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Well, this is the letter I'd have written the day following my arrival in London had there been no censorship.

Last May we were told in a meeting by our commanding officer, Commander John Ford that we were to go on another invasion. On the twenty-ninth of that month, after much worrying on my part about whether I'd brought enough clothes or too many, I left from London by automobile to go to Plymouth where I was to go aboard the destroyer Hobson (DD464). There were three of us who disembarked from Plymouth. John Flynn Sr (P) 3/c, a Coast Guard man and myself. Each was to go on a different ship. We are all photographers.

I came aboard the Destroyer Hobson about 6 o'clock in the evening, nervous and excited about what was about to happen. So one with the exception of the skipper and one or two officers knew why I was aboard. So everyone asked questions - - all the time.

Finally came the eventful day of the long-awaited invasion of the continent. This was the fifth of June. And we were still sitting in the harbor. (We had moved from Plymouth to Torquay) I was told that the attack had been planned for this day but due to poor weather it was postponed one day. Thus we invaded on the sixth. The trip across the channel was comparatively smooth. The plan was that the minesweepers were to go in first and sweep certain areas of the invasion point. First there was the area called "Times Square", about three miles long and 2400 yards wide.. It was here all the ships were to wait while the transports loaded their men into LCI craft, etc. We arrived at the swept area at about three hours before 'D' hour on 'D' day. Times square was only eight miles from the French coast. I was on the Director bridge expecting those German-controlled guns from the coast to open up on us from the moment we came in range. As we understood there to be eleven inch at one installation we were certainly within their firing range. For three hours we just waited. All of us were tense. We had been at General Quarters, battle station since one a.m. of the sixth. Finally the skipper said we were going in. We were the first ship of the first wave to go into the Utah area. We had two targets; the first at the point where the troops were to land and the second 500 yards down the coast towards Cherbourg. I took motion pictures of the landing craft going in, of the rocket guns firing on the point of invasion. When the flyers came over with their terrific bomb-loads all I could think of was, "God, I'm sure glad they're on our side." Their bombing was beautiful. As we were but 3800 yards from the shore we could easily see how precise their bombing. And it looked to me that they didn't miss a single target. As I was photographing the five inch guns of our ship I noticed that a salvo from the shore had hit the destroyer Corry. I quickly switched my attention from the shore and started to cover the predicament of the sister ship in distress. One of the gunners yelled "The bastards hit our baby." The Corry seemed to be hit slightly stern of midships and was listing to port badly. Then she straightened up and apparently made a valiant attempt to swing around. Smoke belched from her and at first it looked as tho she were attempting to lay down a smoke-screen. We decided that the generators had been hit and set off them off. I was fortunate in that I was close enough to photograph the Corry going down. There was another photographer aboard the Corry but he lost all his equipment so mine were the only motion pictures of the incident taken from the sea. We started to go over to her to render aid. As we neared her the signalman from the Corry started to signal fast as hell. I've never seen anyone throw those flags about so quickly. He said we were

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