

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Tonight American troops who landed in southern France today are described as being flabbergasted, bewildered, non-plused. News Correspondent Herbrt L. Matthews begins his dispatch as follows: "A flabbergasted American Army, is well into southern France this afternoon and going fast. "Virtually without opposition and with amazingly small casualties."

This ought to be a decisive blow for France, and everybody is astounded it went off so easily. He adds that troops swarming up the beaches could hardly believe their luck, as hardly a shot came from Jerry. So cables a news man on the scene.

~~little opposition.~~

"How come? ~~Why was it such a picnic?~~"

News correspondent Matthews cables!— "What I wanted to know first of all on landing, ~~was why the Germans~~, was why the Germans did ^{not} put up a fight. So I went straight to the prisoner-of-war cage, where a hundred and twenty-five Jerries were gathered. It didn't take me long," adds Mathews, "To find out what was wrong."

He talked to the prisoners of war, and found there wasn't much fight left in them. They told him they knew their army in northern France had been defeated, its power broken. One Sergeant told the American newspaperman that for three months he had realized that the war was lost.

"There is no reason to fight," he said, and asked: "For whom should we fight?"

"You mean," asked Matthews, "That you are not fighting for Hitler any more?"

"That's it," replied the German Sergeant.

"And anyway," he added, "We've got nothing to fight with!"

~~with~~

The ease of the landings, however, is not taken to mean that it will be an easy thing all through. The German Commanders are expected to be able to muster some kind of a force to hurl at the Allied invaders, and stiff fighting is expected before long - one of those determined battles the Germans know how to put up.

Meanwhile, however, huge forces are being poured ashore, men, machines and supplies, along the invasion beaches of southern France - a one hundred and twenty mile stretch of the coast between Marseilles and Nice. The Allied force consisted of many nationalities, including a powerful French force, Frenchmen come to free their country. And at last reports the invaders were swarming inland.

The objective of the new stroke of war was made officially clear this afternoon. Allied Mediterranean Commander, British General Alexander, states that the strategy of the campaign in the

south of France will be to drive north for a junction with the Allied forces in Normandy - a great combined operation that will liberate all southern and western France. Of course, these newest invasion beaches are mighty near to Italy, just next door, but it doesn't seem that the major strategy will be to strike for a junction of the Allied forces on the Italian peninsula, for between the invasion beaches and northern Italy lie the mighty chain of the Alps. In fact, that southern part of France all along is fairly mountainous, with the broad corridor of the valley of the Rhone leading northward, a corridor for a push up toward the Allied Army in northern France.

FOLLOW SOUTHERN FRANCE

The land of this newest invasion is, of course, one of the garden spots of the world - the French Riviera, where the coast is so picturesque and the Mediterranean so blue. The Riviera of - Nice and Cannes, Monaco and Monte Carlo, called - the millionaires playground. Farther inland are cities of ancient legend, like Avignon, the medieval capital of the Popes, ^{- and this story book walled city of} For centuries sightseers have gone to the romantic valleys and towns of Provence, and to the coast of the Riviera.

Caravans.

I, myself, saw that country, had an almost magical view of it - on an aerial sightseeing trip, aboard a low flying ^{open-cockpit 2 seater army} plane at the break of day. I kept a diary of that flight, and today went back to some of the entries - to renew my impression of the land of the newest invasion. Here are some of the things jotted down.

"At a height of a thousand feet", says the diary, "we look down on flooded fields, and then on a wide expanse of water. To the north I begin to see

NORTHERN FRANCE

From Washington we have some highly significant comment attributed to what the United Press calls, "An informed military source." This authority on the development of the war tells us that the landings in southern France are important, but for the real thing - keep your eye on northern France. There we are having what he called - "Big Breaks." He referred to the trap in Normandy where the German Seventh Army is caught. "Things are developing in such a way that a decision could come soon," said the informed military source. And he indicated that the decision might be great enough to end the war.

The gist of it all is that, while the landings in southern France are a spectacular and highly useful diversion, the place to watch is northern France.

The news from that battlefield today pictures a continued strangulation of the German Seventh Army, which is trapped in the pocket of Falaise. Today the escape route for the enemy was narrowed once again.

It is a mere ten miles now, and is under

incessant fire - a bottleneck which is virtually choked.

Today Canadian troops, striking from the north of the gap, drove to within a mile of Falaise, the city in the bottleneck. They captured the town of Epanay, and thereby cut one of the two escape highways which the Germans had. Only one left now, the road running through Falaise - and this is under constant bombardment, fire so heavy that the Germans have stopped their mass attempts to get through the gap.

Tonight we have a figure for the number of enemy troops that are trapped - forty-nine thousand. That is based on close estimates made by the Allied Field Commanders. It had previously been thought that perhaps as many as a hundred thousand Germans were in the pocket, but it is now explained that the Nazi Divisions there are far below normal strength. ~~As many as fifteen divisions were reported to be in the trap, which normally would indicate from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand men, a division normally consisting of some twelve thousand.~~ But the ^{a Nazi} division

The latest is a story from Canadian Headquarters which states that tonight will be decisive for the trapped Seventh Army. The battered units of the enemy are expecting to attempt a getaway under cover of darkness - a dash by night through the escape gap. It is not believed that any appreciable force will be able to make it - and get through the inferno of flame and explosion that make the bottleneck almost impassable.

Still later, a news flash telling of a heavy downpour of rain in the battle area, the deluge from the sky is impeding air action - the work of the planes in blocking enemy attempts to get away. But, at the same time, the rain and consequent mud is bogging down German tanks, as these try to escape. Nazi armor sticking in the mud as the trap closes relentlessly.

There is bad news to go with the good - a story telling of another incident of Allied bombs blasting Allied soldiers. This time the misfortune

was incurred by the Canadians, with Canadian Headquarters in France stating that in the big bombing of yesterday, twenty per cent of the high explosive fell short. Four thousand tons of bombs were dropped by the R.A.F. - aimed at German positions. Twenty per cent of this eight hundred tons, fell short, and there were a number of Canadian casualties when R:A.F. bombs landed among the Dominion troops in the front line of the trap at Falaise. ^{TR} The battle of the pocket has taken attention off Paris, which some days ago seemed to be the goal ^{of} ~~was~~ the big American drive. It wasn't, and we all now know, as we then surmised, that the real strategy was to strike north behind the German Seventh Army. But Paris still remains an important objective, and tonight we hear that fighting has broken out in the city, on the Seine, fighting between the French people and the German garrison. Women on the streets are singing the "Marseillaise", says one report, women who jeer the Nazi soldiers, and scream hurrah for the Allies. Germans are being attacked, and pro-Nazi

PATTON FOLLOW NORTHERN FRANCE

We've had plenty of intimation, of course, that General ^{George} Patton was in command of American forces in the great drive ^{in Northern France,} But nothing official could be stated. Now, however, the concealment is off, with an Eisenhower announcement that Patton is leading the American Third Army, the armored spearhead in northern France. "Old Blood and Guts" - that same impetuous Patton who commanded the drive across Sicily, and then got mixed up in the soldier slapping incident, not to mention the speech in London about the British and Americans ruling the world.

After those two bobbles, the peppery General was kept under cover, and for months his nickname might have been ^{"Old"} silence and circumspection." Eisenhower had the sound notion that Patton should confine his talents to the hurling of tank forces ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ against the enemy - in which realm his talents are undeniable.

He led his Third Army in the drive that scored the great break through, and then flung his

armor forward in the dazzling sweep that resulted in the trapping of the German Seventh Army. But nobody knew it was a Patton job, at least not officially, until now.

So there he is - the snarling, hard bitten, hard driving Patton, who is forever in the forward zone of fighting, with a scowl on his forehead and two pearl handled six-shooters swinging from his hips.

And here is another Patton story - which accompanies the news of his command. It tells how in the previous world war he was a cavalry Lieutenant transferred to the tanks, and led his crude tank unit to the attack at St. Mihiel. He went into action riding a tank, as if it were a horse - riding the tank and waving a huge shining sabre, which he himself had designed. He brandished this sabre and yelled to the tank, "Giddap".

Today's news about Patton in command is accompanied by action in Washington. Shortly after Eisenhower's announcement had been received, the

Senate Military Affairs Committee took action on the General's promotion. The Committee okayed the promotion to the permanent rank of Major General, with the Kentucky Senator speaking of the General in these words: "A man who is a great soldier has done a great job for this country in Africa, in Sicily, and now in France."

Hugh, tell us your Standard of California message, and then more news about Russia, Japan -- and some from here at home.

RUSSIA

There is desperate fighting on the eastern front, with the Germans putting up a bitter brand of resistance. In their attempt to protect East Prussia, the Nazis have thrown huge reserves of infantry and tanks into the battle. ~~Th~~ And Moscow's report tonight tells of heavy German counter-attacks. Some of these occurred near Warsaw, with the Moscow bulletin making its first mention of the great Warsaw industrial suburb called Praga. The Soviet dispatch ~~xxxxx~~ says: "East of Praga our troops repelled attacks by large forces of enemy infantry and tanks".

ITALY

There is not much to tell about the war in Italy, except to pass along a curious kind of rumor. Italian sources are quoted as saying that Field Marshal Kesselring, the German commander in Italy, has been "grievously injured". And the statement adds that the Nazi Commander has been grievously injured "by his own officers."

PRODUCTION

A lot of people are asking - what's going to happen to American industry when Germany is defeated, and while the war with Japan is still going on? Will there be any considerable return to the manufacture of civilian goods? Yes, says War Production Chief Donald Nelson tonight. He goes so far as to say that when the Nazis collapse, American industry can go into the production of civilian goods away up there at the pre-war level. In other words, we can turn out as much civilian merchandise as we did in Nineteen Thirty-Nine, and still manufacture enough material of war to insure the defeat of Japan.

Donald Nelson says that the end of the European War will mean a forty percent cut-back in the Army and Navy orders for munitions. And that, said he, will permit industry to increase civilian manufactures by about thirty percent - an increase which will bring civilian production up to about the pre-war rate.

Here is one of the most terrifying stories that the war has brought forth - an episode on Saipan Island, a Japanese ~~mass~~ mass suicide ceremony. It is related by Marine Corps combat correspondent Sergeant David Dempsey of New York City who tells how hundreds of Japanese ~~xxxx~~ civilians took refuge in a deep cave and there Japanese soldiers joined them.

The Americans tried to persuade them to surrender, an interpreter calling by loud speaker that the Americans would give them food, water and medical care.

A few civilians straggled out, coming forward cautiously, fearing it was a trick. They were promptly fed and given water to drink, whereupon one of them went to the loud speaker and identified himself to his companions and told what had happened. And others came forward.

But now some Japanese soldiers joined a large party of civilians and persuaded them not to yield. The Americans were helpless. They couldn't fire at

the soldiers without hitting the civilians. So the tragedy worked out to an end.

The Jap soldiers gathered some thirty or forty civilians about them, and then tied the group together with a long rope.

"Suddenly", writes the Marine Corps correspondent "a puff of ~~xxxxxx~~ smoke went up from among the tightly packed group. But this was only the beginning. The ~~grenade~~ grenade detonated a larger charge of explosive. A terrific blast shook the ground, and bodies of victims were blown ~~xxx~~ twenty-five feet in the air, arms and legs scattered across the plain. An American Marine who had fought through the island campaigns remarked - "now I have seen everything".

HUTTON

The separation of Barbara Hutton, the millionaire heiress five-and-ten, and her movie actor ^{to} husand Cary Grant, turns into something of a paradox. When hubby and wifie separate, it is supposed to mean just that - ~~x~~ they go apart, away from each other, live in different planes. But Cary Grant is still living in the Barbara Hutton mansion in Hollywood, because he has no place else to go - the housing shortage being what it is.

He sold his own fine house when he was wedded to Barbara, thinking he wouldn't need it any more. One home is enough for a couple, especially such a big house, and he would never need another, since marriage is a lifelong link - until death do them part. That was the theory.

So, although they are separated, Cary Grant has to live in the same house with Barbara Hutton. And not only that - to get to his bedroom he has to ~~■~~ go through hers. That's because of an idea she had when they were married. She had the place remodeled,

so that her husband to get to his ~~bedroom~~ bedroom would have to go through hers - she thought it a romantic idea. Also - a ~~in~~ lifelong arrangement. She too thought matrimony to be a permanent fixture - even after her previous wedding bell experiences with a Prince and a Count.

Of course, Cary Grant can get into his bedroom through the window, but it's a high window and takes a long ladder. In other words - while marriage is frequently a lot of trouble, they find ^{separation to} ~~XXXXXX~~ be a lot of trouble too.

BOB HOPE

Some of our old time Tall Story Club members will be inclined to present a diploma of honor to comedian Bob Hope, when they hear this one. Bob is with a troupe of entertainers producing laughs for American soldiers out in Australia, and today he told about an airplane forced landing they made along the Australian coast.

As they came down, they tried to lighten the plane by tossing a lot of things overboard - like boxes of beverages and cigarettes, and suit cases containing excess clothing. In one of these latter was the spare finery of movie singer Frances Langford. And then what did they see? "Later on," says Bob Hope, we saw a shark swimming around wearing one of Langford's gowns and fancy hats, smoking a cigarette and singing, "I'm in the mood for love."

And when a shark sings that, look out!

*And look out - here's Hugh,
in a mood for what I don't know.*