

L.T.-SUNOCO. MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1945

(From San Francisco.)

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Now that I'm back on this side of the International Date Line, I'll not be saying "Good Morning." Glad as I am to be back in the U.S.A., I regret it too. That is, I'm thinking of that part of America that I left behind on the islands of the Far Pacific. Those islands seemed like America to me too. And I would have liked nothing better than to have stayed on with them until they finish their job, until they get to Tokyo. If the Pacific War doesn't come to an unexpectedly quick finish, maybe I can still be with them, join them somewhere, in Japan.

At any rate, tonight, I am broadcasting from San Francisco. When we flew in from the Ryukyus, the Marianas, and all the islands in between, and when we hit the mainland of North America,

this afternoon, we couldn't see land. The coast of California was covered with a great layer of cumulus clouds over which we flew all the way from Pearl Harbor - above the clouds for a couple of thousand miles.

Circling, the pilot found a hole, down through that we came, and in no time at all we were sliding to earth, at Hamilton Field, some twenty miles from San Francisco.

There was so much brass at the field that at first I thought we had turned and flown back to Guam or Manila. Then I remembered that we had heard yesterday in Honolulu, that President Truman would be landing somewhere near San Francisco, in the Presidential plane, today, hence, the "brass hats."

I haven't been home long enough to get straight on anything. I feel so out of touch with the world, all except what is going on in the Far Pacific, that I hesitate to talk about today's news. Nor have I

been down out of the air long enough to get more than half way ready to go on the air. However, here goes:

One of the first people I ran into in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel -- where, by the way, I heard more languages being spoken in 15 minutes than I ever heard in a hotel in Paris or even Cairo -- suddenly I bumped into Edward Tomlinson, an old friend and colleague who told me he had been here all through the San Francisco Conference. He added that on the whole he considered that it had been quite a success. Also from him I learned, and from the United Press office, that the presses at the University of California, are working overtime, turning out copies of the Charter of the United Nations, in five languages.

The French delegation, I hear, raised a few moments of consternation today, after the Conference work was practically over, by asking for the re-opening of the discussion of the Syria-Lebannon crisis; and asking for a three-man commission to investigate

the problem. But their request is not likely to be taken seriously at this stage of the proceedings.

All San Francisco is talking about President Truman. And by the way, Mr. Truman is one of the main topics of conversation wherever you go on the other side of the Pacific. Our fighting men out there have the impression that he has been doing a first-rate job so far; and they are wondering now, wondering how soon he'll appoint an overall commander-in-chief for the war with Japan so that some of the inefficiency can be eliminated - so the war can be gotten over with out there.

PHILIPPINES

MacArthur's men have pushed the Japanese back still further in northern Luzon. General Krueger's forces are reported to be in artillery range of the enemy headquarters at Kiangan. The Wanks are marching up a mountain road from the southeast; with our mechanized forces and air borne troops only fifty miles away. The news is that the eleventh division of paratroopers and glider-carried infantry are driving south to cut off the Mikado's forces in the Cagayan valley. Progress is slow because the advance is being made over broken mountainous country.

They are killing Japs on Luzon at the rate of about a hundred and fifty a day. When I was with General Krueger's army recently, after coming out of China, the word there was that there were some 30,000 Jap troops left on Luzon. At the rate of 150 dead Japs a day it would take about nine months to ~~fix~~ clean up. But, I wouldn't be surprised if they follow the example of their countrymen on Okinawa that is, sta t surrendering by the hundreds, and then

by the thousands. I doubt that it will take any
nine months to smash all/organized resistance on
Luzon.

CHURCHILL

Prime Minister Winston Churchill today gave the people of Great Britain what amounts to an ultimatum. If they don't give him a large majority in the House of Commons, he will resign as Prime Minister.

Some have been saying that it doesn't matter who is elected, that Churchill will continue to run the war. Nothing of the sort, replies the great Prime Minister. He says he cannot undertake to run the government unless he has a strong effective majority in the House.

LEND LEASE

Some time ago we were given to understand that shipments of lend lease materials to Russia had stopped. A story from Washington today corrects that impression. We are sending lend lease help to the Soviet Armies in Siberia. Although Stalin has not declared war on Japan, the possibility that he might is tying up large numbers of the Mikado's best regiments along the Manchurian border. And that is quite a help to the Allies in the Pacific. If the Japanese high command could use those crack divisions against the Americans, British, Chinese and Dutch, they could prolong the war considerably. Administrator Leo Crowley told Congress that we are sending supplies and services necessary to support programs of essential Soviet requirements in the Far East, approved by our military authorities. However, we are not sending anything to European Russia.

HAWHAW

In a London Police court Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen the pro-Nazi broadcaster pleaded not guilty of treason to King George. The grounds for his plea are no compliment to the U.S.A. Haw Haw, whose real name is William Joyce, claims to be an American citizen. He is not, was not and never has been, so he says, a British subject. His counsel told the Bow Street magistrate that Joyce was born in Brooklyn and that he was the son of an Irishman who was a naturalized American citizen.

However, there's a string to that. When Joyce applied for a passport to go to Germany, he claimed to be a British subject. He said he was born in Galway, Ireland. At the same time his counsel produced in court a New York birth certificate.

When the British arrested him they found on his person a German military passport describing him as a naturalized German, formerly English.

HAW HAW

They also found on him a certificate of award of the Iron Cross, First Class, for War merit. Signed Adolf Hitler.

HURRICANE

People at the seashore in southern states were fleeing inland today as fast as they could. Yes, it's that hurricane, on its way from the Carribean. Huge tides are rolling over the low-lying coast of the Carolinas. In Wilmington, North Carolina a gale was blowing at noon today. At half-past one Eastern War Time the center of the hurricane was forty miles south of Oak Island, off the North Carolina coast, and moving northeast. Not much damage has been done yet, as people have had plenty of warning and time to prepare.

I know how some of the people feel in the path of that storm. Out on Guam the other day, word came that a typhoon was bearing down on us. It veered off, and missed Guam by six miles. But, we had a tremendous storm, a tough one for our fliers who have to buck terrific storms out there, rather regularly. They come up unexpectedly. They never know when they fly back from a bombing raid on Japan whether they are going to be able to find their

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home base or not - especially our fighters on Iwo
Jima, who do so much of the escort work.

JAPAN

The Tokyo Radio today announced that Japan stands at the crossroads of life and death.

The Mikado's government for the first time admits the loss of Okinawa. The Japanese casualties in that battle, by the way, are now almost one hundred and fifteen thousand, mostly killed. That includes the Japanese commanding officer, Lieutenant General Ushijima. But the Leathernecks in their job of mopping up have not found his body yet.

Tokyo has received no messages from Okinawa since last Wednesday. That was the day before all organized resistance had come to an end.

The Japs are still making fancy claims about the havoc wrought by their suicide planes. Their latest is that on Thursday and Friday they sank three of our carriers, two battleships, three cruisers, a destroyer, and three other vessels not identified.

Admiral Nimitz in his report of those two days said that two light American vessels have been sunk and three damaged, while our men shot down 59 enemy planes.

ESCORT_CARRIERS

AS you know, the Japs, frantically, have been shouting over the radio about the aircraft carriers they say they have been sending to the bottom of the sea. First they boasted about the flat-tops they said they had sunk off Iwo Jima. I have just checked this at Admiral Nimitz' Headquarters, and they tell me that in all the fighting that went on in connection with the landing of the Marines at Iwo, and supporting them there, our losses were one carrier.

Recently the Japs have been screaming, rather hysterically, it seems to us out here, that in the waters off Okinawa and the Ryukyus they have sunk and damaged more than 500 of our ships including many of our carriers. I have been checking this, and Admiral Nimitz' Headquarters tells me that the Jap score against us in recent weeks, while our task forces have been in complete command of the seas around not only the Ryukyus, but the main islands of Japan as well, during all this time, we have lost no carriers, and damage has only been announced to four major units

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of the fleet. The Japs claimed 15 sunk and 16 heavily damaged. In the meantime Corsairs, Hell Cats, Wild Cats, and other speedy fighters from our carriers have been playing a big part in knocking out the Mikado's air force. Recently I flew in two different Grumman planes from an American task force that I visited while it cruised both in the Pacific and in the East China Sea. And from these planes I could look out over a vast expanse of ocean, and as far as I could see there were carriers. And the ocean is thousands of feet deep there. So they were not resting on the floor of the sea.

It all came about as a result of a letter that Admiral Cal Durgin, had just received from his wife. Caked with dust, so that my own family would hardly have been able to recognize me, I was standing in front of a press tent on the edge of an airfield on Okinawa. In front of the tent also, was a large humorous sign that read: "Okinawa Press Club." A big, broad shouldered chap, with a fog-horn voice

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came over and shouted: "Say, why did your boy join the Army Air Force instead of the Navy?" And then before I had time to answer, he went on: "Say, here is something I wish you would correct. I have just heard from my wife, just this minute;" and he waved the letter, "and she says that Dr. Andrews who is taking your place on the air, announced the other day that one of my carriers had been sunk by the Japs. She says Andrews said he hoped you were not on that carrier when she went down. Now, the first time you get a chance I wish you would tell the folks back home that all of my carriers are afloat."

From that he went straight into a most welcome invitation: "How about coming aboard with me tonight? We'll give you a bath, a good meal, and a comfortable night's sleep; three things you can't get on this blasted island."

The speaker - you couldn't tell him dressed as he was in khaki like any Army or Navy man on Okinawa; you couldn't tell him from a GI -- turned out to be

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Admiral Cal Durgin, who has the overall command of two carrier task forces. I had known him in Washington, when one of my ex-Movietome colleagues, Bonney Powell was on his staff. I accepted in a hurry, and shortly after, I was climbing into the top gun turret of a TBM, a Grumman Torpedo Bomber, and off on a flight to the Task Force.

On our way, the pilot, Lieutenant Mort Baker, flew me low over the wrecked capitol of Okinawa - the city of Naha, then over the Naha airstrip that our boys had just taken from the Japs. Over the escarpment and high ridge from which the desperate Japs had that day been driven, over the final battle that was going on, above that much discussed beach at the Japs' backs, over the ships of our Navy that were pounding the enemy positions on shore with their big guns, and on out to sea.

Just as we were leaving the coast, a squadron of Corsairs came in, a bit to the East. I could hear their leader talking to them, directing them to

their targets. First they dropped their bombs; and then they started straffing. That youngster in the lead Corsair, in a casual voice, was telling one of his pals how he, the other chap, had missed his target with the first bomb. Over the radio, aboard our slightly bigger torpedo plane, we could hear everything going on in the sky around us.

After an hour or so we spotted the carriers, spread out for miles in front of us. And you have no idea how small a carrier looks when you are circling right above it, and then coming in for a landing. It looks about half the size of a postage stamp, if you have never before made a carrier landing; and I hadn't. When your wheels touch the deck, and the big hook grabs you, you come to a full stop that takes the fillings out of your teeth.

Admiral Durgin told me about a Jap suicide plane that had hit a warship some days before. He must have been one of those youngsters for whom before he takes off, they hold a special funeral service

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because he isn't coming back. Fortunately his aim wasn't too good, and the damage to the ship was light. I saw the damage; and the repairs were made at sea. And now there she was on the job still hunting Japs. That night, as we were zig zagging through the waters of the China Sea in the moonlight, we had an alert; a Jap fighter coming toward us. A moment later, from another carrier came the word that the Jap had veered away, with our Corsairs after him. But the Jap outran our airmen. They have some planes said to be faster than ours.

On the carrier right back of us a plane coming in couldn't get his wheels down. He had to make a belly landing on the deck - a difficult and dangerous thing to do, for the plane, the pilot, and, the carrier. We watched him through binoculars, and a moment later the word flashed that he'd made it okay.

Leaving a carrier, by plane, is an unforgettable experience, too. We had arrived in three TBMs, the Admiral, Bill Caldwell of Columbia, North Carolina,

and I; and we took off flying back to Okinawa in three others. They showed me how to brace myself, the engine roared, the signal man in the yellow helmet brought down his flag, and we were catapulted into the air. From a standing start to ninety miles an hour, in an instant! And that's faster than they used to shoot Zaccini from the canon.

As we flew in over the sea, and again over the battle in its final stages on Okinawa, I was struck with awe, awe and admiration for the things the youngsters of America are doing, on land, on the sea, and in the skies, away off there in the Far Pacific.

I heard a disturbing thing shortly after I flew in here from the Far Pacific today. I said to a fellow journalist: "What do the folks here at home think about the war with Japan?" Well, he looked at me with a funny expression, and he replied: "Why, I thing they've almost forgotten about it. They think it's about over." That just about

floored me. Then he went on: "They are so busy with reconversion here at home that they haven't much time to think about that war out there!"

I hope what he said isn't true, or that he greatly exaggerated. That war out there in the Far Pacific may end within the coming four or five or six months. That's possible. And our people out there are optimistic. They know they have the Japs on the run. But, you'll notice that they didn't run very fast at Okinawa, and they killed a lot of your sons and brothers and fathers. They are a tough enemy, every bit as tough as the Germans, and with a fanaticism that is beyond our comprehension.

Their cities are being flattened by our B-29s. Their navy has been put out of commission by our Navy. But they have millions of men under arms, and unless we as a nation give them everything we've got, unless we all back up our fighting men in the Pacific and not think too much about the Post War mad scramble, the war with Japan may go on for years,

and it may cost hundreds of thousands more lives, or your sons, and brothers and fathers.

I hope my friend was wrong in telling me that you think the war in the Pacific is over, and that you are not thinking much about it. I'll be thinking more about that than anything else as I journey on East, from San Francisco. And now, so long, and back to Hugh James, at the NBC in New York.