has already opened a full-scale offensive upon Berlin, aiming straight across the Oder River, has in fact reached Seelow, a point ten miles west of the Oder and only 25 miles from Berlin. This is not confirmed in tonight's communique from Moscow. If that full-scale drive is on, the Russians are keeping it under wraps. But the Soviet High Command does announce tonight that its troops have now captured towns only twelve miles from Danzig and seven miles from Stettin.

6:10:18

ELIOT (*from Washington*):

Once more, as so often before in the long history of warfare, boldness, surprise and the willingness to take calculated risks, have paid rich dividends. The First American Army is across the Rhine and, according to unofficial reports, has established a firm bridgehead, probably at Remagen, about 12 miles southeast of the University City of Bonn and perhaps twice that distance from Cologne. The crossing was first accomplished yesterday afternoon about 4:30 p.m. That a secure bridgehead has been established in 24 hours, very possibly means that General Hodges' men have gotten possession of the bridge at Remagen, which is a double-track railway bridge. The sudden thrust of the First Army past Bonn and south to the vicinity of Remagen seems to have taken the Germans by surprise. And the bridge may have been secured before the Germans had time either to defend or to destroy it. Without possession of this bridge, or some bridge, it hardly seems possible that a firm bridgehead position could have been established so quickly on the east bank of the River. It should not be too readily assumed, however, that the crossing at Remagen, or whatever other point it took place at, was an essential part of a calculated American plan—a plan to put the American troops across at just that place. There could have been no assurance that any particular bridge would be cap-

ture intact. What seems much more likely is that each Army Commander, as they moved toward the Rhine, had orders to be aggressive in the seizure of bridges and to take any chance to do so. This is further indicated by the wording of General Eisenhower's message of congratulations to the First Army Commander—congratulating that Army on its speed and power that have won the race to establish the first bridgehead over the Rhine. It's notable that both at Düsseldorf and Duisburg, the Ninth Army tried to gain possession of bridges. . . . at all these places the Germans had carefully prepared the bridges for demolition and destroyed the spans when the Americans approached. At Remagen, however, either they had not made such preparations or apparently they had not expected the arrival of the Americans so quickly and in such force. There is another consideration and that is the extreme difficulty of defending a long river border line with inferior forces. A river is a military obstacle—in the sense that tanks and guns and trucks can only cross it on bridges or by means of ferries. But good engineers can always take an army across, unless there is strong opposition. When a river line has to be defended, the usual procedure is to put a delaying force at each likely crossing-point and hold the bulk of troops in reserve for counter attack, rather than to keep the enemy from crossing at all, which can't be hoped for.

But with the advance of the Third Army to the Rhine, the Allied forces are coming up to the Rhine along more than 100 miles of its course. The Germans cannot possibly defend so broad a front unless they are much stronger than there is any reason to suppose them to be. . . . With the present crossing, the Germans may attack our bridgehead—if they do, they will expose some other place where we may cross in greater strength. Remember, we can cross anywhere, if not effectively opposed.

If they do not, there can be no question that Hodges will put across everything he can and attack the Germans. Our

to report accurately; it was announced this morning that Neustadt, 15 miles southwest of Ludwigshafen has been cleared. This leaves Landau and Speyer, the only important retreat centers, still remaining to the Germans who may still have any idea or hope of escaping the fury and speed of our attack. Landau is only some 15 miles south of Neustadt, and while official reports make no reference to columns approaching it, there is mention of two armored columns each within six miles of Speyer on the main road east of Landau.

6:45 p.m.

JOHN DALY (*from CBS News Headquarters*):

The battle of the Saar and Palatinate is almost over. The American 3rd and 7th Armies crushed all major resistance west of the Rhine today, and only four thousand frantic Germans out of two armies fight on. Supreme Allied Headquarters announced officially a few minutes ago that more than 100,000 prisoners have been taken by the 3rd and 7th. General Eisenhower's order that all enemy troops west of the Rhine be destroyed is virtually fulfilled. . . . The Berlin Radio fumbled painfully to cover up the defeat in the Saar and Palatinate, one of the worst disasters in German army history. Patton's 3rd Army had taken control of over a hundred miles of the Rhine's west bank, from Ludwigshafen north, and is rapidly closing in on Speyer and Karlsruhe to the south, the last roads home for what is left of two enemy armies. Even Hitler's fanatical blood-and-thunder SS troops crumpled in Mainz, after two days of fighting. Our infantry and tanks have overrun more than 75 per cent of that city, taking intact, to their great delight, a big brewery operating at full steam.

Patch's 7th Army, criss-crossing the 3rd's path throughout the area, slowly chewed up crack German regulars holding a segment of the Siegfried Line in the south.

IX. *The Final Push*

ON MARCH 24, four Allied armies sweep across the Rhine: The American 9th, the British 2nd, the Canadian 1st and the 1st Allied Airborne.

In the south Patton's 3rd Army gets an early start as usual and is reported "running wild" from Mainz to Mannheim.

Patch's 7th and the French 1st Armies clean up enemy remnants on the west bank south of Karlsruhe.

Now the reports start coming in from 5 CBS correspondents who crossed with the northern armies.

March 24

8:31:50 a.m.

HOWARD K. SMITH (*from a 9th Army transmitter*):

Last night and this morning, two Allied armies on the western front launched what Field Marshal Montgomery calls "the final assault on Germany." The offensive was launched over the Rhine River north of the Ruhr valley. The two Allied armies taking part are the 2nd British, and this 9th American army.

The operation is the most complex and the most thor-

oroughly planned since D-Day. As on D-Day, land, airborne, and naval forces participate. . . .

Preparations for this offensive were made over a month ago. . . .

. . . The offensive was begun by the British at 10 o'clock last night, when a specially trained Commando crossed the Rhine. Their objective was prepared for them by a heavy Royal Air Force bombing raid on the target, which was an important Rhineland road junction. I watched that assault from an observation post on the Rhine, and it was the single most terrifying spectacle I have ever seen. The entire town was smothered in red and yellow flame, and smoke billowed thousands of yards up in the sky. The objective was taken with little resistance from what was left of the German garrison.

At 2 o'clock in the morning, 9th Army troops jumped off, following a one hour artillery barrage. They crossed the Rhine with the aid of U. S. naval forces. I cannot tell you how far inland we have penetrated, but . . . when I crossed the Rhine in an assault boat at daybreak, 4 hours later, the Rhine was quiet and no fire was falling.

9:04:17

ERIC SEVAREID (*from a 9th Army transmitter*):

. . . the battle for the River Rhine may be all over. Last night and this morning, the Allies won the first and decisive round . . .

As I am speaking, the men are pouring across the river in several places. The Germans cleared well back from the landing areas. At every crossing that I know of, last night, the enemy resistance was almost a joke—just a thin crust of men. They had elected to fight it out west of the Rhine and, therefore, they did not have time nor manpower to create serious defenses on the eastern bank.

. . . at 5 last night Montgomery and Simpson gave the

word to go ahead on schedule. The moon was bright, the sky cleared of clouds and this morning it was like a day in June.

There was more luck: the Rhine in this northern sector was the lowest it had been for twenty years at this time of season. . . . Our artillery simply drenched and saturated the German defenses. It began early last evening and when I left the front two hours ago it was still thundering without a break.

I spent the night with a group of British Commandos. They gathered toward evening in the flat, meadow lands just back from the river. Their commander walked back and forth along a cow path with his hands clasped behind his back. Everything was ready. Nothing more could be planned.

Then, at 5:30 began the bombing across the river, the place the Commandos were to take on foot, by night. The commander turned to a man and said: "Corporal Smith, I don't think you'll find any billets in town tonight." Fires were burning in the town as the sun began to go down and the artillery began its awe-inspiring barrage. It became quite dark. We walked to a village crossroads to watch the Commandos form up. They wore no helmets, just their berets, and a few had blackened their faces, as they walked with a quick, swinging stride.

The Commando Major beside me spoke quietly to two or three. He said to me: "I get a funny feeling in my throat at a moment like this." They drew up at the side of the road. The men had a last meal and sprawled for a last moment's rest. Then, they filed down the road quickly, singing quietly as they marched toward the river's edge beneath a shrieking canopy of tracers, which flowered over them from our rear.

Three horses, crazed by the noise, ran wildly between their ranks and the minutes went by and the men disappeared toward the banks, to climb in the assault craft. At 10:25 Pathfinder planes of the RAF dropped showering flares into the area the Commandos must take, then the RAF heavy

bombers, some 200 of them followed. The whole sector grew slowly pink and the blue-black sky was mottled with dirty white puffs of ack-ack. By now the men were across and racing for the objectives. They gave the Germans no chance to recover from the stunning bombardment.

From the patrol van down the road the first messages came back. The first unit across in 20 minutes, 40 prisoners taken at once. By 70 minutes, the last of the units were across, light opposition. A few losses as they embarked. One assault craft hit in midstream. A few wounded coming back to the village. The men were into the area and fighting a few remaining Germans among the smoking heaps of rubble.

All night the artillery went on. At dawn, more reports. A Colonel captured and 200 prisoners garnered. The morning wore on. At ten o'clock, that is four hours ago, the airborne assault began on the high wooded ground. There seemed no end to the lines of planes which streamed slowly in from the west. I saw one wing break off from a direct hit. It plunged to the ground. Another streamed fire from one engine and settled slowly behind the trees. Into the pall of smoke and haze on the opposite bank the parachutes were settling. Thousands of men.

As I went back to this transmitter, on every roadway in front of every house little knots of men were staring into the sky, none speaking, enthralled with one of the greatest spectacles of this or any war. They know now that all goes very well . . . very well, indeed.

10:25:30

RICHARD C. HOTTELET (*with the 1st Allied Airborne*):

I went with the first wave of C-47s. I was flying in a Fortress, a command ship of the U. S. troop-carrier forces. We had some army combat cameramen aboard to take pictures of the operation, and I had some sound-recording equipment to give a play-by-play description.

We flew in at about 700 feet. We felt awfully conspicuous up there, the only silver B-17 flying fortress flying along outside the formation of modest-colored transports. We were banking again to see the gliders come in. They were across the river on the East side, heading for the glowing blobs of colored parachutes that marked the drop zone, and for the smoke markers that the first path-finders had laid.

Col. Joel O'Neil, of San Antonio, Texas, who was in the ship with us, said it had been the best-concentrated jumping he had ever seen.

All of a sudden we had it. It was five minutes after 10. We had got in ten minutes early, at 9:50, and had been cruising around for 15 minutes.

All of a sudden there was a hammering, a sharp knocking on the side of the ship. We had gotten one hit the first time we'd flown around. This time we were zeroed in.

In a second there was fire on our left wing. Smoke filled the ship, pouring in the left waist window, and coming down from the pilot's compartment.

And in the meanwhile, there were the gliders and the troopers, coming in and coming in, and the rainbow parachutes, beginning to look like confetti on the ground. We went into a sharp bank.

We were several miles east of the Rhine. We stopped looking at gliders, we stopped looking at paratroop ships. We looked only at that left wing. The pilot put her over in a steep bank and gunned the motors to get up another couple of hundred feet. . . .

I jerked off my flak suit and flak helmet, slipped my breast parachute on, and kept looking at Col. O'Neil to watch when he jumped. The pilot kept the ship under control.

The white metal inside of the fort began to reflect the red light of the fire in the wing. I went into the radio compartment and saw it was the left inboard engine. It was only a

question of minutes before the left outboard caught fire.

But we were still east of the Rhine. The country below was gray and forbidding. Apart from the parachutes we could see no sign of life below, we couldn't see any more flak.

The Fort went into a momentary dip. I headed for the open right waist window, and the ship recovered at about 600 feet and slowly the Rhine slid by below us.

On to our left and above us now, as we staggered along, came more hundreds of green transports, C-47s and the new C-46s, and more green gliders in single and in double tow. By this time the second engine caught fire, and the pilot had to fight to keep control.

Col. O'Neil opened the rear door, and squatted there, waiting for the signal to jump.

It's the first time I've ever jumped. I was so anxious to leave that burning plane I didn't have the slightest hesitation about jumping. I leaned into the slipstream, and it was thick and comforting like a soft feather pillow.

Before I knew it I was clear. I yanked the ripcord, and was surprised to have the chute nearly jerk my innards out when it opened. I don't know why I was surprised. That's what I pulled the cord for. And looking up, I saw the most beautiful thing I've ever seen: the shiny, white silk of the parachute against the soft blue sky.

Ahead of me, Col. O'Neil came down well.

I slid down with only a black eye to a pretty easy landing in British territory, and had a British artillery outfit begin immediately to pour me full of tea and scotch.

As I stood in that little farmyard, I saw six C-47s come in with one wing burning, the way we had. I was on the ground by 10:20. It hadn't taken long. Overhead, more transports and gliders went in, and when, hours later, I flew down to this transmitter to broadcast, they were still going in. And fewer and fewer were coming down in flames.



Edward R. Murrow, CBS Foreign News Chief (left), riding pig-a-back on an observation flight.

2:49:12

BILL DOWNS (*with the British 2nd*):

The first wave or so of the paratroopers who stepped out east of the Rhine this morning had a tough time. I was riding in a piggy-back Thunderbolt with Captain Tommy De Graffenreid of Memphis, Tennessee. We went in as cover for the first wave of carrier-type planes that arrived, and honest to God, those paratroopers stepped out on a carpet of flak that you could walk on.

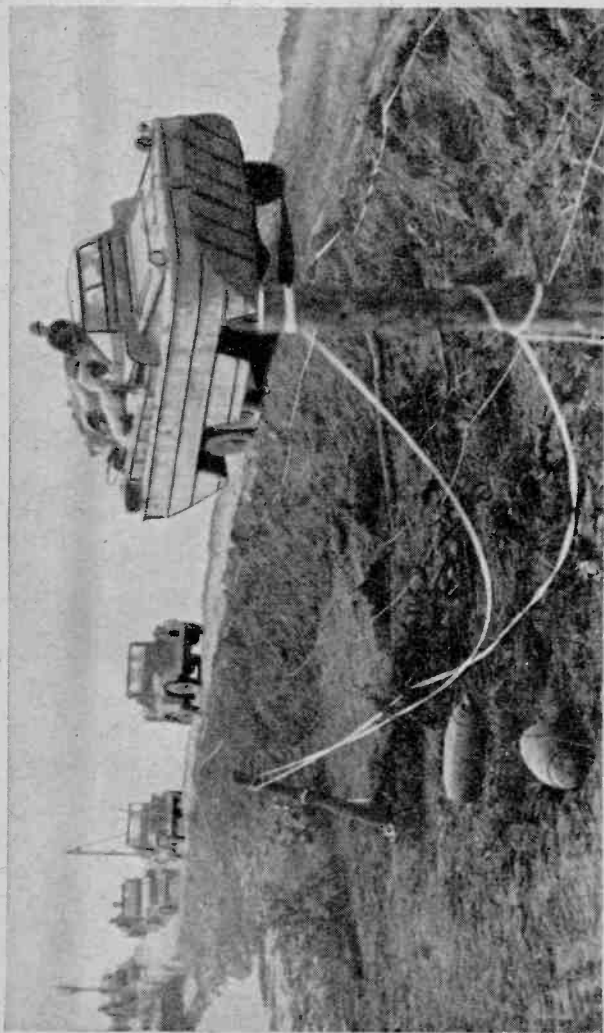
But the hundreds and hundreds of planes came on and not a single one deviated from its course. There were tragic accidents. I saw two parachutists who somehow had gotten tangled in each other's parachutes, and Tommy muttered to himself over the intercom, "Come on, come on, break it up. Break away, for God's sake!"

But these two men didn't have a chance to break away and their bodies seemed to hit the earth with the gentleness of raindrops. But from a thousand feet you could tell they were dead.

But always during that first half hour of the airborne operation there was flak, the heavy flak that left black ugly scars of smoke in the air. And the more deadly light flak that left only whitish puffs of smoke, the same color you'll find in any smoking room in America.

And out of the middle of this world of planes and parachutes and gliders, there stormed a big silver Fortress, and it was smoking and we knew that it had had it.

But the flak wasn't so heavy when the gliders began coming in. There was a lull in the flak for about 15 minutes. It was as if the Germans had said, "Hell, there's simply too many planes here." And as far as the eye could see there was smoke. Smoke laid down by our artillery, smoke from burning German houses, and smoke from the enemy ack-ack. And through this haze you could always see the ominous



U. S. Ninth Army personnel and supplies streaming over a pontoon bridge across the Rhine.

black columns that came from the tow-planes and the transport planes that were shot down.

The men of the Troop Carrier Command today deserve a place with the marines of Iwo Jima and the soldiers of Corregidor.

But the gliders got in okay. A few were damaged in landing and a few were shot down, but I would say that most of the gliders did all right. And all the while there were the fighters and the rocket planes and the fighter-bombers. Guys like Tommy De Graffenreid who were blasting out flak positions as they found them and acting as an aerial spearhead to the expanding bridgehead.

And the Luftwaffe was only heard from theoretically when two Messerschmitt jet planes were reported over Duisburg. We spent an hour over that battlefield today, sometimes even flying beneath the carrier planes.

The operation was not without cost. But it has been an Allied victory, a victory for the British and the Americans and the Canadians, a victory for the Allied Air Forces and the Allied ground forces and for the Allied navies, because even the Navy was there. We saw them doing the same job for the army they did on D-Day.

This has been R-Day, the crossing of the Rhine by assault. Hitler has been unable to stop us.

4:15:40 p.m.

EDWARD R. MURROW (*with the 9th Troop Carrier Command*):

Last night a young man with one leg stood up in front of 38 Group and briefed us in the job. He had lost his leg flying a glider. The British group was to haul a host of gliders. They had done it before. Last night the boys sat around writing letters. There was a movie on the station,—something about "At Dawn We Die," or maybe it was James Cagney who was dying . . . I don't remember. A lot of "brass"

turned up for dinner. . . . Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, the Deputy Supreme Commander; Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Air Minister; General Clark, number two in our 9th Troop Carrier Command. He said: "This looks good!" The British were more formal. Everyone went to bed early. We were due to take off at seven; final briefing at five-thirty. When the motors were warmed up the prop wash brushed the dew off the grass.

Our pilot said: "Here we go, glider," and the glider pilot replied: "Right!"

We were airborne. Here's a recording I made in the air:

MURROW (*Recording*):

We're crossing the French Coast at 3000 feet; sunshine, good visibility and steady air. We're in a Halifax bomber, G for Grit, and behind us at the end of about 120 feet of good manila rope there's a Horsa glider. And in that glider we have a jeep, a motor cycle, a Brigadier General, and a flying padre.

When we started off this morning it seemed that we were almost alone and then gradually we began to collect more and more aircraft, more and more gliders, until finally now as we're crossing the French Coast we seem to be surrounded by aircraft, each one either a Halifax or a Sterling, pulling behind it a Horsa glider. It's what's called a low tow, which means that the glider is flying a little bit below the level of the tug plane.

It seems that the glider's nose is tilted down as though just a little bit reluctant, but still it's following along. All the way across the channel we can see air-sea rescue launches down below ready to pick up anyone who might have to ditch. But so far as I can see this entire formation came over intact.

In just about 15 or 20 minutes now we ought to be picking up another stream of aircraft which will be American C-47s

towing two Waco gliders each. And then this whole stream of aircraft will go hurtling to the Rhine and beyond.

MURROW (*resuming in his live voice*):

After we crossed the French Coast we turned. . . .

The recording resumes:

The Rhine is dead ahead. The formations ahead are getting some flak now but they're holding in. The other gliders are now breaking off. . . .

We're immediately over the Rhine. Yes, I can see off to the right boats crossing back and forth across the Rhine, cutting a nice white wave. . . . The sun is glinting on the water. For the last 15 minutes we have seen these C-47s coming back from the drop zone.

These smoke screens are obscuring the drop zone just a little but I think we shall be able to see our glider when he finally cuts loose. We can hear them back in the glider talking, taking notes of the ground features, judging their slip.

The pilot says we're approaching release point. There's a whole flock of our fighters around this area; a little flak bursting off the port wing now. A little more flak to starboard. There—the glider's gone! I can see him going down very nicely now. Now he's off in the smoke—no, there he is. I can't quite see him. . . .

There are more gliders going in to relieve. I didn't actually see our glider touch ground but he was traveling nice and steady the last I saw him.

We're getting a little flak again now but not very much. As a matter of fact, the display of aircraft in the air here today is much more impressive than it was on the Arnhem-Nijmegen operation.

There are a great many smoke puffs on the German side of the Rhine. Visibility is almost completely obliterated. . . . I can just see those little boats going back and forth across the Rhine. We're clear of the Rhine now. There's one Horsa down on this side of the river. There's an aircraft burning on

the ground.

We've been flying alongside a Sterling; now that appears to be in trouble. It's a little difficult to talk because the intercom is howling in my ear all the time.

There's another plane and four chutes go out. The flak back across the river seems to be tightening up a little now, getting blacker.

MURROW (*"live again"*):

The flak was not heavy. We saw three C-47s down on our side of the Rhine. The port motor of a Halifax began to smoke and she went down in flames. A big Hamilcar glider came apart in the air and there was no time to describe the falling pieces, or the men without parachutes. The smoke of battle hung over the whole scene. We went in and out in a hurry. Our losses were not heavy.

When I left the field a few hours ago, two ships out of thirty had failed to return. There is no question that the gliders were released at the right place. What happened to them after that as they went down through the smoke I do not know. Just before we released our glider our Major back behind us was riding the co-pilot in the glider, saying "This is the second time I've crossed this unmentionable river. It ought to be worth an extra shilling a day." He had been at Arnhem.

And just before the glider cut off, he thanked our pilot for a nice trip. The pilot didn't answer, for the Halifax picked up speed as the tow rope was cast off. We banked hard to port and came home.

We came back over Dover where nearly five years ago we sat and watched for the German airborne invasion of Britain. The cliffs were still white and washed by a sea that might have been the Mediterranean. It was blue and looked cool, and our minds were with a lot of brave men who were beyond the Rhine.

X. God Moves in a Mysterious Way

At 5:45 EWT Thursday, April 12, 1945, in Studio 28 of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York, the serial drama *Wilderness Road*, based on the life of Daniel Boone, went on the air.

In the CBS News Room, a few seconds before 5:47 p.m., a warning bell rang insistently on the INS news teletype which brings that wire service to the network. Lee Otis, assistant news editor, ran to the teletype to read the shortest flash in the history of news gathering. Tearing the strip of yellow paper dated 5:47 from its reel he shoved it at John Daly, who was standing at another teletype gathering material for his regularly scheduled broadcast due on the air at 6:15. "F.R.D. DEAD." Glancing at the message, Daly ran into the main news studio and signalled Harry Higgs, the technician in charge, to cut in on *Wilderness Road* and give him a microphone "alive" to the whole Columbia Network across America. Within a minute the complex switches had been made; a nod from the control room put Daly on the air.

April 12

5:49:00 p.m.

DALY:

We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin from CBS World News. A press association has just announced that President Roosevelt is dead. All that has been received is that bare announcement. There are no further details as yet, but CBS World News will return to the air in just a few moments with more information as it is received in our New York headquarters. We return you now to our regularly scheduled program. . . .

That was the first word the American people had of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death. At 5:51 the AP, at 5:58 the UP had each confirmed the flash. But within seconds of the Columbia announcement at 5:49, the other networks were on the air.

FLASH

WASHN--FDR DEAD.

INS WASHN 4/12/547PPH36

Radio instantly undertook the greatest and saddest news story of a single man that radio had ever been called upon to tell.

Highlights of the succeeding broadcasts (as they are taken from the records of the Columbia Broadcasting System) follow:

5:51:30

DALY (*He has once more broken into the network. He has no script, no notes—only news bulletins handed to him*):

. . . died of a cerebral hemorrhage . . . all we know so far is that the President died at Warm Springs in Georgia . . . It has been known that he has been out of the Capitol for the last few days because his Tuesday press conference this week was cancelled. . . . This shocking news will deeply affect the course of our national politics and the war . . . the announcement came from Stephen Early, the Presidential Secretary . . . less than five minutes ago (*he glances at the clock and reads 5:52*) just five minutes ago. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt called Vice President Truman to the White House and informed him herself of the death of her husband. . . . Another bulletin: President Roosevelt's four sons were notified immediately by their mother. The message to them said, "The President slept away this afternoon. He did his job to the end as he would want you to do. All our love, Mother."

. . . An immediate Cabinet meeting has been summoned. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt leaves Washington by train this afternoon with Admiral McIntyre. They are going to Warm Springs . . . Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon in the East Room of the White House . . . interment will be at Hyde Park. . . .

He had gone again to Warm Springs to try to get new strength to face the San Francisco Conference, to shape there with his own hands, as much as he could, the course of the peace to come, to lead there men of all nations and all faiths, to sit down together around the council table and to give the gift that he had always wanted—the gift of a peace that would last beyond our time, perhaps beyond our children's time, and to the time of our grandchildren. . . .

He was born to the purple, as one can be said to be born

to the purple in this land of ours. He was always a landed aristocrat, if you wanted to use the term in that way, but probably no man in contemporary history had as deep an understanding and conviction that the average little man, as we use the term, had definite rights to a decent life. . . . He was the man who brought forth into the light the Four Freedoms, the man who thought people should have the right to think what they want, to say what they want, to worship as they please, and above all to have food and shelter in proper proportion to the wealth of the country of which they were citizens. . . .

Within a few minutes the word was over half the world. At 6:05, the DNB, official German news agency, broadcast it over an Amsterdam dateline, without comment. At 6:14:15 the American Broadcasting System in Europe (ABSIE, again) broadcast the news in English over the Continent.

6:07:00

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION
(*speaking in English from Britain*) said:

It is with deep regret that we report the death of President Roosevelt. He died suddenly this afternoon from cerebral hemorrhage.

6:46:12

HENRY (*from Washington*):

. . . at 4:35 Commander Paullin told Admiral McIntyre that the President had died.

Presidential Secretary Steve Early immediately called Mrs. Roosevelt, who was at the Sulgrave Club, and told her to come as quickly and as quietly as possible to the White House. When she arrived in a few minutes, he broke the news to her and Mrs. Roosevelt's words were, "I am more



One of the last photographs taken of Franklin D. Roosevelt as he appeared at the White House Correspondents' Association dinner in Washington, March 22, 1945.

sorry for the people of the world and of the United States than for us." . . . Mr. Truman hurried to the White House . . . Mrs. Roosevelt . . . said simply, "The President passed away." He said, "What can I do?" And Mrs. Roosevelt said, "What can I do for you?"

The members of the President's cabinet were immediately called. . . .

6:52:00

COLLINGWOOD (*from Paris*):

. . . the news has swept through Paris like wildfire. Everyone has telephoned everyone else. Everyone I've talked to has repeated the same phrase, "It is a great loss for France." To the French, Franklin Roosevelt was their hope. . . . General De Gaulle is now writing the official French condolence, but it cannot say more than what a little old French lady said to me a few minutes ago. "I shall go into mourning," she said, "I felt that he was my friend."

10:08

SLOCUM (*from Paris*):

Paris, which has been bubbling along in a rather forced and artificial gaiety these recent months, just quit cold and called it a night within 30 minutes of the arrival here of the news. . . . In the streets, GI's wandered around. They were scornful of the news at first, scornful in those short pithy American words American soldiers use so well and so often. Then it dawned on them that nobody was kidding them. Then they just swore grimly and walked on silently. I broke the news to one young Corporal. He swore a little and then said: "That's tough; he just missed the pay-off over here. By the way, Mister, do you know where the American Red Cross

Club is? I gotta get some sleep. I'm taking off for the front tomorrow morning. I got a lot more fighting to do."

The sun is up around the world at Guam. Here comes a CBS man by short wave.

10:09

TIM LEIMERT:

The Navy and the Army here on Guam have not yet received official word on the death of President Roosevelt and the flags are still flying at the top of the mast. However, all now know of the tragedy.

. . . Out here in the Pacific it seems doubtful that the course of the war will be affected materially. However, the President's death undoubtedly will be a tremendous morale boost to the Japanese. The Japs have always regarded President Roosevelt as their No. 1 enemy. All their propaganda has been directed at him. He was the one whom they were fighting. He was to them the symbol of America . . . it appears that his death may be a boost to the entire Japanese war machine . . . thousands of Japanese must regard this as the end of their most hated enemy.

. . . even though the Commander-in-Chief is gone the throbbing tempo of the war in the Pacific goes on unabated.

April 13

Last night CBS asked Robert Emmet Sherwood, playwright and close friend of the President, whether he wished to write a short personal eulogy which the Network might convey to the nation this morning. Mr. Sherwood, who had recently returned from a personal mission on the President's behalf which took him over some 35,000 miles of the Pacific theatre of war, agreed, and early today his manuscript came in. Thomas Chalmers reads it to the nation.

11:40:28 a.m.

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD:

Thanks to the modern miracle of communications—to the radio and the expanded world press—the principles and the purposes of President Roosevelt were known to the majority of the human race. I do not believe that any man who has ever died has been mourned by so many—or with so great a feeling of personal loss.

To those of us who knew and loved President Roosevelt—as a good, warm-hearted friend—the greatest memory we hold today is the memory of his indomitable good humor—his indomitable courage—his love for our country, his faith in our country.

In the depths of the depression—in the blackest hours of war—there was nothing strong enough to shake that faith.

I shall always remember that I had the privilege of seeing the true quality and character of Mr. Roosevelt in the hours and days that followed the sudden attack on Pearl Harbor.

That was a body blow against this nation. For a lesser nation, it might well have been a knockout punch.

It was a particularly terrible, bitter blow for our gallant Navy. Mr. Roosevelt knew those ships that were hit and incapacitated at Pearl Harbor. He knew them and loved them. He had the Navy feeling about those ships—he did not think of them merely as things built of steel—he always thought of ships as flesh and blood. And that, of course, is what they are.

Mr. Roosevelt had helped to design and build these ships of our Navy—first as Assistant Secretary in the First World War, and then as our President.

And yet—when the attack came—he revealed the iron that was in him—the iron that is in the heart and soul of our country—the iron that has made the United States of America great.



Harry S. Truman is sworn in as President of the United States by Chief Justice Harlan Stone.

In those hours and days that followed Pearl Harbor the city of Washington was afflicted with jitters. Some people who knew the extent of the damage that the Japs had inflicted, were talking darkly of "disaster." They were talking of the imminence of grave danger to our country—even of the possibility of Japanese invasion of our West Coast, or of Nazi raids on our East Coast.

I didn't know enough about military matters to know how real or how valid these fears might be.

But—when I went into the White House in those hours and days—when I went into the presence of the President himself—I heard no talk of "disaster," no jitters. I knew that I was back in America. The President loved those ships that were hit at Pearl Harbor. When they were hit, it was as if the Japs had hit his own family. But he knew—he knew with all the confidence of a loyal American—he knew that no Japs and no Nazis—nor all the Japs and all the Nazis put together—could ever deliver a knock-out blow against this country. He knew—better, perhaps, than any man who ever lived—he knew what Americans are and what Americans can do.

And in those hours and days, after Pearl Harbor, the President would sit back and lean back in his chair, in his oval study up there on the second floor of the White House, and he stated very clearly and very simply what he thought our military strategy in this war ought to be. He completely rejected a defensive policy. He rejected the policy of withdrawing our Navy into our home waters, and of deploying our growing, magnificent Army in fox-holes and trenches along our coasts.

What he said, immediately after Pearl Harbor, was this: "We must go out there, where our enemies are, and fight them on their own home grounds. We must go out, and find them, and hit them—and hit them again."

And that has been the summary of our whole policy in

fighting this war. It was the policy of President Roosevelt and of the great American commanders whom he has appointed—Henry Stimson and Frank Knox and James Forrestal—Admiral Leahy, General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold—General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, General Eisenhower, General Stilwell.

The President knew the greatness of these officers. He knew the greatness of the men—the GI's and the Blue-jackets and the Marines—whom these officers were privileged to command.

He knew people. And, precisely because he knew them, he loved them, and had faith in them.

I hesitate to speak now of my personal feelings at his death. I had the honor to be numbered among his friends—but that was a very large company—a company large enough to include the entire human race. He was a good man. He was a decent man. He was a friendly, patient, supremely tolerant man. I never saw him lose his temper with anyone who was working for him and working for our country. I have seen him goaded and insulted and driven beyond what seemed to me the limits of human endurance, but I have never seen him to be anything less than great under pressure. I have never in my life known anyone to be so consistently kindly, so downright sympathetic and understanding. I confess that I feel very sad at the thought that he will not live to realize his dearest dream: to see the fruition of his tremendous plans—his plans for a practicable, workable, realistic organization for world peace—and his own simple, personal dreams for the years that he would spend after his retirement from the Presidency. I think that volumes will be written about Mr. Roosevelt's dreams of what he would do in his final years, after his retirement from public life. One dream that was particularly dear to his heart was that he wanted to run a country newspaper.

Mr. Roosevelt was a serene person. He took things in his stride. He took economic crisis in his stride; he took Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini in his stride; he took Pearl Harbor in his stride; he took his whole, unprecedented job in his stride.

I don't know about the final minutes of his life. But I'm certain of one thing: he took Death in his stride too.

He went on to his next assignment, whatever it may be, with the great faith that had carried him forward through his living career. He knew people. And precisely because he knew them, he loved them, and had faith in them.

He knew and loved the United States of America. And he had undying faith in the United States of America.

He was one with every man who has fought for our country—and now he is one with every man who has given his life for our country and for our great cause. There was never a moment, in all the time that I knew him, when he wasn't spiritually in the front line with the men who were fighting for freedom. And now he is with them in fact, and I know that he is among friends, among his own kind, his own people.

I believe that we can do no better in honoring the memory of Mr. Roosevelt than by pledging renewed and increased devotion to the country and the cause which he served so valiantly and for which he gave his life.

By his life and by his death he sought to prove that this country, and this cause, are eternal—that the heart and soul of this country go marching on. We shall prove that he was right. We shall stand with President Truman, as we have always stood with our President.

We do not surrender to Death, as we would not surrender to the Nazis or the Japanese.

We continue to stand up and fight for our country and our cause.

We continue to fight for:

“Freedom of speech.

Freedom of religion.

Freedom from want.

Freedom from fear.”

April 15

1:45:48 p.m. EWT

WARREN SWEENEY (*in New York*):

. . . Franklin D. Roosevelt was buried this morning at Hyde Park, New York. His body was lowered into a flower-banked grave in the flower garden of his family estate. Looking on, were members of his family, high officials of the government, small groups of employees on the estate and neighbors from the countryside. President Truman watched with face frozen in grief. Cadets from West Point fired a volley of three farewell salutes and a bugler sounded taps. The Rev. George W. Anthony, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, read the simple ten minute service: “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me,” he read, “and him that cometh I will in no wise cast aside.” Thus ended the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

XI. Buchenwald

AS THE SOLEMN COMPANY disperses at Hyde Park, as the new President makes his way to Washington on his special train, we are brought sharply back to the task ahead by a familiar voice from Germany—

April 15

1:58:32 p.m.

MURROW:

During the last week, I have driven more than a few hundred miles through Germany . . . most of it in the 3rd Army sector, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Weimar, Jena and beyond. . . . The tanks on the concrete road sound like a huge sausage machine, grinding up sheets of corrugated iron. . . . The power moves forward, while the people, the slaves, walk back, pulling their small belongings on anything that has wheels.

The Germans are well clothed, appear well-fed and healthy, in better condition than any other people I've seen in Europe.

In the large cities there are many young men of military age in civilian clothes, and in the fields there are a few

horses; most of the ploughs are pulled by cows, for the ghosts of horses dead in Russia and in Normandy will not draw ploughs. Old men and women work in the fields. There are cities in Germany that make Coventry and Plymouth appear to be merely damage done by a petulant child. But bombed houses have a way of looking alike, wherever you see them.

But this is no time to talk of the surface of Germany. Permit me to tell you what you would have seen and heard, had you been with me on Thursday. It will not be pleasant listening. If you are at lunch, or if you have no appetite to hear what Germans have done, now is a good time to switch off the radio.

For I propose to tell you of Buchenwald. It's on a small hill, about four miles outside Weimar.

This was one of the largest concentration camps in Germany . . . and it was built to last. As we approached it, we saw about a hundred men in civilian clothes, with rifles, advancing in open order across the fields.

There were a few shots. We stopped to inquire. We were told that some of the prisoners had a couple of S.S. men cornered in there. We drove on, reached the main gate. The prisoners crowded up behind the wire. We entered. And now let me tell this in the first person, for I was the least important person there, as you can hear. There surged around me an evil-smelling crowd; men and boys reached out to touch me. They were in rags and the remnants of uniforms. Death had already marked many of them, but they were smiling with their eyes. I looked out over that mass of men to the green fields beyond, where well-fed Germans were ploughing.

A German, Fritz Kirchheimer, came up and said: "May I show you around the camp? I've been here ten years." An Englishman stood to attention, saying: "May I introduce myself? Delighted to see you. And can you tell me when some of our blokes will be along?" I told him "soon," and asked to

see one of the barracks. It happened to be occupied by Czechoslovakians. When I entered, men crowded around, tried to lift me to their shoulders. They were too weak. Many of them could not get out of bed. I was told that this building had once stabled eighty horses. There were twelve hundred men in it, five to a bunk. The stink was beyond all description. When I reached the center of the barracks, a man came up and said: "You remember me. I'm Peter Zenkl, one-time Mayor of Prague." I remembered him, but did not recognize him. He asked about Benes and Jan Masaryk.

I asked how many men had died in that building during the last month. They called the doctor. We inspected his records. There were only names in the little black book . . . nothing more . . . nothing to show who had been where, what he had done or hoped. Behind the names of those who had died, there was a cross. I counted them. They totaled 242—242 out of 1200, in one month.

As I walked down to the end of the barracks, there was applause from the men too weak to get out of bed. It sounded like the hand-clapping of babies. They were so weak. The Doctor's name was Paul Heller. He had been there since '38. As we walked out into the courtyard, a man fell dead. Two others, they must have been over sixty, were crawling towards the latrine. I saw it, but will not describe it. In another part of the camp they showed me the children, hundreds of them. Some were only six. One rolled up his sleeves, showed me his number. It was tattooed on his arm . . . B-6030, it was. The others showed me their numbers. They will carry them till they die. An elderly man standing beside me said: "The children . . . enemies of the State!" I could see their ribs through their thin shirts. The old man said "I am Professor Charles Richer, of the Sorbonne." The children clung to my hands and stared. We crossed to the courtyard. Men kept coming up to speak to me and to touch me . . . professors from Poland, doctors from Vienna, men from all Europe, men from the countries that made America.

We went to the hospital. It was full. The doctor told me that 200 had died the day before. I asked the cause of death. He shrugged and said: Tuberculosis, starvation, fatigue, and there are many who have no desire to live. It is very difficult." Dr. Heller pulled back the blanket from a man's feet to show me how swollen they were. The man was dead.

Most of the patients could not move.

As we left the hospital, I drew out a leather billfold, hoping that I had some money that would help those who lived to get home. Professor Richer from the Sorbonne said: "I should be careful of my wallet, if I were you. You know there are criminals in this camp too." A small man tottered up, saying: "May I feel the leather, please. You see, I used to make good things of leather in Vienna." Another man said: "My name is Walther Roede (?). For many years I lived in Joliet, came back to Germany for a visit and Hitler grabbed me."

I asked to see the kitchen. It was clean. The German in charge had been a Communist, had been at Buchenwald for nine years, had a picture of his daughter in Hamburg, hadn't seen her for almost twelve years . . . and if I got to Hamburg, would I look her up?

He showed me the daily ration: one piece of brown bread about as thick as your thumb, on top of it a piece of margarine as big as three sticks of chewing gum. That, and a little stew, was what they received every 24 hours.

He had a chart on the wall . . . very complicated it was. There were little red tabs scattered thru it. He said that was to indicate each ten men who died. He had to account for the rations, and he added: "We're very efficient here."

We went again into the courtyard, and as we walked, we talked. The two doctors, the Frenchman and the Czech, agreed that about six thousand had died during March. Kirchenheimer, the German, added that back in the winter of '39, when the Poles began to arrive, without winter clothing, they died at the rate of approximately 900 a day. Five



Bodies piled on a truck ready for the crematorium of the concentration camp at Buchenwald.

different men asserted that Buchenwald was the best concentration camp in Germany. They had had some experience in the others.

Dr. Heller, the Czech, asked if I would care to see the crematorium. He said it wouldn't be very interesting, because the Germans had run out of coke some days ago and had taken to dumping the bodies into a great hole nearby.

Professor Richer said perhaps I would care to see the small courtyard. I said yes. He turned and told the children to stay behind. As we walked across the square, I noticed that the Professor had a hole in his left shoe and a toe sticking out of the right one. He followed my eyes and said: "I regret that I am so little presentable, but what can one do?"

At that point, another Frenchman came to announce that three of his fellow-countrymen outside had killed three S.S. men and taken one prisoner.

We proceeded to the small courtyard. The wall was about eight feet high. It adjoined what had been a stable or garage. We entered. It was floored with concrete. There were two rows of bodies stacked up like cordwood. They were thin and very white. Some of the bodies were terribly bruised, though there seemed to be little flesh to bruise. Some had been shot through the head, but they bled but little. Only two were naked. I tried to count them as best I could, and arrived at the conclusion that all that was mortal of more than five hundred men and boys lay there in two neat piles. There was a German trailer, which must have contained another fifty, but it wasn't possible to count them. The clothing was piled in a heap against the wall. It appeared that most of the men and boys had died of starvation; they had not been executed.

But the manner of death seemed unimportant. Murder had been done at Buchenwald. God knows how many men and boys have died there during the last 12 years. Thursday, I was told that there were more than 20,000 in the camp.

There had been as many as 60,000. Where are they now?

As I left that camp, a Frenchman who used to work for Havas in Paris came up to me and said: "You will write something about this perhaps." And he added: "To write about this, you must have been here at least two years, and after that . . . you don't want to write any more."

I pray you to believe what I have said about Buchenwald. I reported what I saw and heard, but only part of it. For most of it, I have no words.

Dead men are plentiful in war, but the living dead—more than twenty thousand of them in one camp . . . and the country round about was pleasing to the eye, and the Germans were well-fed and well-dressed; American trucks were rolling towards the rear filled with prisoners. Soon they would be eating American rations, as much for a meal as the men at Buchenwald received in four days.

If I have offended you by this rather mild account of Buchenwald, I'm not in the least sorry. I was there on Thursday . . . and many men and many tongues blessed the name of Roosevelt. For long years, his name had meant the full measure of their hope. These men who had kept close company with death for many years did not know that Mr. Roosevelt would, within hours, join their comrades who had laid their lives on the scales of freedom.

Back in '41, Mr. Churchill said to me, with tears in his eyes: "One day the world and history will recognize and acknowledge what it owes to your President." I saw and heard the first installment of that at Buchenwald on Thursday. It came from men all over Europe.

Their faces, with more flesh on them, might have been found anywhere at home. To them the name Roosevelt was a symbol, a code-word for a lot of guys named Joe, who were somewhere out in the blue with the armor, heading east. At Buchenwald they spoke of the President just before he died. If there be a better epitaph, history does not record it.

XII. Leipzig and Tovarich

EIGHT DAYS AFTER THE DEATH of the key man of the Allied Nations, the Russians announced officially the start of their climax drive. At 3:51 p.m. EWT, on April 20, an AP bulletin had quoted a German radio report that the Russians had broken into Berlin.

April 21

6:49 p.m.

BILL SLOCUM JR. (*from SHEAF*):

. . . It was officially announced here that a reconnaissance plane of the 83rd Division, a 9th United States Army outfit, had sighted what is believed to be Russian armor east of the Elbe River . . . in that case some elements of the Russian Army at least have by-passed Berlin and by-passed it well.

The great masses of Allied men and steel currently striving to crush German resistance seems at the moment to be divided into three rather distinct divisions. One group is moving on the great German ports, Hamburg, Bremen, Emden. The central group seems to have its power headed straight for Berlin and the third group, the southernmost, seems to be headed in a southeastern direction—toward that

general area where Hitler and his more fanatical followers are thought to be preparing to make their last stand.

There's no understanding here that 9th Army troops have been alerted for a meeting with the Russian soldiers. On the other hand, it is certainly a logical enough story. In fact, the way those Russians move, it will be logical if the Paris gendarmes were alerted for their arrival. The German radio said many, many hours ago that patrols had met. As for stories that the Russians are already fighting three miles inside Berlin—nobody here knows anything about that either, but everybody devoutly hopes it's true.

DALY: (*in New York*):

. . . At least 820 American planes attacked in and around the south German "national redoubt" in the Bavarian mountains, dropping bombs in the area of Munich, the Nazi birth-place, and near Berchtesgaden, where Nazism may make its last stand along with its leader.

On the Italian front, the United States 5th and British 8th Armies quickly topped the great fortress city of Bologna and swept on ten miles northwest in pursuit of German troops fleeing for their lives across the Po Plain.

8:55

CALMER (*in New York*):

It looks as if the last hours of Nazi Berlin have come and that the Russians are going to have the honor of taking over the city. The Berlin Radio . . . declares that Soviet tanks are three or four miles inside the city, that 3,000,000 Germans have been called on by Goebbels to fight to the end and that Russian guns are dropping shells on the Potsdamer Platz in the heart of the capital. Moscow, whose reports are running about 24 hours behind the German, has not yet confirmed the entry into Berlin itself but it describes a battle on the edge of the city . . . the junction between Russian and

American forces is at hand. One report that they've already joined up has not been confirmed but at an earlier report they were some 32 miles apart, south of Berlin, in the area beyond Leipzig. . . .

A correspondent with the Americans on the Elbe River, west of Berlin, says: "I can hear the distant rumbling of Russian guns."

Stuttgart . . . encircled. . . . Asch has been captured in Czechoslovakia. . . . Bremen is all but cut off. . . . Hamburg suburbs have been entered . . . the junction of American and Soviet troops will not mark the final victory by any means. There's a lot of hard fighting to be done. . . .

April 22

9:02:27 a.m.

SHADELL (*from General Bradley's headquarters*):

. . . the safest bet is . . . that the junction will take place between the next eight or ten hours. . . .

9:12

SHAW (*from Stockholm*):

. . . Stockholm editors picked up their phones to hear the Scandinavian Telegraph Bureau's correspondent Edward R. Sunderberg say: "I am telephoning from a pitch-dark cellar in the heart of Berlin. This may be my last dispatch. Please listen closely." With his words punctuated by the sound of shelling and bombing, the editors were told this: "Berlin presents the classic elements of hell. The trite phrase 'a sea of flames' is the only one that can describe vast areas of the shattered city." As Sunderberg spoke . . . there had been seven separate air raids by British Mosquitos and Russian Stormoviks . . . There is no gas, water, or electricity in Berlin. Thousands of refugees are streaming westward and

northwestward despite Goebbels' demand that everybody stand and fight . . . dying men and women at the sides of the roads . . . another rumor that Goebbels and his family fled to Mecklenburg. . . .

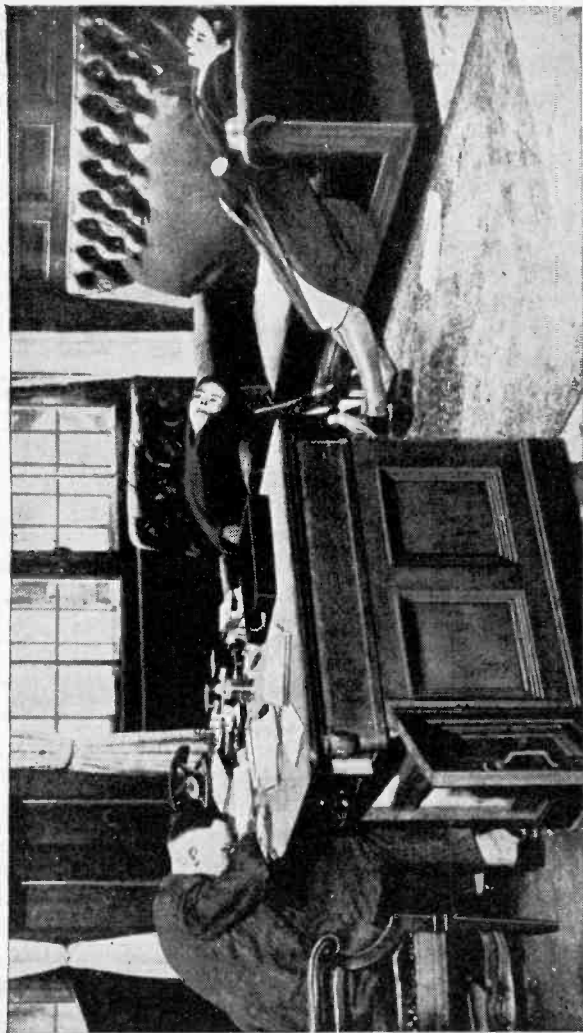
Now into this handsome Sunday afternoon comes the voice of the director of CBS European news, speaking from General Bradley's headquarters. He has just come back from a memorable sortie as an eye-witness of the taking of a city of some 700,000—

1:45:28

MURROW:

“Tell them resistance was slight”—that’s what a GI shouted to us as we entered Leipzig. There were two tankers dead at the corner. Somebody had covered them with a blanket. There was a sniper working somewhere in the next block. Four boys went out to deal with him; then there was silence. The Gestapo Headquarters had been evacuated in a great hurry, but they had taken all their files with them. Down in the air raid shelter, the floor was covered with money; Belgian, Polish, Hungarian, wherever the Germans had been. The money was ankle deep and it was dirty, and it had no meaning. The Germans were fighting for a bridge. They were doing what they had done for many days, firing off a few bazookas, killing a few boys, and then surrendering. There is not much German desperation about this German defense. They shoot until they are about to be killed and then they give up. I have seen them do it at Leipzig and in Nurnberg.

But let me tell you about the taking of Leipzig, the Town Hall. At 16:45 on Wednesday they lined up the tanks. The boys draped themselves around them. They were part of the 69th Division. It was about a thousand yards to the City Hall. There were 185 men on the outside of the tanks. They



American forces entering Leipzig found the burgomaster, his wife (center) and his daughter following a suicide pact.

started down the street. There were 13 tanks and five tank destroyers. They were in a column, moving down a single street. When they began to roll they were hit with bazookas and machine guns. When they turned a corner the wounded slipped off. The medium tanks were traveling almost 30 miles an hour and no man turned back. Lt. Ken Wilder started with a total of 39 men and when they reached the City Hall he had eight. They had a company of Infantry riding on the tank, 185 men—68 reached the City Hall. The tanks were marked with machine gun fire and they were splattered with blood. An hour after reaching the City Hall, those boys were driving German cars and motorcycles about the streets. We were sitting outside.

A sniper's bullet broke a pane of glass in a window and a doughboy said: "My, my, somebody done broke a window! Things are sure gettin' rough around here. Folks are *de-destroyin'* things." The Germans had given up, a few had shot themselves. One said he *couldn't* be taken prisoner by the Americans—the disgrace was too much. He *must* commit suicide. A young Lieutenant said: "Here's a gun!" And he slipped a clip out of a forty-five. The German took it and shot himself, just under the right ear. In the basement of the City Hall, German civilians were looting. The underground rooms were filled with rifles, grenades, bazookas, food, and wine. The day we took Leipzig there was a fairly stiff wind blowing and the air was filled with dust; heavy, red brick dust that filled the eyes and nostrils. The shelling had caused no fire. There was nothing left to burn. The city had been killed by bombing. It was merely a dusty, uneven desert.

Not far away, at Leuna, there was another kind of desert. Acres and acres of twisted, rusted pipe, huge tanks ripped open, steel girders pointing to the sky. Leuna was the greatest petroleum products plant in Germany. It produced more than a quarter-million gallons of gasoline every day. The 8th Air Force hit it with ten tons of bombs and the RAF put

down five thousand tons. There were more flak guns around Leuna than there were defending Berlin. Altogether, some 50,000 American boys flew over Leuna and the losses were not light—35 shot down in a single mission, but they did the job.

When we arrived a couple of officers had the plant managers in the board room. They were checking production figures. The officers had their charts made up from aerial photographs. They would ask the managers "What was your production on this date," and the Germans would look at their records and the answers were consistently within one or two percent of the estimates that had been made in London. The Germans had brought in a force of 4,000 men, just to carry out repairs, and they would get the plant producing forty or fifty percent of capacity and then would come another bombing and production would cease altogether. The German official said that it had all been very discouraging. Leuna is an ugly monument to airpower. It doesn't prove that bombers can win wars, but it does demonstrate that bombers can make it impossible for armies to move or for planes to fly.

On Wednesday, I went back to revisit another monument to German cruelty, the ghastly concentration camp at Buchenwald, just outside Weimar. Our military government had taken over. Some people had already been evacuated by air. The camp was still without water, but it was being brought in by 2½ ton trucks, driven by grave-faced Negro boys. A day or two before, a representative group of civilians from Weimar had been taken through the camp. Most of them said they didn't know anything about it but they knew enough not to want to visit it. During the last week the food has improved. The Army has installed a medical unit. Only about thirty people died last Wednesday night compared with the 200 who died the night before we got there. On Wednesday a lot of GIs were being taken through the camp.

Some officer had ordered it, and that officer knew what he was about. I stood at the gate and watched these soldiers come out of Buchenwald. Most of them had their mouths slightly open and looked straight ahead. Some were shaking their heads slowly from side to side, the way a man does after being hit with a hard right. They didn't say very much. There was no anger in their faces. They were bewildered and almost frightened. One PFC kept saying to himself: "This beats me! It sure does!" A Sergeant said he wished everyone at home could see the place. About that time a workman's carrier drew up at the gate. Two SS men in civilian clothes were flung out. They had been beaten, and badly, but were still able to walk. They were hustled into the solitary cells. The men who had spent years in Buchenwald looked on without any expression of any kind. One had the feeling that their emotions were dead. They were unable to hate the SS men who had beaten, bullied and starved them for years. Gradually Buchenwald is being evacuated, but it will take time. The American Major in charge is doing his best, but this whole matter of men and concentration camps and workers' camps will require much time and much patience.

After a couple of weeks traveling in Germany, one gets the feeling that for the Germans this is a kind of delayed-action war. Their cities have been ruined and in many cases the destruction is complete. They have lost many dead and wounded. Most of their men will be in Allied prison cages when the war is over and it will be some time before they are home again. But in addition to all this the Germans will have no transport left. They have wrecked their bridges. The war has swallowed up their horses and their hopes. Their factories are in ruins.

For the rest of Europe, the end of the war will mean some improvement in living conditions. For the Germans, things will get worse and worse. There won't be any bombers next winter, but there will be less food, fewer workers. The Ger-

mans will gradually realize that they have only started to pay the price. For Germany the end of the war will be the beginning of great suffering and shortages of all kinds. One gets the feeling that here is a nation committing suicide. A city is completely surrounded and is asked to surrender. The local authority refuses and our troops start in. There is resistance from a couple of houses. Tanks move up and cut the houses down. The Germans pull back, nearer to the center of the city, but they keep shooting. They did that for three days at Nurnberg and that city may be said to be dead. There are a few walls still standing and the cathedral spires are still there, but Nurnberg has been wiped out. Most of Bayreuth is gone, too. Wagner's piano is still there, but part of the house has been knocked down. Rare books and fine manuscripts are trampled under foot. There is an empty champagne bottle on top of the piano. The young Lieutenant in charge of Military Government has written a letter to Army, asking for permission to put a guard on the place. There is no lack of looting in Germany. The foreign workers are interested in food and clothing and they will go after it right under the machine gun fire.

The other day a Pole found a suit of clothes in a boxcar. As he carried it away he said: "This, my pay, five years' work." In Nurnberg a Russian walked down a street that was under small-arms fire. He carried a huge cheese. It must have weighed 70 pounds. He was interested in that cheese, not in the firing. As a new burp gun opened around the corner, an American Corporal said: "Hey Mac, do you know any place around here where I can get some films developed?" There wasn't a building standing in a radius of a mile, but he was entirely serious.

There are places near the Czechoslovakian border where you can drive for 60 miles on a superhighway and meet no traffic. You are never sure of where our forward elements are and when you find an outfit they're never sure just where

they are in relation to other units. The tired driver of an armored car said he remembered a town but that was about three days ago and he couldn't recall its name but he'd had a glass of beer there and it was a dusty little place.

In the larger cities there's occasional firing at night but not very much. The werewolves aren't very active, at least not in the areas behind the First and Third Armies. The other night we were caught in a traffic jam leaving a pontoon bridge. There was a half-moon and the night was mild. A Strauss waltz came from the radio in a command car. The two lines of traffic did not move. A western voice said: "What's the trouble down there?" and a voice from the deep south answered: "There's a one-way bridge and the traffic is moving in three directions." We crawled forward a few yards. There was a jetplane somewhere high overhead. A negro truck driver said: "He's a comin' over!" but he didn't come. The apple blossoms on the right were golden in the moonlight. There were apple blossoms when some of those boys landed in Normandy. Someone began to sing "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain." We made another 50 yards and then paused again. The sound of the motors died away. There was a cow bell down near the river. I heard one soldier say to another: "Did you hear about Ernie Pyle?" and the reply was: "Yeah, that's rugged! He was a good guy." I think Ernie would have settled for that.

I've just been looking at some dusty notes made in Leipzig. The names of some of the boys who were in that thousand-yard dash down the streets that they named "Suicide Alley"—Lt. Arch Ferrar, of Somerville, Georgia, was in the lead tank. He had 25 men left out of 30 and he thought himself lucky. Staff Sergeant John James Fitzgerald from Chicago said he wished his wife knew he was OK. He hadn't much time to write what with all this fighting and moving.

The Germans at Leipzig were beaten, but their bullets

killed men just as though they were not beaten. As this war rolls forward it would be well to remember that.

2:44 p.m.

HOTTELET (*with the First Army*):

I've just come back from one of our divisions where our interpreters were translating a running field radio conversation. Over the crackle of atmospheric it was clearly audible. They identified themselves as Marshal Zhukov's forces. One tank was telling another to get into the village over by the church where the infantry was getting small arms fire. Back came the Russian equivalent of "Roger!" . . . Five minutes later came the laconic report *The town is cleared*. . . . It looks as if the Russian Army moving fast is pretty much like our own. . . . One Russian officer we heard on the air got a big laugh from his American listeners when he asked his headquarters where in Heaven's name the main body of his troops was, and the answer came back: *You're moving too fast; slow down a while and maintain contact*. We don't know exactly where the Red Army is. They're not telling us where to expect them or when. . . .

April 23

1:00:48 p.m. EWT

DALY:

. . . First Army troops somewhere near Leipzig have made contact with Russian tank columns. . . . American and Russian forces chatted happily back and forth on the possibilities of joining forces soon and finally an irritated German voice broke in . . . said, to the American First Army troops: "You will make contact with your Russian hoodlum friends probably tomorrow. Just wait and be patient. . . ."

. . . Nothing is left of the German capital but a violent death . . . virtually encircled . . . fighting within a mile and a half of Unter den Linden . . . The German radio insists that Hitler himself is leading the defense of Berlin . . . women and children are being driven out of the shelters and forced to man the barricades . . . Patton's tanks swept 53 miles to within 75 miles of Munich . . . The French are 15 miles from the Austrian frontier at the eastern end of Lake Constance . . . in northern Italy the American Fifth and British Eighth Army broke cleanly out into the Po valley . . .

At 4:25 p.m. April 26, Bob Hite interrupts the network to report that Goering has resigned.

April 27

12:00:30 noon

HOTTELET (*from First Army Headquarters*):

The American and Russian Armies have met! We made contact at 1:32 Wednesday afternoon on the bank of the Elbe River northwest of Dresden. There were no brass bands, no sign of the titanic strength of both these armies. The Americans who met the Red Army were a couple of dust-covered young Lieutenants and a handful of enlisted men in their jeeps on reconnaissance. For days we had known that the Russians were near, but did not know where. More than a week before, General Bradley had ordered our First Army to stop. He did not want both armies to meet head-on. There might be mistakes and tragic incidents. So our divisions stood along the Fulde River and waited for the Russians to climb over the nearest hills. But the Russian Commander seemed to have had the same idea. He ordered his troops to stop on the line of the Elbe River. Between our forces was a twenty mile gap of unknown territory. On Tuesday, we sent jeep patrols probing deep out ahead of us; over dusty country roads they drove through crowds of German civilians fleeing



The first meeting of American and Russian troops at Torgau.

westward from the Russians and through groups of German soldiers who kept their rifles and machine-guns in their hands and did nothing.

In the town of Kiese, a 69th Division patrol spotted the Russians. And that was it! Some hours later, another Lieutenant got to Torgau on the Elbe and crawled out to the middle of a wrecked bridge, brought back some Russian officers to Division Headquarters, which made it official.

That's just the way it was . . . as simple and untheatrical as that . . . just some men meeting, shaking hands, glad to see each other. Since then the Division and Corps Commanders have met, but it was fitting that the front-line troops made the first contact, men of our own 69th Division and Marshal Konev's men of the Russian 173rd Regiment of the Guards. These were the sort of men who for two and a half years have fought their way halfway around the world to reach this moment, to meet and to complete the destruction of the enemy.

12:04

TRIS COFFIN (*from Washington*):

. . . The President said: "The Anglo-America Armies under the command of General Eisenhower have met the Soviet forces where they intended to meet, in the heart of Nazi Germany. The enemy has been cut in two. This is not the hour of final victory in Europe, but the hour draws near. The hour for which all the American people, all the British peoples and all the Soviet people have toiled and prayed so long. The union of our arms in the heart of Germany has a meaning for the world, which the world will not miss. It means first that the last faint, desperate hope of Hitler and his gangster government has been extinguished. The common front and the common cause of the powers allied in this war against tyranny and inhumanity have been demonstrated in fact, as they have long been demonstrated in determina-

tion. Nothing can divide or weaken the common purpose of our veteran armies to pursue their victorious purpose to its final allied triumph in Germany."

"Second, the juncture of our forces at this moment symbolizes to ourselves and to the world, that the collaborations of our nations in the cause of peace and freedom is an effective collaboration, which can surmount the greatest difficulties in the most extensive campaign in military history and succeed. Nations which can plan and fight together, shoulder to shoulder, in the face of such obstacles of distance and of language and of communications as we have overcome, can live together and work together in the common labor of the organization of the world for peace."

"Finally, this great triumph of Allied arms and Allied strategy is such a tribute to the courage and determination of Franklin Roosevelt as no words could ever speak and that could be accomplished only by the persistence and the courage of the fighting soldiers and sailors of the Allied nations. But until our enemies are finally subdued in Europe and in the Pacific, there must be no relaxation of effort on the home front, in support of our heroic soldiers and sailors. As we all know there will be no pause on the battlefronts."

Down the hall races Jack Gerber, head of the short wave listening Post; barges into White's office. "We've got Moscow on—you can hear the guns." "Let's have 'em" says White. Suavely in Studio 9 Allan Jackson says—

12:05

JACKSON:

. . . Let's listen to the Moscow radio and the sound of victory guns booming. . .

AND THE GUNS BOOM

12:06

MURROW (*in London*):

Mr. Churchill has made a recording. Here it is:

CHURCHILL:

After long journeys, toils and victories across the lands and ocean, across so many deadly battlefields, the armies of the great Allies have traversed Germany and have joined hands together. Now their task will be the destruction of all remnants of German military resistance, the rooting out of the Nazi power and the subjugation of Hitler's Reich. For these purposes, ample forces are available and we meet in true and victorious comradeship and with inflexible reason to fulfill our purpose and our duty. Let all march forward upon the foe!

SHADELL (*in London*):

General Bradley says (and I quote): "These armies have come to you from the ruins of Stalingrad and Sevastopol . . . In two years they have smashed 1400 miles through the German armies to drive the enemy from Russia and pursue him to the Alps. . . . Their achievement—and they have given immortality to a people that would not be conquered—are made more meaningful by your own deeds. Across 3800 miles of an ocean supply line . . . within four months after landing you have destroyed whole armies . . . to take Paris and give the world a symbol of freedom. . . . You have shared in the liberation of whole nations, given hope to others, and conquered half of Germany."

MURROW:

And here is the message from the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, Marshal of the Soviet Union, Stalin:

12:10

STALIN (*the translation of his address to his army and the troops of his Allies*):

“In the name of the Soviet Government, I address you, commanders and men of the Red Army and the Armies of our Allies. The victorious armies of the Allied Powers, waging a war of liberation in Europe, have routed German troops and linked up in the territory of Germany. Our task and our duty are to complete the destruction of the enemy and force him to lay down his arms and surrender unconditionally. The Red Army will fulfill to the end this task and this duty to our people and to all freedom-loving peoples. I greet the valorous troops of our Allies who are standing on the territory of Germany, shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet troops, and who are full of determination to carry out their duty to the end.”

12:14

COLLINGWOOD (*from SHAEF*):

. . . no one at Supreme headquarters feels that there is anything but stiff fighting ahead. . . . The left hand and the right hand have met in the middle of Germany and there is still a two-fisted job to be done.

HOTTELET (*from 1st Army Headquarters—the same Hottelet who as a CBS correspondent in Berlin earlier in the war had been arrested for alleged anti-Nazi activities*):

Yesterday noon I rode across the Elbe River and spent a couple of hours with the Red Army. If you have had any fears . . . if you've wondered how this incredible Russian Army would behave when we met, I can tell you I've never seen so human and so American a reception as the one we got. There's nothing inhuman about these men, nothing that reflects the machinelike efficiency of the gigantic Russian

fighting machine unless it's a certain pride in the way the officers walk, a quiet, thoughtful air when you talk to them seriously. But the best way I can describe them is that the atmosphere behind their lines is so very much like the whole atmosphere behind the American lines. The way they laughed and offered us wine, the way their GIs stretched out and slept in the warm spring sun, and crouched over a helmet full of water and shaved. We would have behaved exactly the same way if the Russians had crossed the river and come over to us, except that maybe our officers might not have looked so neat as the Russians did in their olive green blouses, their blue breeches, and riding boots. Our own GIs, riding the forward, on anti-tank guns, might not have stood at attention as stiffly as these Russian soldiers did or salute as smartly as the Russian GIs did.

All in all, my best impression of the whole day drawn from what I saw and heard . . . is the mutual respect of two armies who have fought the same powerful and vicious enemies. On the Russian side there seems to be the same unspoken realization that we don't really know each other very well and that we ought to get to know each other much better. One Russian captain summed it up for me when he said: "This is the end of one round and the beginning of a much more important one. We've got to travel it together.

But let me start at the beginning and tell you how I got there. The day before, on Wednesday, we had made contact with the Red Army. The way we did it was typical of this whole thing.

For 2½ years these two great armies have been fighting their way toward each other. They've left milestones in history behind them on the way—Stalingrad and North Africa. Sevastopol and Tunis. The Dnieper River and the Bay of Normandy, Warsaw, Aachen, Koenigsberg, Cologne. Millions of men backed by the industrial strength of the two

greatest nations on earth have been lunging toward one another. And when they finally met yesterday, it was in the form of a young American Lieutenant with a jeep patrol of 20 men and a small group of Russians on a spared little sector.

They were out there alone; no one quite knew where they were; no one knew when they started out that they were going to meet the Russians. So there were no correspondents there. When the hurried call went out, those of us who had been waiting at other parts of the front came dashing down to the 69th Division. There at midnight we met three Russian officers who had come back with the second patrol to make arrangements for a formal meeting. A Russian Major, who looked like the professional soldier he was, a Captain and Lieutenant with him, were blond and tan, looking neat in their slate gray gabardine and olive green woolen uniforms. Major Adolphine Ladianov (?) got up and made a statement. He said—"The great day has come when our two nations are met to exchange warmest greetings and congratulations on the destruction of Nazism. This meeting will provide the foundation for peace in the world to come."

It was a good statement and the Captain and Lieutenant said some other things and it sounded like the sort of thing you'd say on such occasions. This morning, the Commander of our 273rd Infantry regiment which had sent out the patrols were due to meet the commander of the Russian 117th (?) Infantry Guard Regiment. The 20 mile stretch between our lines and the Hulde River and the Russian lines on the Elbe River was still enemy territory. There were still German soldiers there who had never been cleaned up. Our patrol traveled over the roads as if they were in Kansas, keeping a few jeeps together in little convoys which seemed safer.

So, early next morning, we organized a jeep convoy and armed two jeeps with machine guns which we put at the front and rear of the columns. We plunged deep into German

territory, past long lines of German refugees with their belongings packed on carts and wagons running from the Russians and past groups of German soldiers that had thrown their arms away and were walking westward to give themselves up.

We were bound for Torgau, a little town on the Elbe River. After winding around road blocks and retracing our steps from blown bridges, we finally got there. It was empty. Posters on the walls said that on April 17th the population had been ordered to evacuate the town. Little posters on the house doors appealed to German soldiers to respect the personal property inside.

We drove through the streets of the town, not knowing exactly where we were going except that we wanted to get to the bank of the Elbe. Foreign Workers were everywhere—most of them loaded down with stacks of beautiful Mother of Pearl accordions that they had found in a warehouse. But they didn't know where they were and our convoy picked up a very serious faced German civilian who led us first to the market place. It was a typical square not much more than an acre with the Town Hall on one side and stores and houses on the other three sides. It was deserted as we swung into it—almost deserted.

Someone spotted two men in green uniforms and shouted "Holy Smoke, the Russians." We stopped the jeeps, jumped out onto the cobblestone square and ran toward them. There must have been about 50 of us, mostly correspondents.

The Russians looked surprised, and then very pleased when we swooped down on them. They grinned as our G.I.'s embraced them and looked proud when our photographers photographed them from every angle. They obviously didn't know quite what the score was but they were enjoying it.

A few more Russians with tommy guns stuffed on their backs, with captured German SS daggers stuck in their belts—just the way our own doughboys wear them—a few more

Russians came out and joined in the fun. Our German guide had meanwhile disappeared. We asked the Russians where the river was and they waved us down one street. We followed down it and came out on an embankment that ran right along the west bank of the Elbe.

Upstream from us, a hundred yards or so, was a castle out of which Lt. William Raison (?) of Los Angeles had first waved a home-made American flag at the Russians the day before. Upstream was a six-span steel girder bridge with one of its spans sliding into the river. Downstream from us, a quarter of a mile on our left, was another girder bridge with its spans lowered and across the river, which ran slate gray in front of us about a hundred yards, was the lush, green river bank that descended gradually through rows of trees and roads parallel to the river.

Among the trees, we could see the muzzles of a couple of anti-tank guns pointed at us.

That was the Russian front line. It was a beautiful spring day—warm and fresh and sunny. It certainly was a proper setting for celebration.

On the embankment as we swooped down on it were some Russian officers and soldiers. Our photographers snapped them, as they had mobbed the ones in the market place. They photographed them shaking hands. They photographed Russians and GIs, sitting together on the embankment wall. They photographed the Russian captain, lying on the wall menacingly pointing a rifle at nothing in particular. And the Russians loved it.

Some of the Russians spoke English and German. Some of the correspondents spoke German and Russian, so we got along fine. It struck me after about five minutes that this was a historic occasion, that this was the moment for which we'd been fighting and working for five and a half years. But there was nothing stilted or stuffy or historical about this; it

was a bunch of guys who had waited long for this day and were delighted to see each other.

There were a couple of officers there, who described having reached the Elbe two days before, and having been waiting there for us. So we all had a good laugh, because we had been waiting for them at the Mulde.

They were young men, blond and tan and clean-shaven, this Captain Fedorenko (?) from Kiev and Lieut. Gunorovsky (?) from Odessa. It seems that most Russians we met were blond and tan and clean-shaven. They didn't look like men who had fought with the 1st Ukrainian Army Group in front of Moscow, at Kharkov and Kiev, who had just broken thru the last great German defense line.

They were quite calm when we buried them under questions, and Lieut. Gunorovsky caught the spirit very well when he said that, as far as he knew, he was the first one to shake hands with the Americans. The photographers took over again, got the Russians together, first one on the low, stone embankment wall and handed him an accordion, which he obviously didn't know how to play. The Americans around him began to sing *Ochichornia* and *The Volga Boatman*, to put him in the mood. But he obviously hadn't ever heard of either of these songs. So he just looked blank and then grinned and started singing a folksong.

All of a sudden there was an explosion on the riverbank right below us. We went flat on our faces. The Russians didn't budge. It was their artillery—firing just for the fun of it. The Russians seemed to like noise with their celebration, because until we left we heard them set off German bazookas and firing their rifles at targets in the river, simply because they like it.

We decided to get across the river to their side. On our bank was the boat-house of a German rowing club, so we dragged out the six-oar scull and climbed aboard with a couple of Russians. Paddling like mad against the swift cur-

rent of the Elbe—we paddled like mad because none of us knew what the others wanted to do—putting our backs into it, we got across to the other side.

There we met another young Captain who spoke German, and he led us to the Battalion Command Post. We walked with several senior officers, including a Colonel. No one wore a steel helmet. The Captain explained that a red band around a peaked cap meant infantry and a blue one meant cavalry. They all looked remarkably neat . . . with their Russian-style blouses of olive green wool, navy blue riding breeches and black riding boots. Some of them had silver and red enamel decorations, the insignia of a Guard Regiment, which is like our Presidential Citation, and the ones who had medals wore the medals, instead of just the ribbons, the way we do.

As we walked up the river-road past the guns, I'd seen the men at the guns snap to attention and salute us. They weren't neat, any more than any front-line soldier is neat, but they looked tough and clean and disciplined. The young Captain I was talking to was serious; they all were, in an inquiring, intelligent way. When he first said he spoke German, I started speaking to him in the simple roundabout way you use when you're not sure that the other person understands. But, after a couple of minutes, I found him looking at me strangely, as if to say "Come on now, Joe, you didn't invent the language." And I hastily started to speak naturally, feeling pretty silly. He spoke it at least as well as I did.

We went to the Battalion Headquarters' mess. The atmosphere was like an American Battalion Headquarters mess, only perhaps a bit better. It was carefully painted white and blue. One larger U-shaped table and a smaller round table in a corner had clean, white tablecloths on them. They were plates of some crumbly-looking German sardines in a brown sauce. The Russians apologized; they had nothing better at

the moment, but they did have plenty to drink . . . cognac, local schnapps, champagne, red and white wine. Unfortunately, they were fresh out of vodka. Everything was completely informal, with people getting up and making toasts to the future lasting friendship of all the Allies, laughing and joking.

I asked them whether they had any American equipment. They said they had and thought it was excellent, especially the "vilius." I asked what on earth the "vilius" was, and they described it. It was our jeep. They had translated the maker's name, Willys, into Russian. By this time, there must have been fifty people milling around in this small room, talking in every known language. More correspondents came in, and the Captain's eyes got bigger as he asked me who they were, and I said "reporters." He said: "You must have as many reporters as you have soldiers." But their good humor never cracked even under inquisition, even when we traded them dollar bills for ruble notes and . . . when we traded them various things for their insignia. They must have thought we were slightly crazy. But we were their friends and we were welcome.

What impressed me most was when I asked the Captain if I could come back next day and make a tour behind the Russian lines. He said "Sure." I had to rush away then; the good story was going to be released last night. But I'm going back again tomorrow. It looks, from here at least, as if these Russians are going to be good, practical friends.

12:30 noon

LESUEUR (*with Patton's Army*):

A few hours ago, I was in Austria, where the 11th Armored Division of the 3rd Army is driving toward the Red Army, coming up the Danube Valley. As my tank crossed the Austrian frontier, radio signals from the Red Army came in strong and clear, although headquarters

doesn't confirm this. We crossed the Austrian boundary line near the point where Germany, Czechoslovakia and Austria meet. . . .

A swarthy Russian Cossack Colonel sat at a 3rd Army radio set and talked to his Red Army colleagues coming up from the south. The 11th Armored Division had liberated him and his staff in the morning from a German prison camp. The spearhead of the 3rd Army that reached the Austrian frontier to climax a 135-mile dash to the south is ready to use its recognition flares as soon as it sees the rockets going up from the Red Army in Austria. We blitzkrieged our way. . . . They know what war means now at the very ends of Germany. The only opposition the Germans could put up was in the air. Ten Messerschmitts strafed our spearhead time and again. The Germans have so few airfields left that their planes seem to be concentrated down here to protect the National Redoubt. . . . We drew only dark glances from the German inhabitants. The only persons who were glad to see us were the liberated slave workers and the prisoners of war. And some of them thought we were the Russian Army and raised their hands in the Red Salute. But we carried the white star of America into Austria, and it won't be long before we meet the red star down there too.

XIII. *Staccato via Caserta and Luneberg*

OPERATIONS NOW ENTER a week of rising shock. Let us leave the detail to the historians, and take explosions (and even the cardinal rumors) as we heard them barely a month ago.

April 28

1:00 a.m.

BILL CULLEN (*from New York*):

The Moscow radio, in a broadcast picked up by CBS, says the reported offer of Heinrich Himmler to surrender Germany to the United States and Great Britain has been confirmed in responsible Soviet quarters. . . . Great Britain and the United States told Himmler that there can be no such deal. . . . Berlin is almost entirely in Russian hands.

8:00

JOE WEEKS (*and here comes the rumor that set the country ablaze that Saturday afternoon*):

The Associated Press says that a high American official says that Germany has surrendered unconditionally and that the announcement is expected momentarily. There is no confirmation for this bulletin which comes from the AP from San Francisco. We repeat: there is no confirmation.

At 8:39 Cullen reports Stephen Early's denial of the surrender. Early said that the President was ready to issue a proclamation if news of the surrender becomes official. At 8:42 Cullen reports Early once more as saying that the proclamation is ready, and is adding: "Notify the men at the White House gate and get the room ready for the broadcast."

The rest of the broadcast day and a good part of the night was devoted to dispelling the rumor. But exciting news was not lacking—

April 29

9:00 a.m.

SWEENEY:

. . . the Milan radio says Benito Mussolini and other Fascist leaders have been executed by Italian patriots. . . .

April 30

6:00 p.m.

HOWE:

. . . Tonight the Red flag flies over the Reichstag in the heart of Berlin. . . . The dead body of Mussolini now lies in a morgue in Milan. Beside him are the bodies of his mistress, Clara Petacci, and more than a dozen fellow-Fascists whom the partisans likewise executed.

May 1**4:30:20 p.m.****MARBLE:**

. . . a bulletin which comes from London . . . says that the German Radio announced at 4:29 that Hitler is dead. The Hamburg Radio broadcast the announcement. . . . The announcer, Lord Haw-Haw, . . . asked listeners to keep tuned for a grave and important announcement. . . . The announcement that followed said that Adolf Hitler . . . fell fighting for Germany to his last breath, and that Grand Admiral Doenitz had succeeded him . . . the announcement was followed by Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, the twilight of the Gods.

Daly at 5:00 reports that Doenitz had come to the Hamburg Radio and made proclamation, and addressed an order of the day to the German Army. Hottel (now within earshot of Hamburg) reports at 5:10 from Germany that the news he, too, heard on the Hamburg Radio is just spreading through our Army, and that the reaction is "not one of joy but of deep satisfaction." At 5:45, Mr. Shirer, who had witnessed with disgust Hitler's jig of frenzy at Compiègne in 1940, remarks that the man now reported dead "was a man who incarnated all that was evil and bestial and degrading in our human life. . . ."

May 2**5:00:22 a.m.****DAN MACDONNELL** (*up early in New York*):

. . . from the headquarters of the American Seventh Army just 10 minutes before we went on the air announced the capture of German Field Marshal Von Rundstedt. . . . In

San Francisco . . . Lord Halifax pointed up the lack of frenzied excitement. "Isn't it remarkable," he said drily, "how calmly people take such news? . . . China's T. V. Soong said: "Dictators die easily these days." . . .

12:30:17 noon

BURDETT (*from Rome with the first eye witness story heard*):

German forces in Italy have surrendered unconditionally to the Supreme Allied Commander. The instrument of surrender—the first formal surrender by a German Army or armies since Allied troops first stormed the shores of Europe, nearly 20 months ago—was signed at 2:14 Italy time on Sunday afternoon, April 29th. The surrender became effective at 2:00 p.m., Italy Time, today. All German and Italian forces under General Heinrich von Bietinghof (?), successor to Marshal Kesselring as Commander-in-Chief of the German Southwest Command, formally laid down their arms just four and a half hours ago. The war in Italy is over, and this is probably the first announcement to the listening world.

The document of surrender was signed in a small chamber at Allied Force Headquarters, in the great Royal Palace of Caserta north of Naples. Since last July, the Palace has been headquarters of the Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean theatre. A white-haired, red-faced, stocky Englishman, Lieut. Gen. W. D. Morgan, Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, signed for the Allies. Two men in civilian clothes, a Lieutenant Colonel and a Major, signed for the Germans. Fourteen Generals and Staff Officers of the Allied land, sea and air forces in the Mediterranean looked on. A Red Army Major General, A. P. Kivlenko (?), American and British press.

The negotiations that culminated in this scene at Caserta were short and swift. A few days before the signing, the

German Command in northern Italy got word through to us that it was ready to sue for surrender. On Saturday afternoon, April 28th, an Army transport plane bore south through a driving rainstorm and landed at the Caserta airfield at 4:00 o'clock. There were two civilian passengers. One was tall, blond, blue-eyed, square-jawed and terribly tense. The other was sleek, small, dark, and apparently unmoved. The tall German, a Lieutenant Colonel, had papers authorizing him to negotiate on behalf of General von Bietinghof. That meant the German 10th and 14th Armies and the Italian Ligurian Army, an enemy force that totalled perhaps 600,000 men. The dark and unperturbed German was a Major. He represented General Karl Wolffe, Supreme Commander of SS and security troops in northern Italy and western Austria. That meant perhaps another two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand enemy troops.

There were many reasons, of course, for secrecy. There were particular reasons for the civilian clothes. The German generals were acting on their own. As far as is known, they negotiated this separate surrender without consulting their higher command. They were prepared on their own to carry out the surrender terms without instructions from above. Negotiations at Caserta began late Saturday afternoon. Lt. Gen. Morgan, Chief of Staff of Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, led them on the Allied side. By Sunday morning he had convinced the German delegates that surrender must be unconditional or not at all.

In the small chamber at the Royal Palace, eight spotlights were trained on a long table behind which hung a big operational map of the Po Valley. The table was bare except for a pen-and-inkwell at either end. The walls were bare except for the Po Valley map and another map of Vienna. The ceiling bore the coat of arms of various Italian provinces and one souvenir of another era, the sign of the Fascists. It was two o'clock and staff officers were buzzing importantly in and out,

arranging the formality involved in the supreme military act of surrender. At five minutes after two, the door to the right opened and the Allied officers filed in. Among them were American and British Generals, . . . Rear Admirals and an Air Vice Marshal. General Morgan came last. As he stood at his end of the table, he seemed the embodiment of all you think of a British Army General . . . red-faced, impeccable, and utterly calm. An Englishman next to me remarked: "He looks like General Haig. It's extraordinary!"

The door to the left of the long table opened. The two Germans stepped in and halted awkwardly before the waiting inkwell. The tall Lieutenant Colonel stared a moment defiantly at the spotlights. His blue eyes burned as they rapidly took in the assembly. His throat muscles were taut and his hands were clenched fiercely behind his back. But he stood firm and erect, like a soldier, as General Morgan glanced down at him the length of the table. The little German, the dark Major, stood to one side, unruffled. Despite the contrast between the gold braid and pomp of uniform of the Allies and the checkered sports jackets and nothing ludicrous, no hint of incongruity in this dramatic scene.

General Morgan began. In a calm, unemotional voice that was cutting in its firmness, he addressed the Germans:

"I understand that you, Lieut. Colonel X, are prepared to sign terms of surrender on behalf of General von Bietinghof, and you, Major X, are prepared to sign on behalf of General Vogt(?). Is this correct?" The tall German's throat muscles quivered, and he replied in a hoarse voice "Ja!" And the little German said "Jawohl," when the question was translated to him.

General Morgan continued:

"I have been empowered by Field Marshal Alexander to sign on his behalf. The terms of the instrument of surrender will take effect at 12:00 noon, British Mean Time, on the 2nd

of May, 1945. I now ask you to sign the documents, and I will sign after you."

The German Colonel's tension had mounted as General Morgan spoke. It was as though the enormity of defeat and the finality of his present act of total surrender had now hit him with a cold shock. Perhaps the spotlights angered him, too. But whatever he felt, he did not lose his self-control. He asked to repeat a statement he had made at previous meetings. In a husky voice he said, for the record, that he had received limited powers from his Commander-in-Chief, that he had been forced to overstep those limits, that he assumed his commander would approve his action, but that he could not be absolutely sure.

General Morgan replied casually: "We accept those conditions."

The Germans sat and signed five copies of the surrender document. General Morgan signed last. Three copies, one of them in German, were given to the German Plenipotentiary. Two were kept by us for the Supreme Commander and the Allied Governments. General Morgan explained this to the Germans and said: "Gentlemen, I ask you to withdraw now."

The Germans went swiftly out. It was 17 minutes after 2:00. The ceremony was over. There had been no show of victory on the side of the Allies, only the tone of cool authority of General Morgan's voice, his easy manner, his quiet dignity. But for the Germans it had been overwhelming defeat, the end, the last nail in the coffin.

The front-line troops involved in this surrender are those we've been fighting here ever since we landed at Salerno.

They are perhaps the best in the Wehrmacht. They comprise 22 Divisions from German armies, including one Panzer, 2 Panzer Grenadier and 2 Parachute Divisions, which were always among the Germans' finest. It's impossible to estimate their number today, but at the start of our

offensive in northern Italy the twenty-two divisions were believed well up to strength. Their total at that time, an AFHQ Staff officer estimates, was 600,000. They are *all* the German troops in Italy as far east as the Azono (?) River, where the next German territorial command begins.

General Karl Wolffe's SS and Security Troops are mostly in the rear. They are, in fact, almost wholly in Austria. Wolffe's area command covers the Tyrol, part of Carinthia, and the Province of Salzburg, the part of Austria roughly west of a north-south line from Salzburg itself. The troops under the two commands of Wolffe and von Bietinghof probably totaled close to a million one month ago.

The surrender which two Germans in sports clothes signed last Sunday means more than the end of the war in Italy.

It carries us automatically across the Alps.

If all Germans troops obey the surrender condition and lay down their arms, we will clear the whole route of the Brenner Pass in a single swoop and reach northward to within a few miles of Berchtesgaden.

At 4:25, Harry Clark reports Stalin's announcement of the total capture of Berlin and 70,000 Boches at the end of the twelve-day final battle.

Berlin kaput.

May 4

At 4:28 p.m., the cue-channel to London is open, to test the air-quality for the next broadcast, which is coming through London from the northwest of Germany. Presently a leisurely voice says: Hello New York. Hello New York. This is Bill Downs calling Louis & Armand's Restaurant in New York and the Savoy Grill in London. Testing, one, two, three, four, woof. . . ."



Mussolini sprawled across the body of his mistress, Clara Petacci, after being executed by Italian partisans.

4:30:28 p.m.

DOWNS (who brings us from Hamburg the first American broadcast of an event of moment—a broadcast, by the way, which was printed in full in the London Daily Express and New York Times next morning):

More than a million Germans on Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's 21st Army Group front surrendered on this historic May 4, bringing hostilities to an end for the Canadian Army fighting in Holland and the British 2nd Army fighting in northern Germany. It was the biggest mass surrender of German forces since the armistice of 1918.

A German surrender mission headed by Admiral von Friedeberg, commander-in-chief of the German Navy, signed articles of unconditional surrender for the German land, sea and air forces facing the Canadian 1st Army and the British 2nd Army, at 6:25 o'clock this Friday evening. Field Marshal Montgomery signed in behalf of the Allied supreme commander-in-chief, General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The signing occurred in a tent set up especially for the ceremony in front of Marshal Montgomery's headquarters on the Luneberg Heath just south of Hamburg.

On Wednesday, May 2, a German general, who said he commanded the so-called army group, hoisted a white flag and sent an emissary to the headquarters of the British 2nd Army.

He said he commanded all the forces between the Baltic and the Weser River.

He said he wanted to surrender his army group.

General Sir Miles Dempsey, commander of the 2nd Army, replied that he should start moving, and a rendezvous was arranged for Thursday, yesterday. The German general did not appear, but he sent word that negotiations were going on on a much higher level than his military station. He could not negotiate.

It was yesterday that a party of four higher German officials again hoisted a white flag and drove into the British lines. Head of the party was Admiral von Friedeberg, commander-in-chief of the German Navy, who replaced Admiral Doenitz while the latter assumed the title of Fuehrer. Von Friedeberg's rank also carries the title of General of the Army, thus, he was able to negotiate for the ground forces as well.

With von Friedeberg was General Kinsel, the next-ranking officer, who is chief of staff to Field Marshal Busch, who is commander of the northern German armies. (Field Marshal Busch, incidentally, is still missing from our prisoners' list, but we should catch up with him soon.) Next came Rear Admiral Wagner, a staff officer to von Friedeberg, and lastly, a Major Freidel, a staff officer to General Kinsel.

This was the party who hoped to negotiate with Field Marshal Montgomery. They were taken to Monty's field headquarters on the Luneberg Heath. He stepped out, returned their military, not Nazi, salute and asked, as if they were vacuum cleaner salesmen:

"What do you want?"

The Germans replied: "We come from Field Marshal Busch to ask you to accept the surrender of three German armies which are now withdrawing in front of the Russians in the Mecklenberg area." These three armies, it was later revealed, were the 3rd Panzer Army, the German 12th Army and the 21st Army.

The Nazi officers continued: "We are very anxious about the condition of German civilians who are fleeing as the German armies retreat in the path of the Russian advance. We want you to accept the surrender of these three armies."

Field Marshal Montgomery turned down the three German armies willing to surrender to him.

"No," he said, "certainly not. Those German armies are fighting the Russians. Therefore, if they surrender to any

one it must be to the forces of the Soviet Union. They have nothing to do with me. I have nothing to do with the happenings on the eastern front. You go surrender to the Soviet commander. The subject is closed."

Then Field Marshal Montgomery asked: "Are you prepared to surrender the German forces on my northern and western flanks? Those forces between Luebeck and Holland and the forces in support of them, such as those in Denmark?"

The Germans said no, but they added again that they were anxious about the conditions of the German civilians on the northern flank, saying, "We would like to come to some agreement with you by which the civilians would be saved from battle slaughter."

Then the German commander proposed a complicated and difficult military program covering the next few weeks, in which the British 2nd Army would advance slowly, while at the same time the German troops, by agreement, would retreat slowly. It would work well for the Germans.

Again Monty said: "No, I will not discuss what I propose to do in the future—nothing."

Then the British Field Marshal took the offensive.

"I wonder," he said, "whether you know the battle situation on the western front."

He produced his operational map; the war was too close to being won for it to have any security importance. This map and what he said was the final straw, the one factor which precipitated the surrender of a million Germans. The German commanders were shocked, astounded by the progress of the Allies in the east and the west.

It was lunch time, and they went off to lunch alone. General Admiral von Friedeberg burst into tears when he got out of sight of Montgomery, and he wept throughout lunch. After Lunch Field Marshal Montgomery called the Germans back for further consultations, and there he de-

livered his ultimatum that must have hurt the Nazis as much as the landing in Normandy.

He told the Germans:

"You must understand three things: Firstly, you must surrender to me unconditionally all the German forces in Holland, Friesland and the Frisian Islands and Helgoland, and all other islands and in Schleswig-Holstein and in Denmark. Secondly, when you have done that, I am prepared to discuss with you the implications of your surrender. How we will dispose of those surrendered troops, how we will occupy the surrendered territory, how we will deal with the civilians and so forth.

"And my third point:" he said. "If you do not agree to Point 1, the surrender, then I will go on with the war, and I will be delighted to do so!"

Monty added, as an afterthought: "All your soldiers, and civilians, may be killed."

So at 4 p.m. yesterday afternoon, May 3, Admiral von Friedeberg and Major Freidel went back with the news. They returned today, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with the complete acceptance of the unconditional terms.

Field Marshal Montgomery kept the party waiting. They stood at attention around the kitchen table. Finally the marshal, wearing an immaculate British field battle-dress with red tabs on the lapels and a field marshal's baton on his shoulders, almost sauntered down the path. He said out of the corner of his mouth: "This is the moment."

He carried the surrender papers in his right hand. The moment he appeared, the Germans snapped to attention like puppets. The British field marshal sat down and stretched out his hand in invitation for the Nazis to do the same.

The cameras began to whirl and Monty picked up the historic document that meant the surrender of more than a million Germans. He put up his horn-rimmed spectacles,



Field Marshal Montgomery on May 5 reads the articles of surrender ending the fighting in Denmark, northern Germany, and Holland to (left to right): Major Freidel, Rear Admiral Wagner and Admiral Friedeberg, commander-in-chief of the Germany Navy. (Unidentified British officer standing)

picked up the papers and said: "I will now read out the terms of the surrender."

Solemnly, but with a note of triumph in his voice, Monty read the terms of the surrender. You could tell that this was the moment for which he had been waiting in El Alamein, in Tunisia, and in Italy.

One by one, the Germans signed. They didn't say a word or betray a single emotion. It was strictly Prussian ceremony for the Germans.

Then the field marshal took up the wooden pen with the steel tip.

"And now," he said, "I will sign in behalf of the Supreme Allied Commander, General Eisenhower."

XIV. It Can't be Long Now

THE TENSION OF THE WEEK just past has compounded. The scene in CBS News Headquarters in New York is much that of the hangover of last June 6—334 days ago. The Heavily Armored Colonel on that day had suggested that all the commotion of D-Day was perhaps a useful dress rehearsal for some *real* news, like the fall of Paris or Berlin. Paris and Berlin have now fallen. Paris was liberated without much Yankee trumpeting, a final gesture to Lafayette. Berlin fell, without Yankee witness, by virtue of the celerity and stubbornness of the Red Army. Yet for all the mass of grim news which the colonel did not then predict, the 11 months' interval had proven indeed a useful dress rehearsal.

It is the Sabbath. Everything seems to boil up on Sunday. We are in Paul White's office again. A high, bright, bleak room with plenty of north light; far off you can see the planes like gnats going into LaGuardia field. At sundown White passes the word to put the CBS faithful on alert to get in early Monday.

May 7. It is Monday

8:00 a.m. news:

. . . Rumors say the Germans in Norway are quitting. Doenitz has ordered German submarines to cease hostilities.

The Third Army has made further progress toward Prague.

EDWARDS (*a powerful hint from London*):

This might be V-E Day, but at the moment London is not at all sure. . . .

BILL SLOCUM, JR. (*in Germany with the Ninth Army—and please note his introduction*):

This is William J. Slocum, Jr. . . . while the end may not come in a day, it will certainly come before many hours have passed. . . .

The instant Slocum called himself "William J. Slocum, Jr." on the air, Paul White sat straight in his chair and leered. For Slocum is congenitally opposed to being called, or to calling himself, anything but Bill, on or off the air. This fancy billing of his was clearly intended to wake up, shock and warn his colleagues in Madison Avenue. It did; White now knew something big was up, and coming fast.

Here we go again. . . .

8:22

The AP ticker spells out a bulletin of a report taken off the Flensburg Radio, still suspect as a German source, to wit:

AA887

BULLETIN

LONDON MAY 7 AP—GERMANY FOREIGN MINISTER LUDWIG SCHWERIN VON KROSIGK ANNOUNCED TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE OVER THE WAVE LENGTH OF THE FLENSBURG STATION TODAY THAT "AFTER ALMOST SIX YEARS OF STRUGGLE WE HAVE SUCCUMBED"

RW 822 AEW MM CLEAR

The bulletin went swiftly on the Network, Allan Jackson adding:

We might point out that this bulletin is by no means official . . . we resume our scheduled program. . . .

The scheduled program is resumed.

Now it is interrupted by an explosion—

9:35:50

ANNOUNCER:

We interrupt this program.

ROBERT TROUT:

. . . to bring you this bulletin. The Associated Press has just sent a flash from Reims, in France, and this is the flash:

THE ALLIES OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCE THAT GERMANY HAS SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY.

This flash has just come into our Columbia News Headquarters here in New York on the Associated Press machine and it is datelined "France."

Why it should come from the town of Reims, or "Reems" if you prefer, we don't yet know. Perhaps some sort of negotiations have been going on in that city that we have not been told about here in New York . . . the bulletin is just beginning to come in . . . it is signed by the correspondent who is writing it; it is signed Edward Kennedy, and it starts:

REIMS, FRANCE, MAY THE 7TH . . . GERMANY SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY TO THE WESTERN ALLIES AND TO RUSSIA AT 2:41 IN THE MORNING FRENCH TIME TODAY.

. . . of course that would be many hours ago . . . actually last night in New York. So we don't really know much about this bulletin that we're just getting, but we'll find out more before this particular program is done. . . . We've had a good many rumors this morning, because the whole world

has suspected that this is the day of Victory, but there's been nothing official announced yet as far as we know, until this flash originally came in.

Reliable? Who is to say? Flensburg said it just now, but mistrust every enemy. The AP is no part of an enemy. No enemy can foul an AP ticker. Trout takes down the hand-microphone, and trailing his cable behind him as he did last June, moves into the news room to peel the suspense word by word off the teletype machine. . . .

TROUT:

—you can hear it ticking away . . . the bulletin . . . I read you a few moments ago . . . still coming from the town of Reims . . . it says 8:41 p.m. EWT on Sunday . . . last night at about a quarter to 9 in New York . . . the bulletin goes on to say that it took place in a little red schoolhouse, which is the headquarters of General Eisenhower . . . the surrender which brought the war in Europe to a formal end, after 5 years 8 months and 6 days of bloodshed and destruction, was signed for Germany by Colonel General Gustav Jodl, who is the new Chief of Staff of the German Army.

(Trout is on his own seasoned judgment now.)

This does seem to be official, as nearly as we can tell. I really shouldn't say, of course, whether it's official or not. It's coming in on the machine. I've read you the text. I've read you what's coming in, but those details certainly do sound as if something was signed in that little red schoolhouse in the famous town in the north of France!

(If those details were a falsehood not only Trout, but CBS and the Associated Press had gone overboard now. That was how the news which caused the greatest journalistic controversy of our time about its biggest story was first handled on the air. Trout's split-second appraisal was correct. The story was true. The manner of its transmission to the AP had left a lot to be desired. CBS used it swiftly in good faith,

but it was still human to hope that one had not swallowed a magnum of fishhooks. The other networks hit the air in rapid sequence. And the other press associations maintained a mounting, ominous silence on the story.)

TROUT (*continuing*):

. . . I see now that the surrender was signed for the Supreme Allied Command by Lieut. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, who is chief of Staff for General Eisenhower. We had seen that the document was signed for Germany by German Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl, who is the new Chief of Staff. "Yo-DEL," would it be?

A VOICE:

"YO-dle"

TROUT:

"YOdle—righto, "YOdle." "YO-dle," or "Yo-DEL," he surrendered. This is the first time we've ever been told definitely where General Eisenhower had his headquarters . . . in the pleasant town of Reims—R-E-I-M-S— . . . before this, SHAEF, Supreme Headquarters, was usually referred to as being in Paris. . . . One more sentence has come in, very slowly now it's being spelled out:

It says that . . . the document of surrender was also signed by General Ivan Susloparov for Russia, and General Francois Sevez for France.

Trout walks back into the news studio, broadcasting as he proceeds:

Allan Jackson . . . has just come to stand by me now . . .

JACKSON:

. . . what I wanted to say most of all is that I've just been in touch with Paris, with Supreme Headquarters, and Paris tells us that there is nothing officially releasable from there. However, all of the correspondents . . . have been told to

stand by with their various stories, their eye-witness pieces and what not, to be put on the air immediately after the official announcement is made from Washington or London.

Ah. So SHAEF IS telling the boys to stand by with their "stories and eye-witness pieces and what not." That surely is not in order that they may broadcast nonsense. . . .

The ironclad imperturbable Trout goes on chopping down the story as he had chopped down the D-Day story. . . .

TROUT:

. . . nothing from the White House, nothing from No. 10 Downing Street, nothing from the Kremlin, but we do have this story from Reims, France, that the document was signed in a little red schoolhouse . . . signed by all the Big Four. . . .

The Associated Press machine is acting very strangely at this moment. It's stopped dead. . . . It just said: "Bulletin matter. Third add surrender," and then the code . . . the key words "for France," which means that those two words . . . "for France," were the last two words of the previous bulletin. Now the machine is standing still. It paused for a long while . . . and now as you have heard in the background, I am sure, it is just beginning to get moving again. The first words it spelled out were "Bust it," which meant "let's get started all over again." It's beginning to tick now. The silence was a bit suspicious. . . . Here's what it really says: "Joy at the news was tempered only by the realization that the war against Japan remains to be resolved with many casualties still ahead. The end of the European warfare" it says—and there it stopped! . . . It's saying enough so that we can see that the AP is continuing with its details of the surrender story . . . the only news agency whose machines in our CBS News Headquarters here in New York have had this story at all.

Paul White, while Trout is on the air, has been thinking on the balls of his feet, for if this story is wrong, there is an

awful lot of explaining ahead. Trying to raise SHAEF on the cue-channel he gets nothing. At 9:58, in a behind-the-scenes transatlantic conversation with Allied Headquarters, he ventures to say—

WHITE:

I suppose you know that Kennedy's AP story is out. . . .

SHAEF:

Zat so? What does he say?

WHITE:

He goes all out.

SHAEF:

Is that so-o . . . That's very *interesting*. Thanks.

End circuit.

At 10:11 Stanley Richardson at Supreme Allied Headquarters in Europe calls CBS on a fresh circuit, to ask for the specific time when Kennedy's despatch was received, what time all the networks had it on the air—and WHAT IT SAID!

By 11:45 the CBS short wave Listening Post had heard the American Broadcasting Station in Europe (ABSIE, remember?) quoting the Kennedy story. This prompted White to ask the Army abroad why one of its branches in Europe was speaking out loud while its trunk in America continued mute. He punched the SHAEF button on his control-panel, and spoke into his little desk-mike.

WHITE:

Hello-SHAEF-hello-SHAEF-hello-SHAEF . . .

SHAEF:

Hello CBS . . .

WHITE:

I just wondered if maybe any of our CBS outfit was around there.

SHAEF:

No. (*very calmly*) No, there's really *nobody* from *any* outfit around here now . . .

WHITE:

You mean except 'just us chickens?'

SHAEF:

That's right . . . What *was* it you wanted?

WHITE:

Could I please speak to the commanding officer?

(*A pause*)

SHAEF:

Major Perry speaking. Anything I can do?

WHITE:

I just wondered if you knew that ABSIE has the AP story story on the air . . .

PERRY:

Oh, you mean in the States?

WHITE:

No—ABSIE—the American Broadcasting Station in Europe . . .

PERRY:

Oh. Oh, I get it. Excuse *me*. Oh, that's *very* interesting. Thanks *very much*.

A few minutes later ABSIE had been requested by its higher command to 'withdraw the story.' How do you withdraw a story that is on the air . . . ?

Trout, Howe, Jackson in New York, Eliot and Shirer and Moorad in San Francisco, Harry Kramer from the marquee of the Astor in Times Square's paper snowstorm, Evans. Back and McCaffrey in Washington, Gene Rider in Guam—all treading more and more firmly the tightening web of circumstance, fill the whole network forenoon . . . aided from time to time by a rampant CBS Symphonic Band.

A few moments before noon, with London due to come on the Network, White got Murrow on the cue-channel. Murrow, whatever he knew, was bound to keep mum. White and Murrow talked like a couple of guarded matrons who are pretty sure there are homicidal burglars in the house. In his last clause before air-time, Murrow says he will have just "a word or two on the air to explain The Delay." Almost immediately we hear on the Network—

12:00:41 noon

MURROW (in London, where we just talked with him):

. . . So far as Britain is concerned, the news is entirely unofficial. The reason for the delay is this: both President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill were prepared to make the official statement about a minute or two ago. But Marshal Stalin has not agreed. There have been telephone conversations between Downing Street and the White House, and the Anglo-American leaders have agreed to postpone the formal announcement. When it will be made we do not know. But we do know that it is now being held up, pending word from Marshal Stalin.

So. It's obviously a Fact. But not official. Official is Official is Official. Douglas Edwards and Janet Murrow give us the picture of London's reaction.

And there, for all the purposes of absolute definition, goes the day we thought might be called V-E.

You hear Trout report that Eisenhower says there may be

no formal surrender, Allan Jackson report that Reuters says there will be no official announcement until tomorrow, which will be V-E Day in London and Europe; that Churchill will broadcast at 3 p.m. Tuesday London time, and the King at 9: that the INS and UP are still silent on the big one; that the AP has its message-filing-privileges from Europe suspended and restored; that Chicago is calm, Detroit boisterous and rugged. You hear, at 2:08, Harry Marble report that President Truman will announce V-E Day tomorrow, simultaneously with Russia and Britain . . .

If the objective of the supernatural powers had been to snafu the actual end of war in Europe so as to save all the waste of climactic hysteria, nothing could have worked out better. Trout got pretty cross about the paper filtering out of New York windows when it should be going to the paper drive, and he said so four times on the air. The depth of fall was actually shallow . . . the petty spiritual dandruff of those who didn't care, and never will.

8:55:20 p.m.

HENRY (*from Washington*):

. . . President Harry Truman says that he confidently expects to broadcast to the people of this country at 9:00 o'clock tomorrow morning, Eastern War Time. . . .

The cautious stores put up crowd-barricades before their windows today. But no church closed its doors tonight.

XV. V-E Day

THIS IS THE DAY for which all the blood and sweat and tears have poured out on Europe and Africa and Scandinavia. This is the curtain of the Master Race.

This is the day, too, upon which the sciences of the civilized world have focussed as Objective I. Down a long arm of the science of electricity is radio. Its scientists, technicians and operating professionals now have their greatest opportunity to prove their stature. For out there over America are 32 million families waiting at their radios, beyond them countless millions more around the globe. This is their day, too, and radio now must take the news fast and truly to every fighting man, every civilian, wherever he may be. The year past has been of incalculable value in sharpening radio's news techniques.

Here at CBS, the News Headquarters is ready early. So is the Network of 143 stations throughout the United States, and in Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii. So are the CBS news men around the world. And so is the Short Wave—the out-bound services that will flash the news over the oceans, and the Listening Post that will snatch fresh matter from the air.

May 8, 1945

8:00 a.m.

JACKSON (*in New York*):

This is to be official V-E Day, the day when the war in Europe is officially over. An hour from now President Truman will issue his proclamation from the White House. Prime Minister Churchill will speak from London and, presumably, Premier Stalin from Moscow. . . . About an hour-and-a-half ago Germany's new Fuehrer, Admiral Doenitz, broadcast over the German-controlled Flensburg Radio that all German arms will be silent by 11:00 p.m., tonight, European Time, five o'clock this afternoon, New York Time. At that time, he said, the Germans will lay down all their arms in accordance with the unconditional surrender terms. . . .

8:02

EDWARDS (*from London*):

It is 2:00 p.m. here. . . . In one hour, Prime Minister Churchill will speak to a throng of happy Britons who are jammed in Whitehall for blocks. Mr. Churchill will proclaim victory from a flag-decked balcony at the Ministry of Health. His speech will be broadcast, as will President Truman's. There is no word yet from Moscow. . . . Tonight at nine, London Time, the King will speak. London's streets and public buildings will be floodlighted. The crowds . . . began arriving at Buckingham Palace before eight this morning. There are parades of high school children, soldiers of many nations are there, the statue of the big red lion was carried down Whitehall from Trafalgar Square an hour ago. On its sides was painted the slogan "There'll Always Be an England." Two hours ago there was a Thanksgiving service

in St. Paul's Cathedral. . . . The pubs are full. There is much singing. . . .

8:04

BURDETT (*from Rome*):

. . . The Army paper *Stars and Stripes* this morning announces the victory news with the banner words "It's all over, over here!" . . . The Italian Government has decreed a 2-day holiday for liberated Italy. Church bells rang out in Rome yesterday and the air raid sirens, which Romans last heard on the approach of Allied war planes, sounded for ten minutes . . . but *that* was really all. There was no popular demonstration in Rome's greatest gathering place, the Piazza Venezia. There was no jubilee in the vast square of St. Peter's. The end came anti-climactically for Italy and probably no peace was ever honored with such mild reception. . . . The Italians today are as unsure as ever as to what this peace will bring to their country . . . uncertainty has already set in in Italy.

8:06

FARNSWORTH FOWLE (*from Moscow*):

Today is another rainy day in Moscow, but the latest official news about the course of the war is contained in last night's communique. It announced the surrender of the besieged city of Breslau. . . . The German Commander capitulated to Marshal Konev with more than 40,000 of his men. Further advances are reported along the Baltic and in Czechoslovakia. From other sectors, says the communique, there are no important changes to report. . . . Since yesterday, Moscow has been buzzing with excitement over the unofficial report that a major announcement may be expected. In the local newspaper *Moscow Bolsheviky*, there's a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent. . . . He says that

the streets of Berlin, which had been full of German prisoners marching away, were yesterday full of civilians. Crowds of women were saying, I quote: "The war is kaput. Das ist gut!"

8:55:12

TROUT (*in New York*):

. . . This is the broadcast that was only a dream five years and eight months ago, when Columbia's news staff gathered in these rooms in the darkness before the dawn to broadcast the speech of a man who screamed that he was putting on his uniform and would not take it off until victory or death. Now they say he is dead, this little man named Hitler, who led the mighty nation into the war for which it had prepared so long and with such determination.

. . . If he is not it is a matter of little importance, for the world he lived in is quite dead, destroyed by the peoples he and his people despised and sought to conquer. They were so sure for so long that they would conquer, for they were strong and they felt only contempt for those they believed to be weak. They were the Germans and they deprived themselves of butter in order to make guns. . . . For with the guns they had taken the butter that belonged to their neighbors. And now the day is here. The guns have been struck from the German hands but the Allied people from whom the butter was stolen are still hungry. The injury which Germany has inflicted upon the world is severe. The wounds are serious and the danger is not past. But the crisis has been surmounted. The worst menace ever to threaten the civilized world has been beaten back. The German Army has been crushed; Germany is defeated. . . . The deed has been accomplished.

We've heard that Grand Admiral Doenitz says the Germans will lay down all their arms in accordance with the

unconditional surrender terms he has ordered. He was addressing the German people and said, "When I took over from the Fuehrer I took it as my first task to save the life of the German people, and therefore during the night of May 6 and 7," he said, "I gave the order for unconditional surrender, and on May 8 all arms have been laid down."

"We bow before the sacrifices of our nation, of its fighting army, of all men, women, and children."

Admiral Doenitz declared he did not know whether he would continue at his post, and said, "It is impossible to carry on this struggle. A very difficult task lies before us." In slow and deliberate terms he told the Germans that "the Nazi Party has been severed from the German State and that the party has left the scene of its activities. . . ."

At this historic moment we take you now to the White House in Washington.

9:00:00 a.m.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN (*from the White House*):

This is a solemn but a glorious hour. I only wish that Franklin D. Roosevelt had lived to witness this day.

General Eisenhower informs me that the forces of Germany have surrendered to the United Nations. The flags of freedom fly all over Europe. For this victory we join in offering our thanks to the Providence which has guided and sustained us through the dark days of adversity. Our rejoicing is sobered and subdued by a supreme consciousness of the terrible price we have paid to rid the world of Hitler and his evil band.

Let us not forget, my fellow Americans, the sorrow and the heartache which today abide in the homes of so many of our neighbors. Neighbors whose most priceless possession has been rendered as a sacrifice to redeem our liberty. We can repay the debt which we owe to our God, to our dead,

and to our children, only by work, by ceaseless devotion to the responsibilities which lie ahead of us.

If I could give you a single watchword for the coming months, that word is: work, work, and more work. We must work to finish the war. Our victory is but half won. The west is free but the East is still in bondage to the treacherous tyranny of the Japanese.

When the last Japanese division has surrendered unconditionally, then only will our fighting job be done. We must work to bind up the wounds of a suffering world, to build an abiding peace, a peace rooted in justice and in law.

We can build such a peace only by hard, toilsome, painstaking work. By understanding and working with our allies in peace as we have in war. The job ahead is no less important, no less urgent, no less difficult than the task which now happily is done.

I call upon every American to stick to his post until the last battle is won. Until that day, let no man abandon his post or slacken his efforts.

And now I want to read to you my formal proclamation of this occasion.

“A Proclamation:

“The Allied Armies, through sacrifice and devotion and with God’s help, have wrung from Germany a final and unconditional surrender. The Western World has been freed of the evil forces which for five years and longer have imprisoned the bodies and broken the lives of millions upon millions of freeborn men. They have violated their churches, destroyed their homes, corrupted their children and murdered their loved ones.

“Our armies of liberation have restored freedom to these suffering peoples whose spirit and will the oppressors could never enslave. Much remains to be done. The victory won

in the West must now be won in the East. The whole world must be cleansed of the evil from which half the world has been freed.

"United, the peace-loving nations have demonstrated in the West that their arms are stronger by far than the might of the dictators or the tyranny of military cliques, that once called us soft and weak. The power of our peoples to defend themselves against all enemies will be proved in the Pacific War as it has been proved in Europe.

"For the triumph of spirit and of arms which we have won and for its promise to the peoples everywhere who join us in the love of freedom, it is fitting that we as a nation give thanks to Almighty God who has strengthened us and given us the victory.

"Now, therefore, I, Harry S. Truman, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Sunday, May 13, 1945, to be a day of prayer. I call upon the people of the United States whatever their faith, to unite in offering joyful thanks to God for the victory we have won and to pray that he will support us to the end of our present struggle and guide us into the ways of peace.

"I also call upon my countrymen to dedicate this day of prayer to the memory of those who have given their lives to make possible our victory.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed."

9:00:09

TROUT (*in New York*):

. . . while we've been listening to President Truman's message . . . Winston Churchill has been speaking to a British radio audience. We have recorded his talk so that you might also hear it. . . .

CHURCHILL (*as he spoke a few minutes ago in London*):

Yesterday morning at 2:41 a.m., at General Eisenhower's Headquarters, General Jodl, the representative of the German High Command, and of Grand Admiral Doenitz, the designated head of the German State, signed the act of unconditional surrender of all German land, sea and air forces in Europe to the Allied Expeditionary Force, and simultaneously to the Soviet High Command. General Bedell Smith, Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army, and General Francois Sevez, signed the documents on behalf of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, and General Susloparov, signed on behalf of the Russian High Command.

Today this agreement will be ratified and confirmed at Berlin where Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, and General de Lattre Tassigny will sign on behalf of General Eisenhower. General Zhukov will sign on behalf of the Soviet High Command. The German representative will be Field Marshal Keitel, Chief of the High Command, and the Commanders-in-Chief of the German Army, Navy and Air Forces. Hostilities will end officially at one minute after midnight tonight, Tuesday.

But in the interest of saving lives, the "cease fire" began yesterday to be sounded all along the fronts and our dear Channel Islands are also to be freed today.

The Germans are still, in places, resisting the Russian troops, but should they continue to do so after midnight they will, of course, deprive themselves of the protection of the law of wars and will be attacked from all quarters by the Allied troops. It is not surprising that on such long fronts and in the existing disorder of the enemy the Commands of the German High Command should not in every case have been obeyed immediately. This does not, in our

opinion, with the best military advice at our disposal, constitute any reason for withholding from the nation the facts communicated to us by General Eisenhower of the unconditional surrender already signed at Reims, nor should it prevent us from celebrating today and tomorrow, Wednesday, as Victory-in-Europe Day.

Today, perhaps, we shall think mostly of ourselves. Tomorrow, we shall pay a particular tribute to the heroic Russian comrades whose prowess in the field has been one of the grand contributions to the general victory. The German war is, therefore, at an end. After years of intense preparation, Germany hurled herself on Poland at the beginning of September, 1939, and in pursuance of her guarantee to Poland and in common with the French Republic, Great Britain, the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations, declared war upon this foul aggression. After gallant France had been struck down, we from this island and from our united empire, maintained the struggle single-handed for a whole year until we were joined by the military might of Soviet Russia and, later, by the overwhelming power and resources of the United States of America. Finally, almost the whole world was combined against the evil-doers who are now prostrate before us. Our gratitude to all our splendid Allies, goes forth from all our hearts in this island and throughout the British Empire. We may allow ourselves a brief period of rejoicing, but let us not forget for a moment the toils and efforts that lie ahead.

Japan, with all her treachery and greed, remains subdued. The injuries she has inflicted upon Great Britain, the United States and other countries, and her detestable cruelties call for justice and retribution. We must now devote all our strength and resources to the completion of our task, both at home and abroad. Advance Britannia! Long live the cause of freedom! God save the King!



The final surrender at Reims, May 7. With backs to camera, left to right: Admiral Friedeberg, Gen. Jodl, German Chief of Staff; his aide, Maj. Gen. Oxenius. (Facing the camera, left to right): Lt. Gen. Sir F. E. Morgan, staff deputy; Gen. Francois Sevez of France; Admiral H. M. Burrough, commanding Naval Allied Expeditionary Forces; Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Chief of Staff to Gen. Eisenhower; Lt. Gen. Ivan Chermiaev of Russia; Gen. Ivan Susloparov of Russia; Gen. C. A. Spatz of the United States, Commander of U. S. Strategic Air Forces.

From Paris now comes the eye-witness account of the surrender.

9:17:00

COLLINGWOOD (*from SHAEF*):

Germany surrendered at 2:45 on the morning of May 7, 1945. At that moment, General Jodl, Chief of Staff of the German Army, signed the last document. He sat there very straight, with his head bent over the papers, and when he had signed the last one, he put the cap back on the pen and looked up at the men sitting across the plain wooden table. Opposite him sat General Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff. General Smith looked tired. He'd been negotiating for 33 hours, but his mouth was hard and so were his eyes.

As he looked to his right, General Jodl could see a big, powerful man in the uniform of a Russian General, sitting next to General Smith. He was General Susloparov, the Russian delegate. Over his shoulder peered the extraordinary head of another Russian. The head was bald as a gourd, with fierce, unwavering eyes, whose bright and sinister gaze did not for an instant leave the drawn face of General Jodl. Jodl did not meet his eyes for long but looked around the table at Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, the Allied Naval Commander, at General Spaatz, the Air Commander, at General Sevez, the French representative.

Then General Jodl looked again at General Smith. "I would like to say something," he said.

Smith nodded.

Jodl rose stiffly to his feet: "Herr General," he said in a voice that choked and almost broke, "with this signature the German people and the German armed forces are, for better or worse, delivered into the victor's hands. In this war, which has lasted more than five years, both have

achieved and suffered more than perhaps any other people in the world. In this hour, I can only express the hope that the victor will treat them with generosity." Then, General Jodl sat down quickly.

No one else said anything. The Germans looked around as though wondering what to do next and at another nod from General Smith they got up. General Jodl, his aide, and Admiral Friedeberg, who commands the German Navy. With Jodl in the lead they walked quickly out of the room.

With sixteen other correspondents I witnessed this scene, which formalized the most complete and resounding defeat in the history of the world, which meant relief and hope to millions of sorely-tried people. It was the end of the war, the climax of a series of piecemeal surrenders. The final surrender took place at a quarter to three on Monday morning.

The negotiations began late Saturday afternoon. Admiral Friedeberg, who had earlier surrendered northern Germany, Denmark and Holland to the British, arrived at General Eisenhower's Headquarters at Reims, France, just after five p.m. on Saturday. He wanted to talk about complete surrender.

He tried to pull once more the old dodge about surrendering to the western Allies and not to the Russians. He was, of course, flatly refused.

Since Friedeberg was not empowered to sign a final surrender, he was told to get someone who was. He sent a message to Doenitz, asking for someone who could sign. The next day, Sunday, at 5:08 p.m., Jodl landed at Reims. The expectation was then that the surrender would be signed almost immediately, but Jodl turned out to be a tough customer.

Colonel General Gustav Jodl, the German plenipotentiary, is a typical, stiff-necked, Prussian professional soldier. He is ugly, and his face is ravaged by what appears to be some

kind of skin disease, but he is as straight as a gun barrel and the embodiment of what we think of as Prussian arrogance.

Admiral von Friedeberg was relatively easy to negotiate with. He seemed rather a pleasant old fellow, but there was nothing pleasant about Jodl.

The conference dragged on. Finally Jodl dispatched another message to Admiral Doenitz. Everyone sat down to wait. The Russians had a cocktail party. The French general went back to his quarters. Some of the British and American negotiators took a quick nap. The Germans sat morosely in the house that had been set aside for them.

Just before two o'clock in the morning when it looked as though everything was over for the night, the negotiators began to drift back to the Supreme Headquarters at the College Moderne et Technique in Reims. General Spaatz came in first. He looked quietly content. Then General Bedell Smith drove up. He is not given to visible emotion, but as he walked up to his office he looked almost jubilant. Then the Russians came in grinning from ear to ear and after them the rest trickled in.

About two-thirty they began to go into the war room where the instruments of surrender were to be signed. Let me try to picture for you this scene as I saw it when I was there early Monday morning.

Here's this room—not a very big room as rooms go. The walls are covered with maps in bright reds and greens almost up to the ceiling. On these maps is all the information General Jodl would have traded an army group to have a week ago. Our battle order, our communications system, our supply network, our casualties, and perhaps most important of all, the Germans' own hopeless position clearly marked out. This room, General Eisenhower's war room, is bathed in the hot glow from the blinding lights the photographers have set up. At one end is a long table. A

very plain, very old, rather rickety wooden table the top side of which is painted black. Around this table are 14 chairs. Twelve of them are arranged around one side and the other two with their backs to us, occupy one whole side of the table. This is where General Jodl and Admiral Friedeberg had to sit.

The only people in the room now besides us correspondents are a milling mass of photographers in constant movement climbing up and down ladders, aiming cameras, and around the walls there is a battery of recording apparatus set up to catch every word by our friends the radio engineers of SHAEF, the people who get our broadcasts through.

The whole place is brilliantly lit. It looks like a movie set. About two-thirty in the morning General Toocy Spaatz walks in. He is followed in quick succession by the Russians. Then Air Marshal Robb comes in; Admiral Burrough. Pretty soon Bedell Smith himself enters, the man who bore the brunt of the long hours of negotiation. He looks tired, but there's a look of grim satisfaction about his tight mouth. The other generals come in. The last is the little French general, Sevez. He looks out of breath as though he'd run up the stairs. Everyone stands about by their chairs, waiting for the Germans. Spaatz makes a soldierly pleasantry to the Russians and they grin broadly. Everyone tries to appear completely at ease, but the air is tense, tense, tense.

Then the Germans come in. Jodl's face is like a death mask; drawn, unnatural-looking, and with every muscle in it clenched. Admiral Friedeberg is more relaxed, but he, too, is not enjoying himself. Jodl's aide bobs about like a head waiter in a restaurant. Their uniforms are immaculate and rather spectacular in the German fashion. Both Jodl and his aide have the double red stripe of the German General Staff on the sides of their cavalry breeches. They reach the table, bow in unison, and wait. General Smith motions them to sit down. Everyone sits down.

Then the cameramen start bounding about after the fashion of cameramen, like so many monkeys in the zoo. They run at top speed all around the room, up and down ladders, flash-bulbs going all the time. It's an incredible scene. The generals are clearly annoyed, but still the photographers untiringly dash about, getting in the way of General Strong, Eisenhower's G-2, who is by this time handing around the documents to be signed.

Jodl signs the surrender, at 2:41, and then General Smith who hands it to the Russian General Susloparov—and finally the French General Sevez signs it. This happens four times . . . a copy for each nation. Meanwhile, Admiral Burrough and General Smith sign a paper relating to the conditions for disarming the German Navy. And Smith and Spaatz sign one for the ground and air forces.

By 2:45 the last signature has been affixed. The photographers are still in full cry, leaping over one another to get their pictures. It has become completely ridiculous, but still they go on. They're fascinated by the face of General Susloparov's interpreter. He's a Russian with a head completely bald, not a hair, and a glittering eye which he fixed on the Germans like the very eye of doom. To get a good shot at him, a photographer leans over the Germans, elbowing Jodl out of the way, and flashes his bulb at the Russian.

The Germans sit there, through it all, stiff, unblinking, tasting to the bitter dregs their cup of humiliation.

Then came the most dramatic moment of all. Everything had been signed. There was no longer any possibility of quibbling or evasion. The German Third Reich, which had once made the world to tremble, had collapsed in blood-stained fragments. Colonel General Jodl, Chief of Staff of the German Army, asked General Bedell Smith's permission to speak. He stood up stiffly, like a man holding himself in against some unbearable pain.

In a strangled voice, like a sob, he said: "With this sig-

nature the German people and the German armed forces are, for better or worse, delivered into the victor's hands. In this hour, I can only express the hope that the victor will treat them with generosity."

I will let you hear how it sounded. Here is a recording made at the table of his actual words as General Jodl spoke in that moment filled with such tremendous meaning.

(Collingwood plays the recording).

When General Jodl sat down after that, it was all over. At a sign from General Smith, the Germans stood up, bowed again, and quickly left the room.

Up to this time they had not yet seen General Eisenhower or Air Chief Marshal Tedder, his deputy. All the negotiations were undertaken by General Smith and General Strong, but after the surrender, Jodl and Friedeberg were taken to the Supreme Commander. Eisenhower and his deputy, Air Chief Marshal Tedder, stood side-by-side behind Eisenhower's desk, unsmiling.

The Germans bowed and stood there. Eisenhower asked them curtly whether they had understood the terms of surrender and whether they agreed to carry them out. The Germans said "Yes," and then they were taken away.

It was all over—the Germans had surrendered—and later General Eisenhower said a few words. This is what he said:

"In January, 1943, the late President Roosevelt and Premier Churchill met in Casablanca. There they pronounced the formula of unconditional surrender for the Axis powers. In Europe, that formula has now been fulfilled. The Allied force, which invaded Europe on June 6, 1944, has, with its great Russian ally, and forces advancing in the south, utterly defeated the Germans by land, sea and air. Thus, unconditional surrender has been achieved by teamwork, teamwork not only among all the Allies participating but amongst all the services—land, sea and air. To every subordinate that has been in this command, of

almost 5,000,000 Allies, I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. The only repayment that can be made to them is the deep appreciation and lasting gratitude of all free citizens of all the United Nations."

With these words, General Eisenhower finished the evening's ceremonies. It was all over. Eisenhower relaxed, everyone relaxed. One almost forgave the photographers. The most terrible war in human history had finally come to an end. The mad dog of Europe was put out of the way, the strange, insane monstrosity that was Nazi Germany had been beaten into submission. To millions of people this was the end of suffering. It was perhaps the best news the world had ever had—the surrender of Reims had been signed.

9:31

MURROW (*from London*):

This is London!

The police are badly outnumbered, but for the last hour most Londoners have all wanted to go in the same direction, so it doesn't matter very much. They've been streaming towards Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, and Piccadilly. There are soldiers in paper hats, boys perched on lamp-posts. When an Army truck stops at an intersection it is swamped with men and women in uniform. They don't know where the truck is going and they don't care. They just want to ride.

In the center of London there is only one street with a "no entry" sign; that's one leading to a police station. The ambulances are standing by to pick up the casualties; the movie houses are all closed and barricaded; the managers don't want anyone tearing up the seats and throwing them out in the street. So far the crowd is wonderfully good natured. Today, on the streets of London there are soldiers and sailors of all the nations that have made victory possible and mixed

with the uniforms of the civilians; many of them are carrying their mackintoshes and umbrellas. They believe in peace, but not in the steadiness of the weather.

As you walk down the street you hear singing that comes from open windows; sometimes it's a chorus, and sometimes it's just a single voice raised in song. "Roll Out The Barrel" seems to be the favorite. Only the pigeons, walking along the ledges of blitzed buildings, seem unperturbed and unaware.

Many women are wearing flags in their hats; some are even draped in flags. At times, someone will start to shout. There's no obvious reason for the shout, but it's taken up at once. There are no words; just a sort of rumbling roar. London is celebrating today in a city which became a symbol. The scars of war are all about. There is no lack of serious, solemn faces. Their thoughts are their own. Some people appear not to be part of the celebration. Their minds must be filled with memories of friends who died in the streets where they now walk, and of others who have died from Burma to the Elbe. There are a few men on crutches, as though to remind all that there is much human wreckage left at the end. Six years is a long time. I have observed today that people have very little to say. There are no words.

Moscow is still silent. But the President is not.

9:37

COFFIN (*from Washington*):

Just before President Truman spoke to you over the radio, he held a news conference. . . . He began by telling us that today was V-E Day and, incidentally, his 61st birthday.

Mr. Truman then became deadly serious. He had a message to the Japanese on what they may expect. Before reading it, he told us the Chiefs of Staff had advised him the Japs were going to have a terrible time. He spoke calmly and with

deep conviction. His chin was firm and his eyes were cold, as he spoke of the Japanese. This is his message:

"Nazi Germany has been defeated. The Japanese people," Mr. Truman said, "have felt the weight of our land, air, and naval attacks. So long as their leaders and the armed forces continue the war, the striking power and intensity of our blows will steadily increase and will bring utter destruction to Japan's industrial war production, to its shipping and to everything that supports its military activity. The longer the war lasts, the greater will be the suffering and hardships which the people of Japan will undergo, all in vain. Our blows will not cease until the Japanese military and naval forces lay down their arms in unconditional surrender."

The President paused and emphasized those two words "unconditional surrender."

He continued: "Just what does the unconditional surrender of the armed forces mean for the Japanese people?" He told us it means the end of the war. It means the termination of the influence of the military leaders, who have brought Japan to the present brink of disaster. It means provision for the return of soldiers and sailors to their families, their farms, their jobs.

President Truman said: "Unconditional surrender means not prolonging the present agony and suffering of the Japanese in the vain hope of victory." He concluded by saying: "Unconditional surrender does not mean the extermination or enslavement of the Japanese people. The meaning is plain. The Japanese had better surrender unconditionally." After finishing this reading, the President began talking to us in a warm, confidential voice. He said we want a peace of justice and law. That's what we want, and that's what we're going to get at San Francisco, President Truman told us. . . .

He said: "I want to emphasize time and time again that we are only half-through." As he read his proclamation to us, he stopped once and said: "The Germans once called us soft

and weak. I wonder what they think now." Mr. Truman then gave us his messages to General Eisenhower, Marshal Stalin, Prime Minister Churchill and General De Gaulle.

Quite an hour, this hour just passing. Joseph C. Grew in Washington countersinks the nail President Truman just drove in the Jap coffin. Joe McCaffrey from the Pentagon said: "When you think of the all-out-hi-de-ho celebration today, it might be well to think of the . . . people who are quietly mourning today for each one of those 139,000 who were killed. . . ."

And now from overseas the Generals and the Admirals march past in a steady pageant: from Supreme Allied Headquarters:

10:00

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR TEDDER:

Let this be my homage to the great leader under whose guidance and inspiration I have served since February 1943 in Tunis, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, the liberation of Paris, the crossing of the Rhine and the final overrunning of Germany. . . . General Eisenhower is the embodiment of the Allied team spirit, which has given our fighting men . . . unity of purpose. . . . The soldiers, sailors and airmen of the United Nations have defeated the Germans because they have learned how to fight and work together against the common enemy, and this lesson they learned from the example of their Supreme Commander. . . . May God help us all to maintain the same spirit of unity and cooperation by which alone we can win the peace for which we have been fighting.

I'd like to end on a more personal note. This has been every man's and every woman's war. Regardless of uniform, rank or race, the men and women of the United Nations have each made their own contribution in blood and sweat to

victory. Today is their day . . . your day. Well done, every one of you!

10:04

GENERAL OMAR W. BRADLEY:

When American troops forced the Normandy beaches on June 6, 1944, all United States ground forces were fighting under the command of the First United States Army . . . on August 1st we divided this huge American force into two armies, the First and the Third, with the 12th Army Group in command of both. . . . In the nine months that followed, we had amassed two additional armies, till today the 12th Army Group comprises the 1st, 3rd, 9th and 15th American Armies . . . the first wholly American group of armies to take the field in any war. It is the greatest accumulation of power and force in the nation's history.

Our armies have speeded the liberation of France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. . . . We have captured more than two million enemy prisoners, 350,000 in the Ruhr pocket and millions since we crossed the Rhine. Germany was defeated when her armies were destroyed. Virtually every German that faced us in the original armies of the west has been killed, wounded or taken a prisoner of war.

At Argentan, the 1st Army closed its trap to annihilate entire corps of the German Army. It blocked their exit to the north, while our 3rd Army raced around the end and carved the enemy into prisoner pockets. Not until he reached the Siegfried Line was the enemy able to recover from the terrifying cost of these battles. When von Rundstedt threw his three picked armies into the Ardennes, we smashed his armor, flung the units back, and broke through his great fortifications over in the Rhineland. Within a month, we had destroyed the German Army destined to defend the Rhine, crowded our cages with another quarter of a million German troops. Without slackening our stride, we crossed

hine to encircle the Ruhr and trap the German Armies . . . by-passed his mountain stronghold and bagged another fifty thousand.

During the month of March, we captured on an average of a German division a day. This was increased during April. Today, I wish to commend every man and officer in this group of American Armies I have been privileged to command. . . .

Germany is beaten, completely and utterly. . . . But today we must turn our efforts to the same thorough defeat of Japan. There can be no let-up, no slowdown until the job is done. Only then shall we win the peace that will make this V-E Day a day of hope and promise for all generations.

10:09

FIELD MARSHAL SIR BERNARD LAWS MONTGOMERY:

. . . What I have to say is very simple and quite short. I would ask you all to remember those of our comrades who fell in this struggle. They gave their lives that others might have freedom, and no man can do more than that. I believe that He would say to each one of them: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." . . . We must remember to give praise and thankfulness where it is due. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. . . .

Few commanders can have had such loyal service as you have given me. I thank each one of you from the bottom of my heart. . . . We have won the German war; now let us win the peace. Good luck to you all, wherever you may be.

We hear in turn the voices of General Jacob L. Devers, Admiral Harold R. Stark, Admiral Sir Harold Martin Burrough. There is time, before the next group of commanders comes to the microphone, to hear an interview by Bill Shadell at Bradley's headquarters—an interview with Sergt. Joseph

A. Delicio, of 1097 Longwood Avenue, Bronx, a member of the 9th Armored Division, one of the first men to cross the Rhine at Remagen. We have time to hear from Bill Slocum at 9th Army headquarters, and from Larry Lesueur at 3rd Army headquarters. We hear from Collingwood the reactions of Paris, from Rider at Admiral Nimitz' headquarters on Guam, from Liemert on bloody Okinawa, from Bill Downs again on the Luneburg Heath, at Monty's headquarters.

Time to hear them on the air; space to print their broadcasts here is way beyond reach of available paper. Between 11:00 and 11:25 this morning, we hear the ringing voices of General George S. Patton of the 3rd, General Courtney S. Hodges of the 1st, Lieutenant-General Lewis H. Brereton of the 1st Allied Airborne, Lieutenant-General William L. Simpson of the 9th, General H. D. G. Crerar of the 1st Canadian Army, Lieutenant-General Alexander M. Patch of the U. S. 7th, and Lieutenant General Leonard T. Gerow of the 15th.

11:57

WILLIAM D. DUNN (who waded ashore on Luzon at MacArthur's side, and who is now in Manila):

. . . there haven't been any drunks here using the victory as an easy excuse . . . in almost every instance the reaction has been something approximately, "Yeah, that's fine" . . . they aren't in the mood for celebrating . . . with the Number One enemy still to beat. . . . From the south . . . news of bitter fighting on Borneo and from the north the news of Okinawa . . . Americans are still engaged in sharp combat. . . .

12:00-1:00 p.m.

Kate Smith speaks again at noon, on a note of high eloquence. The magic carpet of radio then swings us round the



Marshal Wilhelm Keitel surrenders to the Russians in Berlin.

nation. First to Los Angeles. Then to Seattle, gateway to Japan, and nest of the Superfortress. Southeast then to Dallas, northeast to Chicago, southwest again to Abilene, Kansas, to ask Arthur Eisenhower how his mother took the news of the contract brother Dwight just completed. From Kansas City we go to Detroit; then to Washington—where Representatives May, Hebert, Voorhis and LaFollette comment on Congress' reaction.

1:00-1:48 p.m.

From Washington.

ADMIRAL LEAHY:

. . . We have no intention of relaxing until the eastern barbarian shares the fate of his partner.

GENERAL OF THE ARMY GEORGE C. MARSHALL:

. . . let us turn with all the power and stern resolution of America to destroy forever, and in the shortest possible time, every vestige of military power in the Japanese nation.

—and now from overseas—

GENERAL EISENHOWER:

. . . Merely to name my own present and former principal subordinates in this theatre is to present a picture of the utmost in loyalty, skill, selflessness and efficiency. The United Nations will gratefully remember Tedder, Bradley, Montgomery, Ramsey, Spaatz, DeLattre, and countless others.

But all these agree with me in the selection of a truly heroic man of this war. He is GI Joe and his counterpart in the Air, the Navy and the Merchant Marine of every one of the United Nations. He has surmounted the dangers of U-boat infested seas, of bitter battles in the air, of desperate charges into defended beaches, of tedious, dangerous fighting against the ultimate in fortified zones. He has uncomplainingly endured cold, mud, fatigue. His companion has been

danger, and death has trailed his footsteps. He and his platoon and company leaders have given to us a record of gallantry, loyalty, devotion to duty and patient endurance that will warm our hearts for as long as those qualities excite our admiration.

So history's mightiest machine of conquest has been utterly destroyed. The deliberate design of brutal, worldwide rape by the German nation, absorbed from the diseased brain of Hitler, has met the fate decreed for it by outraged justice. . . .

Some of us will stay here to police the areas of the nation that we have conquered, so that systems of justice and of order may prevail. Some will be called upon to participate in the Pacific War, but some—and I trust in ever-increasing numbers—will soon experience the joy of returning home. I speak for the more than three million Americans in this theatre in saying that when we are so fortunate as to come back to you, there need be no welcoming parades, no special celebrations. All we ask is to come back into the warmth of the hearts we left behind and resume once more pursuits of peace, under our own American perceptions of liberty and of right, in which our beloved country has always dwelt.

Admiral King speaks to us. He is followed by Admiral Nimitz on Guam, General Arnold tells how the Luftwaffe and German ground transportation were paralyzed from the air, and what the B-29s are up to in the sunset. Then from the Philippines—

1:48:00

GENERAL MACARTHUR:

. . . The members of this command salute their comrades in arms, victors of the war in the West, as we rededicate ourselves to the task which lies yet ahead in the East. However monumental such a task, with the help of Almighty God we shall not fail.

From 2:00 to 2:40 a complex shortwave program roves all about London, bringing first-hand interviews with plain people. It reaches a climax at—

3:00 p.m.

KING GEORGE VI:

. . . nearly six years of suffering and peril. . . .

We shall have failed, and the blood of our dearest will have flowed in vain if the victory which they died to win does not lead to a lasting peace, founded on justice and good will. . . . This is the task to which honor binds us. In the hour of danger we humbly committed our cause into the hand of God, and He has been our strength and shield. Let us thank Him for His mercies, and in this hour of victory commit ourselves and our new task to the guidance of that same strong hand.

The statesmen speak: Edward Stettinius, Wellington Koo, Anthony Eden, Georges Bidault. The foreign news men speak: Murrow and Downs and Lesueur and Edwards and Slocum. The shepherds speak: Bishop Tucker, Rabbi Gaynor, Archbishop Spellman.

At 6:01 p.m. EWT the guns ceased fire.

At 7:20 a bulletin reported that Marshal Stalin announced Germany's unconditional surrender in Berlin.

Onto the dimming stage came, at 9:00, the play which Norman Corwin had written for this day (and which follows in this book). At half past eleven it was followed by Carl Carmer's stirring program "Taps Is Not Enough."

On the stroke of midnight, Molotov in San Francisco, before a CBS microphone, acknowledged German surrender, and pledged the continuation of a fight for a free world.

Thus ends V-E Day.

Thus ends the war in Europe that began in 1939.

And now the aftermath.

XVI. *These Last Few Days*

ALTHOUGH THE CEREMONIES of the separate surrender to the Soviet Union in Berlin had taken place at 5:30 p.m. New York time on V-E Day, America did not hear the eye witness story until the following morning.

May 9

9:15:40 a.m.

HOWARD K. SMITH (*from Paris*):

. . . It was half an hour before midnight over here when the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics officially accepted the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany. . . . It was accepted and signed by Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel for the German Army, by General Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeberg for the German Navy and by Colonel General Stumpf for the Luftwaffe. . . .

I was there in Zhukov's headquarters in the east Berlin suburb of Karlshorst. The ceremony took place in the dining-hall of a former German Army engineering school. . . . Zhukov's jaw was calm with the calmness of a commander who can and did fight his way from the inferno of Stalingrad to a thousand miles across Europe, to triumph in Berlin.



The body of Heinrich Himmler on the floor of a Luneberg house following his suicide.

Keitel was nervous, irritated, arrogant at being reduced to the most humiliating gesture a Prussian martinet can know—having to face and beg surrender from a “prolet” of Red Russia. . . . He was presented with the articles of surrender. Hardly reading them he shrugged his shoulders and placed his hands on his hip in a blunt expression of disgust. No pen to sign with had been placed before him. Zhukov said nothing and did nothing, nor did anyone else. Finally, Keitel pulled out his own fountain pen and signed with it. . . .

Then he began really to play showman. He suddenly discovered that he had not read the document until after he had signed it. . . . He insisted that he must have an additional 24 hours to inform his troops that they had not only to surrender but to give up their guns. The brow of Zhukov, about 10 yards away, looked like a gathering storm. The American interpreter told Keitel to explain his case to the Russian interpreter. Keitel did. He also asked the Russian to request of Zhukov the 24 hours reprieve. The interpreter went to Zhukov. Zhukov gave no answer. He didn't alter his expression. He acted as though he hadn't heard a thing. Keitel, then, let the world hope, with the last gesture of Prussianism, slammed his portfolio shut on the already signed documents, arose, saluted stiffly, and marched out of the room.

A silly, wicked picture-thief now takes a powder:

6:45 p.m.

COLLINGWOOD (*from SHAEF*):

Field Marshal Goering, the fat one, the one with all the medals, has given himself up. By his own story he had been hiding from Hitler's SS troops; he had telephoned Hitler on April 24 as the Russian and American forces were about to meet in the center of Germany.

He said he reminded Hitler that he, Goering, was next in line and due to take over power in case anything happened. Goering suggested that it had happened. Hitler was furious and had Goering arrested by the SS and condemned him to death. Goering's own Luftwaffe troops are then said to have shot their way through his SS guards and rescued him.

Goering is supposed to be a drug addict, but men who saw him said he didn't appear to be hopped up. He complained that the bombing of Berchtesgaden had destroyed half his medals, but he still insisted on dressing up for dinner in a fancy gold braided uniform hung with decorations like a Christmas Tree. He was ridiculous to the last.

May 16

5:50 p.m.

LESUEUR (*from Paris*):

. . . Clear-eyed and firm-jawed Lieut. General Lucius Clay, who'll be Deputy Military Governor of the American occupation of Germany under Eisenhower, told us flatly today that the government the Americans will set up in Germany will be *military* government and the Germans will know that it's military government. And anyone who's ever been in the army knows what General Clay means. . . .

May 23

4:30 p.m.

LESUEUR (*from Paris*):

The Third Reich is dead! It came to an end at 10:00 o'clock this morning in a setting similar to that in which it was spawned . . . a bar. The beer parlor of a captured German Hamburg-American liner anchored in the docks of the little

German Baltic seaport of Flensburg. At 9:45 this morning, Grand Admiral Doenitz and Colonel General Jodl were ordered to appear on board. . . . As they mounted the gangplank, Admiral Doenitz turned to Colonel General Jodl and said: "It's clear what this is all about." . . .

There was no saluting or handshaking. . . . Rooks sat opposite Doenitz and a Russian, Major General Nicolai Trusof, member of Marshal Zhukov's staff, sat opposite Vice Admiral Friedeberg. The British Brigadier General, Edward Ford, sat opposite General Jodl. . . . General Rooks began simply by saying in a cool voice, "Gentlemen, I am in receipt of instructions from the Supreme Command of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, from General Eisenhower, to call you before me this morning to tell you that he has decided, in concert with the Soviet High Command, that today the acting German Government and a German High Command shall be taken into custody, with the several of its members, both military and civilian, as prisoners of war. . . .

"When you leave this room, an Allied officer will attach himself to you and escort you to your quarters. There you'll pack, eat your lunch, and complete your affairs. You may take what baggage you require and you'll be escorted to an airfield for emplaning at 1:30. That is all I have to say." . . .

Finally, General Doenitz gathered himself together and said, in a voice that began weakly but ended more firmly: "Any words would be superfluous." General Rooks nodded his head, as if to say "you're right." . . .

Doenitz, leading the German party, slumped and shuffled out of the room. Hitler's ill-fated successor did not straighten up until he got out of the door and passed some enlisted men. He then made a last effort to draw himself up and he strolled down the gangplank. Followed by six armed Allied officers and clasping his powerless baton in his hand, Hitler's successor . . . walked down the dockside, as hundreds of scowling soldiers and sailors watched. . . .

May 24

6:51:07

HOTTELET (*from Paris*):

Heinrich Himmler is dead! The head of the Nazi terror machine escaped human justice by swallowing poison last night. He had been taken prisoner by the British 2nd Army. He had been caught like a tramp and he died like one. Sometime on Tuesday, Himmler and two aides tried to walk across a bridge . . . they wore shabby civilian clothes. Himmler's little spectacles were gone and one of his watery blue eyes was covered with a black patch. His moustache was shaved off but his weak chin was covered with stubble. He produced an army discharge in the name of Hitzsinger, but, stupidly enough, it was not a regular army discharge but one from the military Gestapo, the field security police. It was suspicious in itself.

. . . They were sent to British Army Headquarters for interrogation. There, the little man, who had spent the last twelve years barking orders that sent thousands to their death, spent the last twelve hours of his life wheedling and pleading. . . . His story rang false. . . . Finally, he . . . admitted who he was. He had been carefully searched and given new clothes, but neither coat nor trousers. Wrapped in a blanket he was driven away . . . searched again from head to foot. But somehow he had concealed a phial of poison in his mouth and, while a doctor was looking into his mouth, Himmler jerked his head back, crunched the phial and swallowed cyanide of potassium. Only a few hours before, up in Flensburg, the Commander of the German Navy, Admiral Friedeberg, had done the same thing.

XVII. "On a Note of Triumph"

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1944, CBS asked Norman Corwin to prepare a radio program which might be broadcast in the observance of Victory in Europe whenever the day might come. He did so. Within three hours of the final cease-fire order on May 8, over the Columbia Network, the American people heard his program—with special music by Bernard Herrmann, and a notable cast. So great was the public response that the program was repeated verbatim on Sunday, May 13, from 11:00 to midnight. On Monday, May 14, the first copies of its text, published by Simon and Schuster, were on the book stands. It is through the courtesy of the author and the publisher that the text is here reprinted. "For the eye's sake," says Mr. Corwin, "I have stripped the radio script of all technical directions. . . . Since all radio writing is intended to be spoken, I arbitrarily divided the script into lines . . . simply as a means of scoring, to help actors in the mechanics of breathing, and not to give the appearance of a poem. It is not a poem." The program follows:



SO THEY'VE given up.

They're finally done in, and the rat is dead in an alley
back of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Take a bow, G.I.,

Take a bow, little guy.

The superman of tomorrow lies at the feet of you
common men of this afternoon.

This is It, kid, this is The Day, all the way from New-
buryport to Vladivostok.

You had what it took and you gave it, and each of
you has a hunk of rainbow round your helmet.

Seems like free men have done it again.

Is Victory a sweet dish or isn't it?

And how do you think those lights look in Europe
after five years of blackout, going on to six?

Brother, pretty good. Pretty good, sister.

The kids of Poland soon will know what an orange
tastes like,

And the smell of honest-to-God bread freshly made
and sawdust-free will create a stir in the streets of
Athens.

There's a hot time in the old town of Dnepropetrovsk
tonight,

And it is reasonable to assume the same goes for a
thousand other cities, including some Scandina-
vian.

It can at last be said without jinxing the campaign:

Somehow the decadent democracies, the bungling
bolsheviks, the saps and softies,

Were tougher in the end than the brownshirt bully-
boys, and smarter too:

For without whipping a priest, burning a book or
slugging a Jew, without corraling a girl in a
brothel, or bleeding a child for plasma,

Far-flung ordinary men, unspectacular but free, rousing out of their habits and their homes, got up early one morning, flexed their muscles, learned (as amateurs) the manual of arms, and set out across perilous plains and oceans to whop the be-jesus out of the professionals.

This they did.

For confirmation, see the last communique, bearing the mark of the Allied High Command.

Clip it out of the morning paper and hand it over to your children for safe keeping.

*We're gonna tell the postman,
Next time he comes around,
That Mr. Hitler's new address
Is the Berlin buryin' ground.*

*Round and round Hitler's grave,
Round and round we go.
We're gonna lay that feller down
So he won't get up no mo'.*

*Hitler went to the Russian front
Where every bullet missed him,*

*But he caught a dose of Stalingrad
That spread all through his system.*

*Adolf Hitler started hot
He was mighty big and bold
But the Allies slapped him down so hard
He caught his death of cold.*

*Round and round Hitler's grave,
Round and round we go.
We're gonna lay that feller down
So he won't get up no mo'.*

There are many variations on the foregoing—many a different tongue and tune saying the same thing.

The Serbs refer to it as . . .

*Obil osimo okolo nokolo
Hitlerovog groba, okolo nokolo.*

And the Danes . . .

*Og saa gaar vi rundt om Hitler's grav
Hitler's grav, Hitler's grav.*

The Greeks too have a word for it:

*Gyro sto mnima too
Hitler gyro gyro pername.*

As you can gather from this, it is entirely appropriate to make a joke and laugh at it.

The occasion calls for a round of cheers and a toast with the very best you have in the house.

Now fix your eyes on the horizons and swing your ears about:

Size up the day and date on which it happened:

It wasn't so long ago, and you cannot have forgotten so soon how it felt to win the biggest fight of all, the main bout:

Your imagination is capable of winding for many a statute mile and is reversible in time and space, keeping you close to the ground, yet reasonably well informed about developments in the stratosphere.

Look in on prayer and thanksgiving, song and laughter, dated Planet Earth—roughly, A.D. 1945:

The minister and congregation in the wooden church, having come in from outlying farms through the nippy night air of New Hampshire:

*O sing unto the Lord a new song;
Let the congregation of saints praise him.*

*Let the praises of God be in their mouth;
And a two-edged sword in their hands;*

*To be avenged of the nations,
And to rebuke the peoples. . . .*

The rabbi in the synagogue, by the light of the menorah, by the light of the candelabra descended from the tabernacle in the wilderness, from Egypt to the Oklahoma prairie town . . .

The rabbi entering another Red Sea crossing in the ancient scroll:

No great tyranny has ever lasted. The empires of Pharaoh, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon, Hitler—each flourished, and held sway, and was destroyed. They were powerful, but all of them forgot one thing: that the only civilization which can endure is a free one . . .

The bishop in the cathedral, singing *Te Deum* to Him who has again delivered man:

Te Deum laudamus:

Te Dominum confitemur.

Te aeternum Patrem

omnis terra veneratur. . . .

The hundred million homes—

Some of them with plaster loose from the last bombing

Some in towns where townsmen's blood mixed lately with rainwater in the gutters

Some of them by coasts where lighthouse-keepers polish dusty lamps, and as of sundown sweep the night again for friendly craft

In farmhouses of steppe and upland, in mining villages with regimented chimneys

In apartments of executives, where décor is impeccable and genuine Utrillos hang

In tenements where el trains go by every seven minutes with a rack and roar

In the rooming house where the young 4F mechanic lives on the third floor rear,

It's Top of the Evening, Hip Hip Hooray, How about Another Drink, Al? and a very good time's being had by all.

Meanwhile the movie houses have a special film, six minutes long, announcing Victory

And the big impromptu program at Federal Hall is S.R.O., sold out, capacity . . .

Crowds in Times Square: Piccadilly: Nevsky Prospect: crowds in the Loop: crowds on the Boulevard:

Gayety and neon: laughter and the blare of horns: headlines cheerful as a Christmas poster:

Noise and glitter: this is It, kid, this is The Day: this is what we've been waiting for!

But through the din, the clamor, don't you hear a whisper?

In the hearing of your conscience, don't you get a voice?

Listen:

Listen:

Nothing yet: just crowd: but listen close:

Take your good ear out of low range:

Whisk it high, hoist it up to cirro-stratus country, up to where a B-29 has wing-room:

Flash across an Atlantic heaving under the sway of a victor's moon:

Listen for intimations of wind and water, and a rush
of fog eastward of the Grand Banks:

(Below these waters, strewn beneath the lanes of
porpoise and whale, the bones of how many
good men lie?)

How many hulks rot here, how many barrels of
blood and oil mix with the tides of free con-
necting seas?)

But never mind: running as you are, eastward,
against the grain of time, you are over the Isles in
a hop and a jump: you are established now: on
the continent:

So listen closely:

In just a moment now.

Don't expect to hear metallic speech from a rosette of
amplifying horns on the high poles of a public
address system,

But listen for a modest voice, as sensible and intimate
to you as the quiet turning of your own consid-
ered judgment.

Now we are ready.

The voice you hear will be that of the Conqueror:

The man of the hour, the man of the year, of the past ten years and the next twenty:



I'm a private first class in an army of one of the United Nations. If you don't mind, there are some things I'd like to ask.

Just a guy in uniform you've met somewhere or seen in the newsreels loading a truck or marching, or read about in the dispatches.

A fighting man: glad to be alive, a little tired, but in good shape: a dozen battles notched in his gunstock and dug in his memory.

His name and rank and nationality don't matter much: could be a Tommy or a Yugoslav partisan: a Red Army pilot: could be a G.I.

Good. Now picture him where he was that night, in Europe:

Perhaps in his cot in a barracks, his hands behind his head, thinking things over:

Perhaps he stood on a village green before a monument to the dead of World War I;

Perhaps he strolled in a history-weary valley under the same stars which 2500 years ago watched a Persian brand of Nazis take a beating in the hills of Marathon.

Close your eyes, and it could reasonably be this boy, that boy, any boy at all with war still thumping in his ears.

No, don't close your eyes. Open your eyes, and concentrate:



If you don't mind, there are some things we guys would like to know!

First of all, who did we beat?

How much did it cost to beat him?

*What have we learned? What do we know
now that we didn't know before?*

What do we DO now?

Is it all going to happen again?

Can it be?

*In the interim between the making of a toast and the
drinking of it,*

*Can there be such questions on the lips of fighting
men?*

Questions from areas of truce?

Insistent, footnoting the Armistice?

Who've you beaten?

Well, let's get hold of him and see.

*Lead him in and prop him up like a tomato plant be-
fore your eyes.*

*Now: Look at this rubble of a man: ragged, broken,
blond Nordic hair matted with pure Aryan*

blood, deaf from blast and blind from smoke,
chin down, tail between his legs.

Pity the poor bastard?

I was ordered to do it.

You hear? He was ordered to do it.

I'm a soldier. I'm a little man. I merely obeyed orders.

Whose orders?

The party's.

Who elected the party?

I did.

Who supported the party?

I did.

When you saw where the party was taking Germany,
whose job was it to overthrow the party?

Mine.

And did you?

No. I was a member of the party.

He's meek now. He answers questions.

He stands before you gunreft, palms empty, steel
whip confiscated;

Wounded, defenseless, thrown upon your tender
mercies,

The quality of which, he trusts, shall not be strained.
Now:

If you spin your memory about, so that it picks up
the winter of a not-long-bygone year:

It was the year Broker's Tip won the Kentucky
Derby,

And Cal Coolidge was found dead on his bathroom
floor,

And 3.2 per cent beer was proclaimed morally fit for
Americans to drink.

It was 1933.

Fine. Go back to it.

Look at our German now:

Fat and sassy, swastika on his armband, cobblestone
in hand, ready to advance the cause.

Another Jewish storewindow is broken, the stock
will presently be looted, and the state is happy.

Hey nonny-nonny, achtung, and well-a-day.

This has been a good week for the little man who
obeys orders, and prosperity fills his jowls and
biceps.

For his Fuehrer was appointed Chancellor last Monday,

And on Wednesday . . .

Open the door! Open!

. . . raids on the homes of leaders of the opposition parties.

And on Thursday . . .

You are forbidden by decree to publish any further editions as of today!

. . . suppression of the opposition newspapers . . .

And on Sunday . . .

Henceforward it shall be deemed a crime against the state, punishable by law, to make any criticisms whatever of Reichschancellor Hitler.

Heil Hitler!

All this in the first week they were in the saddle.

Every week thereafter, for twelve inbreeding years of 52 weeks each year, week in, week out:

The looking-around carefully before speaking:

The leather heels on the doorstep, and the bell ringing insistently at 3 in the morning:

The stormtrooper, authority dangling from the hol-

ster on his hip, smugness fitting him like a coat of oil:

The new decree, even worse than the one published last week:

The dream of escape, the pillowful of border where Kind People wait just across, just beyond, on the other side, so near they see you and have pity for you; and then the awakening in the room in Düsseldorf . . .

You're under arrest. Put your clothes on and come with me.

Violence beyond the fitful tortions of the straitjacketed maniac in the asylum:

Tear his beard out by the roots! If his face comes off with it, all the better.

Arrogance enough to dwarf an Alp:

God has manifested himself not in Jesus Christ, but in Adolf Hitler!

Last week, pillage; this week, murder; next week, burn the books, don't overlook the Bible.

Fourth week in April, trial of a thousand priests and nuns.

The men who were masterless but free, now have a master but no freedom. However, they have dis-

cipline and a scapegoat, and one can go far on that.

Hunger and poverty and a couple of big contributions from a couple of big industrialists were enough to get them started.

And fancy treasons, foreign and domestic, kept them going:

Also, cruelties to make skin creep on the sweating scalp:

The gat and bludgeon versus flesh and bone:

The fat and hairy fist against the fragile mouth:

*Now spit out your teeth, pretty one, and tell us—
who else was in your trade union?*

The conscript children: putrescence in the classroom:
scum injected in the growing arm:

*My father last night said to my mother that he hates
Der Fuehrer.*

Good boy. Where do you live, Hans?

Last week, purge; this week, putsch; next week,
break a treaty, form an Axis, give a hitch to
Franco.

Meanwhile the small businessman who didn't kick
in to the party is framed on a trumped-up charge

of listening to the British radio, and is thrust, protesting, on a table for the guillotine:

*No, no! I'm innocent! I have no radio! I'm innocent,
I tell you! I'm inn—*

This week and every week, the staggering lie:
Nations stripped and tortured like a captive girl,
while sidewalk superintendents stand by, around
the world, and look on, fascinated.

Even as they watch, of course, death warrants issue
to themselves and to their sons.

Extra: double feature: Austria and Anschluss:

And the corpses of the suicides of gay Vienna are
sanitarily disposed of.

Darkness rising: pageants and parades: drapes and
flags and searchlights and the goose-step.

Next week, umbrella dance at Munich—Salomé
bearing the head of John, the Czech.

And coming soon, too soon, Lavish Spectacle: Mil-
lions in the Cast: Curtain Going Up:

POLAND DEVOURED
BY LIGHTNING AND LOCUSTS
IN 18 DAYS!

Eastward, look, the land is bright! You can read an occupational order by the flare of the burning church

(Sixteen hundred of the townspeople are locked in there, but their screams have sizzled out, the children's being the first to cease).

In the ruddy-complexioned evening of Bydgoszcz, study, if you will, the reflected glow on the face of the little man who obeys orders:

He hasn't had as much fun as this since the day he split open the professor's head in the well-planned scuffle on Froebel Strasse.

Now if you will step along, this way please, being careful not to trip either over the rubble of treaties or the ruins of Rotterdam,

We will have a word with this same little man who last month pasted Denmark and Norway in his scrapbook:

Heil!

Will you explain why Rotterdam was bombed and thousands of its people killed *after* the city had surrendered?

Ja, sure. Schrecklichkeit.

What is that?

Frightfulness, it means.

Frightfulness?

Ja. That was our plan.

You mean Schrecklichkeit is an official *policy* of the German High Command?

Ja.

Mm. You seem to be feeling pretty chipper.

Holland fell to us in four days. Denmark in one.

And France?

We will be in Paris before the end of June.

Scene: A clearing in the forest of Compiègne, before the end of June.

Occasion: Unconditional surrender of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

Cast, in order of appearance: Hitler, the sunshine boy; Goering, of the splendid Nordic belly;

Von Brauchitsch, the man who looks like a rat; Ribbentrop, the rat who looks like a man; assorted admirals, generals, flunkies plenipotentiary.

Shirer, the reporter, stands at the edge of the clearing, watching the party advance to the armistice car. His eyes are on the face of the fuehrer who the other day did a little dance for the newsreel cameras when he learned the good news of the death of France:

"He glances slowly around the clearing, and now, as his eyes meet ours, you grasp the depth of his hatred . . . revengeful, triumphant hate. Suddenly, as though his face were not giving quite complete expression to his feelings, he throws his whole body into harmony with his mood. He swiftly snaps his hands on his hips, arches his shoulders, plants his feet wide apart. It is a magnificent gesture of burning contempt of this place."

The gloating hour is to be remembered. File it away in a bombproof corner, if such there be, against a better time, if such can possibly arrive.

Meanwhile, other gestures of contempt soon follow fast:

The hostage dies against the stained wall, having

spent his last hours writing a letter to his son. Naturally, it will not be delivered.

Another gesture fills the night skies over London:

- The cocky pilot (little man with wings) smiles in German, and the bombardier spits on his punctual hands,

In forewarning of which, below, the news is published on the blacked-out air:

And the workers of Britain, in bed with the aches of a long day at the factory, overtime, no Sundays off, rouse now from their bodywarm blankets in the cold room,

- Shuffle along to the damp shelter, bleary, pooped out, hoping not to catch a direct hit or a sore throat.

- And inevitably, in some postal zone or other, the hit is a direct hit,

And the kid with the bright blond hair and the turned-up nose, moans all night among the rubble because his left leg hangs in blackened tatters, and he cries to his mother, who is dead.

The siren is a musician of no value, knowing only

one tune which, each time played, is a disturbance of the peace.

O, in the prime of the Luftwaffe, when there was nothing west of Dunkirk, save prospects of invasion,

The tenor of life in London was considerably beneath that of Berlin,

For whereas the pubs of Westminster burned like books and synagogues, and the waters of the estuary blazed with oil,

The warm cafés of Kurfuerstendamm were busy and gay, and there was boating in the Tiergarten:

The waltzes of J. Strauss of Austria (now part of the Reich) were especially lilting in the ballroom of the Adlon,

The dances of A. Dvořák of Bohemia (lately absorbed by the greater Germany) were gay as could be,

And the contralto in the rathskeller, abrim with charm, sang feelingly the lieder of E. Grieg of Norway (Reich protectorate) . . .

And war was glorious,

And the best champagnes of France were poured on
the tables of the schutzstaffel,

The finest grades of Danish bacon sputtered in the
skillets of loyal party workers,

Paintings from the Louvre hung tastefully on the
walls of Berchtesgaden,

And the iron ore of Sweden alloyed well with the
bauxite of Spain.

The music was but stimulating and the performance
but continuous,

With a minor fanfare for the pushovers in the Bal-
kans in the month of April,

A flourish for the Isle of Crete in May,

And in June, summer icemen in with the sound of an-
other broken treaty:

Yea, on the dawn of the second day of summer, the
little man who could be relied on to take orders
took yet another order, proudly:

He advanced chin up, Stuka-high, chest out, tanks
pointed east, into the Soviet Union,

And it was a great morning and war was glorious
and it was exalting to kill and destroy for Der
Fuehrer, as always;

And the fanfares soon came every hour on the hour,
on the Reichsender radio,

Smolensk, Kiev, and Orel falling to the accompani-
ment of pronouncements from Lord Haw Haw:

*"It will be futile to hope that one day the Soviets may
rise again.*

*"They will never rise again. They are being smashed,
once and for all.*

*"When their defeat is completed, Britain will stand
alone, without one single barrier between her
and the foe."*

Bryansk, Odessa, Rostov, encirclement of Leningrad,
siege of Moscow, Russia staggering under the
bulletins of D.N.B.

And the sale of Russian-German dictionaries boomed
in Leipzig, city of books and culture,

At about which time the little man took another swig of captured vodka, stripped another car-load at Lublin, herded naked men, women and children into hot showers to open their pores for the gas chamber,

And then sat back in his barracks and listened to waltzes on the loudspeaker in the prison yard.

Later, in conformity with the predictions of seasoned military observers, the Russians were crushed at Stalingrad, and that was the deciding blow.

Hitler, the giver of orders, said so himself: said no power on earth could push the Wehrmacht back from Stalingrad: and who could doubt the word of him in whom God hath manifested Himself?

What Hitler hath put asunder, no man could join.

And that was that,

And the wave of the future swept all before it,

And the Century of the Uncommon Aryan opened up ahead,

And Germany was promises.

The little man no longer was a little man.

He was a Colossus who stood with one foot in Rhodes
and the other in Finland.

He clapped his hands, and a tanker went down off
Atlantic City, aflame.

He blinked his eyes and there ensued mighty thun-
der, and Tobruk was his in a day.

He inhaled, and a million slaves trembled in his
galleys.

Nothing like him ever was.

He was organized from the womb—(often illegiti-
mate, with state approval)—to the grave (of his
enemy).

His brand was on the soul of his victims,

And the planet fitted in his palm.

This is the man you have beaten.

*The German Army General Staff
They must have missed connections.
They went a hundred miles a day,
But in the wrong directions.*

*Round and round Hitler's grave,
Round and round we go.
We're gonna lay that feller down
So he won't get up no mo'.*



We return you to the Conqueror,
To the boy with the questions on his mind,
To the man of the hour, the man of the year, the
man of the next twenty years:

*So that is the man we have beaten. How
much did it cost to beat him?*

How much did it cost?

Well, the gun, the half-track and the fuselage come

to a figure resembling mileages between two stars:

Impressive, but not to be grasped by any single imagination.

High octane is high, and K-rations in the aggregate mount up; also mosquito-netting and battle-ships.

But these costs are calculable, and have no nerve-endings,

And will eventually be taken care of by the federal taxes on antiques, cigarettes, and excess profits.

However, in the matter of the kid who used to deliver folded newspapers to your doorstep, flipping them sideways from his bicycle,

And who died on a jeep in the Ruhr,

There is no fixed price, and no amount of taxes can restore him to his mother.

His mother sits in a room with a picture tonight, and listens to the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, and remembers, among other things, how he struggled with the barber when he was getting his first haircut, and how she tried to calm him.

And the upstairs tenant in consideration of the news outdoors, says to his wife:

Shall we invite Mrs. Frisch to come up? She's all alone tonight, and it seems sort of a shame.

Well—I have a hunch she'd rather be alone tonight.

Think so?

I don't think she's in a mood to talk or carry on. She probably just wants to be with her thoughts.

Maybe you're right.

And the thoughts of the mother are tall, straight thoughts,

And they burn like candles, quietly and slowly,

And they trail into smoke and are lost in shadows.

And most of the fallen young leave mothers and fathers alive and awake,

And if you wish to assess the cost of beating the fascists, you must multiply the number of closed files in the departments of war, by the exchange value of sorrow, which is infinite and has no decimals.

Not to be overlooked, either, in such reckonings
Is the international character of the love of human
beings.

Elsewise, why a notice like this in the busy pages of
the London *Times*?

*"To my dearly beloved boy, Donald H. Collins,
Fighter Pilot RAF, on this, your twenty-first
birthday, reported killed in action, September 6,
1941. Sadly missed . . . Mother."*

Elsewise, why the young mother in Baranovichi, Po-
land, writing to relatives in Orange, New Jer-
sey?:

*"My dear Moishkele and all my dear ones: On the
25th there was a massacre here as in all other
places. People were thrown like dogs into privies,
children were thrown alive down wells. We're
still among those who have been able to survive,
but for how long? We expect death every day.
Now we are mourning the death of those closest
and dearest to us. Your family is no more,
Moishkele, not one of them was left alive. But I
envy them. Must close this letter now. It is im-*

possible to describe our torments. The one thing that you can do for us is to revenge yourselves on our murderers some day. Alas! Even a little revenge! . . . I kiss you all and bid you last farewell before our death."

And the reasons for mourning in Denmark are the same as they are in Ohio,

And the cost is not figured in krone any more than it's measured in dollars.

There are, of course; the lesser entries in the book:

The amputated leg and the artificial eye have cost somebody something:

And the broken mind cannot be repaired by a pocketful of cash. Oh, no, no.

The quality of torture is never listed on the curb,

Nor the rate of grief computed on delicate scales.

The deep red gouge across the inner calculations is the trail of hate,

And there is no accounting for the turns it will take, both sooner and later.

The slide-rule, faced with this, is panicky and sterile,

And algebra goes home to die among the Arabs.

Shall the balance sheet be balanced?

By whom? How?

No combination of savants and learned cogs, holes
punched in cards and electric motors,

No brow containing Euclid, not even the serenest
lores in consultation with each other,

Could be else than baffled by the simplest problem of
the cost of hunger in a baby's bones.

Have *you* paid something of the cost?

Well, you're not through paying and the bill's not
settled,

For in this way and that, for the rest of your days,

The cost will appear—it will present itself in the
form of deductions from the paycheck;

In a surplus of widows and fatherless children;

In the remembering eyes of the sweetheart;

In babies never to be conceived on lovebeds never
lain in;

In the tubercular lung of the stunted girl;

In the stammering speech of the shellshocked boy . . .

Again we return you to the Conqueror,
Man of the text-books of millenniums ahead:



*But what do we know now that we didn't
know before? What have we LEARNED
out of this war?*

For one thing, Evil is not always as insidious as advertised.

But will, upon occasion, give fair warning, just as smoke announces the intention of flame to follow.

This is one due you must give the devil.

Satan, whose fine Italian hand is in the writing of

Mein Kampf, was, together with the paper-hanger, perfectly candid about the blueprints.

Between them they announced they were going to lie and plunder, and they kept their word.

Never has disaster had so many heralds as this war:

Cassandra spoke from every lecture platform, and the notices were posted high and low:

A cabinet minister resigned at Downing Street, protesting;

A President cried, "Quarantine!"

Moscow sent food and guns to Barcelona;

A housewife of Duluth boycotted German goods;

An emperor of Ethiopia said in good French before the statesmen of Geneva:

Je suis venu pour avertir l'Europe de la catastrophe qui l'attend.

I came to give Europe warning of the doom that awaits it.

Je suis venu pour défendre la cause de toutes les petites nations menacées d'agression.

I came defending the cause of all small people who are threatened with aggression.

Aujourd'hui le problème a une portée beaucoup plus étendue que l'aggression italienne en elle même.

The problem today is much wider than merely a question of Italian aggression; it is collective security.

La moralité internationale est en jeu.

It is international morality which is at stake.

Dieu et l'histoire se rappelleront de votre jugement.

God and history will remember your judgment.

Signs and portents?

It was no furtive tapping on the window sill at night,

But clamorous pounding in the public square,

Blow after blow, like a monstrous dropforge,

Beating into shape the time to come.

And the time came, and the prophecies matured:

The storm arrived, and was no surprise to the barometer:

The Jew who had cautioned . . .

The Nazis are not against the Jews alone—that's just a sham. If you let them carry on this way, they'll be the death of Christians, too.

. . . he saw gentiles die as well, and sighed,

And foraged for bullets in the cellars of the Warsaw
ghetto.

Yea, and the time came, and it developed that Cas-
sandra and the Jew were right and that the
Cliveden set was wrong:

Fire and brimstone, dropping from the sky, were
educational:

There were tongues in torpedoes; sermons in bombs;
books in the running battles.

Whatever was learned, was learned the hard way,
Between blood transfusions and last rites.

Each lesson fell trip-hammer hard, with a bang that
killed a citizen or two somewhere:

WE'VE LEARNED OUT OF WORLD
WAR II THAT WE'D LEARNED
NOTHING OUT OF WORLD WAR I.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT NATIONS

WHICH DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT WILL GET WHAT THEY DON'T WANT.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT OUR EAST COAST IS THE WEST BANK OF THE RHINE, AND THAT THE DEFENSES OF SEATTLE BEGIN IN SHANGHAI.

WE LEARNED AT MUNICH THAT A SOFT ANSWER DOESN'T TURN AWAY WRATH; THAT IF YOU OFFER YOUR OTHER CHEEK TO A NAZI, YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT A NEWSPAPER RIGHT AT HOME CAN LIE WITH A STRAIGHT FACE SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, AND BE AS FILTHY

AND FASCIST AS A HANDOUT IN
BERLIN.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT THOSE
MOST CONCERNED WITH SAVING
THE WORLD FROM COMMUNISM
USUALLY TURN UP MAKING IT
SAFE FOR FASCISM.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT WOMEN
CAN WORK AND FIGHT, AS WELL
AS LOOK PRETTY AND COOK.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT THE GER-
MANS CAME CLOSE TO WINNING
THE FIRST TIME, EVEN CLOSER
THE SECOND TIME, AND MIGHT
DAMN WELL WIN IF WE GIVE
THEM A THIRD TIME.

WE'VE LEARNED THE VALUE OF ALLIES IN A WORLD WHERE ANY WAR IS SOONER OR LATER A WORLD WAR.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT SOME MEN WILL FIGHT FOR POWER, BUT THAT MOST MEN WILL FIGHT TO BE FREE.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT FREEDOM ISN'T SOMETHING TO BE WON AND THEN FORGOTTEN. IT MUST BE RENEWED, LIKE SOIL AFTER YIELDING GOOD CROPS; MUST BE REWOUND, LIKE A FAITHFUL CLOCK; EXERCISED, LIKE A HEALTHY MUSCLE.

These and many more—

These are the lessons our sons and brothers have turned to dust to teach us:

And whether Victory will stick, and the dead be not
made fools of,

Depends on whether what we learn is held close and
constant as a catechism,

Come summer and prosperity, come winter and the
wolf, come ebb tide and come flood.

Again, the Conqueror, where he patrols in Germany
tonight under a street light

Again G.I. Triumphant, by whose dint the lights are
going on all over Europe!

We return you to the Conqueror:



What do we do now?

What do we do now?

The war goes on.

And you yourself, man of the hour, start out upon
old worlds to conquer.

For though the swastika comes down and is trampled
under shoes made in Massachusetts and Lanca-
shire,

Though the ovens of Lublin are avenged,

The war goes on, and peace stands offstage waiting
for a cue at the end of a Japanese drama—

The part where the mighty warrior lays down the
Samurai sword before a grocery clerk from Bal-
timore.

Meanwhile: unfinished business in Asia:

Killing to be done among the archipelagoes:

The cruiser turns about and makes for wider waters:

Liberators rev up for the long flight westward:

The garrisons of China check the hour on their
watches.

Shall those of us who never quite believed that war
could come

Now hasten to believe it over?

We here at home who safely tidied battles into books,
Spliced the counter-offensive into a feature film, and
went to see it together with an Andy Hardy pic-
ture at the Orpheum?—

We who followed the bloody tracks on maps, and
took assurances from pins that tanks had gotten
through—

Shall any of us celebrate beyond the compounds of a
day?

Hoist yourself fifty feet higher than Everest,
And reconnoiter the air for items blowing toward
you on the west wind over unpacific oceans:

Listen: do you hear it?: the report of young men
from Nebraska, dying!

Word that Kentuckians are padding through the
junglelands of Burma:

Sailors from Ohio navigating coral seas:

Texas rangers bombing in pagoda country!

Run westward in pursuit of the sun,

Westward with the grain of time over an afternoon
of ocean,

Over humid isles where the situation is in hand, and
into tropic skies

And overtake a young American on vigil:

Ahoy, there!

Hi!

Have you heard the news?

Yeah! Pretty wonderful, ain't it?

Run on among the Indies:

Look below you now: sunlight fretting the surface
of the sea: horizons tentative in haze:

Islands alee, and the smell of vegetation mixing with
ocean air:

In a flicker, banks of cumulus ahead now fall behind:

Leagues rush past: noonday is caught up with:

Now, straight below, like beetles in a pond,

Warships out of Newport News: destroyers on patrol.

Plummet to the leader, avoiding the updraft of its
stacks,

And through a ventilator on the starboard deck,
Shout your greetings to the engine room.

Ahoy, there, Engineer!

Hi!

Have you heard the good news?

We sure have.

What do you think of it?

Two down and one to go!

Now hoist you up and overboard, and dive with your
equipment well in hand,

Into the sea and under it:

Five fathoms down; and steady now:

Look up: the roof of ocean lifts and settles slowly,

Tufts of seaweed, pinned against the ceiling.

This is the boundless green estate of upper ocean,
where the mine and the submersible perform,
and tin fish swim among the fauna.

Unreel the cable and light your headlamp, for we're
diving deeper,

Past schools of angler fish and sailfins, down to zones
where greenness goes to blue and blue to black.

Careful, now! Look sharp: push hard against the
crushing water. Can you make it out?

A shape long and slender, lying on a hummock of
the bottom, almost covered by a drift of mud.

Alas, it's not an ancient hulk: It is a submarine made
in Wisconsin: the *Scorpion*, perhaps: the *Am-
berjack*: the *Argonaut*:

Could be any of the thirty-three subs we have lost in
the Pacific.

Beat upon her hull.

Ahoy, there!

Have you heard the news?

Listen: Can you hear us? Listen:

It's all over with the Nazis!

We've *beaten* them!

Can you make that out?

You who are these long months unreported,

You who've been out of touch of any but the deep-sea
angels of the Lord's leviathan reserves—?

You who are resting—rest assured of this:

Over your heads and above the sea, Victory has risen
like a sun,

And moves west.

Your brothers, going down to sea in ships from San
Francisco, Liverpool, and Alexandria,

Sail toward the settling of a score:

Here with you on this wide ocean-bed lie fighting
comrades:

Men of the *Cisco* and the *Perch*,

The *Yorktown*, the *Chicago* and the *Liscombe Bay*:

Each shall be vindicated in good time:

The names of *Hornet* and of *Wasp* have been fitted
with new stingers,

And on trim battlewagons, sailors from Northamp-
ton, Houston, Helena, and Lexington

Set out to resurrect the glory of proud, sunken ships
who bore those names.

The Japs in conference tonight may well consider
the latest news from Europe,

And while they're at it, please to note the weather
forecast for tomorrow:

Dawn coming up like thunder.

*We can tell you, Hirohito
Now that Hitler's down,
Better buy a black kimono,
Cause you're on your last go-round.*

*Round and round Hitler's grave,
Round and round we go.
We're gonna lay that feller down
So he won't get up no mo'.*



*And when it's all over—what then—is it go-
ing to happen again?*

Soldier, when the sweet morning comes, and you are
mustered out,

When you get paid off, and there's a ticket in your
wallet that guarantees delivery to street and
number and the faces you have dreamed about
in foxholes,

You must not forget to take along your homework
in the barracks bag.

For there is no discharge in the war.

You are on probation only—you and the faces you
have dreamed about, and all the rest of us.

Henceforward we must do a little civil thinking
every day,

And not pass up the front page for the sports page as
we did before.

Vigilance pays interest and compounds into peace,

Whereas bland unconcern and the appeasing cheek
draw blitzkrieg as a lightning rod attracts a
thunderbolt.

A little civil thinking every day, that is the home-
work: yea, shooting your mouth off against the
bad appointment and the shoddy referendum,

Storming the redoubts of the local schickelgruber,

Voting in season, and demanding of your represen-
tative that he be representative.

Peace is never granted outright: it is lent and leased.

You can win a war today and lose a peace tomorrow:

Win in the field and lose in the forum.

You have to plan as well as pray:

You have to give as well as take:

Work like a horse and fight like fury.

Peace has a mind of its own, and doesn't follow victory around.

What is two-thirds finished in Germany

Won't be three-thirds finished in Japan.

There's a homely maxim out of London says it better:

*The duration's goin' to be a lot longer than the war,
guv'nor.*

You can make war quickly but you make peace slowly.

It takes a second to break a peace but a long time to put it together again.

There are some records in Washington say it better:

Congress took only eight minutes to declare war on Germany; and in the same session, it took only five minutes to declare war on Japan, but between this war and the last one, the world took

twenty years trying to declare peace, and then couldn't do it.

To win is great: to learn from winning, greater: but to put the lessons learnt from winning, hard to work, that is the neatest trick of all.

Shall we live alone this time and like it?

We tried that before and it didn't work.

Shall we sit with the rest of the world in common council, or stand apart in splendid isolation?

We stood apart last time and it didn't work.

Shall we merely assume it will happen again in the course of human nature

And make up our minds not to make up our minds about anything really important?

We tried the ostrich routine last time and it didn't work.

Soldier: Don't you feel in your bones it doesn't have to happen again?

Don't you know sure as you're a winner, that the sovereign peoples everywhere yearn everlastingly for everlasting peace?

Don't you know *they* all know, and would tell you if you asked them?

Ask them!

We've learned the hard way. Not a British city but what hasn't had it. For five years we watched 'em kill old men and grandmothers, infants, sick people, pregnant women, workers—sixty thousand of us civilians, killed by bombs that dropped or flew or rocketed or floated down on parachutes— We know what a war is like, and when we talk about peace, there's a lot of muck and rubble and blackout behind us.

We broke them and we threw them back a thousand miles across steppes and swamps and rivers. But it cost something to do it. Fifteen millions of our civilians and six millions of our fighting men are not here with us to celebrate. We know what war is—scorched earth and blown-up dams, and winter offensives, and the rest of it.

What they did to us in our homes and streets, in torture chambers and in prison camps, nobody will find easy to believe. There's too much distance between the happening and the telling about it. Pain doesn't transmit itself through talk. But the evidence has been exhumed, and there are affidavits for the dead. We know the score, we Poles, because we kept it.

Four years of occupation—a million dead—

Lidice—the students massacred . . . the Hangman . . .

Soldier: Don't you feel in your bones that we can keep it from happening again? That we're smarter now we've learned some lessons, and stronger now we've made some friends?

Hasn't it been shown what free *united* peoples can accomplish? Wonders staggering the naked mind:

We came from behind and we came up fast,

We got together and spotted 'em aces and spades and beat 'em at their own game:

Showed 'em how to pull off what Napoleon and Hitler never even dared to try:—invasion across the Channel;

Showed 'em how to flank a flank and blitz a blitz;

Showed 'em that when you get-together-and-conquer, it works out better than divide-and-conquer;

Showed 'em how to wage a war and work and plan and sing songs, all at once . . .

Round and round Hitler's grave,

Round and round we go.

We're gonna lay that feller down

So he won't get up no mo'.

Let the singing fade, the celebrants go home.

The bowl is drained and emptied and the toasts are
drunk,

The guns are still, the tanks garaged,

The plane rests in the hangar;

Only the night remains; and the armed camps.

The boy with questions on his mind, turns on his cot
in the barracks: stares at the ceiling, says to him-
self:

*I hope to God it won't happen again. I hope they
plan better this time.*

Outside, the dew of morning glistens like a hope,
And light of day is just beyond the local curve of
earth.

The Plan gets ready for tomorrow; Tomorrow is
ready for the Plan.



Lord God of trajectory and blast
Whose terrible sword has laid open the serpent
So it withers in the sun for the just to see,
Sheathe now the swift avenging blade with the
names of nations writ on it,

And assist in the preparation of the ploughshare.

Lord God of fresh bread and tranquil mornings,

Who walks in the circuit of heaven among the
worthy,

Deliver notice to the fallen young men

That tokens of orange juice and a whole egg appear
now before the hungry children;

That night again falls cooling on the earth as quietly
as when it leaves your hand;

That Freedom has withstood the tyrant like a Malta
in a hostile sea,

And that the soul of man is surely a Sevastopol which
goes down hard and leaps from ruin quickly.

Lord God of the topcoat and the living wage

Who has furred the fox against the time of winter

And stored provender of bees in summer's brightest
places,

Do bring sweet influences to bear upon the assembly
line:

Accept the smoke of the milltown among the accred-
ited clouds of the sky:

Fend from the the wind with a house and a hedge,
him whom you made in your image,

And permit him to pick of the tree and the flock
That he may eat today without fear of tomorrow
And clothe himself with dignity in December.

Lord God of test-tube and blueprint

Who jointed molecules of dust and shook them till
their name was Adam,

Who taught worms and stars how they could live
together,

Appear now among the parliaments of conquerors
and give instruction to their schemes:

Measure out new liberties so none shall suffer for his
father's color or the credo of his choice:

Post proofs that brotherhood is not so wild a dream
as those who profit by postponing it pretend:

Sit at the treaty table and convoy the hopes of little
peoples through expected straits,

And press into the final seal a sign that peace will
come for longer than posterities can see ahead,

That man unto his fellow man shall be a friend for-
ever.

THE END

"Thanks for the CBS D-Day saga. In the midst of pressing matters which should have prevented any such diversion I stopped last night to glance at it. That was my great mistake. I could not stop until I had read it through from cover to cover. It is a brilliant masterpiece — electric with thrills in every paragraph. I send you my congratulations."

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"The blue ribbon for overseas reporting of this war goes to Columbia, with its veteran team of correspondents led by Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid, Bill Downs, Winston Burdett, and Charles Collingwood, with New York support from Quincy Howe and a battery of returned correspondents like William L. Shirer and Quentin Reynolds, and a resume by Joseph C. Harsch. A sense of partnership, the integration of a system, and a common philosophy of news values—these things have their advantage in keeping CBS newsmen, however good, from blossoming into prima donnas."



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