



JEAN ANN MAY, right, was congratulated on receiving the \$150 cash scholarship awarded by the Sacred Heart Academy Mothers Club by Mrs. Dolores Prough, club president. Jean Ann, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. May, this city, plans to enter the field of medicine and will prepare to become a doctor. She will enter Seattle University next fall to start her pre-med course. She has attended SHA for 12 years, graduating third in the 1959 senior class with a 3.2 average of a possible 4. The scholarship was presented by the Most Rev. Francis P. Leipzig, D.D., Bishop of the Baker Diocese, at graduation ceremonies in Sacred Heart Academy.

Pulitzer Prize Winner Recalls France Landing On D-Day, June 6, 1944

Editor's Note — "The first six hours will be the toughest," Don Whitehead, AP correspondent with the First Infantry Division, heard an officer say aboard the ship carrying them to Normandy on D-Day—June 6, 1944. And though those hours were, testing brave men to the utmost. Here, in the first of four articles on the Allied landings, a former AP newsman and double Pulitzer Prize winner recreates the drama as he lived it.

By **DON WHITEHEAD**
Written For
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The first soft layer of dusk had fallen over drab, war-weary London, dropping a veil outside the patched windows of my Chelsea flat. The telephone rang and when I picked up the receiver Ernie Pyle's voice said: "Hey, Don, come on over and bring your jitters. I'm lonesome."

I left the flat and found a cruising taxi which took me through Hyde Park to the Dorchester Hotel where I found Ernie in his room finishing a column. I helped him edit his story, and then we sat and talked of the coming invasion and the chances for success.

Even then the little guy had a premonition that he would not live through the war. (He was killed in the Pacific). In unguarded moments his face was sad. He didn't like to be alone and he drew his friends around him as though they were a shield against a dark fear that was closing in.

I told Ernie about a talk I had had that afternoon with Gen. Omar Bradley. "Bradley is certain the casualties won't be as bad as most people think. He's not buying the prediction that we're going to have up to 30 per cent of the first waves killed or wounded. He made me feel a lot better."

I drew the blackout curtains and switched on the light and we had a drink from the bottle of bourbon which someone had given to Ernie.

"Who are you going with on the landing?" he asked. "I don't know," I said. "I hope it's the 1st Division."

"I guess the red one is still my favorite division," he said. "But I'll be with Bradley's headquarters."

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PUBLIC DISCUSSION BETWEEN:

W. L. Rodgers, Minister Pentecostal Church of God, and James H. Campbell, Minister Church of Christ.

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Later we joined a group of correspondents at the Savoy and made a round of London night spots. Behind the blackout curtains there was music, laughter, and a reckless sort of gaiety that overlaid the tension and the loneliness. Dawn was near when the party broke up.

It seemed I had hardly closed my eyes when the phone rang and a voice ordered me to report with my field equipment at an address near Hyde Park. Somehow I sensed that this was the beginning of the great adventure. When I reached the address, I found Ernie, Jack Thompson of the Chicago Tribune, Tex O'Reilly of the New York Herald Tribune, and friends from other campaigns unloading their gear from taxis. It was May 28, 1944.

We loaded into jeeps and were driven from London toward the Channel. We spent the night in a dreary temporary camp and then bid each other goodbye. I was taken to Weymouth and realized suddenly that I was entering the assembly area for the 1st Infantry Division with whom I had campaigned in Sicily.

Major Gen. Clarence Huebner, the division's commander, greeted me. "We're glad to have you with us, Don," he said. "We'll do everything we can to help you get your stories out. If you're hungry, we'll feed you. If you are wounded, we'll put you in a hospital. If you are killed, we'll bury you. So don't worry."

The hours moved swiftly. Troops filed onto the invasion craft packed into the harbor. Bells rang. Chains clanked. Booted feet clumped on steel decks. Ship loudspeakers blared commands. And then Gen. Eisenhower made his decision and the great invasion fleet moved into the Channel.

Not until we were under way aboard the Chase did I know our

destination—the coast of Normandy. Col. George Taylor, commanding the 1st Division's 16th Regiment, unfolded the invasion plan. "The first six hours will be the toughest," I heard him say. "That is the period during which we will be weakest. We've got to open the door. Somebody has to lead the way—and if we fail, well, then the troops behind us will do the job."

As dawn washed away the darkness, we heard the bombers roaring overhead and saw the faint flashes of exploding bombs on the unseen shore. The loudspeaker voice called a boat number and our group silently clambered over the rail and down the rope net to the little invasion craft bobbing in the high waves. The storm that had swept the Channel the day before still was kicking up trouble. A cold wind shipped salt spray into my face like pellets of ice. The water soaked our clothes and ran into our boots.

Our tiny craft circled the Chase for a few minutes and then headed for shore, bobbing like a cork. I was sick and my mouth had the sour taste of vomit and fear. I looked across the water and saw an amphibious tank struggling through the waves. Then the water washed over the turret and it was gone.

Then we saw the beach. Easy Red Beach they called it. Shells exploded in the surf and machine gun bullets whipped up ugly little spouts of water. The roar of naval gunfire engulfed us and there were vicious hisses from shells whipping by our craft.

We moved in with the assault waves toward the jagged barrier of steel rails, barbed wire, concrete blocks and devices planted by the Germans.

The ramp of our craft lowered. We jumped into the surf and waded ashore, throwing ourselves behind a slight bank of shale where thousands of troops were huddled. It was the only protection against the blast of fire from the German positions on a bluff not more than two hundred yards from the water's edge.

Many officers were killed before their craft reached the beach. German guns poured a murderous fire on the craft at close range. Machine gun bullets cut down soldiers as they stepped from the ramps of the boats. Units were landed in the wrong places. Squads and companies were landed without leaders and the men milled about in an agony of confusion with no one to tell them what to do other than burrow into holes in the sand. And still they came, piling up on the beach, shoulder to shoulder.

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Machine guns were set up at the water's edge. Mortar crews went into action with the water lapping at the base plate. An occasional tank lumbered out of the water like a prehistoric monster and stopped at the shale bank to blast the enemy.

I remember a wounded youth crying: "Oh, God! Please stop the hurt! Get me out. Get me out!" But there was no one to get him out. Men dug into the gravel with their bare hands until blood ran from their fingertips. Bodies floated in the water and stirred gently with the incoming tide.

I lay on the beach and thought: "This time we have failed. I wonder when they'll come over that bluff and finish this thing." But no gray-clad figures came down the bluff.

And suddenly I felt a strange sort of peace. The panic and fear were gone. If death had to come, then it must. I climbed out of my hole and began doing what I could to help and to watch the bravest men I've ever known.



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Observers Doubt Truce In Berlin Spy Warfare

GENEVA (AP)—The Big Four German organizations whose activities have stepped over the boundary between cloak-and-dagger information work into the realm of revolutionary operations.

The East Germans use West as a transit-center for sending agents to West Germany to spy on the heart of the Atlantic Pact defense complex. In East Berlin they collect information on the Western activities and evaluate it, much as their Western counterparts do.

The Communist agents also operate with bare knuckles in West Berlin. They have kidnapped anti-Reds repeatedly. Now they are carrying on a widespread campaign of psychological warfare, and terrorism to give West Berliners more jitters in the current crisis.

Based in East Germany are some 22 Soviet divisions and a big tactical air force. This is the main Soviet striking force confronting the Atlantic Pact defense line, the force that would invade Western Europe if war came.

It is not unlikely that the Western intelligence network in West Berlin would flash the first warning of Communist concentration in preparation for an aggression.

There are dozens of Western intelligence organizations functioning in West Berlin. Manning them are serious men and women who carry briefcases and slide rules instead of visible ink and silent pistols.

Their job is to analyze and make sense out of the vast amount of detailed information on East Germany filtering into West Berlin.

They interrogate refugees. They study the reports of West German spies operating in the satellite half of the country. They carefully monitor the Communist press and radio. From all these sources Western intelligence gets a picture of what the Soviets are up to.

The Western Allies have been withdrawing support from various

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