

Americans had laid a pipe-line across the English Channel previous to Invasion Day was incorrect—all gasoline was taken across the Channel in ships.

The Engineering Forces are indeed the unsung heroes of the War. Continually subjected to shell-fire, they repaired cratered airfields during the French invasion. Wherever the fighting Army went, the Engineers were alongside or ahead of them. After learning what the Engineers had accomplished in Europe, it was impressed on me that our Engineer Forces were well equipped to supervise the building of flood control such as TVA, Missouri Valley, etc., and much better equipped for this work than could be any civilian political force.

At Paris, one General told us of the secrecy maintained as to the exact date of V-Day. Very few officers knew the date. They were known as “bigoted” officers, which was the code word.

Code Words of the Invasion

We were told of the various code words used during the war. The Normandy invasion was always referred to as OVERLORD, the North African invasion TORCH. Important officers returning to America for consultation with the War Department were referred to as EVERSHPARP.

We were told that there were only 26 officers on Eisenhower's staff who knew the exact date and point of the invasion, that thousands of man-hours were spent drawing maps of the coast-line from Belgium to Bordeaux so that the printers and workmen would not be able to ascertain that the invasion was to be on the “Omaha” and “Utah” beaches. Generals have told me that when they talked among themselves as to the intimate phases of the invasion, they almost locked themselves in vaults so they could not be overheard.

Every harbor from Belfast to London was loaded with ships for the invasion, we were informed. The plan was to put 18,000

men a day on the Beach. If you could continue to keep putting more men there than the Germans could bring up against you, then, as one officer described it, it is like squeezing a big piece of soft bread dough in one's hand—it is bound to seep out between the fingers. What with knocking out the German forts and their supply lines in the rear, our 18,000 men a day broke out like squeezing the dough in one's hand.

There was a surplus of many thousands of tons of what was regarded as unnecessary supplies over and above the maximum requirement put on the Beach. This, they told us, proved to be a life-saver, for the worst weather that had ever been encountered in the Channel came down on our invading army a few days after D-Day, making it necessary to use up the reserve supplies.

Very little is written or said about the Supply Corps but after being informed as to its thousands of jobs—such as hauling food, supplies, ammunition—one quickly understands that its work is equally as important as having the men to fight.

Later, at the Finance Office, we were told that 73 per cent of the soldiers' pay in the European theatre was sent home in allotments, War Bonds, etc. This is easily understandable for there is nothing to spend money for in Europe. The Paris Finance Office says they are taking in as much money as they are paying out—a healthy state of affairs.

We ascertained that our Government printed the occupation money for the French, Italians and English in Europe and also the Russians. Seemingly stupid, the slick Russians insisted that they be given duplicate plates of the occupation marks for Germany and accordingly they are printing occupation marks and giving them to their soldiers, informing them that these marks will *not* be interchangeable in rubles when they return to Russia.

Thus the Russians are looting Germany by buying everything they can put their hands on with the occupation marks they print, which in reality cost them only the price of paper. Such occupation marks are then interchanged into American funds at the rate of 10c per mark. For instance, a Russian soldier will pay \$500

in Germany in the black market for a dollar Mickey Mouse watch. The seller in turn converts the Russian occupation marks into American funds, sending the money home in the form of a Money Order. Accordingly the American taxpayer is out \$500 and also a watch, which goes back to Russia. We afterward saw black market performances going on in the Tiergarten in Berlin.

Later in the day I met our INS reporter, Jim Kilgallen, who had just come from Berlin; I also talked to Mme. Corsant about buying some lingerie to take home. Was informed that the price of slips was 8,000 francs or \$160.

From Paris to Reims

Tuesday, July 31

Left the hotel early by motor car on a beautiful ride to Reims. Passed the American cemetery of the past war . . . the British monument at Fleury where some 30,000 British soldiers are buried from the last war . . . through Chateau Thierry, where we saw the same bridge blown out in this war as it was in the last. German tiger tanks lay demolished all along the road going up to Chateau Thierry; and we saw pill-boxes that were relics from the first World War. Chateau Thierry was the same sleepy little village, full of American troops, it was in 1918, although it did not suffer in this war as in the last.

At Reims we were met by Major General Royal B. Lord, who commands the assembly area here. We lunched with him.

Reims is the re-deployment center to which American soldiers are shipped from all over Europe, preparatory to being sent home or via Marseilles to the Japanese theatre. There are some 18 camps, each with a capacity of 15,000 to 25,000 men, the area being about 100 miles long and 60 miles wide.

We inspected Camp Cleveland, one of the large camps. The boys all live in tents, and everything possible is done for them. We inspected the kitchens and the mess—saw tons of food—beef,