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**THE INVASION - GREATEST COMBINED OPERATION IN THE WORLD'S
HISTORY.**

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The dawn of June 6th comes up like thunder over the invasion coast, as Allied heavy and medium bombers, following in the wake of Bomber Command, send down their share of the 20,000 tons of bombs dropped in the 24 hours preceding the landings. The softening up of the German defences along a broad stretch of coast.

Among the other of these 11,000 first-line aircraft made available for the battle, are rocket firing planes sending their fiery-tailed projectiles into strong points in the Normandy section of Hitler's so called West Wall.

Fighter aircraft shoot up aerodromes, trains, road convoys, canals, ammunition dumps, gun sites, and any enemy aircraft that come their way. Strafing such as you've never seen before, and typical of the sky war on D Day which the Luftwaffe could not match.

Troop Carrier aircraft, gliders and tow planes mass for the take off signal to open the second front. The allied airborne force formed the spearhead of invasion. Each plane carries the special invasion markings -- the broad black and white stripes for easy identification by our own airmen.

Last message given to the hundreds of men flown over was "We want you to raise all the hell you can on the backs of the Bosche". They did that and more. They swung a neat trick on the Germans by dropping life-like dummies filled with explosives.

Boarding ship for the Battle of Normandy. The Army group carrying out the assault is made up of British, Canadian and American forces. From South of England ports go Monty's Invasion men to spring their surprise on VON HUNSTEDT'S Nazis.

Heading out to sea, after a 24 hour delay because of the weather. Now that the flood of pictures of the Invasion has started, add length to our newreel so that we may develop in fuller detail the pictorial history of the Western Front offensive, and do justice thereby to the great allied undertaking. Four thousand ships and thousands of smaller craft. The gathering of the mighty armada. Description pales before the vastness of the reality; The mind recoils from the dimensions of it all.

How amazing it is to think that from the very part of France to which they go, William the First launched his assault for the Norman Conquest of England in 1066 -- the one date in the history books most of us remember. Maybe in another 878 years, 1944 will be remembered equally well by this strange reversal of events, when from England came the conquest of German occupied Normandy.

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Warships of the Royal Navy, with units of the Canadian and United States Navies, range their main armour on the Coastal batteries.

PART TWO

Enemy shells begin to drop among the landing craft closing the shore.

Beachheads are established. Across the broad expanse of sea, reaching to the distant, misty horizon, the bridge of ships and landing craft which has its abutment on the shores of England.

This is it! They're on the beach. Plunging waist-deep into the sea and threading their way among the steel asparagus tops which project out of the water -- the anti-invasions barriers with mines on their tips. One of the anti devices which were studied long before invasion began -- one of the obstacles photographed by our reconnaissance planes and, with the rest of Hitler's beach barriers, was known to us as Element G. Smoke screens are blown across as we dig in on the newly won position. Right in the spearhead of attack are Allied Service photographic units and Newsreel cameramen putting this amazing scene on celluloid.

The first casualties are brought out to the waiting ships. Men wounded in the dash inland are ferried to the nearest sick bays aboard vessels standing off shore. Some of them come from landing craft blown up by mines; others from the fighting now going on with increasing vigour.

This is the English side of the Channel. Tank landing craft have brought the wounded to our Southern ports. Red Cross orderlies gently hurry the men to waiting ambulances. We expected far greater numbers of injured but we were mercifully spared heavy casualties.

With characteristic brilliance the Navy keeps up its cross Channel Service. Another miracle of work in which Canada and the United States shared right nobly. We're heading out again to the Normandy Coast now shrouded with a smoke pall from the raging battle.

This was going on while Britain breakfasted to the first news of the Allied landings. These pictures take you right in among the men who are putting Dunkirk into reverse....planting themselves on the first bit of French soil to be won back after four years.

According to the sign on the platform this is the Railway Station of Bernieres, a township hard to find on the map but our lads got there just the same.

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The signpost points the direction to St. Aubin, ten miles north of Caen.

Tanks begin to rumble ashore as our bridgeheads are extended. Armour for the assault and capture of Bayeux and the heavy fighting around Caen. Stiffening of resistance was to be expected. A Bossche with his face bashed about a bit joins the gang of his fellow countrymen taken prisoner. Just a few chipped off Hitler's Army of occupation for whom the invasion bell tolls.

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