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HOLLAND



For action in Holland the Eighty-second Airborne Division was awarded the Netherlands highest decoration, the royal order of William Nassau, thus becoming the first foreign unit to receive such an honor.

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HOLLAND CAMPAIGN





"I'm proud to meet the Commanding General
of the finest Division in the world today."

—Lt. General Sir Miles Dempsey,
Commanding British 2nd Army in Holland.



INVASION of

THE FIRST large scale operation of the First Allied Airborne Army, after its organization in August, 1944, was the sky invasion of Holland on September 17, 1944, when the U. S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, with the British First Airborne Division, were to clear the way for the British Second Army's drive into Germany.

The immediate objectives were the key Dutch communication cities of Eindhoven, Nijmegen and Arnhem, control of which would place the mouth of the Rhine in Allied hands, cutting off main German forces in Western Holland and placing Allied armies in a position to advance quickly into Germany.

Troop Carrier planes took off from their English bases for Holland shortly before noon on September 17, and special pathfinder planes dropped their "sticks" of paratroopers over drop zones at 1300 hours. All afternoon a continuous skytrain of C-47's and gliders passed overhead on their way to the Holland-Germany landing area. By nightfall, almost the entire airborne army was on enemy-held soil attacking its first objectives, the bridges and road in the Arnhem, Nijmegen, Eindhoven areas.

The 82nd Airborne Division landed in the Nijmegen area, captured the town and the tactically important surrounding terrain.

The 101st Airborne Division made contact with the Guards Armored division, despite stiff resistance, at 1100 hours of D plus one at the village of Vieuw Acht, and by noon had occupied Eindhoven.

The First British Airborne division, dropped and landed west of Arnhem, ran into bitter opposition almost immediately. The First Parachute Brigade succeeded in reaching the north end of the road bridge over the Neder Rijn but was unable to take

it against German forces at the south end. The bridge, however, was not blown, and paratroopers removed the charges. Next morning, severe fighting was taking place at Arnhem, and contact with the brigade was lost. This was the beginning of the stand of the Red Devils in Arnhem pocket.

The part of the veteran 82nd Airborne Division played in this great Airborne invasion of the lowlands is best told by War Correspondent Martha Gellhorn in her *Collier's Magazine* article, "Rough and Tumble," radioed from Holland during the campaign:

ROUGH AND TUMBLE

By Martha Gellhorn

The troops of the 82nd Airborne Division look like tough boys, and they are. They are good at their trade, too, and they know it, and they walk as if they knew it. This trade is war; most of them are too young to have learned any other profession.

The general, who is himself thirty-seven, received many official communications about the soldiers' voting act and how soldiers were not to be influenced and how ballots were to be made available, and all of this was evidently most important, though in the middle of the campaign in Holland it was perhaps hard to attend to these matters.

Anyhow, quite worked up and conscious of his duty, he went around to the battalions to see that all was in order, and discovered that in one company only two men were old enough to vote and that this odd state of affairs was the usual form in his outfit. Finally, after a careful check-up, it was learned that the average age of the 82nd Airborne Division paratroopers is twenty-two, and if you subtract two or three years for Army life you will see that these young men have not had much time to study any subject except the technique, mechanic and principles of killing other men.

They walk as if they know how good

the LOWLANDS...

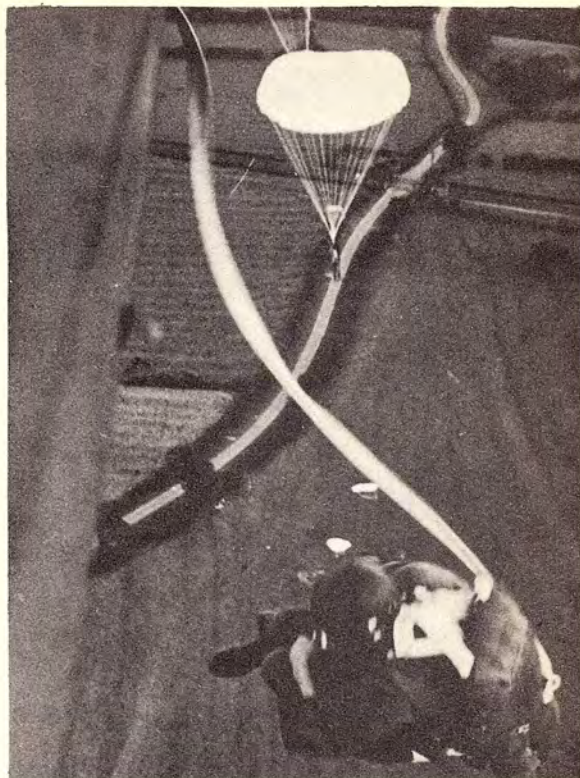
they are, and they walk like individual men. All combat troops have a special pride and style. All combat troops despise garrison life and garrison soldiers, and all combat troops look like something very rare and would shock anyone with stern ideas about uniforms and compartment. But these airbornes seem to me even more remarkable than most and, seeing them now, you notice every face, for every face is that of an entire man, and you notice that each man wears his soiled and baggy clothing as if it had been designed for him alone and was not Army issue at all.

These rainy days, the 82nd Airborne Division is sweating it out in Holland. It rains now in Holland, Belgium and France and very likely in all the other countries. I have not lately seen. (In Italy, too—oh, most miserably there! — and in those bridgeheads into Germany and all through the Balkans.) This rain is the heartbreak rain that washes away men's hope of peace and home, and it is the rain which warns you of the ugly winter ahead—another ugly winter of war.

In this rain, in the flat, dreary country of southern Holland, the paratroopers live and now fight a deadly little nibbling campaign which is not their style, and they do not complain, since they are tough boys and not given to complaint. Besides, they are volunteers, and a volunteer is a man who says to himself that he damn' well got into this and there is no use beefing, and where do we go from here?

But, before this Dutch campaign temporarily slowed down into fox holes and artillery duels and mortar fire and night patrols, it was one of the boldest and most spectacular attacks of this war, and it suited the 82nd Airborne Division perfectly.

On the 17th September, three airborne divisions parachuted and glided into Holland. There were the American 82nd and 101st, and the famous First British which dropped on Arnhem. But, this is a story about the 82nd and, though a campaign means a mass of men all vital to one an-



other and to success, and though from the workshop mechanics who repair tanks to the stretcher-bearers, to the signal corps linesmen, to the cooks, each man is essential, one needs a book to tell about them all.

Probably each tank crew and each infantry platoon deserves at least a book to pay them proper honor, and I am filled with wonder for every one of the anonymous and modest men who do this deadly, exhausting work of war as if it were not too hard and as if they expected no thanks. So, this paragraph is merely a poor and quick recognition of all those one leaves unmentioned, not because they are lesser but because they are too many.

On September 17th, the 82nd Division boarded hundreds of planes and half a hundred gliders, left England and flew in formation at a fixed altitude and speed across the Channel and over the dunes of the Dutch coast. Here the flak began, and the endless flying wedge of transport planes and the gliders with men crowded in those canvas cockleshells without parachutes moved through the sky like an enormous



procession of clay pigeons. It took thirty-five minutes for this fleet of planes to pass any given point on the ground—in short, thirty-five minutes for the flak batteries to get the proper range.

If one has not made such a ride, one could not presume to imagine what any man felt or thought while doing it. There was fighter cover and luck and whatever else there was, and the losses en route were slight. Above Grave, and north and south of Groesbeek, the parachutists jumped, and the sky flowered with thousands of swaying silk water-lily leaves. If you see a picture of it — for pictures were made — you will think you never saw anything lovelier in your life.

On the other hand, every man hanging like a little dark pencil beneath his parachute must have been filled with a strange surmise, to say the least. Then the gliders came in, and some turned over, and some landed on their noses, and most of them made it all right. The troops kicked their way out of the thin canvas ships, and again, wondrously, the casualties of the landings were very light.

The 82nd had, as its mission, to hold the Grave and Nijmegen as well as a couple of subsidiary bridges over a canal to the east of Grave. The Grave and Nijmegen bridges are huge steel-girdered structures spanning the Maas and the Waal. The roads are either raised up on dikes, or they are narrow flat strips passing through bare country which gives no cover. The two rivers are broad, between high banks, and at Nijmegen the Germans had a most convenient fort which commanded the approaches to the railroad bridge and the road bridge. There was, likewise, the enemy in force and determined

and well equipped; there was, for a change, German aviation.

There were seven German counterattacks on Nijmegen. At one time, the 82nd Division had 2,200 prisoners who were being guarded by American glider pilots, the only men who could not be spared; they had hundreds of their own paratroopers wounded; they were at half strength and being attacked by the Germans in regimental strength from the north and the south while they held the tiny island of Nijmegen, about as practical a place to hold as a sandbar with the tide coming in.

Or, perhaps the difficulty of the whole operation is best demonstrated by the manner in which the great Nijmegen bridge was taken. You must now imagine a very American-looking bridge—no quaint little arched stone job, but a double-lane roadway which, I believe, some proud Dutchman told me was the second longest bridge in Holland. The dynamite charges to blow this bridge were cemented into the structure and, to give you some idea of the size and intricacy of the steel construction, eight Germans were captured from their hiding places in the under girders, after the bridge was taken. The approaches to this bridge were hopelessly exposed to machine-gun fire on both banks, as well as artillery and mortar fire.

One regiment of the 82nd Division, the 504th, crossed the Waal to the west of the bridge in collapsible boats in the middle of the afternoon on a fine clear day. The Guards Armored Division of the British Second Army gave them the boats. One of the Guards officers remarked afterward that it seemed absolutely suicidal, as the Americans had never seen these boats and did not know how to launch them, but when that point was brought up, the Americans answered that they guessed it would be all right, and when asked whether they weren't concerned with the number of boats available, they answered again that they reckoned the English would do the best they could.

Some time later, in a thoroughly unlikely little piece of Germany which they were then holding, I met some of the paratroopers who made that river crossing. One

of them said the final words about it: "There were three men paddling, and the prow of that boat just stood up straight in the water. I wasn't even scared; I just gave up hope."

The regiment did cross the river and climbed a steep bank on which the Germans were well and truly ensconced, and they fought their way down along the shore to secure the north end of the bridge. The Irish Guards tanks lined up and became artillery, lobbing shells over to cover this amazing operation. Meantime, the Guards Armored Division fought in Nijmegen to clear the southern entry to the bridge. Elements of the 508th Regiment had been in Nijmegen on the evening of D-Day but were withdrawn to secure the landing fields for the Glider Field Artillery Units coming in on D plus 1. The 2nd Battalion of the 505th Parachute Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division fought with the Guards. A Guards officer said, "You could see them fighting from the housetops, just swarming over them. They were absolutely splendid; wonderful sight seeing all those chaps swarming over the roofs."

The mission of the 82nd Airborne Division in Holland, which takes only one sentence to write and only a minute to say aloud, was completed in three fierce and sleepless days. It was entirely and successfully completed with a total of five bridges and a piece of essential ground taken. Then, it became necessary to hold, and they are holding still—sweating it out in the long rain that means another ugly winter of war.

This is the fourth campaign for the 82nd Airborne Division, which has to its credit more campaigns and more combat time than any other American airborne division. They first jumped in Sicily, which was quite a mix-up from all accounts, due to the fact that they were not dropped where planned or anywhere near where planned. They fought for two weeks, during which time there was the small incident of the captain who hired some rowboats and went out and took three islands off the Sicilian coast.

They left Sicily a month later, and the next time they jumped was a hurry call to get in behind the beachhead at Salerno,

when it looked as if that murderous battle was going to fail. One regiment of the 82nd was on the ground behind the beaches at Salerno, exactly twelve hours after receiving the order to move, and this, too, is some kind of a record.

They fought with the English up to Naples, sharing the surrender of that city, and thence on to the Volturno River. The 504th Regiment fought at the juncture of the Fifth and Eighth Armies in Italy, in those beautiful, hated mountains near Cassino. After this, it was shipped by sea to Anzio, where it fought for sixty-nine days on that shelled mud flat.

The next jump was in Normandy, in the early dark of the morning before H-Hour of D-Day. This was also the first night glider landing in the European theater and perhaps the first anywhere. It does not need much imagination to think what that was like. For thirty-three days, the division fought on the Cherbourg Peninsula, and it is credited with the destruction of an entire German division. And there was Holland.

The 82nd is a very proud outfit, having earned the right to this pride. They do not boast when they say that where they fight, they fight without relief or replacements and that they have never relinquished a foot of ground.

This tells you something about them, but not nearly enough. From the general on down, they are all extraordinary characters and each one's story is worth telling, for men who jump out of airplanes onto hostile territory do not have dull lives. My favorite characters are Private Bachenheimer and his friends and assistants who are known as "Bill One" and "Bill Two." They may not be typical of anything, for I certainly never saw their like before, but perhaps they only have flourished and had their being in just such an outfit as the 82nd.

Private Bachenheimer is twenty-one and tall and solid, with a dark short mat of hair and bright small eyes and a curly mouth, and he became a United States citizen at Fort Bragg while he was training to be a paratrooper. Private Bachenheimer was born in Germany and lived there and in Vienna until he was eleven. He speaks Ger-



man perfectly and speaks English delightfully with a very faint accent. His father, who was a pianist and a musical director of opera, is dead now. I do not think a boy could say anything better about his father than what Private Bachenheimer said one day in Nijmegen. "Everyone," he said, "had to love him unless they were greedy or stupid."

Private Bachenheimer began to be famous in his regiment at Anzio, where he was known as a man who never stopped going out on night patrols. This is very unpleasant work, and anyone who volunteers for it steadily is likely to become known. His success was amazing, due to the fact that he thought nothing of going up to Germans in the dark and talking German to them as if he were an old soldier of the *Wehrmacht* himself. There are endless stories about these patrols — about Bachenheimer in a Kraut chow line — Bachenheimer gossiping in a German machine-gun post — Bachenheimer talking busily to German sentries. The work was dangerous, and men got killed on these missions, but Bachenheimer brought the necessary prisoners and information back.

In Holland, he started out again by joining up with a patrol immediately after the landing and walking across the Grave bridge to draw fire. From there on, he continued to Nijmegen which he entered alone and some time ahead of the main body of troops. He had a brisk fight with ten Germans in the railway station and was called upon by the Germans through the loudspeaker, which announces the arrival and departure of trains, to surrender, as the Germans naturally did not imagine that one man alone was putting on this show.

When questioned as to why he undertook this hazardous solitary battle, Bachenheimer

said, "Well, this was the first time any of these Dutch saw an American, and it wouldn't look right for the American to run off just as soon as he saw some Germans."

Private Bachenheimer then moved into the headquarters of one of the branches of the Dutch underground, and at their request he took over command. He was very busy sending out patrols to mop up Germans in the town of Nijmegen, and other patrols to get information on German dispositions in the town and around the bridges, so that he could keep his regiment informed. He also opened bakeries and organized civilian billets, and nightly he visited the cellars where the citizens of Nijmegen were living in justifiable fear of the shelling.

That job of maintaining civilian morale is what he is proudest of now. He says he didn't feel any too sure of anything himself, but he made the people believe everything was fine and dandy. I can only say that I think this was a terrific piece of work, because Nijmegen is not fine and dandy now, and it must have been pretty appalling during Bachenheimer's early days there.

His headquarters is a very small crowded room in a former Nijmegen schoolhouse. Bill One, who is Willard Strunk of Abilene, and Bill Two, who is Bill Sellars of Pittsburgh — also old men of twenty-one — work with him in this room. They eat here, and they have a neat, small arsenal hanging on the walls. They collect their souvenirs in one corner, and they have the most fantastic list of callers every day.

I listened to Bachenheimer interrogating an Alsatian prisoner and never saw a prettier or more thorough job; next he received a German informer from whom he wanted to get some information about German defense constructions in the region; then, two sergeants from other regiments who were also engaged in collecting information came and had a brisk argument about a patrol which they wanted Bachenheimer to send out and which he deemed unsound.

English officers, also, arrived from time to time, and Dutch undergrounders and Dutch

civilians who wanted to get collaborators arrested or wanted to get people released from jail on the grounds that a mistake had been made. Nothing seemed to worry Bachenheimer, who is an extremely competent and serious boy, and nothing seemed to shake his modesty. His previous training for this work consisted of one job in America—he had briefly been press agent for a show that failed.

Bachenheimer, who has this curious talent for war, is actually a man of peace. "As a matter of fact, I am against war in principle," he said. "I just can't hate anybody."

He was not in his office when I went to say goodby; he had crossed over behind the enemy lines. According to Bachenheimer, it does not take more guts to work behind the enemy lines at night; it just takes a different kind of will. I think it must take a very special kind of guts, as well as a cool and agile mind. But who am I to argue with Bachenheimer?

You are always happy with fine combat troops, because in a way no people are as intensely alive as they are. You do not notice the rain too much, or the ugly soaked flat land, or the sadness of the yellowing trees that are rotting limply from summer into the nakedness of winter. You do not think much about what war costs, because you are too busy being alive for the day—too busy laughing and listening and looking. And, you forget about the crude wooden crosses that mark where just such boys lie in Sicily and Italy and France, and now Holland. You forget about the hospital in Nijmegen where devoted, weary men work in operating rooms that never cease to be appalling, no matter how many such operating rooms you have seen. You forget, too, that the boys who last it out intact and whole have nevertheless given up these years which were intended to be young and happy.

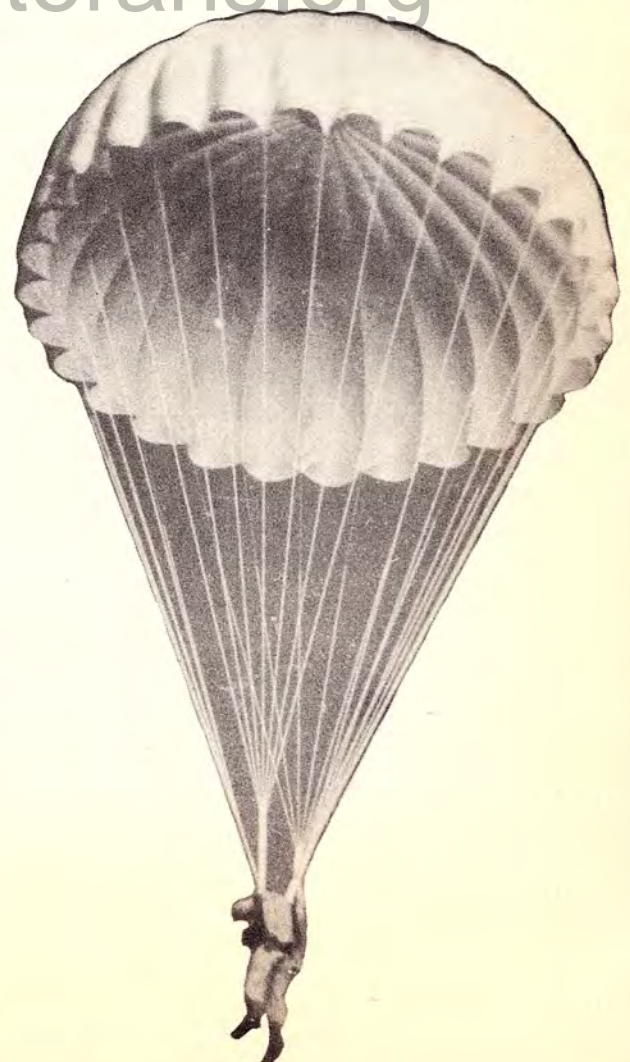
The years are gone. But, thinking it over afterward, you wonder what happens to a magnificent division of brave men after the war. And you wonder who is going to thank them, and how, and will it be enough?"

* * *

Miss Gellhorn's story does not go into detail on the long grueling battles fought

on the German border or at Kiekberg, Mook, Wyler, and the brilliant use of Anglo-American Artillery in the two months that the 82nd held the Nijmegen salient into Holland and across the German border, but "Rough and Tumble" expresses, better than anything yet written, the esprit de corps, individual bravery, and cocky self-reliance which motivated the men of the 82nd. Theodore Bachenheimer is buried in Holland along with approximately 800 other 82nd troopers. Shortly after Miss Gellhorn's story was written, Bachenheimer was killed while laying a telephone wire to the underground in German occupied northern Holland. He had just received a field commission as a 2nd Lt. when his death occurred. It is one of the great tragedies of war that the percentages of those killed is highest among our youngest and bravest men.

As Winston Churchill said later, speaking of the American and British airborne troops in Holland, "Not in vain may be the pride of those who have survived, the epitaph of those who fell." The campaign in the lowlands had been turned into Allied Victory, but not without cost.







NETHERLANDS BOUND

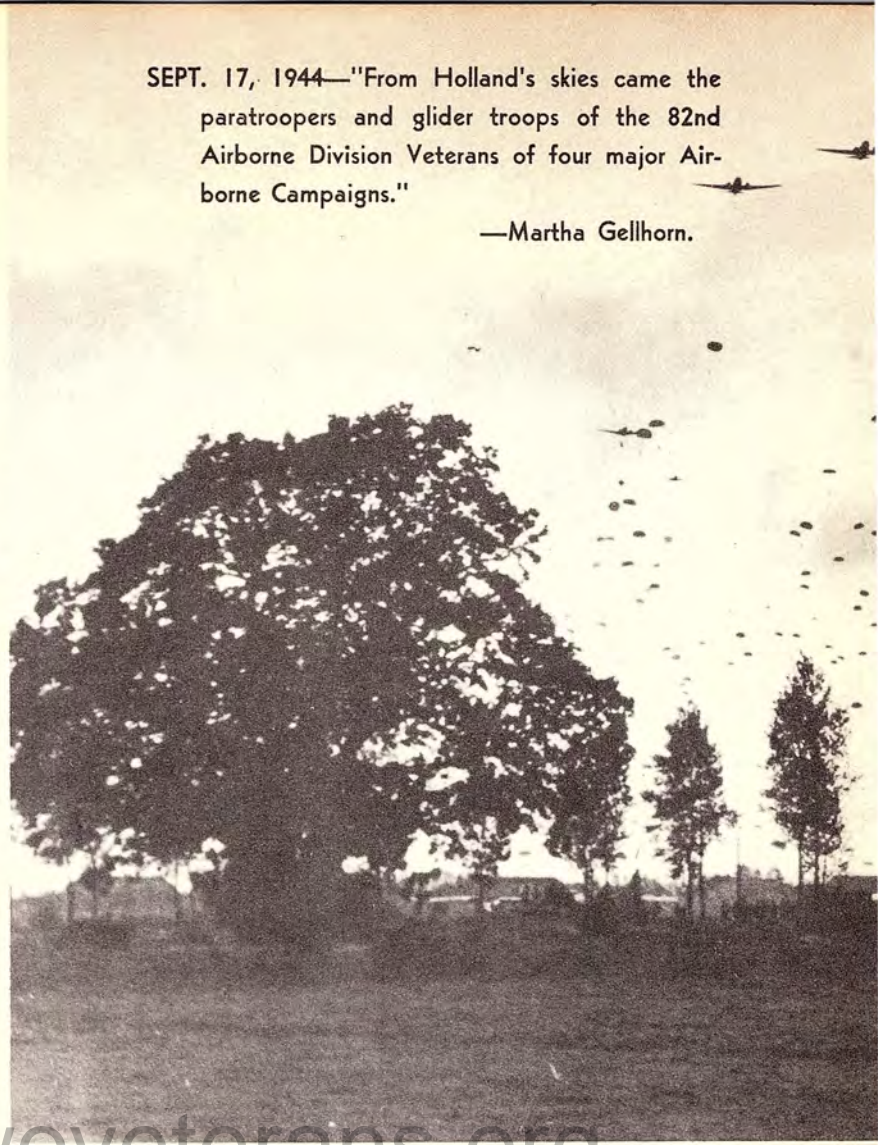
Preparation and take-off from England





SEPT. 17, 1944—"From Holland's skies came the paratroopers and glider troops of the 82nd Airborne Division Veterans of four major Airborne Campaigns."

—Martha Gellhorn.



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Fight for the

PLANNING—

Lt. Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey and Slim Jim Gavin in the Deckenwaal plot the 1st crossing of the Rhine.



PLOTTING—

G-2 plots enemy installations from the edge of the Drop and landing zone H-Hour + 1/2.

GERMAN "88"—

This high velocity "88" was in the open park before the Waal bridge — fired down the spoke-like roads approaching the bridge.



Bridge

NIJMEGEN

"A single isolated battle that ranks in magnitude and courage with Guam, Tarawa, Omaha Beach. A story that should be told to the blowing of bugles and the beating of drums for the men whose bravery made the capture of this crossing over the Waal (L. Rhine) Possible."

BILL DOWNS

War Correspondent C. B. S.



MORTAR SQUADS—

From the cemetery high above the town our mortars dropped destruction into the German held city below.

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Nijmegen

BATTLE FOR THE WAAL BRIDGE

Artillery and bombing did some damage after we had taken the bridge, but it was quickly repaired.

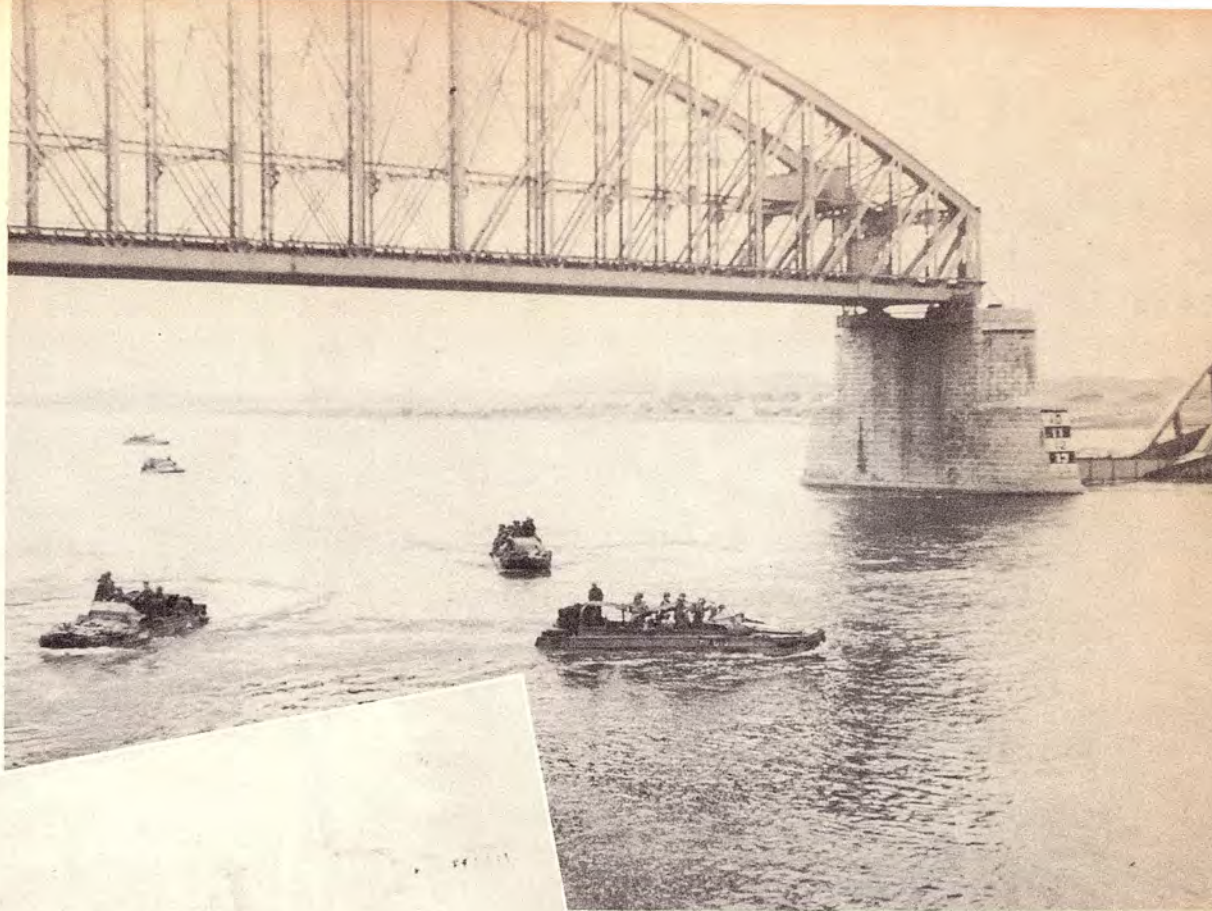


80 Germans were killed in the super-structure of the huge bridge—largest single span in Europe.



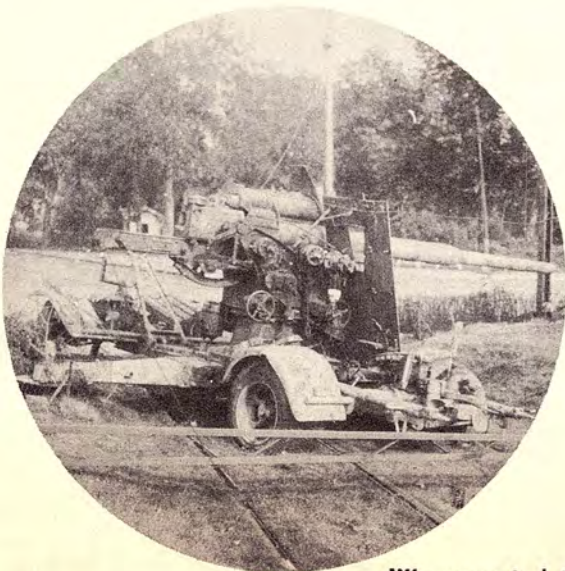
"British armor protected troopers in street fighting, acted as artillery when the crossing was made."

—Downs.



British Buffalos manuver under the fallen R. R. Bridge after the Rhine (Waal) is ours. The original crossing was not so tranquil—

"Twenty-six assault boats were in the water. Two hundred sixty men would make the first assault. Waiting for them on the other bank were 400 to 600 Germans . . . the shelling continued. A smoke screen was laid, but it wasn't very effective because of the wind. . . . Men slumped in their seats . . . of those 260 men, half were wounded or killed . . . only 13 of 26 boats came back. . . . Others didn't wait for boats. Some stripped off equipment, took a bandolier of ammunition and swam the river, rifles on their backs. There was bitter bayonet fighting and Americans died, but more Germans died."
—Downs.



We respected the German "88". This one was knocked out in the Roundabout near the bridge.

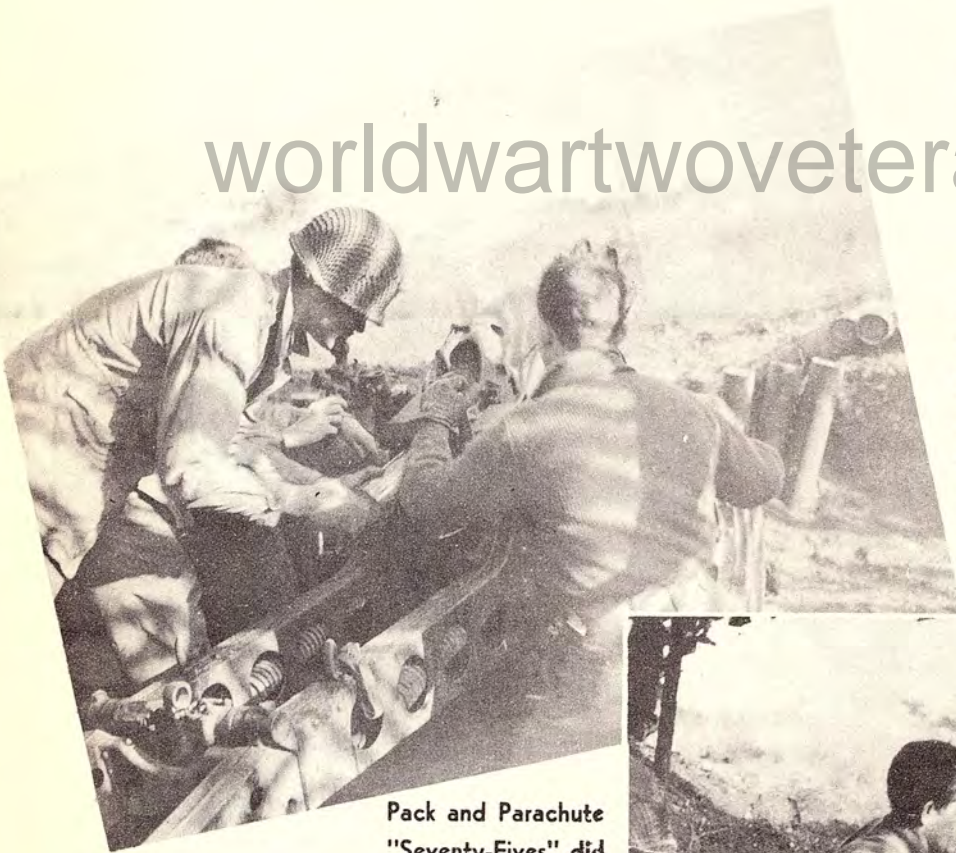


A patrol passes through the ruins of Nijmegen (508).



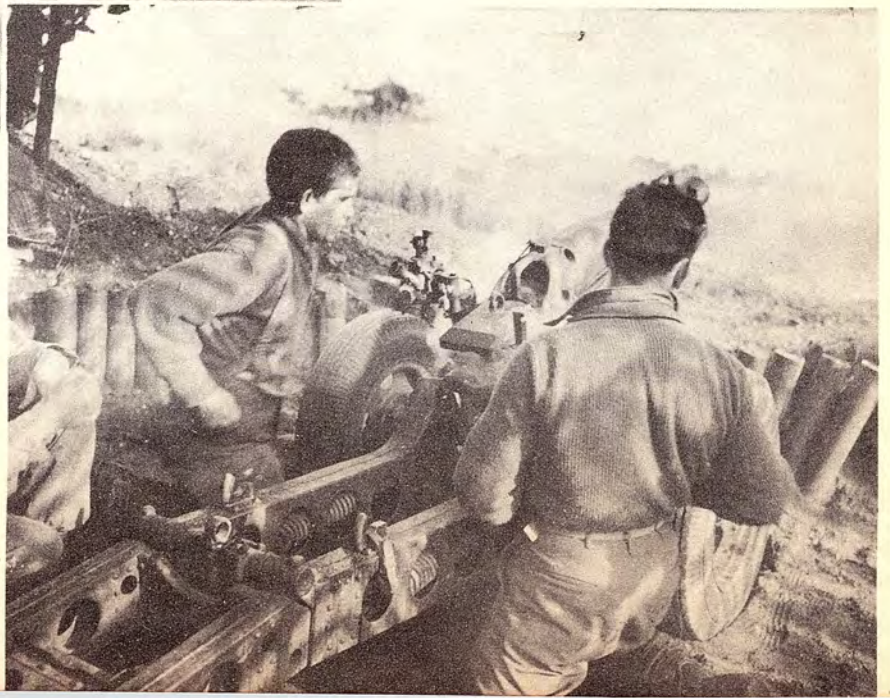
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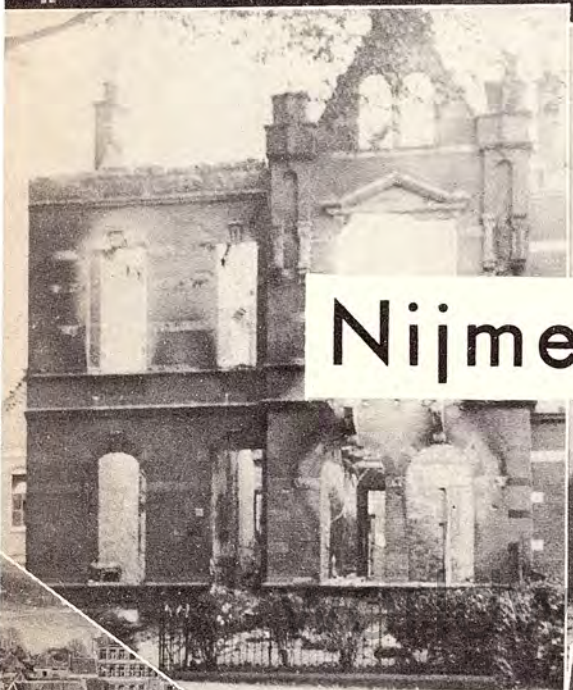
Brig. Gen. Francis A. March. "Andy" March ran the fire direction center and commanded British and American Artillery in the critical allround defense of the Nijmegen area. With the 82nd from Africa to the Elbe, General March is the dean of Airborne Artillerymen.



Pack and Parachute "Seventy-Fives" did the job in Holland.

82nd Field Artillery





Nijmegen City of Conflict



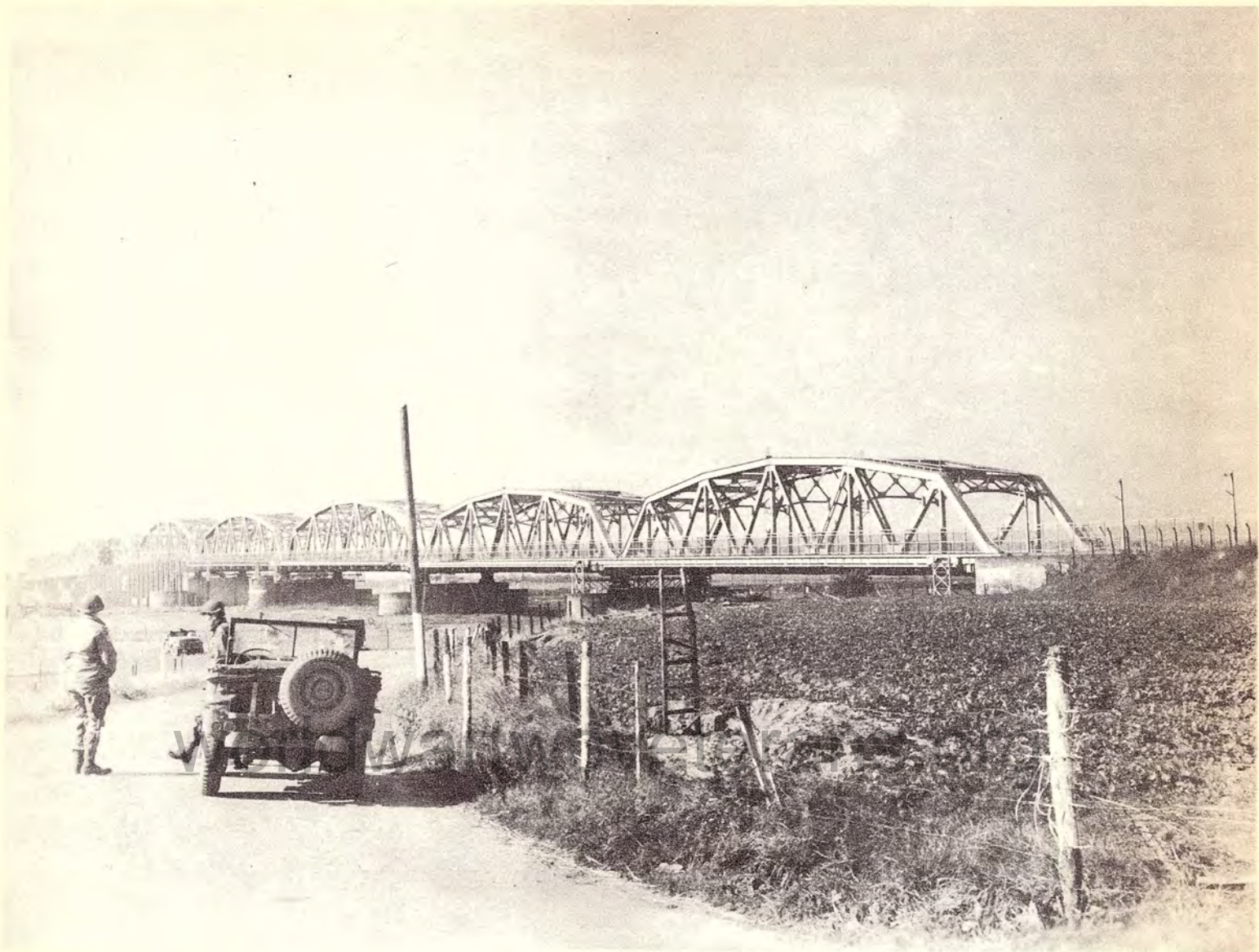


The Drop Zone near Grave — First Parachutes and then Gliders landed here in anticipation of the assault on the Grave Bridge—native livestock was unconcerned.



The first union of U. S. Airborne and British Ground troops in Holland was in a sugar beet patch near Grave. British Tank Commander meets Generals "Ben" Browning and "Slim Jim" Gavin.

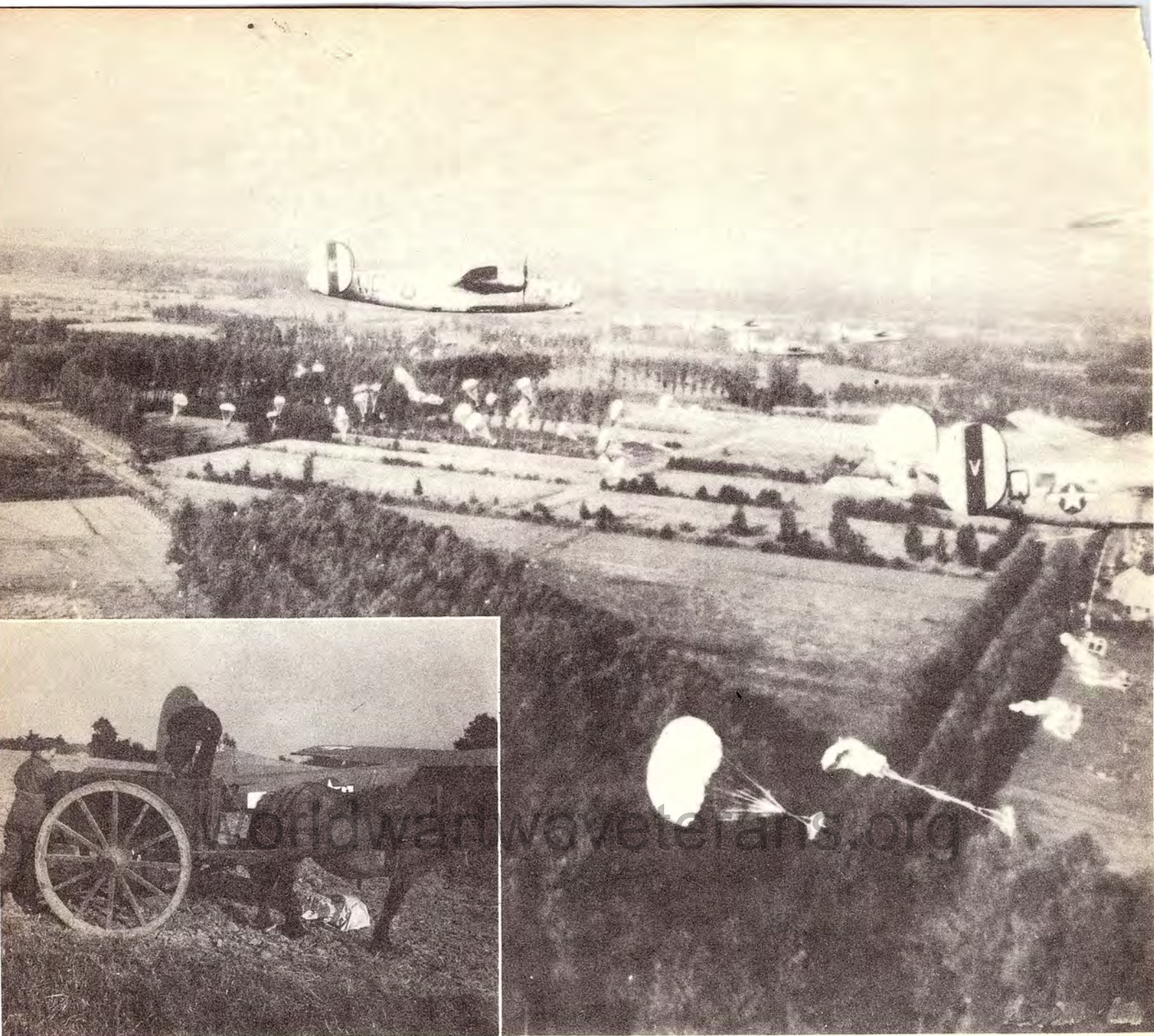
Grave Bridge across the Maas



The Huge Grave Bridge across the Maas in Holland was taken by the 504 Combat Team of the Eighty-second on D-Day. The first of three major spans to be captured and held by the 82nd, the Grave bridge was reached by the British on D+3. The ancient fortress town of Grave was the first town in Holland liberated by the Allies.

Between Grave and Nijmegen runs the Maas-Waal Canal. This key bridge was taken intact by the 82nd's 504 Prcht. Inf. and the 307th Engineers.





Resupply by air is vital when cut off from friendly ground troops.

The 88—Most respected German weapon.

Yanks and Tommies—It was a combined operation.



BATTLE FOR HOLLAND

The Luftwaff came over regularly but some German planes never returned.



Flack from antiaircraft got some of our boys too.

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Reconnaissance jeeps patrolled well in Germany while the situation was still fluid.



The British crossed in Buffalos when the bridges were under repair.





Dutch children ran out of their houses to see a sky full of planes, parachutes and gliders — minutes later fully armed troopers were on the march.



The high ground from Groesbeek to Bergendahl was a hard won objective. Knocked out German tank (right) was near the German border in the Battle of Bergendahl.

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British flail tanks explode land mines in heavily mined area north of Nijmegen.





Troops of the 505 Combat Team 82nd Airborne Division enter Groesbeek 1 hour after landing.

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Key to holding Airborne gains in Holland was the wooded high ground across from the German Riechwald.



A teller mine got this medium tank.



A Dutch nurse volunteered her services complete with homemade stretcher.

Col. Lindstrom treats a wounded German.



An abandoned glider becomes a Limey aid station.



Jeep ambulances carry the wounded out of Nijmegen.

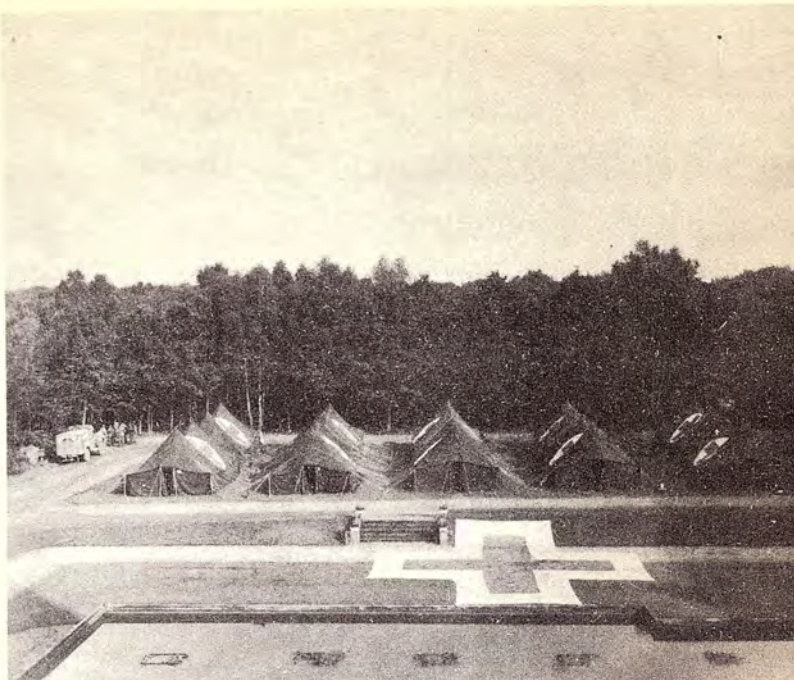


The Medics

First Aid in Holland



Civilian evacuation in Nijmegen.



A German baby factory was converted into the Division hospital—Tents were added to take care of less serious casualties.



Left and above—Glider crash casualties are treated on the landing zone.



Wounded German Prisoners receive medical aid.



Grave—1st town liberated in Holland—celebrates with a bright blue equipment chute H-Hour plus.



" Naar Groesbeek"—The road between Groesbeek and Nijmegen. At either end was furious fighting.



As the battle dragged into weeks, Headquarters in decker's woods went underground.



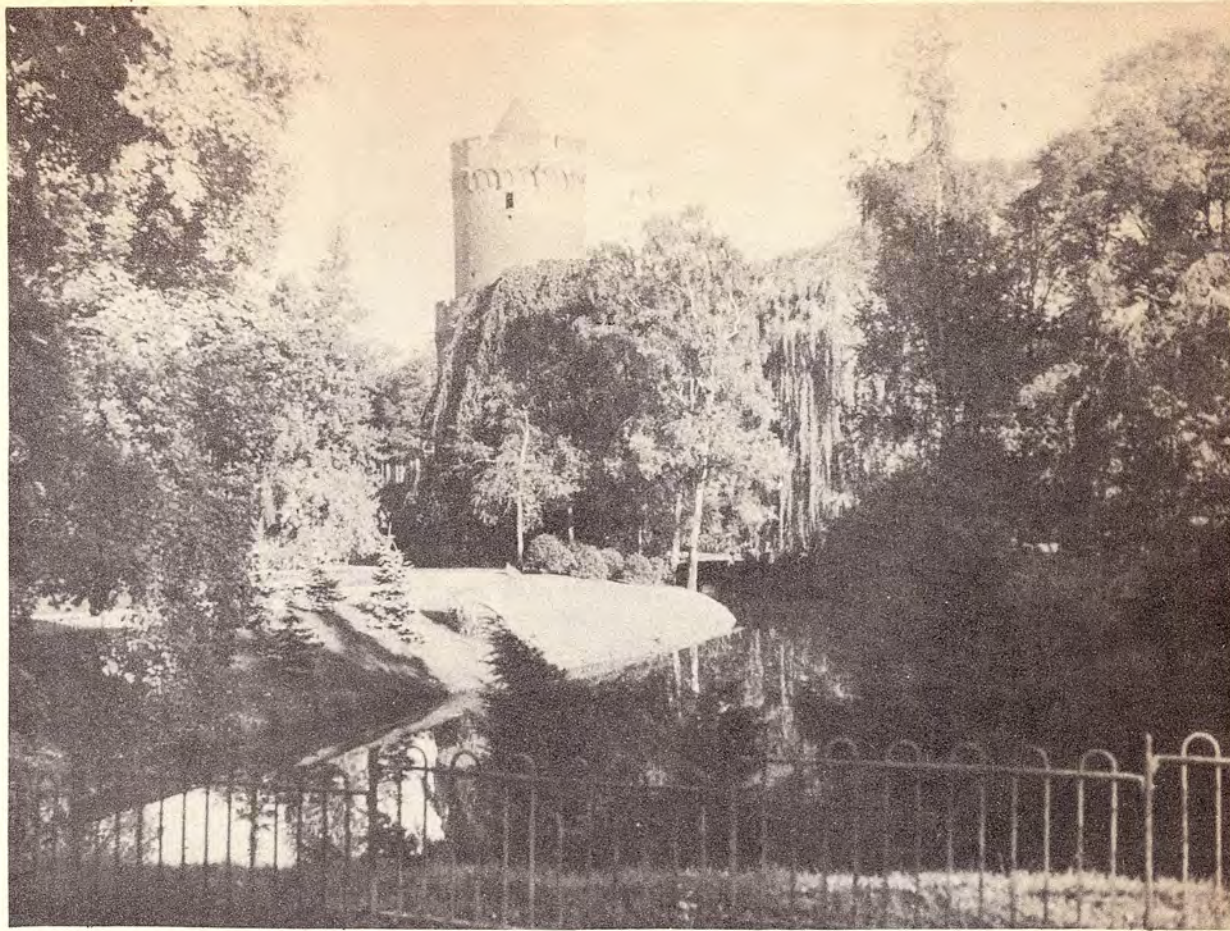
Each town, each kilometer meant furious fighting and American dead.



I. N. S. War Correspondent Lee Carson gets the situation from the Division Staff.



Funeral for the Dutch patriot who gave his life playing major role in saving the Nijmegen bridge.



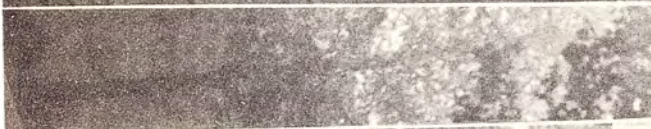
This ancient fort once stood sentinel on the Waal. Now it is part of a beautiful Nijmegen city park.

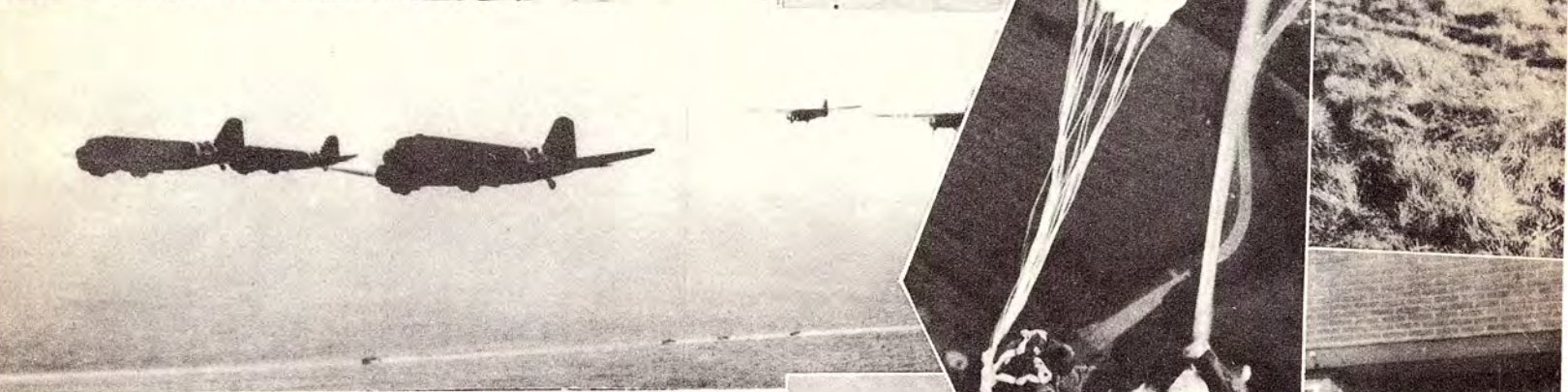


German graves in a Gelderland cemetery.



Dutch civilians still look after the American graves as they did here in the early days of the battle.





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The Mayor of Nijmegen.



Captain Harry introduces General Gavin.



Marching through Nijmegen. 20,000 Dutchmen turned out to greet us.



One Year Later...

NIJMEGEN BRIDGE CELEBRATION
September Seventeenth Nineteen Forty-five

MOLENHOECK
(UNITED STATES)
MILITARY CEMETERY



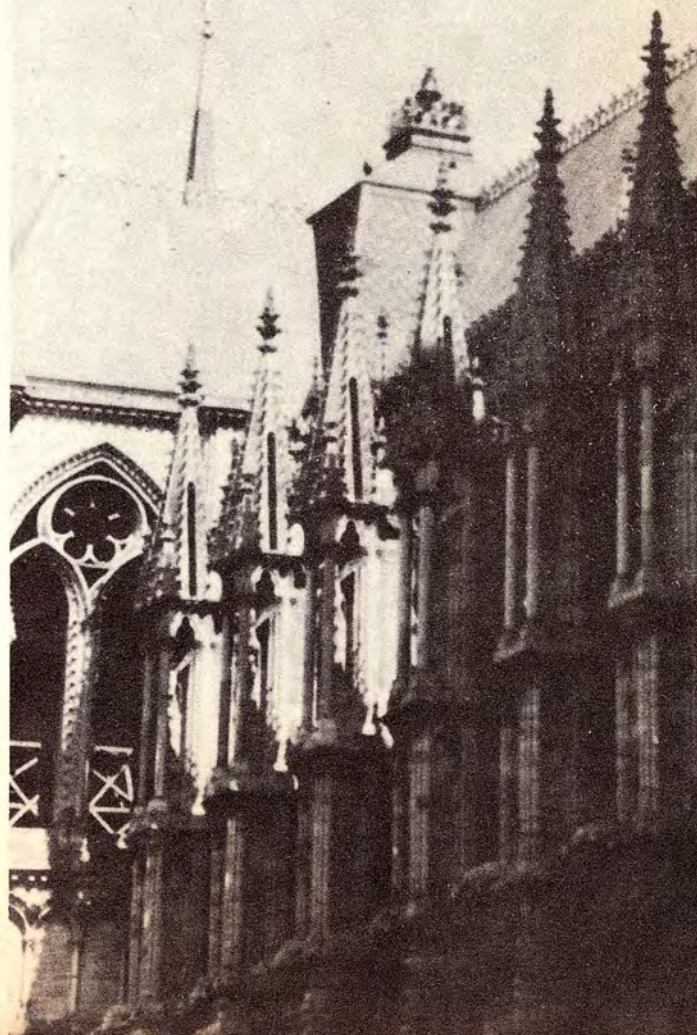
In Memoriam

The 82nd Airborne returns to pay homage to the troopers left behind at Molenhoek Cemetery and share the joy and sacrifice of the people of Nijmegen, Groesbeck, Grave and Bergendahl on the anniversary of their liberation.



FRANCE

THE 82ND Airborne Division visited France five times. In June, 1944, the 82nd soldiers staged a wild onslaught against Normandy for their first entry. Next, after Holland, the sky-commandoes had a welcome rest in the Suippes-Sissonne area near Rheims, but this siesta was rudely ended when the division was summoned post-haste to head off the Germans after their break-through in the Ardennes. When the 82nd's series of victories in the Bulge had become history, the conquering troopers re-entered France to again bivouac at their old camping spot near Rheims. There they trained for the proposed airborne attack on Berlin which was cancelled. But, with Germany's life slowly ebbing, France said good-bye to the All Americans as the veteran campaigners hurried northward, this time to help apply the knock-out blow. The 82nd became indeed rich in battle glory as victory after victory carried them to their final battle north of the river Elbe. The Germany of Hitler died when Gavin's men met the Russians at Grabow. After several weeks at Ludwigslust, the division returned to France for the fourth and final time. There in the warm sun of June the older men of the division left their alma mater for shipment home. Then westward the 82nd travelled along winding, tree-bordered roads to Epinal, near the Swiss border. From Epinal the division moved to Berlin. Upon relief from its occupation duties there the Division once again found itself in the Rheims area awaiting redeployment to U. S. A. Finally the order came for the division to leave France for the last time. It was with mingled memories of comrades dead beside hedgerows, the winter's snow, the summer's sun and the charm of picturesque towns in ancient hills that the men of the 82nd Airborne Division departed Old France.



Rheims Cathedral



www.warveterans.org

FRANCE

SISSONE



Glider and Parachute training went on.



Tragedy strikes occasionally—even in training.



worldwart



Here Gen. Gavin and his regimental commanders try out British quick release chute before releasing it for general use.



Gen. Gavin and his aide Capt. Thompson, walk home after an experimental jump.



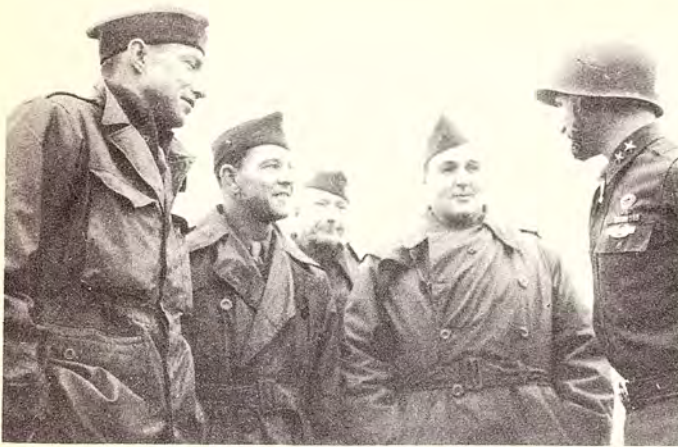
Right: The long anticipated moment.



STAND UP AND HOOK UP

— Gen. Swift Qualifies as a Jumper.

FRANCE SISSONE



The Hot Stove League. Baseballers, Bucky Walters, Mel Ott, Frankie Frisch, Dutch Leonard, and the 82nd's Slim Jim Gavin.



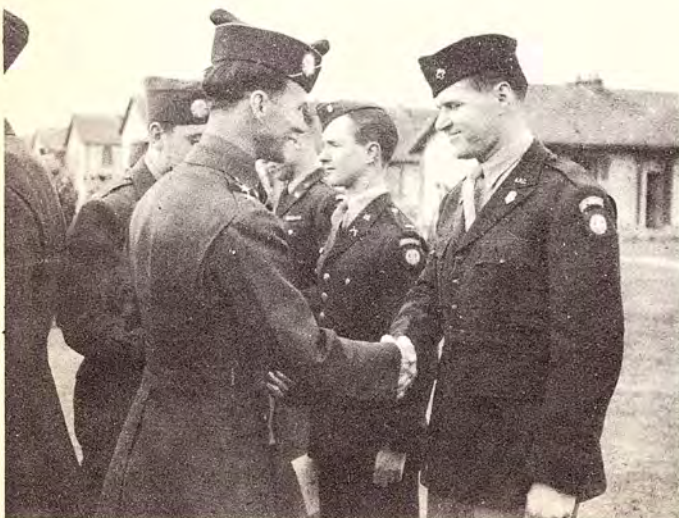
Not a flood — just a busted water main.



That's a joke, son!



OK, So I wanted pie.



Stanbrewer gets jump wings turned down by Army, Navy and Marines, he became first ARC Field Director to qualify as jumper.



First sale in the 82nd's \$1,250,000 Bond Drive. First 3 prizes, furloughs to the States.



Yes,
and we're glad to be back, too!



Happy men.



worldwar2.com

BACK FROM THE BULGE

PARIS

The Germans never conquered Paris. Paris conquered the Germans. There is something about the broad, tree-lined streets that exudes the breath of freedom—a freedom that Napoleon, Bismarck and Hitler couldn't stifle. For Paris, with its strange contrasts of beauty and immorality, somehow draws the visitor to her bosom and makes him feel at home. The rhythm, the pulse of the city, seems attuned to the throb of time which leisurely beats into eternity.

The poets, the musicians and historians are all correct about Paris. The 82nd trooper came, saw, believed—and was surprised. The trees sparkled in the sun. Pretty girls in flowered skirts biked down the Champs. Ancient churches brooded over the brilliant throngs. The wide streets gave one room to breathe. Champagne and cognac bubbled in chromium-and-leather bars. Music was in the ears everywhere. The blood pounded madly. It was great to be alive in Paris!

Some of the men spoke rather incoherently after their visits to the French capital. Their enthusiasm for the massive monuments, museums, mademoiselles and churches was remarkable to behold. Here was a whole, magnificent, glorious city unharmed by bombs, holding open her arms for the lucky man on pass. The nostalgia which accompanies memories of home didn't exist in Paris. The departing soldier, looking back on the sunny city, inevitably breathed the fond hope that he be allowed to return some day.



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FRANCE

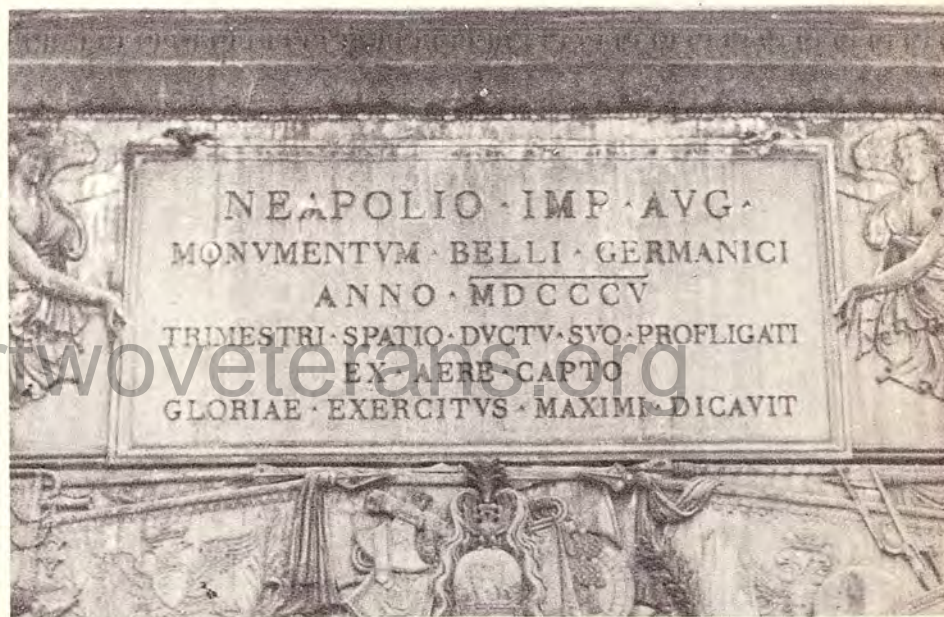
PARIS



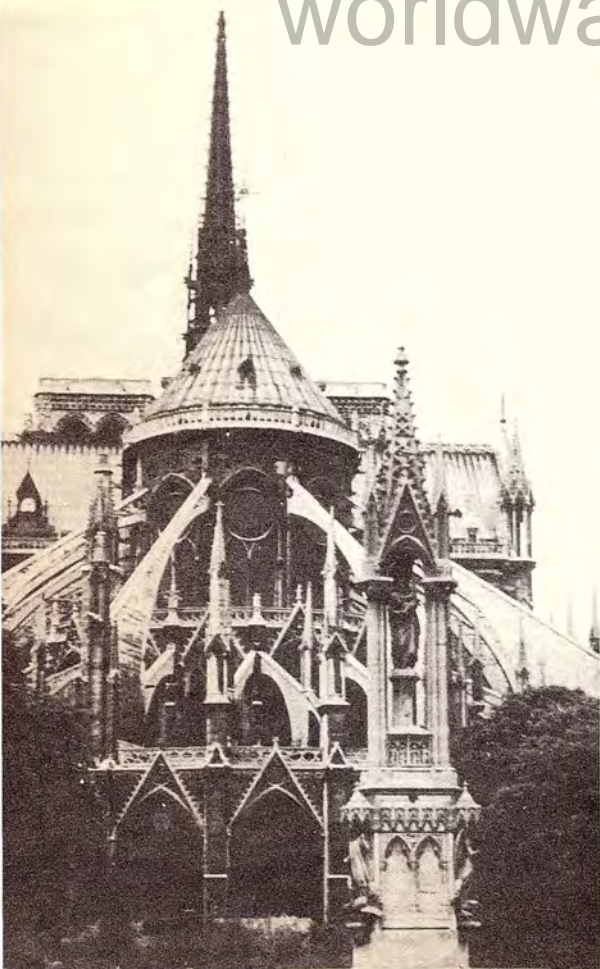
Paris Pick-ups.



Notre Dame.



Interior of "Les Invalides" — Napoleon's Tomb



(Above)—Rear view of Notre Dame.



(Right)—Tomb of the Unknown soldier.

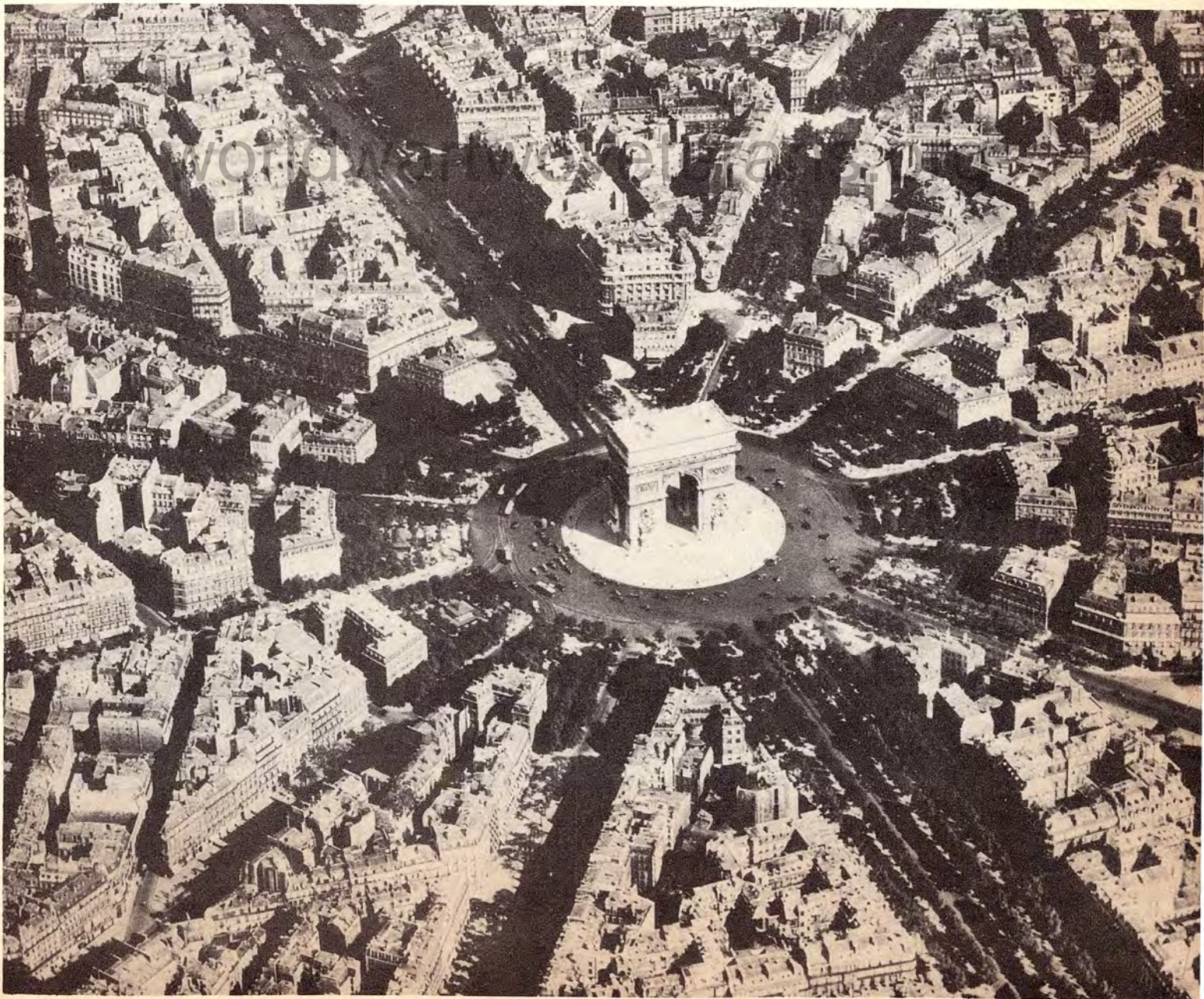


ARC De Triomphe.



Toutes Suite, Cheri.

(Below)—Champs De Elysses from the air.



FRANCE . . . AND HER



Thankful . . .



Gay . . .

worldwartwoveterans.org



Hungry . . .



. . . Homeless



Ravished . . .



Helpful . . .



HOPEFUL

FRANCE

RIVIERA

WHILE the 82nd was preparing for Holland an Airborne Task force under General Fredericks jumped and glided into Southern France with the 7th Army in the so-called "Champaign Campaign." Here they liberated among other things, the world famous French Riviera. After the operation was completed the Airborne Task force was deactivated. Most of the men and units (509,517,551,550 special service forces and various artillery battalions) have been assigned, attached or absorbed by the Eighty-second. We proudly present pictures of their invasion.

* * *

After the fighting had ceased in Southern France, the United States Army opened its Riviera Rest and Recreation center. The world's most famous playground was in full swing again. American G. I.'s forgot rank and forgot war, as informality prevailed. Uncle Sam and the French Government through reverse lend lease turned over to our G. I.'s the finest suites at the Negresco, Niramco, Carolton, and Martinez, world renowned resort hotels in Nice and Cannes. Where royalty and banded gentry once reigned the American soldier enjoyed 7 days of intrigue with sun and sand.

The Mediteranean is a beautiful blue, in dark hues, shading to Royal. The beach at Cannes, a typical Riviera resort town at the Riviera Recreation center is white sand sloping gently into the cooling freshness of the sea. Just behind the beach and elevated above the storm wall is the Riviera equivalent of a boardwalk, a wide gravel promenade dotted flagrantly with palms. Then the white curb and the contrasting smooth Macadam Parkway that warms the bottoms of your barefeet as you leisurely cross to one of the huge resort hotels, long the abode for International royalty and splendor. Street cafes, outdoor gardens looking out over the sea, orchestras from Rumba Bands and swing for afternoon tea dances, balconies, umbrellas, cool drinks, deep tan, refreshing swim; these are the immediate joys in an afternoon on the beach. Informality plus a beach shirt open at the neck, a pair of bathing trunks. That's all. Then you go out for a ride in a Pedalo, a kyack or a canoe. Sometimes a sail. The weather is always perfect, the sky is a cloudless blue with streaks of white occasionally breaking the monotony and reminding us that it does rain over those mountains some place. Those mountains are rocky desert beauty, the primitive eroded landscape of brilliant colors and arid contrast to the flagrant tropical growth along the sea. They circle the beach and come out into the sea at either end of the bay. When a sailboat glides out onto the blue we look back at a Riviera scene, truely a gift from the gods, and rightfully the playground of the world. Behind the blue sea spotted with white sails and boats of every description lies terraced splendor. Beach, Promenade, Impressive Hotels, the homes winding up into the foothills behind, and framing the whole picture the rugged contrasting mountains coming down to the sea on our far left and right dropping back in the middle to form this little pocket, the Shangri La of Cannes.

Behind that mountain range lies reality. Normal days of work mixed with the play, Army restrictions. Regular hours, uniforms and uniformity. Days of rain as well as sunshine and seasons of snow and wind. These are the things that test man and make life what it is, but always in life as in nature there are glimpses of beauty that substantiate the fantasy of imagination, and realize momentary escape. Such an interlude is the Riviera. A lovely spot were dreams come to life for us all. The soldiers on leave from war or the international celebrities who have seen and tasted every pleasure the world over. To us all, rich or poor, soldier or civilian, the Riviera is natural beauty personified.





FRANCE

RIVIERA INVASION



D-Day Glider landings near Lamotte, Southern France.



"Wherever the Twain shall meet."



Meeting the F. F. I. at St. Tropez . . . women as well as men were prominent in the Maquis. The Frenchman pictured later received the Silver Star.



Another successful Anglo-American Liaison . . . British and American paratroopers rest near Le Muy during a lull in the fighting of "Operation Uppercut."



worldwariv

Ready for anything . . . A trooper's two best Allies are his rifle and the ground.



A local padre welcomes Americans to his church and France.



Wounded paratroopers receive medical aid near La Motte.



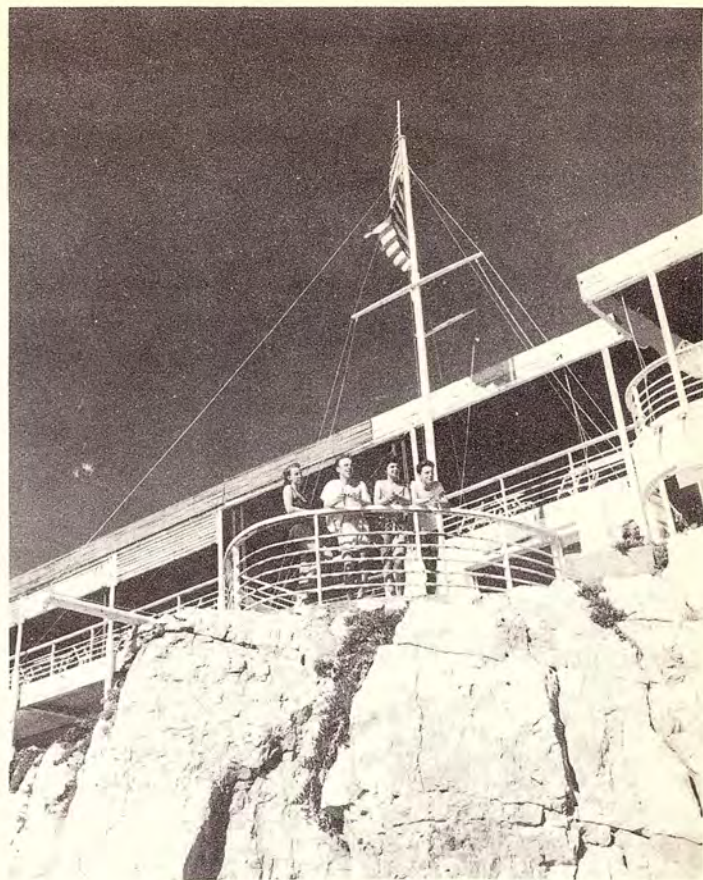
Picking up where he left off in Italy . . .
A new war — a new friend.

FRANCE

RIVIERA FURLOUGH



Newlyweds in Cannes — Major and Mrs. May on two bicycles built for one.



Eden Rock — Soldier Playground.



American nurses ride a pedalo.



Some flew down and shined their boots for a 7-day kill.



To the beach, Bertrand.



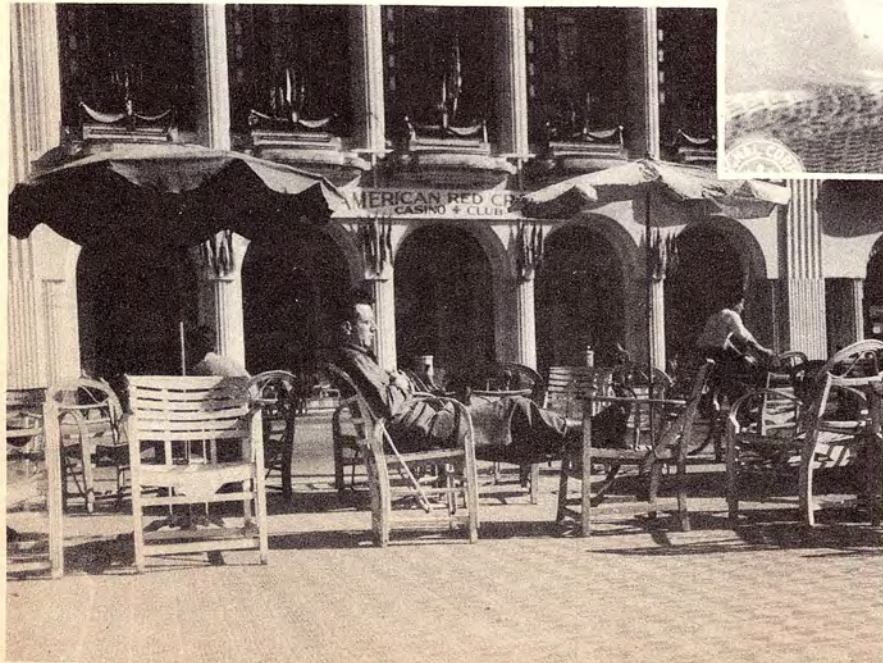
Forgetting Boulevard French for the language as it is in the books.

worldwartwove.org



Some scenery.

In the early morning, some even sleep.



FRANCE



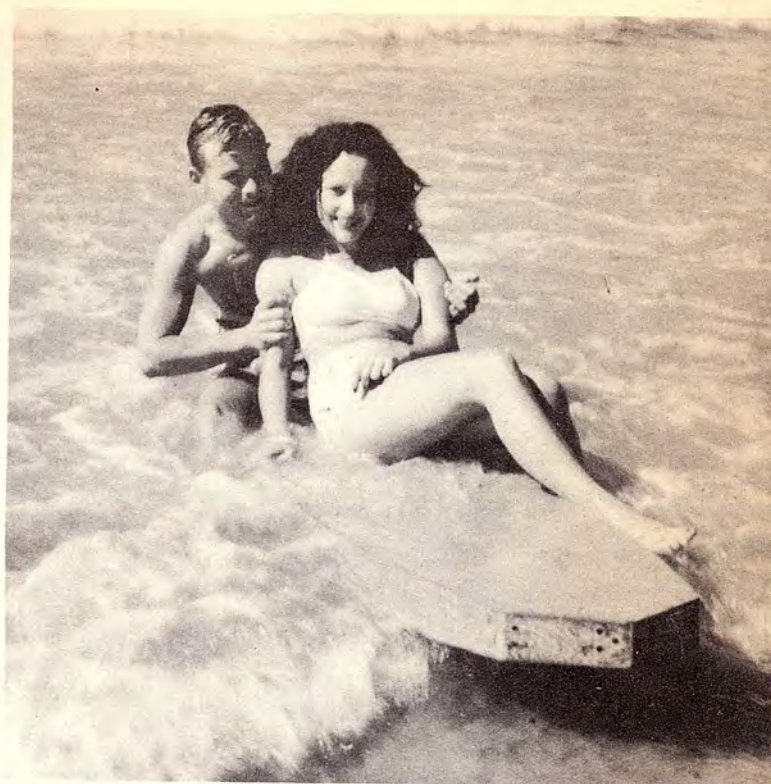
It's nice in Nice.



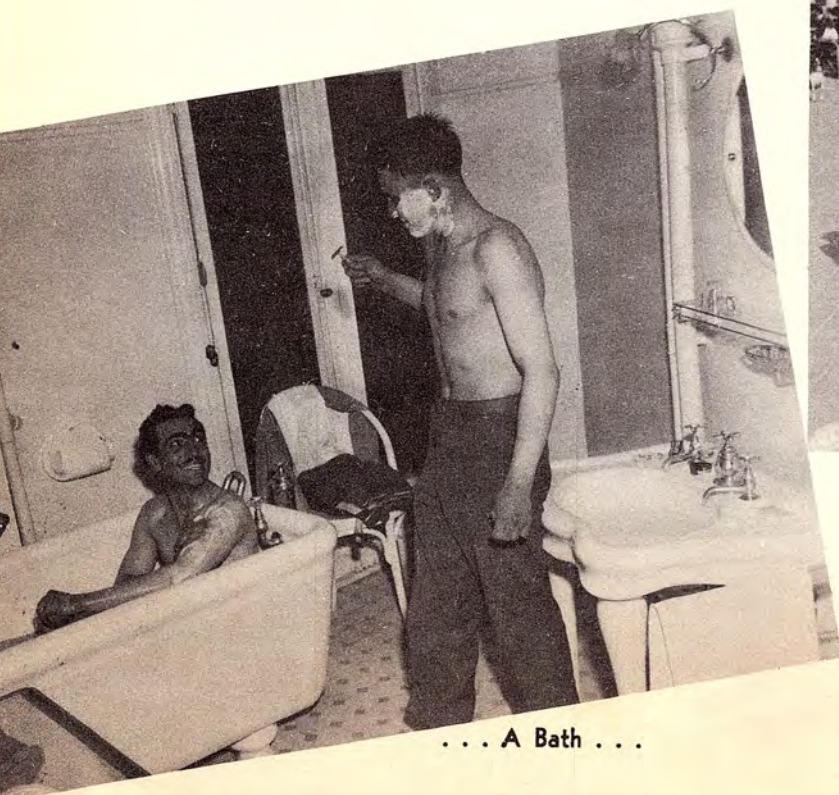
Hotel Negresco.



... A Bed ...



worldwartwoveterans.org
RIDIN' HIGH—IT SURE HAS JUMPIN' BEAT!



... A Bath ...



... And a Babe.

FRANCE

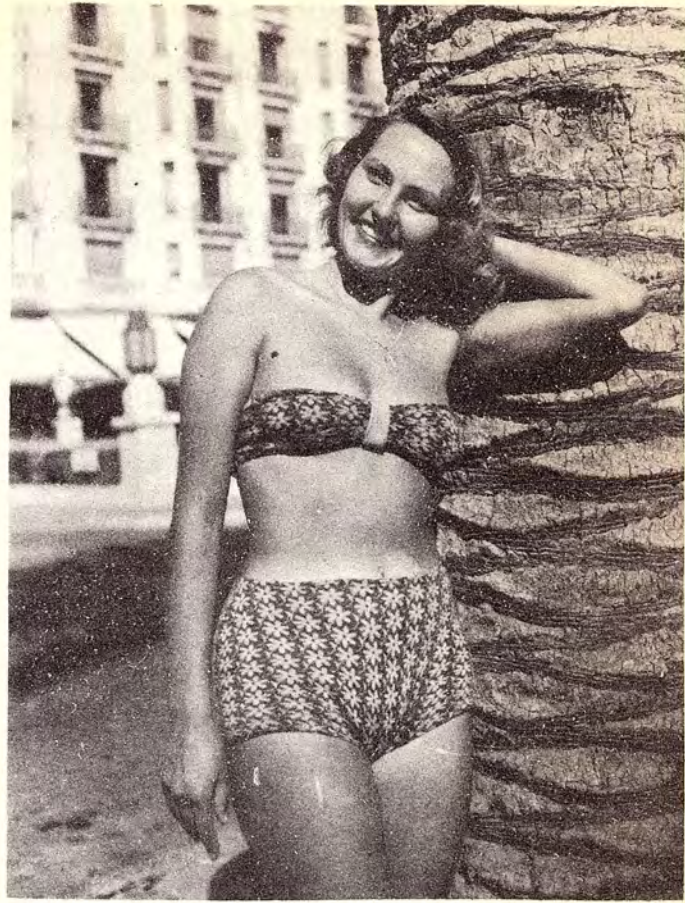
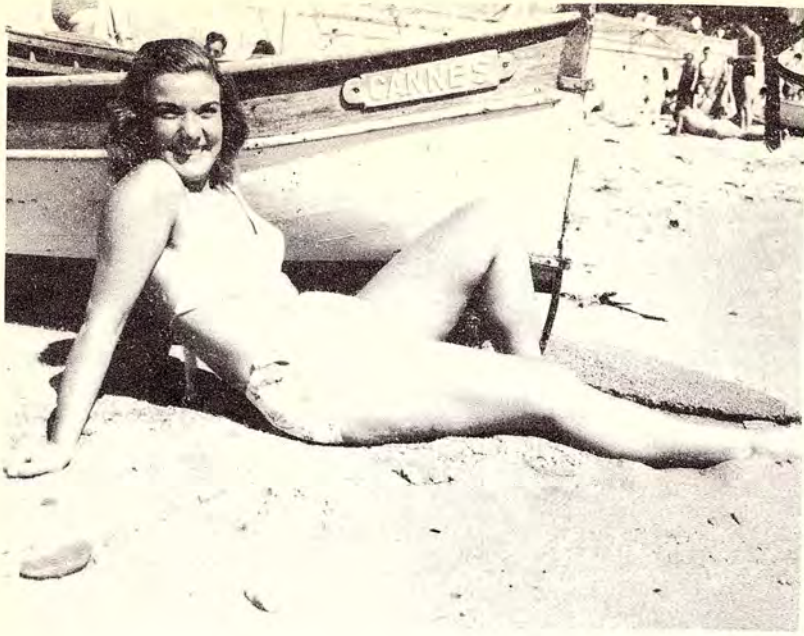
RIVIERA FURLOUGH



www.veterans.org

DEAR MOM, IT WAS A TOUGH WAR!





worldwar2veterans.org

FRANCE
RIVIERA
RESIDENTS



worldwacovers.org





worldwarveterans.org

PAID CABLEGRAM 1206

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

APRIL 29, 1946

Send the following telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

COPY CABLEGRAM RECEIVED VIA WESTERN UNION CABLE FROM PARIS, FRANCE

SAGA OF THE ALL AMERICAN
P. O. BOX 5109
ATLANTA, GA.

ALL MY LOVE ALWAYS TO MY BOYS IN THE GREAT 82nd AIRBORNE DIVISION

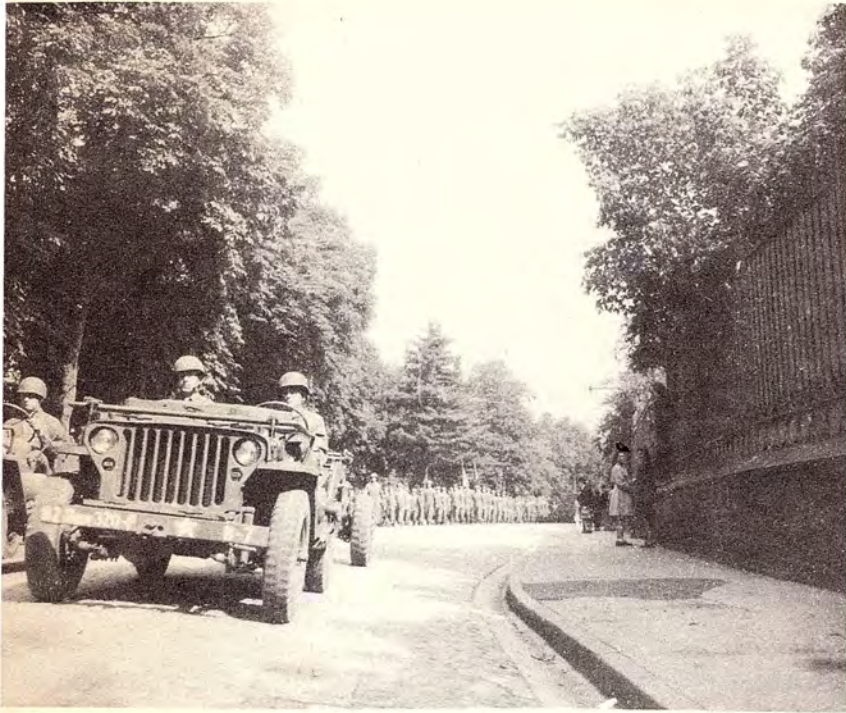
MARLENE DIETRICH

Charge to the account of	
CLASS OF SERVICE	CABLE
TELEGRAM	ORDINARY
DAY LETTER	URGENT
NIGHT LETTER	DEFERRED
TELETYPE	DEFERRED
TELETYPE	URGENT

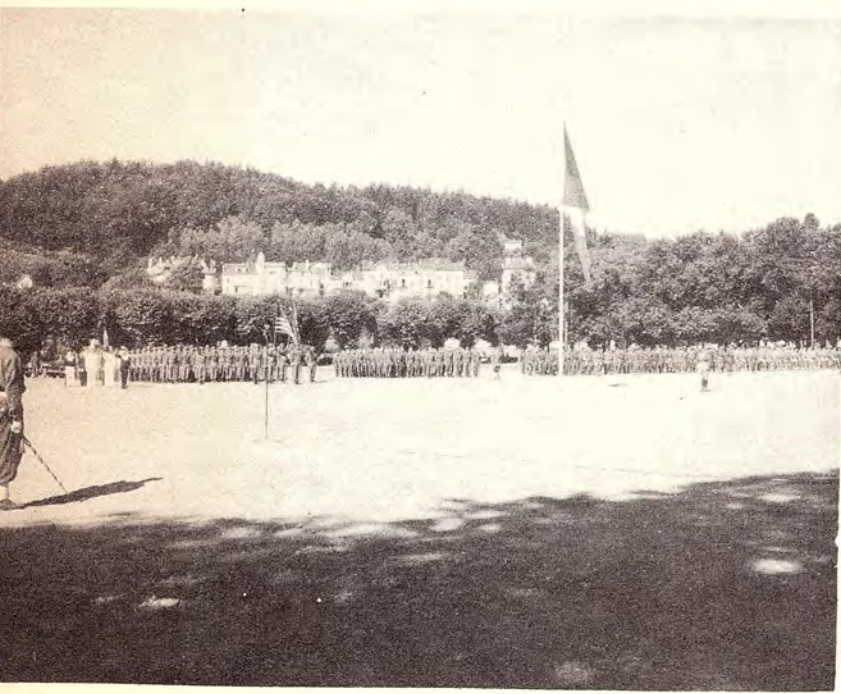
NOTE: Special rates apply to certain messages. For full details, consult the schedule of rates and regulations of Western Union.

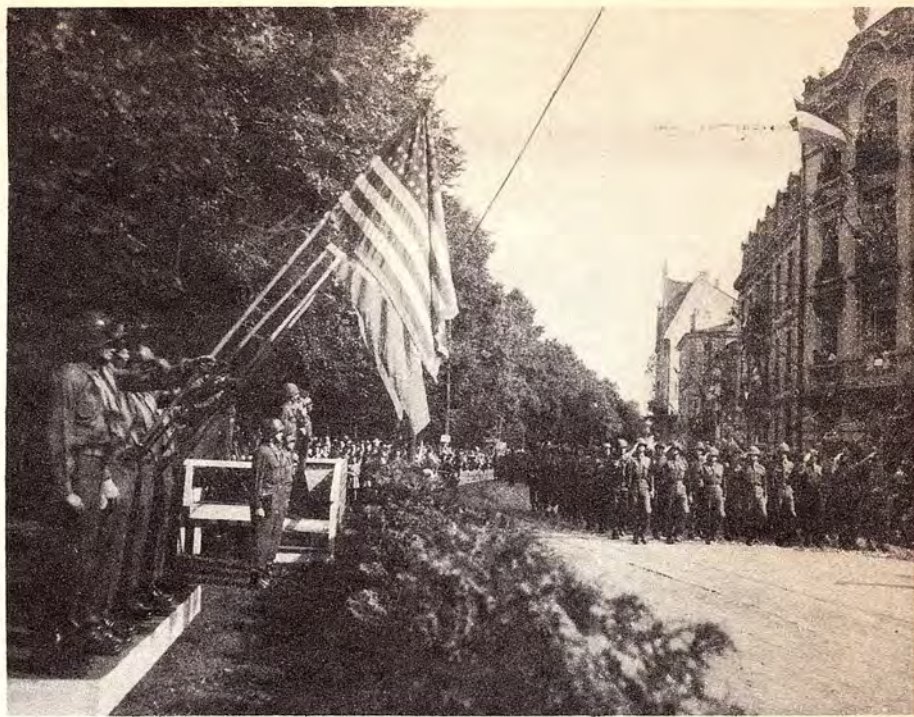
CHECK
ACCOUNTING INFORMATION
TIME FILED
11:50 AM

FRANCE EPINAL



worldwartwoveterans.org
BASTILLE DAY
JULY 14, 1945





FOURTH OF JULY PARADE, EPINAL 1945

worldwartwoveterans.org



GEN. GAVIN TELLS HIS MEN THAT THEY'VE BEEN SELECTED TO OCCUPY BERLIN



"The First Army's blackest days occurred when the German counter-offensive, rolling at its fastest with Liege as its objective, came within three miles of Hodges' headquarters.

"Then came a report that the 82nd Airborne Division was moving into positions around threatened Spa.

"Hodges moved east to Chaudfontaine at 10:30 p. m. and the First Army Hq. was saved, as the 82nd swung into action."

HAL BOYLE

Associated Press War Correspondent

June 5, 1945



**B
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G
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M
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BATTLE OF THE BULGE

(Extracted from Gen. Gavin's personal report to a War Department historian)

THE 82nd Airborne Division, still awaiting reinforcements and much re-supply at its base camps in the general area of Rheims, France, moved 150 miles with its first combat elements going into position in less than 24 hours and the entire Division closing in a new combat area in less than 40 hours from the time of the initial alert. It fought, stopped, and held against the best Divisions the German leader, Field Marshal Von Runstedt, could pit against it, protecting the North shoulder of the Allied line, preventing the German break-through from turning North to Liege, Belgium, and providing a safe area through which trapped Allied units could withdraw from the break-through area. This it did despite the fact that its lines at times stretched more than 25,000 yards. Then, turning to the offense, the Division set the pace for other units, forcing the enemy back through his famed Siegfried Line.

Men fought, at times, with only rifles, grenades and knives against German armor. They fought with only light weapons in waist - deep snow, in blizzards, in near zero temperatures and in areas where heavy forestation and the almost total lack of roads presented problems that only men of stout hearts and iron determination could overcome.

The battles of "The Bulge," ranking on a par with the brightest victories in the Division's history, also proved again that planes and materiel are important but the most important essential of all is a fighting heart, a will-to-win. To the troopers of the line goes full credit for the brilliant record they made in the name of the 82nd Airborne Division.

THE 82ND Airborne Division was located at Camps Suippes and Sissone, France undertaking normal ground divisional training when, on December 17, 1944, first orders were received to move to the east. At about 1930 hours, while at dinner with the Staff, I received a 'phone call from Colonel Eaton, Chief of Staff XVIII Corps (Airborne). He stated that he had just re-

ceived a call from SHAEF to the effect that the situation on the front to the east appeared to be critical; that the airborne divisions were to be prepared to move 24 hours after daylight the following day; that the Corps Commander, General Ridgway, was in England and could not be contacted immediately. I instructed Colonel Eaton to issue orders to the Commanding General of

the 101st Airborne Division, Brigadier General McAuliffe, to prepare immediately for movement in accordance with the SHAEF estimate, 24 hours after daylight. I assembled my Staff in the Division War Room at 2000 hours. I had listened to a radio news broadcast at 1800 hours and was aware of the fact that a German penetration was being made in the direction of St. Vith.

The division was ready for a quick move, since, because of our past usual quick commitments, we have maintained a high degree of readiness as a standard operating procedure. A basic load of ammunition was in the hands of each regiment, complete in all respects. Two "K" and two "D" rations for the Division were at hand and could be distributed in a matter of hours. All weapons, uniform and equipment were up to an operating standard. The Staff assembled at 2000 hours when the initial directive was issued that started their planning.

I called General March at Camp Suippes at about 1945 hours, giving him the situation and alerting him for the move. Unit commanders at Camp Sissone were assembled with the Staff in the War Room at 2100 hours when the situation was outlined to them and a tentative plan for the movement to Bastogne issued. At about 2130 hours I received a call from the Chief of Staff, XVIII Corps (Airborne), who said the Corps had orders to move without delay in the direction of Bastogne where further orders would be received. He also said that Corps was to be attached to the First United States Army. After further discussion, I decided that the 82nd Airborne Division would move approximately one hour after daylight and move in the direction of Bastogne. The 101st Airborne Division was to move at 1400 hours, 18 December, also in the direction of Bastogne. At that time Oise Base Section was devoting all its efforts to pulling in all transportation off the roads to provide the necessary lift for both divisions.

At 2330 I left with my G-1, Lt. Col. Alfred W. Ireland, and my Aide, Captain Hugo V. Olson, for the command post of the First United States Army at Spa. The

drive was very difficult due to the general conditions of the roads, rain and fog, and the absence of bridges on a number of important highways. I reported to General Hodges in person at about 0900 hours 18 December. At that time the situation appeared rather vague. The first reports of enemy contact at Stavelot were just coming in. It was reported that an enemy force at Stavelot had driven our troops across the river and had succeeded in capturing and destroying a large map supply. They apparently blew the bridge upon driving out our forces. The situation south and west of Stavelot was unknown except that the enemy had evidently overrun our front positions. There appeared to be a large force of U. S. troops centered on St. Vith. There also appeared to be a large pocket of the 106th Division surrounded in the Eifel.

After some staff discussion, the Commanding General, First U. S. Army, decided to attach the 82nd Airborne Division to V Corps. It was to close in an area in the vicinity of Werbomont. The 101st Airborne Division was to be attached to VIII Corps and would assemble in the vicinity of Bastogne. I placed a request with the First U. S. Army for tanks, TD's, 4.2's and medium artillery, and left the CP for Werbomont. At this time there was considerable movement west of service and command installations in and around Spa. It was apparently being evacuated.

I arrived at Werbomont at approximately mid-afternoon and immediately made a reconnaissance of the entire area. It offered excellent defensive possibilities, being the dominant terrain for many miles from the crossroads at Werbomont. At about 1600 hours I contacted an engineer platoon at the bridge at Hablemont. The bridge was prepared for demolition and they reported the Germans were in the immediate vicinity, coming over the main highway from Trois-Ponts. At that time a number of civilians were very excitedly moving west on the Trois-Ponts — Werbomont road. They all stated that the Germans had passed Trois-Ponts and were "coming this way." I made a reconnaissance down the valley from Hablemont to the Ambleve River but en-

THE BULGE

countered no enemy or any indication of his whereabouts. One bridge was still intact at Forge and was not prepared for demolition. Upon returning to Hablemont I asked the Lieutenant at that bridge about it, but he appeared to be fully occupied with the means at his disposal of blowing the bridge at Hablemont. At about 1630 hours I left for Bastogne to meet General McAuliffe.

I reported to the VIII Corps CP in Bastogne and had a short conversation with General Middleton and talked to his G-2 and G-3. At that time the Corps CP was preparing to move. The situation was very vague. The 28th Division officers present seemed to feel that their division had been overrun, although they were uncertain of its whereabouts. I met General McAuliffe, gave him his orders that he was to assemble in Bastogne, reporting to the Corps Commander of the VIII Corps, and I left, moving north and passing through Houffalize shortly after dark. I arrived in Werbomont at approximately 2000 hours, and about that time the first large group of 82nd vehicles started arriving.

A command post was established and troops disposed as rapidly as they arrived. Drivers and troops were very tired, having by this time been up for two nights. All during the night the staff worked on closing the vehicles into Werbomont area. About two hours after daylight, December 19th, the division closed in that area.

In the meantime the first enemy contact was made at Hablemont. A road block of the 30th Division was contacted by a German armored reconnaissance party at about 1900 hours the 18th. I visited the locality at daylight December 19th and found about five armored vehicles, armored cars and SP's, knocked out, with several German dead lying about the road. About a platoon of 2nd Bn., 119th Infantry was present. They reported that all of their road block party proper, despite having knocked out the German reconnaissance party, had either been killed or captured or had moved east. It appeared quite clear that this was a reconnaissance party of a German armored column that had been endeavoring to move from Trois-Ponts to Werbomont and had

succeeded in crossing the river at Forge. The Hablemont bridge was blown. At daylight, December 19, it was learned that the north-south road from Bastogne to Werbomont had been cut by the Germans in the vicinity of Houffalize. The depth of this penetration was unknown, but there were rumors from truck drivers that the Germans were on the road in the vicinity of Hotton.

At 1100 hours, December 19, orders were received to dispatch one infantry battalion and one platoon of TD's to the area north of Hotton to block and clear all approaches from Hotton to the north, northwest and northeast. Permission was later obtained from the Corps Commander to send the battalion to Barvaux.

During the afternoon of December 19, information and orders were received from Headquarters XVIII Corps (Airborne), which had been established about one mile north of Werbomont, that the First Army was to hold along the general line Stoumont-Stavelot-Malmedy and counterattack in the direction of Trois-Ponts to halt the enemy's advance to the northwest. The XVIII Corps (Airborne) assumed command of the sector generally south of the Ambleve River to include Houffalize.

In compliance with instructions received from Corps Headquarters, the 504th Parachute Infantry advanced and seized the high ground northwest of Rahier, and the 505th Parachute Infantry advanced and seized the high ground in the vicinity of Haut-Bodeux. The 508th Parachute Infantry sent one company to the crossroads one mile east of Bra. The regiment, less one company, occupied the high ground in the vicinity of Chevron. The 325th Glider Infantry remained at Werbomont, having sent the third battalion to the vicinity of Barvaux and one company to the crossroads at Manhay. Those dispositions were consolidated during the night of December 19-20, and patrols pushed to the front to gain contact with the enemy.

Shortly after daylight, December 20, I met Colonel Reuben Tucker, 504th Commanding officer, in the town of Rahier, at which time he had just received intelligence

from civilians to the effect that approximately 125 vehicles, including approximately 30 tanks, had moved through the town the afternoon before, moving in the direction of Cheneux.

The information appeared to be reliable. It posed some interesting problems. It appeared that the Germans had given up hope of crossing the creek obstacle at Hablemont with their heavy armor and had turned to the main road through Stoumont-LaGlizee. If this were the case, the seizure of the bridge over the Ambleve River at Cheneux was imperative if their further movement was to be blocked.

I ordered Colonel Tucker to move into the town of Cheneux without delay and, conditions permitting, to seize the bridge. It was imperative that the bridge be seized. If 125 armored vehicles engaged the 504th in the country around Rahier, we were in for some anxious moments, but we had come a long way to find the German and we had beaten, in the past, better units than these appeared to be, even with our limited means. There was but one thing to do, and that was to close with the enemy as rapidly as possible and destroy him by any means possible. But the seizure of the bridge was imperative.

Initial contact was made at the western exit of Cheneux by a patrol which had been sent from Rahier by the first battalion of the 504th. They fired on a German motorcyclist who was accompanied by a small patrol. Contact was first made on the ridge one-half mile west of Cheneux. This small patrol was followed by approximately a company of Germans moving along the ridge. They were engaged at once and a heavy fight took place, lasting all day long. This German force, we know now, was the advance guard of a reinforcement battalion of the first SS Panzer Division. The 1st battalion of the 504th drove them back into Cheneux, the battalion commander setting up his command post in a building in the western limits of Cheneux on the main road during the hours of darkness of the first night. During the day, firing could be heard and some vehicular movement could be observed in the direction of LaGlizee.

I went to the 505th Parachute Infantry where I found that they had contacted some engineers who remained in Trois-Ponts. They had occasionally been under fire, but no major German force had moved through the town. All civilians in these northern regimental areas reported that many Germans and much armor had passed through. The situation south of the 505th in the direction of Vielsalm was vague. Reconnaissance was pushed in that direction.

On the afternoon of December 20 at about 1600 hours I was called to Headquarters XVIII Corps (Airborne) to receive orders for an advance to the Vielsalm-Hebronval line. In the meantime, contact had been established with a German SS force, later identified as the 1st SS Panzer Division at Cheneux. First contacts indicated that they were well equipped and reasonably trained troops who would give us a good fight. It was with some difficulty that our first prisoners were taken. At about 1630, prior to leaving the division advance CP, which was now established at Hablemont, I had all unit commanders assembled, including the battalion commanders of the 508th. It was felt that speed was vital and if we were to move to Vielsalm with the mission to be assigned us by XVIII Corps (Airborne), we had to move without delay, regardless of conditions of light or darkness.

At Corps Headquarters I received information that they were advancing to the southeast and establishing an active defense along the line Vielsalm-Hebronval-Laroche; that this division, 82nd Airborne, would establish a defensive line from contact with the 30th Division, in the vicinity of LaGlizee, to Cheneux - Trois-Ponts - Grant Halleux - Vielsalm - Salmchateau - Hebronval. Contact was to be immediately established with units reportedly cut off in the area of Vielsalm - St. Vith. The Third Armored Division was on our right and was to hold the sector from Hebronval west.

Orders to accomplish this were issued at the division CP at Hablemont shortly before dark, December 20. Units moved promptly and by daylight were on their objectives, well organized and prepared to defend. Regiments were in the line in the

THE BULGE

order, left to right: 504, 505, 508, 325. One battalion of the 325 was held in division reserve in the vicinity of LaVaux. The division forward CP was established in the town of Lierneux at the railroad crossing on the northern edge of the town.

In Vielsalm, contact was made with General Hasbrouck who had established the CP of the 7th Armored Division in the town. The division was then fighting around St. Vith. West of Vielsalm, General Jones had established the CP of the 106th Division at Renceveaux. From a visit to both of these officers, I learned that the 7th Armored Division, except for battle losses, was intact and fighting with unit integrity. The 106th Division appeared to be rather badly chewed up and had but one regiment, the 424th Infantry, remaining, with some division artillery and divisional units. There were also present a regiment of the 28th Division, the 112th Infantry, in addition to a number of Corps and larger units such as medium artillery.

On the left of the division very heavy fighting was taking place in the vicinity of Cheneux, where the German 1st SS Panzer Division was making a desperate and all-out effort to drive out the first battalion of the 504th. Further south at Trois-Ponts, and extending down to Grand Halleux, determined, apparently well planned and executed attacks were being made with increasing strength against the very thinly held front of the 505th. On the south, the 508th and the 325 had no contact with the enemy. The division Reconnaissance Platoon was pushed south. Information available indicated that the Germans were moving in great strength to the west, having passed Houffalize, and were moving towards the Meuse River. The Third Armored Division, which was supposed to be on the division's right, could not be contacted. I believe that on this date a reconnaissance party may have established contact.

On December 21, I visited the CP's of the 7th Armored and 106th Divisions with the Corps Commander of XVIII Corps (Airborne), General Ridgway. The situation in the vicinity of St. Vith appeared to be critical. The town was being overwhelmingly

attacked in several directions, and there appeared to be little prospect of preventing its being cut off. The Corps Commander informed me that his original plan was for the 30th Division to attack south from Stavelot to relieve the situation at St. Vith and for the Third Armored to attack on the right of the 82nd so as to drive in the Germans moving to the west. On this date, December 21, however, only the narrow neck of land from Vielsalm to Salmchateau, held by the 82nd Airborne Division, connected the St. Vith forces with remaining forces of the First Army. Its retention would be decisive.

The fighting at Cheneux was increasing in bitterness. On this date the first battalion of the 504th, assisted by a company of the third battalion of that regiment, made a final, all-out assault on the Germans in that town and in close hand-to-hand fighting, many of the parachute troops jumping aboard the German half-tracks and knifing the Germans at their posts, the Germans were driven back across the Ambleve River and our troops seized the bridge. In this attack we destroyed a considerable amount of armor and killed and captured many Germans from the 1st SS Panzer Division.

Farther to the south and east, the 505th Parachute Infantry was having very hard fighting with the remainder of the 1st SS Panzer Division. The 505th had initially sent a covering force east of the Salm River in the vicinity of Trois-Ponts. Through sheer weight of numbers this small force was finally driven to the river line where it held. Being very much overextended, the regiment managed to hold by diagnosing or estimating the point of German main effort from time to time and then marshalling all available infantry as quickly as possible, beating off the attack at that point. This process was repeated, where necessary, day and night until finally the German attacks waned in their intensity about December 23.

The 508th Parachute Infantry on the Vielsalm-Salmchateau front was without enemy contact except for patrols. The 525th Glider Infantry, aided by the Divi-

sion Reconnaissance Platoon, had established contact with enemy forces several miles south of their front lines.

On December 21, I was instructed by the Corps Commander to make a reconnaissance of the divisional area with a view to withdrawing, after the extrication of the St. Vith forces, to a suitable defensive position that would tie in with the divisions on my right and left. To date, no firm contact had been established with the Third Armored Division. The merits of the present defensive position were discussed, and it was agreed that the Thier-du-Mont line offered splendid defensive possibilities, provided it could be continued on our right. As well as I could determine, however, there were no friendly troops except light reconnaissance elements west of Hebronval.

I objected to the withdrawal, but the Corps Commander explained that, regardless of my wishes in the matter, it might be necessary to require the division to withdraw. It was quite evident at this time that if a major German attack developed from the south, threatening the right of the division, its continued occupation of the salient extending out to Vielsalm would be costly in life and to no advantage after the extrication of the St. Vith forces. It was emphasized by the Corps Commander that it was absolutely necessary to secure properly the withdrawal of the St. Vith forces by holding and defending our present positions.

A reconnaissance was undertaken and at its completion it was quite clear that there was but one reasonably good defensive position, and that it was the Trois-Ponts-Basse-Bodeux-Bra-Manhay line. At the direction of the Corps Commander, a reconnaissance was also made of a position farther to the rear, generally along the Cheneux-Rahier-Chevron-Werbomont line. On December 22, I went to Manhay where I met General Rose, commanding the Third Armored Division. He stated that he was covering a concentration of other forces and that his front was so extended that he could not occupy and hold in strength the terrain west of Hebronval.

From my view point, it was obvious that

the loss of Regne-Lierneux ridge would result in the complete neutralization of the defensive capabilities of the right portion of the division sector. This ridge dominated the entire road out from Vielsalm to Bra. This was the only road not south of the Trois-Ponts-Werbomont road. In addition, all of the division's installations and division artillery were located in the Lierneux-Goronne - Vielsalm valley. Accordingly, orders were issued to the 325th Glider Infantry to extend its right flank and seize and hold Regne and the ridge extending north therefrom. This ridge had to be held at any cost.

On the afternoon of December 22, an enemy force of approximately 100 vehicles of all types, preceded by about 25 tanks, advanced north through Ottre. The tanks entered Joubieval. They were permitted to close up, then brought under devastating artillery fire. Artillery observers who remained on the outpost line on the ridge immediately north of Ottre kept the column under close observation and put very effective fire on it. This unit was later identified as a portion of the 21 SS Panzer Division. At 1700, December 22, the outpost of the 325 was forced to withdraw. The enemy build-up was increasing in intensity on our southern front.

At the direction of the Division Commander, the Division Engineer conducted a thorough study and reconnaissance of the southern portion of the division sector. It became clearly evident that the German could not bring armor to bear against the sector anywhere between Salmchateau and the Fraiture crossroads except by bringing it up the Petite-Langlir road. If the Petite-Langlir bridge could be blown, he would be incapable of bringing armor to bear anywhere within this 10,000 yard gap without approaching up the main road towards Salmchateau, which was well covered.

The possibility of canalizing his armored attack was obvious, and stops were taken to take advantage of this. Early on December 22, orders were issued to the Engineer Battalion to move without delay and prepare the Petite-Langlir bridge for demolition

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and to destroy it upon hostile threat. Thorough and detailed preparations were made, possibly too thorough, because as the demolition party moved south from Ottre it encountered a large group of German vehicles coming northward. The Germans had the bridge. This was at about 1400 hours. Evidently thoroughness in preparation had cost us the bridge.

During the nights of December 22-23 an engineer patrol, led by Major J. C. H. Lee, Jr., made its way behind the enemy lines to the bridge over the creek south of Potite-Langlir and destroyed the bridge while it was actually being used by German vehicles. They displayed unusual gallantry and perseverance in the performance of their task.

In the following 24 hours, enemy pressure built up in intensity all along the southern front. It was easily handled south of Thier - du - Mont. The enemy, however, showed promise of getting entirely out of hand on the right, apparently wide open beyond Regne. Returning to the left flank, the German forces appeared to be cut off in the vicinity of LaGlize but were fighting a very intense engagement with the 30th Division on our left. Their occasional isolated efforts to cross the Ambleve River were easily dealt with by small patrols from the 504th Pzcht Inf.

I therefore ordered the release of the Division reserve battalion of the 325 to the Regimental Commander of that regiment and ordered one battalion of the 504, and 2nd Battalion, to move at once to the ridge 5,000 yards southwest of Lierneux. These troops went into position during daylight of December 23. On this date the enemy attacked in considerable strength and overran the town of Regne. The 325 was ordered to counterattack and retake the town. The retention of this ridge was most vital if the Division was to accomplish its mission of extricating the St. Vith forces. Supported by attached armor, and with unusual gallantry and elan, the 325 attacked and retook the town and held it until later ordered to withdraw.

It was on this occasion that the Regimental Adjutant of a regiment of the 2nd SS

Panzer Division was captured with the orders for the advance of the following day. In the confusion, incident to the retaking of the town by the 325, he had been sent forward by his Regimental Commander to learn the true situation. During his reconnaissance, he found himself aboard a motorcycle sidecar in the outskirts of Regne when our troops were retaking the town. He was captured with the town and had the orders on his person. They proved to be of great value, since they gave us definite information of the enemy's intentions for the following several days.

It was becoming increasingly evident that the German was determined to ultimately reach Werbomont and move north towards Aywaille and Leige. Colonel Billingslea, Commanding Officer of the 325th Glider Infantry, was ordered to extend his right flank to include the Fraiture ridge. No firm contact with the 3rd Armored Division on our right appeared possible.

The Fraiture crossroads began to assume increasing importance. Inquiry was made on several occasions of the Commanding General of XVIII Corps (Airborne) as to what was being done to insure its retention. On December 22, I made a personal reconnaissance from Ievigne to Fond de la Justice to Manhay. Quite a number of armored vehicles were in the vicinity of Manhay, and some were on the ridge 1½ miles south thereof. The 3rd Armored Division CP was in Manhay. A conversation with the Division Commander made it apparent that they were incapable of committing sufficient strength to the crossroads to guarantee its retention by our troops.

From my viewpoint, its loss would mean that German armor which we had successfully turned back from Trois-Ponts to Regne, with the aid of both terrain and a very active defense, would bypass the Division and occupy the Lierneux-Regne ridge mass, thus preventing us from accomplishing our present mission of covering the withdrawal of the St. Vith troops. I accordingly ordered Colonel Billingslea to again extend his right flank and to include in his defensive organization the crossroads southwest of Fraiture. This he did by send-

ing Company F, under the command of Captain Woodruff, to the area. The situation all along the southern front was becoming critical when I visited the battalion commanders of the 325th several times during the period December 22-24. On the afternoon of December 23, at about 1700 hours, I checked the dispositions along the Fraiture ridge. At this time, riflemen were scattered 100 to 200 yards apart. There was a little antitank defense, and the possibility of defending the ridge against a major German attack appeared nothing less than fantastic. On the other hand, nothing could be spared from the other fronts, since the situation was much the same in other sectors, although the threat was not as great. The attacks of the 1st SS Panzer Division on our left began to wane.

On the afternoon of December 23, at about 1730 hours, I arrived at the CP of Captain Gibson in the town of Fraiture. It was then under heavy mortar fire. A considerable volume of small arms fire could be heard to the south and west. SCR-300 contact was made with Captain Woodruff at the crossroads. He stated that he was under terrific attack which was completely engulfing his small unit. I moved on foot from Fraiture towards the crossroads and managed to reach the edge of the woods several hundred yards beyond the town.

It was clearly evident that the attack at the crossroads was an all-out affair of great magnitude. As it developed, it was the attack of a regiment of the 2nd SS Panzer Division supported by attached armor, attacking with the mission of driving up the main highway to Werbomont. The one company was soon completely overrun. During the hours of darkness, in desperate,

close-quarters fighting, Captain Woodruff managed to extricate about 40 men. They accounted for many Germans in fighting their way out, and rejoined their battalion commander in the vicinity of Fraiture.

At this point it was evident that there was nothing to prevent the German forces from entering the rear of the Division area, which was now closely engaged along its entire 25,000-yard front.

I moved to the CP of the reserve battalion in the region southwest of Lierneux, arriving there at about dark. I issued verbal orders to the battalion commander, Major Wellems, outlining the situation to him and directing him to secure the right flank as far west as Malemore. I then moved without delay via Tri le Chesling to Manhay, the CP of the 3rd Armored Division. Here I found one MP on duty at the crossroads and the town completely abandoned. I then moved without delay to Corps Headquarters to explain the situation to them and obtain further assistance in holding the main highway which was out of my sector, but the retention of which was necessary to the accomplishment of my mission.

By telephone, Colonel Tucker was told to be prepared to move the 504 Regimental Headquarters and one battalion to the vicinity of Lansival where he would take over the sector to the right of the Division. Two TD's were moved southwest of the Division CP at Bra to give it some protection from the direction of Manhay. I returned to the Division CP at Bra at approximately 2200. Upon my arrival there I learned by telephone from Corps that Manhay had fallen to the German attacking forces. There seemed to be some doubt about this, however, and due to the darkness and con-

"On New Year's day the Battalion (628 T. D.) was attached to XVIII Corps, Eighty-second Airborne Division. These were truly fighting men. A squad of the Eighty-second Airborne Division will take on a Company of the German Army, an Eighty-second Airborne Division Company will take on a German Battalion, and to assign any unit of the Eighty-second Airborne Division an objective is to know the objective will be taken and held." — From Victory T. D. — History of the great 628 Tank Destroyer Bn.

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fusion it was impossible to determine exactly where anyone was. All units were informed of the situation and efforts made to get units under control and have the situation in hand so as to be able to engage the German forces on reasonably favorable terms at daylight.

At about daylight, XVIII Corps (Airborne) made available to me Combat command B of the 9th Armored Division under the command of General Hoge, which had been withdrawn from the St. Vith area. General Hoge reported to my CP at about 0700. At about 0545, December 24, Colonel Tucker was ordered to leave the smallest possible force in the northern sector and to move south to Bra by motor without delay. He had been given a warning order about 24 hours earlier. At 0645 the 505 was ordered to regroup one battalion, the 2nd and have it prepared to move in Division reserve without delay, warning orders having been given them to prepare for this prior to this time.

At 0820 verbal orders were issued to General Hoge to hold Malempre until further orders, to contact the 504 on his left and the 7th Armored on his right. The 7th Armored had been recommitted by XVIII Corps (Airborne), down the main road towards Manhay. Combat Command B, 9th Armored Division, and the 7th Armored Division were practically exhausted from the past week's fighting. They were very short of infantry, and, in the opinion of General Hoge, Combat Command B was incapable of a sustained defense or offense. However, Malempre had to be held and appropriate orders were issued.

At 1315 hours, General Hoge reported to me that he was holding Malempre. The situation in that sector, however, still appeared confused. This was further added to by the presence in the area of German troops wearing American uniforms and using American armor. It would appear certain that the Germans were fighting in Manhay, that they held the ridge south and east of Manhay, that we held Malempre and that we held Fraiture. Between Malempre and Fraiture, the 2nd Battalion of the 504th Parachute Infantry was fighting in the

woods. This battalion, a veteran, experienced outfit, had as clear a picture as could be expected of the situation. Numerous Germans were endeavoring to attack through the woods to the northeast between Malempre and Fraiture. There was much close, bitter fighting and the Germans were very roughly handled by Major Wellem's battalion. He finally succeeded in stabilizing his position and containing the Germans, although his frontage was very great, particularly for the wooded sector in which he was fighting. The Germans were well equipped and armed and were fighting with unusual esprit. They were from the 2nd SS Panzer Division.

During the day of December 24, Colonel Tucker brought up his full regiment, less one battalion which he had left at Cheneux to contain the forces north of the river. That battalion was charged with holding the Ambleve River line from immediately north of Trois-Ponts to where contact was established with the 30th Division in the vicinity of LaGlieze, a frontage of approximately 12,000 — 15,000 yards, much of it closely wooded country and broken up terrain. However, since the situation was so critical on the right, and the German attack had apparently been beaten off on the left, no other course of action appeared practicable at the moment. The 505 appeared to have all it could do to continue to hold the Trois-Ponts — Grand Halleux line and the 508 was becoming heavily engaged on the Vielsalm-Salmchateau-Joubieval line.

In accordance with the warning order given me by the Corps Commander, similar warning orders were given to unit commanders to be prepared to withdraw, if necessary, to the Trois-Ponts-Erria-Manhay line. Early on December 24, therefore, they were directed to make small unit reconnaissance of the defensive positions. Sectors were allotted and missions assigned. A conference was held at Headquarters XVIII Corps (Airborne) at about 1330 hours, December 24th, at which time orders were issued for the voluntary withdrawal to the Corps defensive position. Division plans were completed and orders issued during the

afternoon to effect the withdrawal starting after darkness.

I was greatly concerned with the attitude of the troops toward the withdrawal, the Division having never made a withdrawal in its combat history. The German was using every artifice conceivable to create doubt and confusion in the minds of American fighting units. He was using our arms, equipment and vehicles, frequently leaving their own abandoned and disabled at bottlenecks on the roads. False messages were being used, and Germans in American officers' uniforms were known to be in the rear areas. One trooper, who later was recaptured, was captured by Germans in American uniforms in the vicinity of Tri-le-Chesling. All of these factors made the prospects of a withdrawal most unpleasant. On the 24th, I published a memorandum to be read to the troops, emphasizing the dangers in the operation with which we were confronted, and I spent from early evening until after midnight visiting the troops of all battalions.

In all of the operations in which we have participated in our two years of combat, and they have been many of multitudinous types, I have never seen a better executed operation than the withdrawal on Christmas Eve. The troops willingly and promptly carried into execution all the withdrawal plans, although they openly and frankly criticized it and failed to understand the necessity for it. But everybody pitched in, and the withdrawal went smoothly.

Christmas Eve was a very cold, bright moonlight night. The enemy was closely engaged with us on the entire front from Trois-Ponts to Malempre, but there was in no locality any feeling of unusual pressure being exerted against us. All Unit Commanders, down to Platoon Leaders, I believe, I felt that they had the situation well under control. The rear area, except for some medium artillery which had been abandoned in fields off the main roads, was completely cleared of the St. Vith pocket forces.

The withdrawal started shortly after dark. Covering shells were to be withdrawn at four A. M. The 307 Abn. Engr. Bn. supported the withdrawal by blowing bridges

over the Salm River, laying minefields and establishing roadblocks. This worked very well on the right with the 504 and the 325. The 508 was attacked in great force and had some close and intense fighting at the bridges over the Salm River before it finally withdrew. Its shell on Thier-du-mont was apparently cut off, but finally made its way back under the command of Major Taylor without the loss of a single man. All the troops, except for the shell, were in the valley in the vicinity of Gorrone where I saw them about 2200 hours, and everything was going smoothly.

At about 2300 hours I passed through St. Jacques on the way to the 505th Prcht. Inf. Command Post, which was at Dairumont. At St. Jacques, I met a platoon in a deployed formation moving north. They said they believed that there was a large force of Germans in the area and that they were looking for them. I went to the regimental CP. Here an unusual situation was becoming apparent. Earlier in the night a report was received from vehicle drivers that while driving their jeeps on a road in the vicinity of Basse-Bodeux they observed troops wearing full field equipment walking in the woods towards the east. These troops hit the ground and took cover, generally acting very evasive. Later in the night a lineman, checking his lines, had his jeep shot up by what he guessed were German troops in the rear area. This accounted for the platoon that I had met at St. Jacques being on its mission of clearing Germans from the rear area.

I talked to the regimental commander about the situation, and he believed that at this time a force of approximately 500 Germans were somewhere in the regimental rear area moving to the east. Their presence could hardly be accounted for unless they had escaped from the LaGlize-Stoumont pocket. At first, we did not believe that there were German troops in the area, but piecing together all available intelligence seemed to establish the fact unmistakably. At this time, the regiment was under some pressure along the river line and had left a company in three platoon positions at the most likely crossing sites as a shell to cover the with-

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drawal of the regiment, which was now taking place. After discussing the situation for some time with the regimental commander, it was decided that the withdrawal would continue as planned; that by daylight the 505 would be on its defensive position with the area to its front wired and mined, and that it would be prepared to defend that position at all costs in coordination with the units on its right and left. This made it impractical for the regimental commander to divert any of his forces to a task of searching for the Germans. Orders were issued to proceed to new positions as previously planned and to be on the alert for loose German forces.

Several hours before daylight, one platoon positioned north of Grand Halleux was attacked by a German force of great strength. A heavy fight ensued. A number of Germans were killed and wounded, as well as troopers of the Division. Among those captured was an American major of the U. S. 30th Infantry Division. He had been captured in earlier fighting at LaGlieze, and the force that was accompanying him when captured was a force of approximately 500-800 Germans endeavoring to withdraw to their own lines east of the Salm River. During their withdrawal, they were rather well chewed up, but they nevertheless succeeded in reaching their lines except for several killed and captured. On December 25th, we realized that we had just succeeded in withdrawing through a hostile withdrawing force, which was a rather novel maneuver.

At daylight, December 25th, all regiments were on their positions, mining and wiring were under way, and all troops were dug in. Communications were being laid under great difficulty, because of the mountainous terrain, particularly in the 504 and 508 sectors. At daylight, I joined Major Gerard, commanding a battalion of the 325 in the town of Tri le Chesling on our right flank. Its occupation, in which contact was established with infantry of the 7th Armored Division on our right, finally buttoned up our defense. Contact was already established with the 30th Division on our left.

About two days after occupying this

position, an attack was made by the 62nd Volks-Grenadier Division on our left and the 9th SS Panzer Division on our center. The 62nd V. G. Division in all of its operations proved to be of very poor quality and not well trained. They consistently lost patrols by having them destroyed by our outposts and they appeared to be very vulnerable to our own patrols.

The 9th SS Panzer Division appeared to be much better equipped and better trained. They launched an attack up the main Axis from Lierneux to Hablemont, hitting the 508 and 504 in a coordinated effort that was characterized by great dash and courage. The 3rd Battalion of the 508 was completely overrun. The men remained, however, manning their positions in the houses and fox-holes. The battalion commander, Lt. Colonel Mendez, obtained the use of the reserve company of the 2nd Battalion of the 508 on his left, counter-attacked with great gallantry and determination, and drove the 9th SS Panzer from his positions, restoring his MLR. The Storm Troopers' losses were extremely heavy. From one field alone, 62 bodies were later removed.

On interrogation, some of the Storm Troopers stated that they had been accustomed to attacking with such dash and elan, yelling and firing their weapons, and the usual reaction of the enemy was to break and run as the Storm Troopers closed with them. They were frankly surprised to find troops who would man their positions after being overrun. The unit of the 9th SS attacking the 504 after overrunning the outpost of the 2nd Battalion of that regiment, were stopped and driven back. They told an identical story of their attack technique.

This ended all offensive efforts of the German forces in the Battle of the Bulge. About a week later the division attacked, completely overrunning the 62nd V. G. Division and the 9th SS Panzer Division, and capturing 2,500 prisoners, including 5 battalion commanders. It regained its former position on the Thier-du-mont heights.

From here, the Division withdrew to a rest area from which it was later committed to the attack east of St. Vith, attacking through deep snow over thickly wooded

mountains and overrunning a considerable group of German defensive forces in a constant day and night attack lasting for six days. Ultimately they drove into the Siegfried Line to seize Udenbreth and the ridge extending south.

This attack was the most arduous in the Division's history and, at its end, probably the most bitterly fought, but the Division once again entered Germany and the seizure of Udenbreth placed the First U. S. Army in a position to attack down ridge lines all the way to Bonn.

On the 29th of December, the 82nd was augmented by the 740th tank Bn., Commanded by Lt. Col. George K. Rubel. To the troopers of the 82nd, this was as fine a bunch of tankers as was ever assembled. Col. Rubel in his book "Daredevil Tankers" described some of his experiences with the 82nd as follows:

I met with a very cool reception when I told them I had a tank battalion to help them out in this job. The staff, without exception, said that their past experience with tanks had been unsatisfactory. They stated that most of the time tanks had been a liability to them and not an asset — that the tankers would not keep up with their men. I told them that, although we had had very little combat, we would be very happy to be with them if their men would get up off the ground and fight. Their hostile attitude toward us disappeared about an hour after the attack jumped off, and was replaced by unstinted praise. Everywhere I went I heard the same story—"We wish you could have been with us before. That's the best tank battalion we ever saw. It's the only outfit that not only stayed with us—it's the only outfit we couldn't keep up with. We have never seen anyone who can shoot like they can; they can hit anything they see. With this combination—the 82nd Airborne and 740th, Jerry had better look out because we are on our way."

The Third Platoon, commanded by Lieutenant Powers, attacked with the Third Battalion 504 at 0400 hours on the 28th from a position just north of Wallerode, with its objective as the town of Herres-

From here, the Division moved to the Hurtgen sector where, as a member of XVIII Corps (Airborne) and later III Corps, it participated in the advance to the Roer River. Except for extensive minefields, extremely difficult road conditions and hostile artillery fire, the operation was not too difficult. The Division arrived on the Roer River and had completed detailed plans for a river crossing and the seizure of Nideggen east of the river when it was withdrawn on February 17th and returned to the Sissonne-Suippes, France, area.

bach. Light resistance by small arms and machine-gun fire was received along the entire route. When the attack had reached a point about 2,000 yards from Herresbach, information was received that the enemy was beginning a counterattack north along the road leading from Herresbach. They were in a column of two's on the road—the usual approach march formation for Jerry in this area. At 1900 hours, Lieutenant Powers moved his platoon to the head of our infantry column and placed infantry aboard the tanks. This combined force then moved down the road toward Herresbach and ran into the head of the German column—to their great surprise. They opened fire with all arms, and within two minutes time 65 Germans had been killed and 201 captured. No American soldier was even scratched in this battle — a remarkable occurrence. One enemy SP gun was destroyed in the town. The town was taken and defensive positions set up for the night. Two enemy counterattacks during the night were repulsed. Just when things appeared to be at their worst, the inevitable humorous angle entered the picture. Just before sundown, a column of about 20 Jerries, leading a horse-drawn gun, and being placed by a young German Lieutenant, was seen advancing north along the road toward Neuhof. Our roadblock, which consisted of four tanks and the remains of an infantry company, watched this strange procession as it approached. They held their fire and kept under cover. The German officer, unmindful of artillery rounds passing overhead, set about methodically organizing a roadblock

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in the same position where we had ours. Our tankers let him set his gun up, but just before it had been loaded the Infantry Captain stepped out from behind a tree and informed the German officer that he was his prisoner. At this time, the balance of the American roadblock crew stepped out, lined up the 20 odd German soldiers and relieved them of their weapons. The German officer, who spoke excellent English, was astounded but not speechless by any means. He grabbed his cap, threw it on the ground, jumped on it several times, and screamed, "That Damned Colonel! Of all the Damn

fool people! Why did he send me down here! Didn't he know that this town had been captured! I quit! I quit! I quit!" He was informed that he definitely had quit and was soon hustled off to the PW cage. As he was being taken away, he philosophized that the entire German Army in the Ardennes was messed up. He said that the reason for the whole thing was that the American Army was so screwed up that they in turn had the Germans that way. How could they guess what the crazy Americans were going to do when the Americans themselves didn't know.

"We prize the good opinion the 82nd has of the 740th tank Bn., because we believe the 82nd Airborne Division to be the best fighting organization in any man's army."

*George K. Rubel,
Lt. Col. 740th Tank Bn., Commanding.*

It was an Eighty-Second

D E F E N S E

that first Stopped

Von Runstedt in Bulge





Snow and bitter cold made the Bulge the Eighty-second's most uncomfortable operation.



Small weapons and big men is what stopped the Germans in Belgium.



It's coffee "Bud" but it ain't hot! What do you want egg in your beer?

As refugees are ushered toward safety, 82nd troopers lay a minefield to stop the Panzer Tigers.



COMMUNI

WIRE

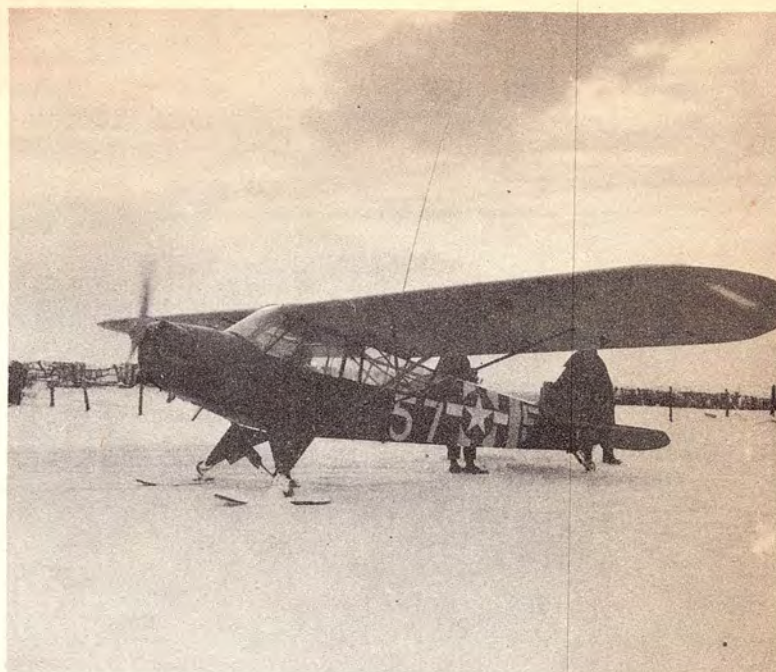
RADIO



CATIONS

TRUCK

PLANE



worldwartwoveterans.org



Deep snow, broken wire, frozen batteries, slippery roads — armies had advanced or retreated through the Ardennes 4 times leaving a quagmire of road and wire. Communications' teams worked night and day.



508th moves into assembly area.



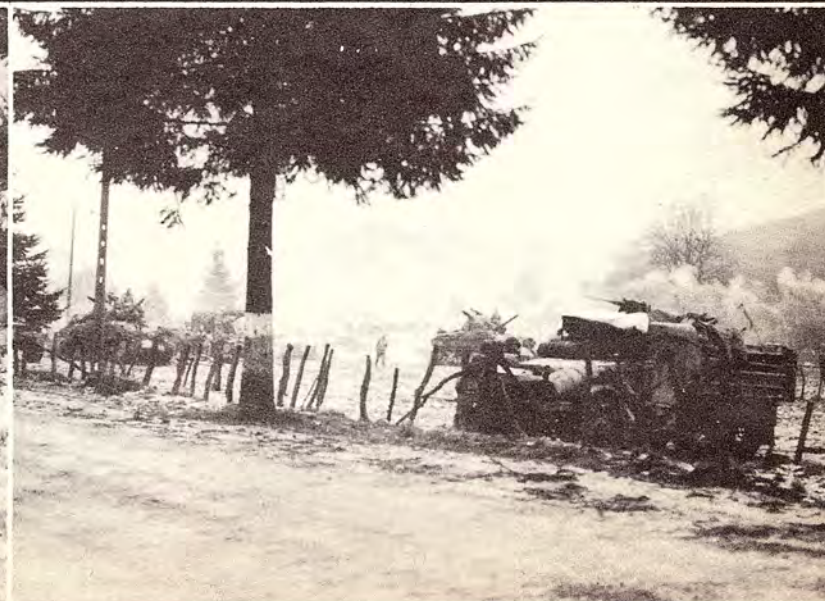
Up to the line of departure — another day another attack — so it was for almost 2 years.



Overcoats are sacrificed for mobility before the attack, 325 near Erria.



307th Eng. clear a minefield and roadblock near Hierlot.



Moving out from St. Vith with armored support.



Glidermen ready for anything 325 at the crossroads.



General Jim and Friend Rifle.



504 and 740th with horses for ammunition carriers attack in a snowstorm.

82nd *Attack!* in BELGIUM



325 drags equipment sleds in attack on Herresbach.



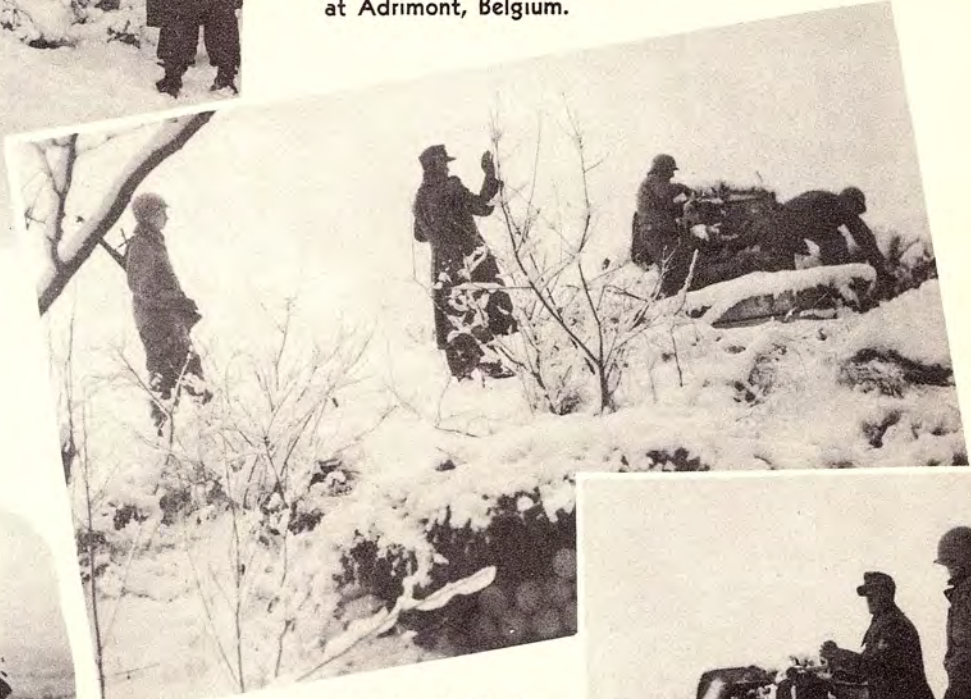
504 with the 740th near Herresbach.



GUN CAPTURE

With
the Eighty-second's 307 Engineers
at Adrimont, Belgium.

82nd Engineers use a prisoner to locate abandoned guns.



Part of a buzz bomb dud. This tail and fin was 100 yards from the bomb.

Prisoner stands with hands up as Engineers examine gun and then removes booby trap the troopers found in the breechblock.



Anzio to Arbrefontaine. This .50 cal. machine gun was in a B-26 shot down over the Anzio beachhead. It was used by 82nd troopers in Italy, Holland and the Bulge.



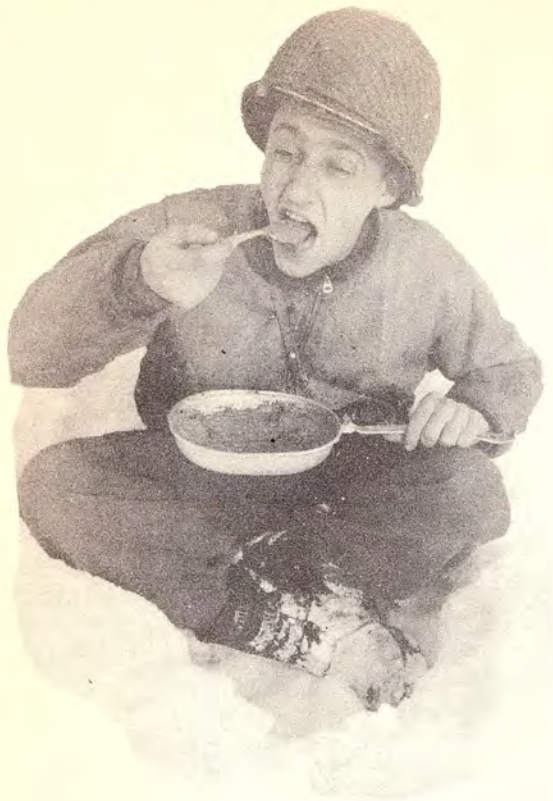
The Battle Buggy — 82nd Armored jeeps were whitewashed for winter.



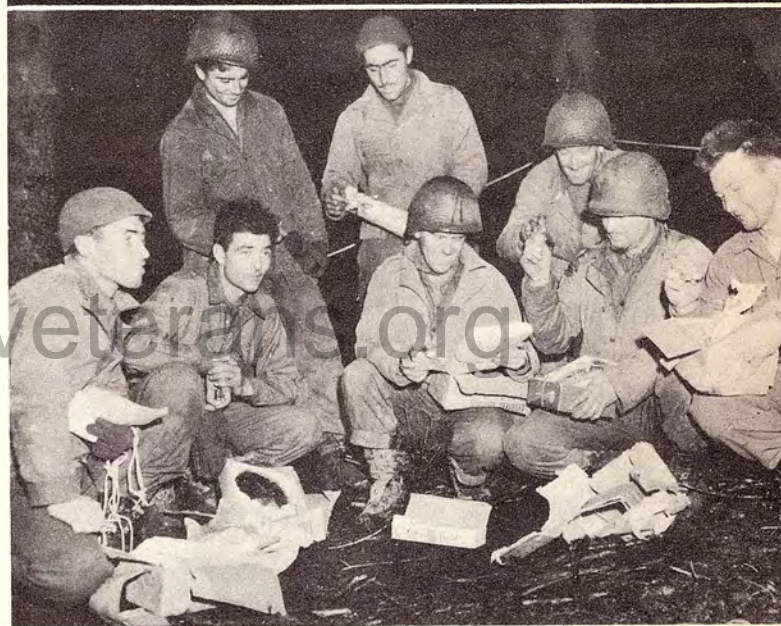
German Propaganda
leaflets made good souvenirs.



With the 7th ARMORED
517th RETAKES ST. VITH



Worship . . .



Christmas



Louise and Dottie — coffee and doughnuts from England to Berlin.



The Stars and Stripes.

In Between Battles...

A TROOPER RELAXES
HOWEVER HE CAN



Decorations.



Ten Minute break.



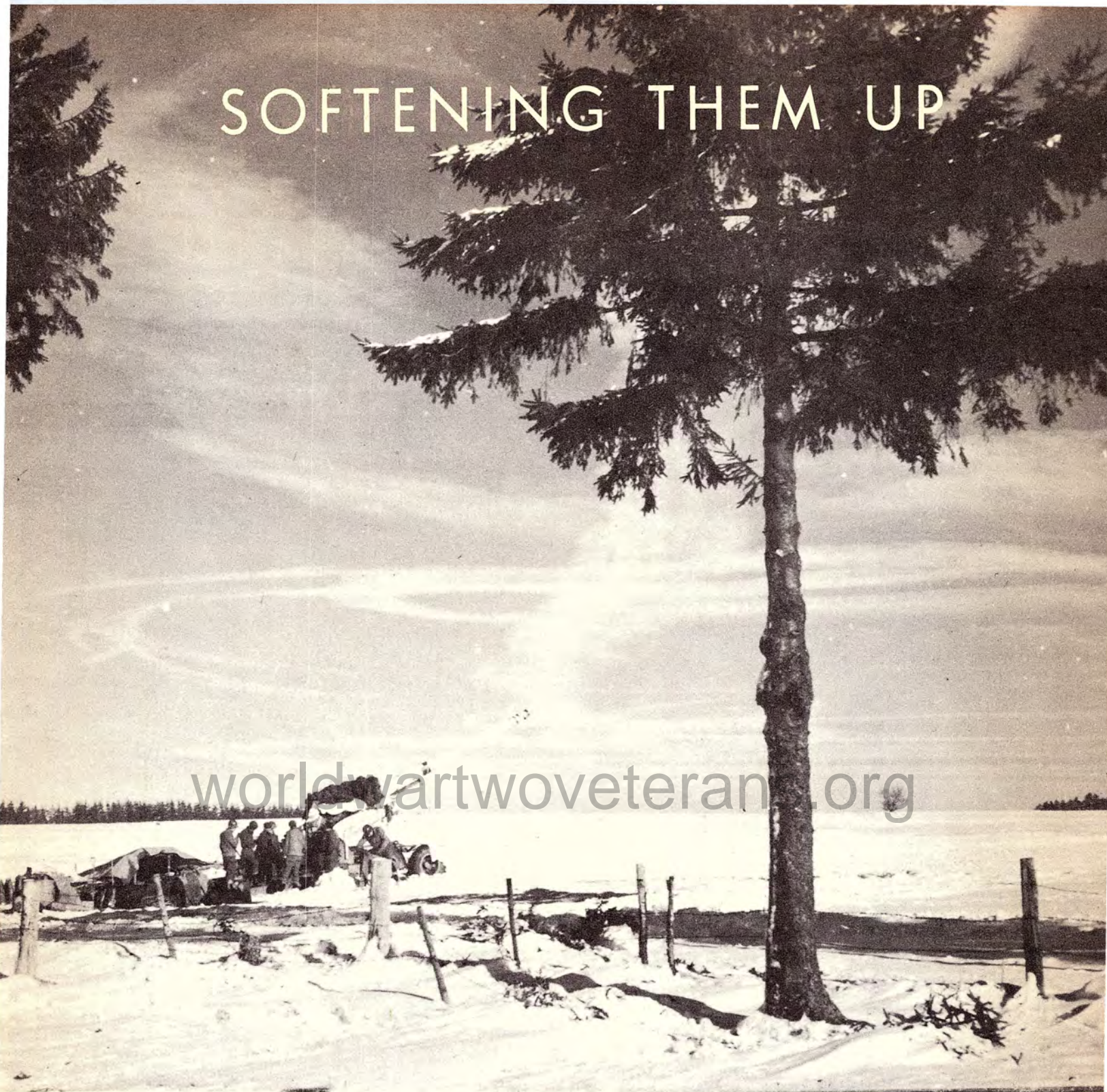
Airborne Milkmaid.



oveterans.org



SOFTENING THEM UP



worldwartwoveteran.org



ARTILLERY

WHETHER WITH BIG GUNS ATTACHED OR WITH OUR OWN PARACHUTE AND PACK 75's THE VALUE OF ARTILLERY WAS APPRECIATED BY EVERY AIRBORNE INFANTRYMAN. FIGHTING WITHOUT IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO FULLY APPRECIATE THE SUPPORT WHICH SOFTENS UP THE ENEMY BY BLASTING HIS DEFENSE AND TERRIFYING HIM FOR AN ATTACK.



Every town taken meant a bloody battle in the German's last big bid to win the war.

Names on the sign — Battles on the ground.

The 82nd's 307th Engineers worked night and day blocking or building bridges, clearing minefields or fighting with the infantry.

worldwartwoveterans.org





Dugouts helped against enemy artillery fire and the cold, but we didn't stay put very long to enjoy them.



The 504th moves toward Cheneux where they inflicted the first German defeat in the Battle of the Bulge and gained another Presidential unit citation to be added to the long list already held by 82nd Units

BULGE—LAST STAGES

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE was in its last stages and the Allied High Command could now use its superiority in men and material to drive the beaten remnants of Von Rundsted's Army into the Siegfried Line and, by constantly applying pressure, prevent the reorganization and consolidation necessary within the shelter of that formidable barrier. The 82nd Airborne Division was ordered from VII Corps reserve where it had reorganized, re-equipped, and conducted intensive training, to attack northeast through the 7th Armored Division from the vicinity of Born, Wallerode, Montenaus, and St. Vith with the mission of piercing the Siegfried Line.

One of the ETO's finest combat divisions, the 1st Infantry Division, was on the 82nd's left flank and was to attack abreast of the Airborne. The jump-off came at 0600 hours with the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment on the left, (North) and the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment on the right (South). The 505th and 508th Parachute Infantry Regiments were in reserve.

The Division's zone of attack was through a 10 mile long, thickly wooded mountainous area. There were highways on both sides of the area, northeast of St. Vith, but the only roads through the area were snow clogged trails running laterally across the Division zone of attack and these were in the hands of the enemy. Progress of the attack was hindered by waist-deep snow, intense cold, and well organized and concealed enemy positions.

Such difficult and unusual conditions called for unique tactics and the attack was made by each Regiment in a column of files. The lead man would buck the deep drifts, breaking a trail until exhausted, then be relieved by the next man. This attack was one of the most arduous in the Division's history and, at its end in the Siegfried Line, probably the most bitterly fought, but the troopers kept driving to once again enter Germany. Only the unceasing efforts of the 307th Airborne Engineer Battalion enabled the supplies to keep up with the troopers in the almost impenetrable thickets.

By 2030 hours the 325th having attacked south from the line Born-Ambleve road, past Medell and then east and north of Meyerode, was on the high ground west of, and overlooking Wereth. The 504th meanwhile had advanced 7000 yards capturing Herresbach killing 65, capturing 201 Krauts while suffering no casualties. The inevitable counterattack that followed was broken up as were two more later that day. That night, like on many other occasions hot chow did not arrive and the men, bone-weary and chilled, ate cold K rations.

Next day the Division advanced over 2000 yards with the 325th attacking north at 0330 hours and seizing Wereth and the high ground east of the town. At 0400 hours the 508th attacked thru the 504th and by dusk had captured Holzheim and Medendorf. The 505th at 0500

hours passed through the 325th to the high ground 1500 yards southwest of Honsfeld, dug in, and patrolled vigorously to the north and east where it maintained contact with the 1st Division.

During this time there occurred an incident only possible in snow warfare. Eighty prisoners had been collected in the western part of Holzheim when four English-speaking "paratroopers" approached and fooled guards by their "snow suit" attire. The "paratroopers" had armed the prisoners with abandoned weapons and were plotting a counterattack when 1st Sgt. Funk of the 508th stepped into the picture.

A German officer shoved the muzzle of his machine pistol in Funk's ribs, demanding surrender. The sergeant's sub-machine gun was slung, barrel up, on his shoulder. Taking a backward step and a 1000-to-1 chance, Funk shouted, "Surrender, hell!" catching his tommygun by the trigger in mid-air and ripping the German with a 20-round clip.

The 82nd hit the Siegfried Line Jan. 31 1945 with the 325 and 504th drawing the job of cracking it three days later. The attack was successful and the Division objectives, Udenbreth, Neuohof, and Hertessrott Heights were taken by nightfall of February 2 only after severe fighting, and held despite extremely heavy counterattacks by tank supported infantry. The seizure of Udenbreth placed the First United States Army in a position to attack down ridge lines all the way to Bonn.

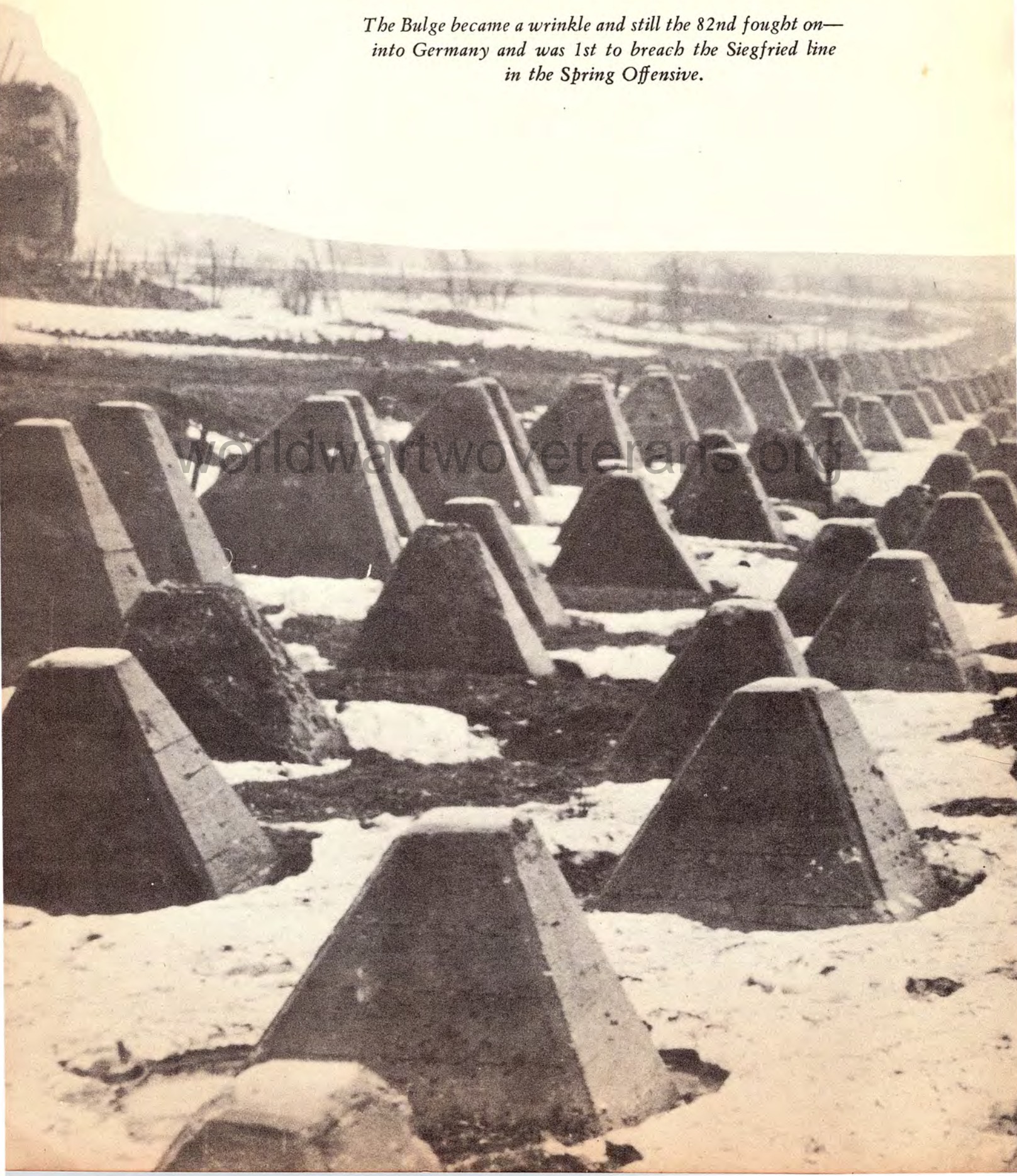
During the attack, where courage was the keynote, men like Lt. Warren R. Williams Jr. of the 325th stood out. This officer, although wounded several times, refused to be evacuated and led his men through the murderous cross-fire of machine guns and small arms from supporting concrete pillboxes.

On February 3rd, the Division strengthened and consolidated its defensive position, repulsing strong counterattacks with heavy losses to the enemy. That night the 99th Infantry Division started to relieve front line units of the 82nd. The relief was completed by February 6 and the Division moved to the Vielsalm area where it reorganized, refitted, and prepared to move to Rott, Germany.

From here the Division plus the 517th Regimental Combat Team, moved to the Hurtgen sector where, as a member of XVIII Corps (Airborne) and later III Corps, it participated in the advance to the Roer River. Except for extensive minefields, extremely difficult road conditions and hostile artillery fire, the operation was not too difficult. The Division arrived on the Roer River and had completed detailed plans for a river crossing and the seizure of Nideggen east of the river when it was withdrawn on February 17 and returned to the Sissone-Suippes, area, France.

THE SIEGFRIED LINE

*The Bulge became a wrinkle and still the 82nd fought on—
into Germany and was 1st to breach the Siegfried line
in the Spring Offensive.*





P. W. ° CAGE



Several hundred bewildered supermen were just as cold as their captors and secretly glad that for them, at least, the war was over—Herresbach.

In Hierlot as elsewhere hundreds surrendered in body if not belief.





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During 2 years of fighting the 82nd with a combat strength usually under 10,000 took a total of nearly 200,000 Axis prisoners, yet there always seemed to be more over the next hill.

A retreating German always carried a lot of equipment.

We kept them inside when buildings were available.

Any house might contain more Germans to fight, die or surrender.





WRECKAGE



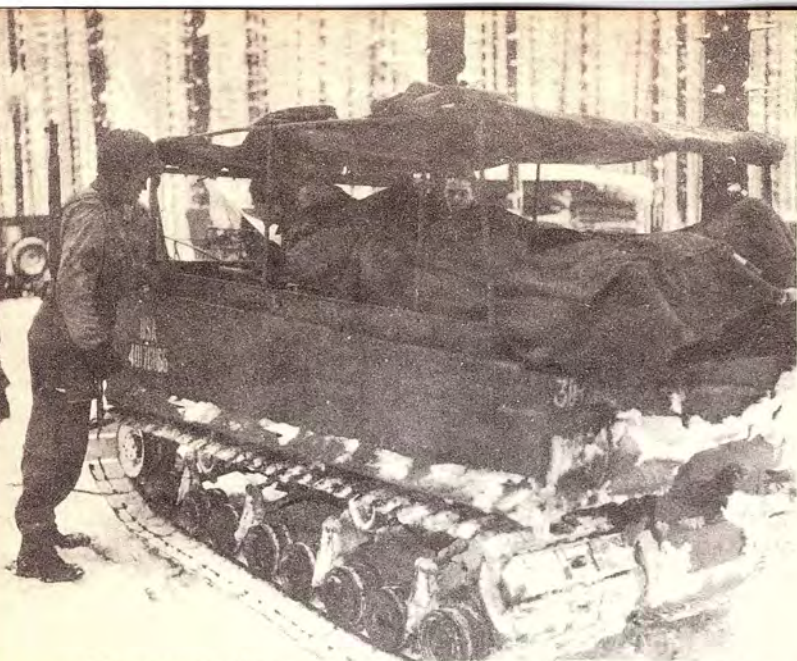


FROM WERBOMONT TO SCHMIDT



EVACUATION

With every battle comes the tragedy of those who must leave their homes with no place to go.



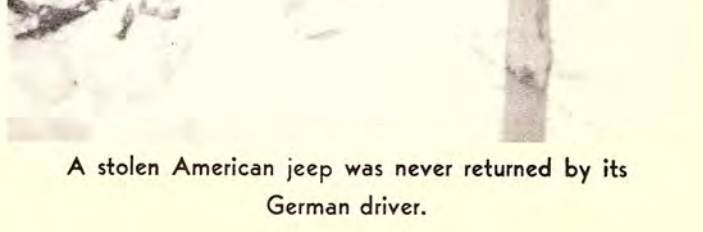
The weasel (Snow Buggy) came into its own in the Bulge—
evacuating wounded.



Dead Germans piled up near Holzheim.



AFTERMATH



A stolen American jeep was never returned by its
German driver.

German graves on the Belgian German border near Losheimergraben, Germany.

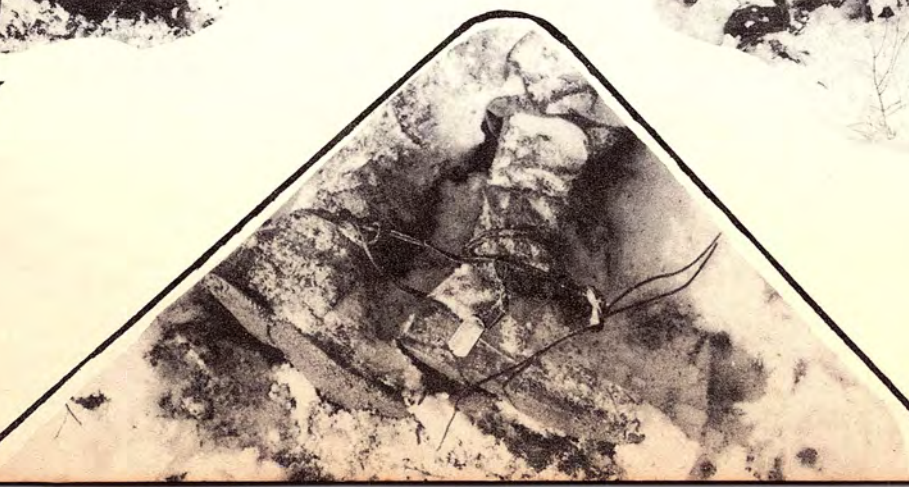


(Left) Signs of the times.

Crossroads at Malmedy

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One of the tragic crimes of the war was the Malmedy crossroads incident where American soldiers were crowded into a field by their German captors and cold bloodily butchered by machine gun fire.



German



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*“It is not the neutrals
or the lukewarms who
make history”*

ADOLPH HITLER (1933)

army



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German civilians push on with the salvage of their burned out homes.



Weiden—Here the 82nd Division aided in the reduction of the Ruhr Sack.



(Above) Cologne — The most ravished city in Europe.

(Below) Germans still held the east bank of the Rhine.

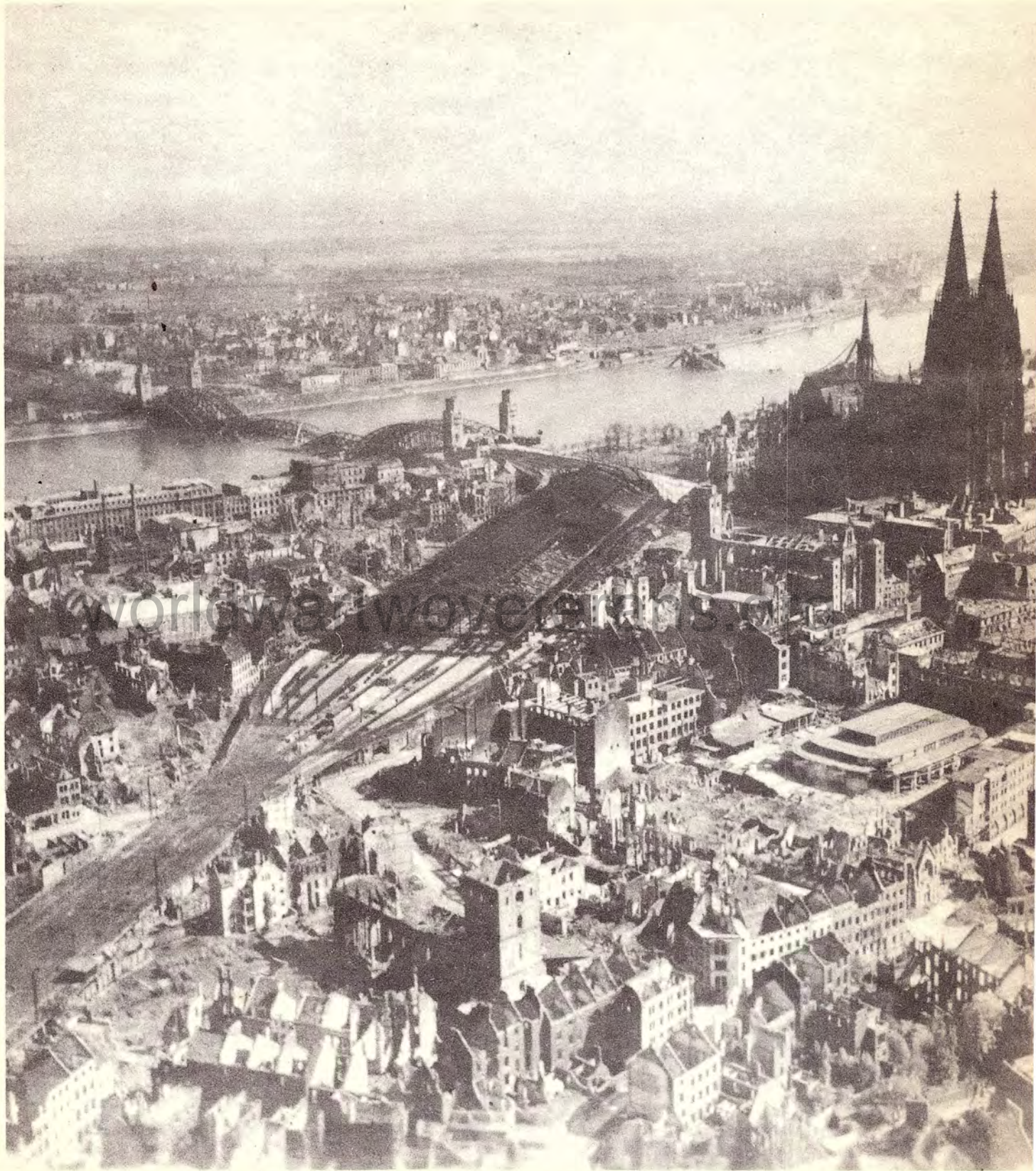


Cologne

COLOGNE WAS completely raised but the war had died down a bit and the mixed role of static defense and occupation was new to the 82nd. Almost 400 yards of river separated our boys from the Germans across the Rhine. It was a feeling of security the 82nd had known in no previous campaign. Daily artillery and mortar barrages were exchanged, keen eyed outposts snipped at anything that moved across the river and patrols crossed each night but otherwise the situation was quite pleasant. Between stints on outpost guard along the river, the troopers patrolled the city of Cologne routing out hidden 5th columnists and spies, watched the civilians, and enforced the curfew. During their spare time Airborne ingenuity came forth as the troopers entertained themselves in a thousand

Military Government broadcasts the news — pure and unadulterated for the first time in twelve years.





Only the magnificence of the Cologne Cathedral stood out above a landscape of bombed buildings, blown bridges and roofless rubble.

Cologne

different, yet very simple ways, orchestra, sightseeing, fixing abandoned motorcycles; a touch of beer, Rhine wine or Dago red, One Company E, of the 325, even had a whole building to live in, and to make things even more of a boyhood dream, the building was Germany's largest candy factory.

But the war along the Rhine would not always be so quiet. Across the river was a German army still very much alive and actively engaging American soldiers wherever met around the perimeter of their circular defense known as the Ruhr Sack. The barrier on our side of the Sack was the Rhine river. We were ordered to cross in a diversionary attack that proved to be one of the bloodiest small scale engagements of the war.

At 0200, April 6th, the assault wave of "A" Company of the battle hardened 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment 82nd Airborne Division crossed the Rhine river above Cologne. No sooner had the boats hit the eastern shore than all Hell broke loose. Machine gun and burp pistol fire crisscrossed the beach. These positions were immediately outflanked and destroyed. By 0400 the entire company plus their attached machine gunners and demolition crew were across.

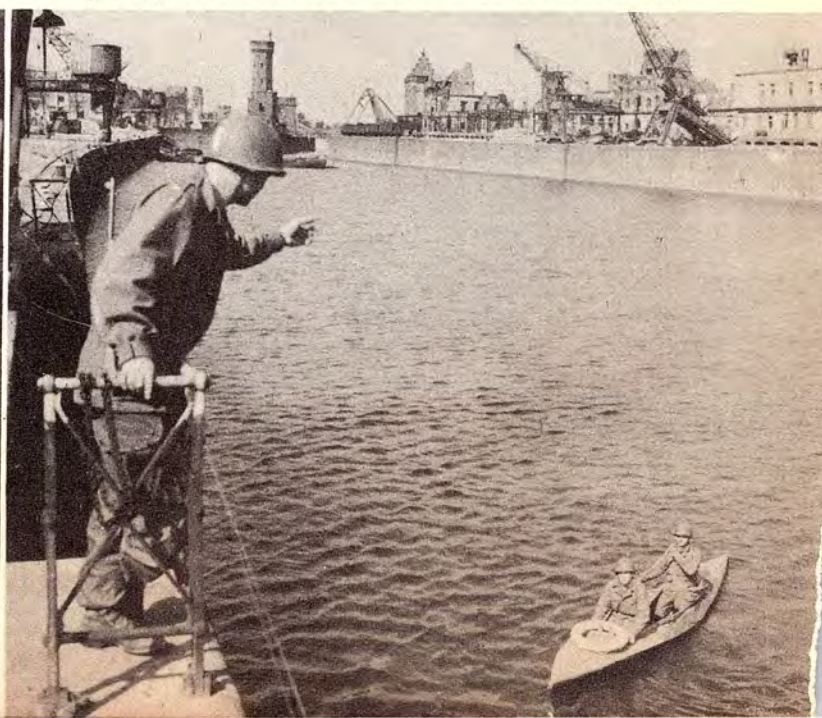
At dawn they were in the river town of Hitdorf, Germany where they flushed 68 surprised Jerries out of their sacks. Terrified

A Swiss cheese is liberated.



Boyhood Dream — E Co. 325 had its C. P. in a candy factory.

Cyacking on the Rhine with Krauts on the east bank.





One platoon had its own orchestra with bikes and mortar bikes to patrol on.

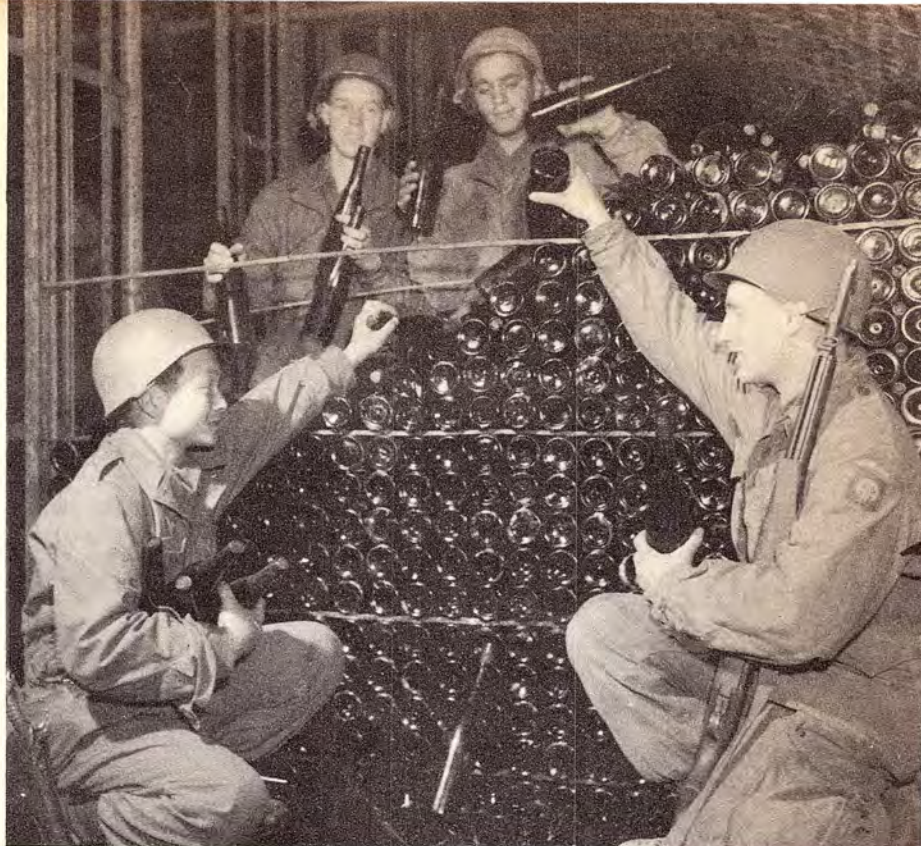
civilians hid in their basements, and when brought out, expressed surprise when they weren't raped or tortured.

The only organized enemy resistance was in a factory in the north end of the town. The first platoon drove out a company of Jerries in the morning.

Then the troopers settled down to enjoy the scenery and the sunny weather. The birds were whistling in the trees, but at 1200 another familiar whistle sobered the atmosphere. 77's, 88's, 149's and everything in the book came roaring into the town. A Co. veterans gripped their rifle butts and waited for the enemy infantry. A company of Jerries charged the third platoon with fixed bayonets. During the fire fight that followed, Sergeant William Consigny moved forward on the left flank with his machine gun squad and cut down 17 Germans. Meanwhile Sergeant Raymond J. Donavan moved out on the other flank with several men, capturing 33. The remaining Jerries took to their heels.

The second platoon in the other end of town met the same kind of an attack and turned it into a riot. "Those first Krauts were just 'mine-run' troops," remarked Technical Sergeant John H. Stubbs, "but I never want to see again the skirmish line that moved in on us at 1800; they came in wave after wave, as far as the eye could see. Big six-foot Jerries (later identified as the Third Paradivision men) their bayonets flashing in the evening sun. Our machine guns killed beaucoup and pinned down the rest to our front, but they were coming in on both flanks so we withdrew to better positions."

Company Commander, Captain John N. Pease, continued saying, "The situation became critical at 1900. The second and third



One outpost was over a wine cellar where the Germans had stored enough stolen French wine to feed an army.



McGuire and Pop tended bar at their own tavern in Weiden.



This patrol captured a coup of carrier pigeons—they were tough but delicious.

After Bittdorf

the Sack Collapsed

platoon positions were overrun by Tiger tanks and infantry, and we lost all communications with them.”

Sergeant Harry N. Smith, a first battalion headquarters company machine gunner — one of the few survivors of this section related, “At dusk we heard tanks rumbling towards our road block and the biggest thing I’ve ever seen on tracks roared at us. Our gun position was in a strongly built basement of a stone house so we felt pretty safe; at 50 yards we opened up on its open hatch and vision slits. The bullets bounced off the sides like they were ping-pong balls. We gave a couple of sweeps at the infantry behind and after the tank blew down our house, we shagged back towards our main line of resistance. Our section chief picked us up; we fought our way a couple blocks towards the command post, but decided to take over a house and fortify it. How we got that far is more than I can understand. We escaped a-half dozen ambushes and killed at least 20 Jerries. By this time we had gathered another 10 of our boys and for the next three hours we really gave it to them.”

Staff Sergeant William Bullock took off from the command post to try to contact cut off elements. “Little groups of soldiers were walking all over town. I stepped over at least 50 dead men — only two were GI’s. I came to a mangled pile of torn up Jerry corpses and as I was stepping over them I heard a cool voice ask, ‘Is that a GI?’ Two demolition men in the second story of a house had been up there since dark, letting small groups pass and dropping gamon grenades on every large bunch of Krauts that came within their range. We pulled back to the command post.”

At 2130 the Regimental Commander told Captain Pease over the field telephone to collect the men that were left and to go back to the boats. Patrols moved all through the Kraut infested areas looking for A Company’s second and third platoons, but they



A Lieutenant surrenders.

found only a few of their men. At 2230 A Co. called the Colonel to report a Tiger tank 25 feet from their basement command post; he told them to hang on for another hour that “I” Company was coming over to help them fight their way back to the beach. Pfc. MacNamara climbed up on the roof and dropped a gamon grenade on the Tiger. It bounced off the side killing 7 Jerry infantrymen standing alongside. Pfc. Hill knocked the track off, but the tankers stayed with their machine, shooting their machine guns and cannon at everything they heard. By this time the 82nd men were so low on ammunition that they were told to hold their fire except for necessity. Germans filtered through all our positions, walking boldly past our hidden boys who followed them with their rifle sights and cursed because they had to pass up such choice targets.

Paul W. Maas, the Company’s German translator, overheard a German officer giving commands to work a large German force in on our beach and cut us off completely. Private Maurice Bledsoe took off for the beach with his machine

gun and several riflemen. There, he held his fire until they were almost in his lap. He mowed down more than a platoon of them, jerked his machine gun out before they could zero in on him, and set up again. The ground was covered with moaning and dying Jerries and Bledsoe raked them a couple of more times with machine gun fire. This discouraged further Jerry attempts in this direction.

By radio, "I" Company was picked up on the beach. Pfc. Francis Iseemann, one of the two third platoon men that fought their way back to the command post, volunteered to go to the beach and guide "I" Company in. They really came in. "I" Company men swarmed all over the big tank in our yard; opening the hatch they killed all the Jerries inside.

"Spread out with their wounded in the middle, the two companies made a skirmish line and headed for the beach. The Germans had the beach pocketed by artillery fire, and some of our boats were damaged, but we used what was left," said First Sgt. Tesch.

35 came over with the command post group. Isolated groups of Americans left the town early in the morning, made the beach, and got across. Others came over under cover of the morning mist after sunup, until of the original 140, 70 made their way back.

98 German prisoners were captured. 60 were ferried across on the morning of the 6th. The remaining 38 were turned loose with instructions to give the Americans that might be captured alive, decent treatment.

Corporal Francis F. Phelps, a parachute medic, unarmed, surrendered when surrounded during the breakthrough at dusk. A German corporal shot him in the chest. The bullet glanced off a rib, Phelps dropped, played dead, and afterwards crept down to the beach where he was evacuated. His wound was reported as slight.

Private Alexander Mikita reached the beach after the last boat had left. Peeling off his clothes he swam back, being carried down stream 6 miles before he reached the other side.

"A" Company felt disgraced, being the first men in their regiment ever to retreat before an enemy force. However, they were

known to have stopped and disorganized two battalions of German paratroops. With no effective antitank weapons they had held their positions and objective while Tiger tanks wandered all over the town. Captain Pease placed a conservative estimate of enemy dead at 200 with countless more wounded. The German high command in the "sack," fearing a full scale river crossing had the landing beach under artillery fire for the next forty-eight hours, and diverted the Third Paradivision with squadrons of heavy tanks from important "sack" fronts to line them on the river. Artillery observers reported lines of infantry digging along the river bank. A significant fact: American Forces drove 13 miles further into the other end of the weakened German lines on the following day.

Not only will it be recorded for posterity as one of the finest demonstrations of American fighting courage, it will also go down as a tactical success that shortened the battle of the "sack" by weeks.

Soon after Hitdorf, German resistance in the "sack" collapsed and the 82nd settled down to an occupation role with the new 15th Army, but the vacation was short lived. German resistance had been pushed to Northern and Southern Germany and we were called on to join our old friends of the British Second Army, fighting along the Elbe in Mecklenburg.



Kamerad — Alles Kaput!



Poles and Russians listen to the 82nd (508) swingband on 1 o'clock jump.

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*Papooshka
guards her 1st
orange.*

82nd Men give big party for Russians and Poles they liberated in Germany

While covering the West side of the famed Ruhr "sack" 82nd men also had in their care thousands of Russian, Polish, French, Belgian, Dutch, Slavakian and Italian slave laborers liberated when Allied Armies overran Western Germany. Nearly ten million people had been enslaved and removed from their homes to do war work in Germany. This unprecedented forced migration of people was perhaps the greatest in Hitler's long list of crime against humanity.

Largest groups were the Ukrainians and Poles, who have had to await conquest of Central Germany before they could be shipped home. Poorly - fed and cruelly



Polkas were popular — these slave laborers had been given no parties by the SS.

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treated by their German captors, these people were overjoyed by the meager captured food supplies and limited accommodations which the Allies could provide.

Russian reaction to the 82nd Swingband, however, was not quite so enthusiastic. Thousands showed up for the show at the Russian Displacement Center, but few seemed to understand the music. Each number was followed by loud applause, apparently out of courtesy, but it remained for the "Beer Barrel Polka" and the "Volga Boatman" to stir any visible emotion during the actual playing. The emotional spontaneity claimed by American Swing addicts was lacking, which might prove that in swing, as well as in classical music exposure and education are necessary for appreciation.

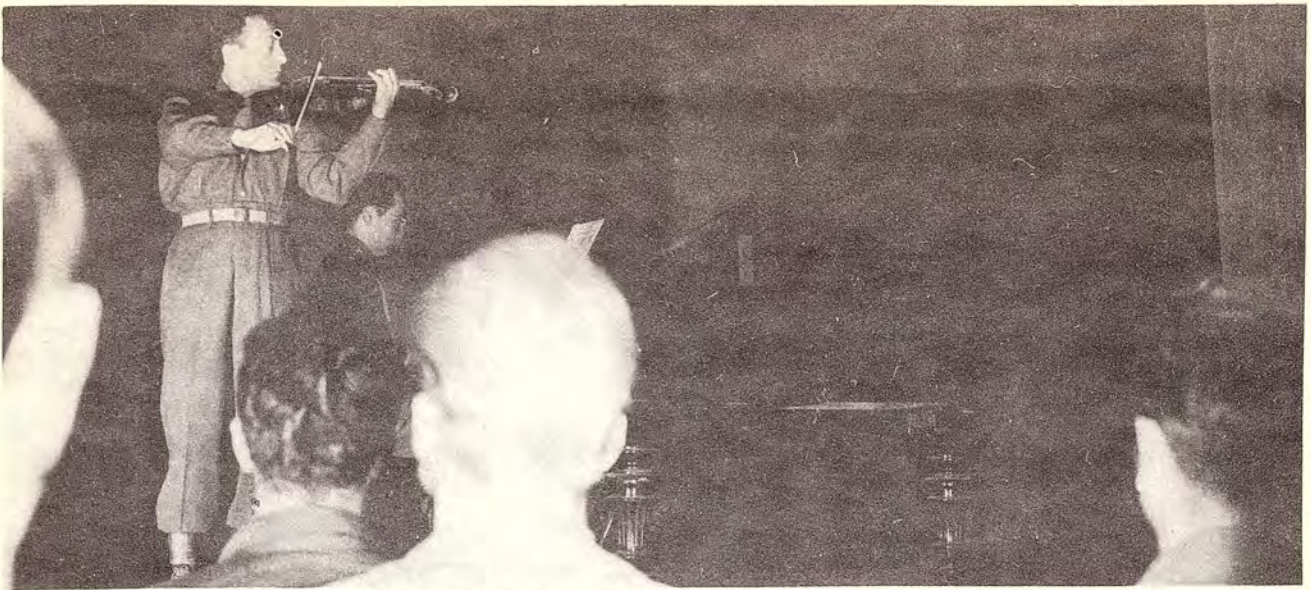
The following day 12 Russians put on a show of their own for the paratroopers.



We are going home to the Ukraine, son.



Monday is washday, and cleanliness is next to godliness even in D. P. camps.



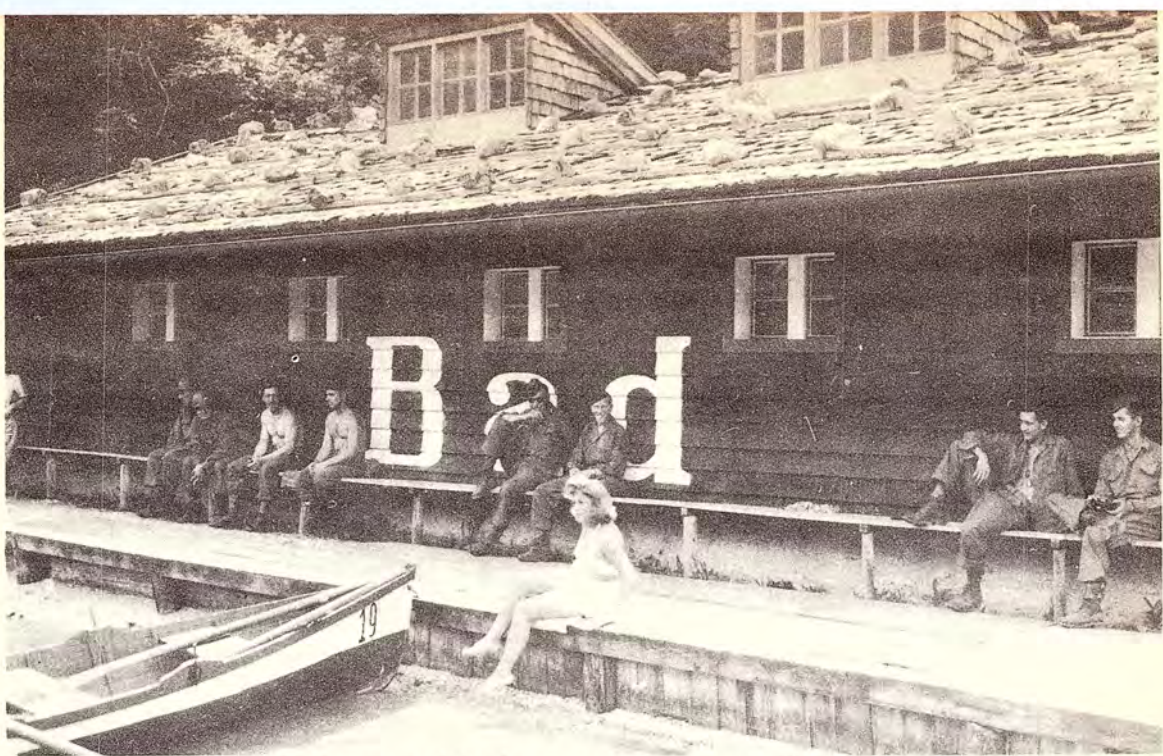
Joshua Heifitz fiddles while Cologne burns at a U. S. O. concert for the 82nd.



Always active 82nd Artillery Liaison pilots and their tiney cubs spent many hours over enemy lines.



General Gavin tells his troops the shocking news after President Roosevelt's death.



Fraternization was out "but you can't blame a guy for looking."



Bridges were usually out.



"You said it Brother."

Memorial Ceremony to President Roosevelt in Weiden, Germany.





The soldier without a country—Berlin, 1945.



Across the Elbe near Ludwigslust — war ends for the Eighty-second.



"Monty"

"The fame of this division will long shine in history and other generations besides our own will honour its deeds."

Montgomery of Alamein
Field Marshal
Commander-in-Chief
British Army of the Rhine



82nd troopers in British Buffalos cross the Elbe at Bleckede in the final campaign of the war.

Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery and Major Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway check the Elbe bridgehead. Said Ridgway, "The worst enemy artillery barrage since the Merderet in Normandy."

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Central Europe

82nd ELBE BRIDGEHEAD LAST IN EUROPE

BLECKEDE, GERMANY — Bridgehead-Beachhead No. 11 for elements of the 82nd "All American" Airborne Division was made on April 30 when the 82nd crossed the Northern Elbe at Bleckede for the last bridgehead in the European War. It is befitting that the Skyborne Soldiers who made the last bridgehead assault were also in on the initial sock at Festung Fortress Europa two years before when they made the D-Day drop into Sicily July 9, 1943.

Making the initial assault was the 505th Parachute Combat Team which also made the initial jump into Sicily two years earlier. Within 24 hours the assault team had pushed 10,000 yards. The 504th and 325th Combat Teams moved through and with the aid of their old friends from Combat Command B of the 7th Armored and the 740th Tank Bn. pushed 52,000 yards by the second evening. Consolidating the huge arc, the Division busied itself taking German prisoners by the tens of thousands and waited for the oncoming Russians.



Above—The "Recons." were briefed for the initial crossing. They handled their own assault boats in the absence of Engineers. Our Regiments were still on their way from the Rhineland.



The following morning 82nd men (505) in British Buffalos were making the last bridgehead in Europe across the Elbe at Bleckede just as they had made the 1st in Sicily almost 2 years before.



British Long Toms and our own 75's paved the way as German railroad and coastal artillery guns let us have everything in a desperate last ditch defense.



Engineers were shelled mercilessly as they built the pontoon bridge across the Elbe but they succeeded as always,

With typical Airborne aggressiveness the 82nd Airborne, seaborne, footborne mud sloggers had gotten off their French 40 and 8'er railroad freight cars after a restless three day ride to go right into the fight. The night before the assault when Division Reconnaissance Patrols crossed the river neither the engineers who were to man the assault boats nor the regiment which was to make the assault had arrived from Cologne on the 350 mile train ride.

The Russians were met amid scenes of wild jubulation on May 3 and one war for the 82nd was unofficially over. Prior to the Bleckede-Elbe operation in Northern Germany the "All Americans" had played a major role in the operation to close the Ruhr Sack. In both operations Major Gen.

"Jimmy" Gavin's boys of the 82nd were under the 18th Airborne Corps commanded by Major Gen. "Matt" Ridgway, erstwhile 82nd commander.

Other beachhead-bridgeheads established or assaulted by elements of the 82nd include skydrop assaults on Sicily, Salerno, Normandy, and Holland; a sea entry at Anzio, and the vital river crossing assaults at the Volturno, Douve, Merderet, Maas, Waal, Rhine, and Elbe rivers.

During their 371 combat days "Sim Jim's" boys had fought in 6 countries and been assigned or attached to every British, American or Canadian Army except the British 8th which they fought beside throughout Italy.



The big brass were right up in front checking everything. Three of our oldest friends, Dempsey of the British Second Army, Montgomery of the 21st Army Group and Ridgway of the 18th Airborne Corps.

The Engineers—

Mine detectors worked overtime on the roads across the Elbe — A new German mine did this (below).



For this German Soldier there would be no surrender.



The Race to the End

from *Daredevil Tankers* by Lt.-Col. G. K. Rubel

AT 0530 hours on the morning of the 1st of May, Lieutenant Ledbetter with a 7-tank platoon (from the 740th tank Bn.) joined the First Battalion of the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment and crossed the start line with ten paratroopers on the back of each tank. They pushed southeast to the town of Zuckan, a distance of about 20 miles from Bleckede.

During this attack, a tank commander who had joined the Battalion at Duren in March, and who had not worked with the 82nd Airborne Division, called back to Captain Wright on his radio and asked whether the troops he could see out in front of him were enemy or friendly forces. Captain Wright assured him that they were our own paratroopers. The Sergeant was amazed that they were up abreast and even in front of the tanks, spread out in a wide attack. During his experience he had always had to look back to the rear to find the infantrymen. He radioed back to Captain Wright that he sure wished he could have had soldiers like these with him all the time. A few minutes later I heard him call Captain Wright again on the radio and say, "Believe it or not, Captain, four paratroopers on bicycles just passed my tank and are now spearheading. More power to them." A few minutes later he radioed, "Good Lord, here comes a horse and buggy loaded with about eight paratroopers — they are now passing me." Just a little later he again called and said, "Captain, this is the damndest thing I ever saw; look over there to the left; there's about

twenty men riding horses; they are paratroopers and are they rounding up Jerries."

I cut in on the conversation at this time and asked the tank commander how the four paratroopers who had passed him riding bicycles were getting along, and he told me that they were doing fine, but had changed to horses. I imagine that by the time this Battalion made its objective they were mounted, practically to a man, on something — a horse, wagon, or bicycle. These paratroopers were rugged individuals. They would walk into a hail of enemy machine gun fire with no more concern than you and I would show in walking into the rain with a raincoat on. They took what they needed as they went along to make their job easier, and had a wonderful time while doing it. Later during the day I talked to Colonel Billingslea, who commanded the 325th Glider Infantry, and he told me that I should have seen this outfit come rolling in over the hills when they had missed their drop zone by some 40 miles in Sicily. They marched through enemy lines riding burroughs, and those funny little wagons that have pictures painted on their sides; some drove horses pulling sleds on which their gear had been piled, while others rode donkeys, horses, and a few sported dilapidated liberated autos. They were afraid that when the Corps Commander saw this outfit coming every man would be quartered and drawn, but to their great relief he fairly doubled with laughter when this column struggled into view.



ENTIRE ARMY GIVES UP

German 21st Army Surrenders
to the 82nd Airborne Division

145,000 men jam the division's prisoner-of-war cages.

The 82nd makes history by capturing an entire army.



Lt. General Von Tippelskirch leaves General Gavin's C. P. after making the precedent shattering surrender of an entire German Army to one American Division.

WITH HIS units badly battered and hopelessly caught between overpowering Russian forces on the east and American, British and Canadian ones on the west, Lieutenant General von Tippelskirch surrendered his 21st Army to the 82nd at Ludwigslust on May 3.

General Gavin called the surrender of an entire army to a single division, "without precedent in American military history."

The surrender followed the 82nd's assault across the Elbe River at Bleckede early on the morning of April 30. The crossing was made by boat under what Major M. B. Ridgway, XVIIIth Airborne Corps commander, termed "the heaviest artillery barrage since Normandy." Once across the river, the paratroopers and glidermen rapidly stormed over heavily - mined roads and fields, sweeping all opposition before them and capturing prisoners by the hundreds.

By May 3, prisoners were pouring into the division cages so fast it was impossible to keep an exact tally. Intelligence officers estimated that 150,000 prisoners passed through the division area.



Luftwaff, Wehrmacht, Marines, Sailors, Herronvolk, Paratroopers every conceivable kind of German and Hungarian Service men and women jammed the roads between the 82nd and the Russians to the East. Traveling by car, bicycle, horse or on foot.





Only the Hungarian Calvary stayed in ranks, retaining discipline and order to the last.

Traveling afoot, in horse-drawn carts, by bicycle, automobile and tank, the 145,000 prisoners make an unforgettable spectacle.

In addition to General von Tippelskirch and his entire staff, the 82nd captured nine other general officers and a great deal of lesser "brass."

Vast amounts of enemy equipment were captured or destroyed. A survey of equipment in the division area revealed 2,008 trucks and cars, 109 halftracks, 17 tanks, 197 miscellaneous vehicles, including tractors, motorcycles and busses, 89 trailers, and seven eight-inch howitzers. No attempt was made to tally small arms and light equipment, including horses from 2 Hungarian calvary Divisions. One of our regiments captured nearly 10 horses per man, and paratroopers opened their own race track, "Sour Kraut Downs" complete with mutuels and bookies.

For more than 36 hours after General von Tippelskirch's surrender, German soldiers poured through the division lines by the thousands. Even in Sicily, where 20,000 prisoners surrendered to the division, the troopers had seen nothing like it. Germans poured in from every direction, swamping prisoner-of-war facilities. They were simply disarmed and herded onto roads leading to the rear. With the Russians at their backs, they needed no prodding.

Roads were jammed almost beyond description. The Germans moved in convoy, not as a military body, but as refugees fleeing the scene of disaster. One could ride along the "front" for miles and not see the end or the beginning of the monstrous queue. A trip of a few miles took hours.

It was the most conglomerate convoy imaginable. With the soldiers were many women and children. Some were



First the Army, then civilians and finally displaced persons in an endless pilgrimage.



82nd men took prisoners in a ratio of 20 Germans to every trooper.

refugees; others apparently had lived with the soldiers for a long time.

Many of the procession rode in Wehrmacht trucks, trailers, tracked vehicles and automobiles. Many others rode in wagons, resting on bundles of hay for their horses. The convoy moved on anything with wheels . . . bicycles . . . charcoal-burning and gasoline civilian autos . . . all manner of carts: ox-drawn, hand-drawn, tractor-drawn.

Many walked until they could walk no farther, then flung themselves along the roadside until they recovered enough strength to push on.

The soldiers were much neater in appearance than those the troopers dug out of mountain crags in Italy, or hedgerows in Normandy or forests in Belgium. There was a great range in their ages. Some of them must have borne arms for Kaiser Wilhelm; others had no need of razors.

All night and all day the rattle of wagons, the clop of hoofs, the rumble of vehicles echoed along the German roads.

These were the once-proud men of the Wehrmacht who overran all Western Europe, spilled over into Africa and were at the gates of Stalingrad and Cairo. But, in the first week of May, 1945, theirs was not an army of conquest; it was an army of defeat.

The defeated army was not flanked by rows of shimmering swastikas as it once was. On every side, crude, home-made white flags flew from every house. The army marched over bridges marked for demolition, but never blown. It wound through towns still standing. The Germans did not choose to fight here; their villages were not leveled like so many they had left behind them all over Europe.

The Germans seemed neither elated nor dejected. They had given up the war. They were intent only upon getting away from it.

THE LAST MILE

This is the story of the most unbelievable sight in two years of combat for the skytroopers of the 82nd All American Airborne Division.

Through Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Holland, Belgium, and all over western and northern Germany the troopers fought, but never in that abundance of unforgettable experiences did anything stamp a deeper impression than the surrender of the 21st Germany Army at the Bleckede Bridgehead in north Germany. Once in Sicily, 20,000 beaten Italians had surrendered to the All American Paratroopers, but then the Germans had laughed, "Italians were but little children beside the super race." Now, almost two years later, the same 82nd Division once more sees a mass surrender through its battle tested lines. This time it's a German surrender, not a paltry 20,000, but an estimated 150,000, jamming the roads in the disorganized hoards of a beaten army, a beaten people; the same type disorganized stampede that had brought on German sneers two years earlier when the people of another beaten dictator could no longer see honor, hope, or salvation in death and destruction.



Wehrmacht army nurses, ambulances, kitchen wagons



French DPs. pass Russian tanks.



Horse drawn hospital units.



Soldier wives, children, mistresses appeared in every conceivable kind of conveyance.

The Troopers Return

WHEN THE 82nd made its initial leap into Sicily, many paratroopers landed in widely scattered groups. Dropped in a hornet's nest of Heinies, they fought furiously inflicting casualties on 7 times their number, but some were surrounded, exhausted and captured by the Germans. 2 years later, a few days before V-E day many of these Sicilian veterans returned to the same 82nd Division this time on the lower Elbe. "The first free Yank we saw," said Pvt. Bill Grisez, who looks like Buffalo Bill, "was a Sicilian veteran from the same gang we jumped with. He told us we'd missed the show at Salerno, Volturno, Anzio, Normandy, Holland, the Bulge, the Siegfried Line, and the Elbe, but let me tell you we did some traveling too. Why in Sicily we never even had time to open our K rations. First they took us to a transient Prison Camp near Naples. I hear you lucky stiffs took that town later and then occupied it for a while. Anyhow we were only there 2 weeks and they shipped us by train to Staleg 2 B at Hammerstein near the German-Polish border. The trip took 6 nights and 5 days." "Hey Bill, tell them about the maggots at Hammerstein," chimed in John Rinkovsky, Russian speaking American who had jumped the same plane as Grisez and more recently helped talk them through the Russian lines. "Oh yes," Bill said, "They called it barley soup. It was all we got so we ate it anyway, but that barley was full of worms. We were so damned hungry we had to pick the worms out and try to forget it, but it sure wasn't like this chow we're getting now. Some couldn't stand it, but hell, I'm sure healthy.

"From Staleg 2B they forced us to go to labor farms. Let me tell you about the American Red Cross. Those people saved our lives. Twice the Geneva people came around, and I guess the Germans were afraid to hold out on us, because regular as clockwork, in came the Red Cross boxes. They sent us new uniforms too. Our old

Bill
Grisez



ones were in rags. I've hung on to this jump jacket though. They got our boots, all but Garcia here, he fought like hell and somehow talked them into letting him keep his. You usually don't talk those people into anything. We were pretty well skin and bones till the Red Cross Packages started coming. I'll take my 'tam' off to them anytime. The Germans always said the chocolates and coffee were American propaganda." "We'd stop 'em cold on that," Lindsey popped in. "We asked them if they could eat any of their propaganda?"

"Speaking of propaganda," said Dick Rooney, who joined the un-holy four sometime after his capture at Anzio, "we used to sneak a paper from one of the Polish girls who worked on the farm. The news was always 3 weeks late but we got some of the war news. During the Bulge, the Germans said both the Russian and Allied fronts were being smashed. They really believed they would win."

"Yes," said Bill, who seemed to be the spokesman for the group, "they thought they were going to win, but then the Russians started to attack again. That's when



82nd troopers captured in Sicily and Italy — they escaped to find their Division again.
This time across the Elbe in Northern Germany.

we started our 500 kilometer walk. On the night of the 27th of Jan. the Russians were only 4 miles away from Dick's farm and 12 from mine. They made us march. We were praying to get caught by the Russians but with 3 guard companies it's hard to stall very much. We started out in knee deep snow with home-made sleds. At the end of the first day they made us throw the sleds away and carry everything on our back. It was bitter cold and lots of guys got trench foot, but somehow all of our gang stayed with it, and we've been walking ever since. Two days ago after our guards had thrown down their weapons and run away, we met the Russians. They asked Rinkovsky if we wanted a ride, but we didn't want one. After 500 kilometers, we weren't going to ride the last few miles.

"There were 400 Americans, 300 Frenchies, 100 Serbs, and 300 Russians in our prisoner march from East Prussia. At least that's how many we started with. We used to tell them the Russians were right behind us. They were scared to death. They honestly believed that the Germans and Americans were going to join and fight the

Russians. Those guards had their families, mistresses, and everything with them. It got so bad near the end that we had to laugh. A couple of days ago they all took off. They wanted us to take them prisoner, but we told 'em we didn't want to cheat our Russian allies out of their prize catch. We got these Lugers when they took off. For 2 years they had us where they wanted us. I wonder where they are now. Nobody even wants them.

"Boy were we ever surprised when we recognized the 1st Yank we saw. I still don't know his name but he had that good old 82nd "AA" Patch on and I know he jumped with us in Sicily. They tell me there aren't many of those fellows left. That was the tightest bunch of Joes I ever hope to see. Well anyhow we're back and it's great. Boy were we surprised. We kept hearing of the old 82nd all over Europe. I guess you guys have fought in more countries than any of the divisions. We thought sure you'd be home by now. We've had a long rest, how about us trading places with a couple of the old gang? They can go home and we've got a couple of personal scores to settle."

WE MEET THE RUSSIANS!



German stragglers still lingered by the wayside as the first Russian tanks lumbered into view.





82nd Recons and Russian tankers join hands at Grabow.



THE PALACE AT LUDWIGSLUST



HEADQUARTERS 82D AIRBORNE DIVISION
Office of the Division Commander

LUDWIGSLUST, GERMANY
2 May 1945

Div. Headquarters was in the Palace of the Grand Duke where Toppelskirch surrendered his army to the 82nd Division.

I, Lieutenant General von Tippelskirch, Commanding General of 21st German Army hereby unconditionally surrender the 21st German Army, and all of its attachments, and equipment and appurtenances thereto, to the Commanding General of the 82d Airborne Division, United States Army.

LUDWIGSLUST, DEUTSCHLAND
2. Mai 1945

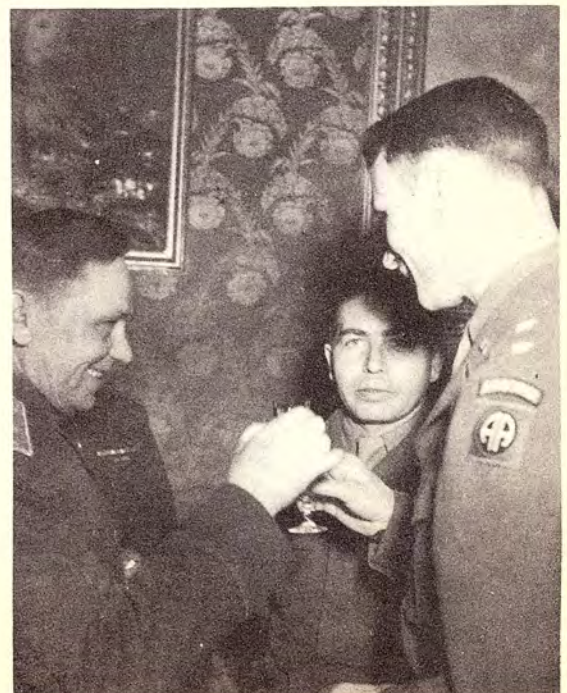
Ich, General der Infanterie von Tippelskirch, kommandierender General der 21. deutschen Armee, uebergebe hiermit bedingungslos die 21. deutsche Armee, und alle ihr unterstellten Einheiten, alle Gerate und deren Zubehoer, an den kommandierenden General der 82. Fallschirmjeger Division, Vereinigte Staaten Armee.

Diese bedingungslose Kapitulation gilt nur für diejenigen Truppen der 21. Armee, welche die amerikanischen Linien passieren.

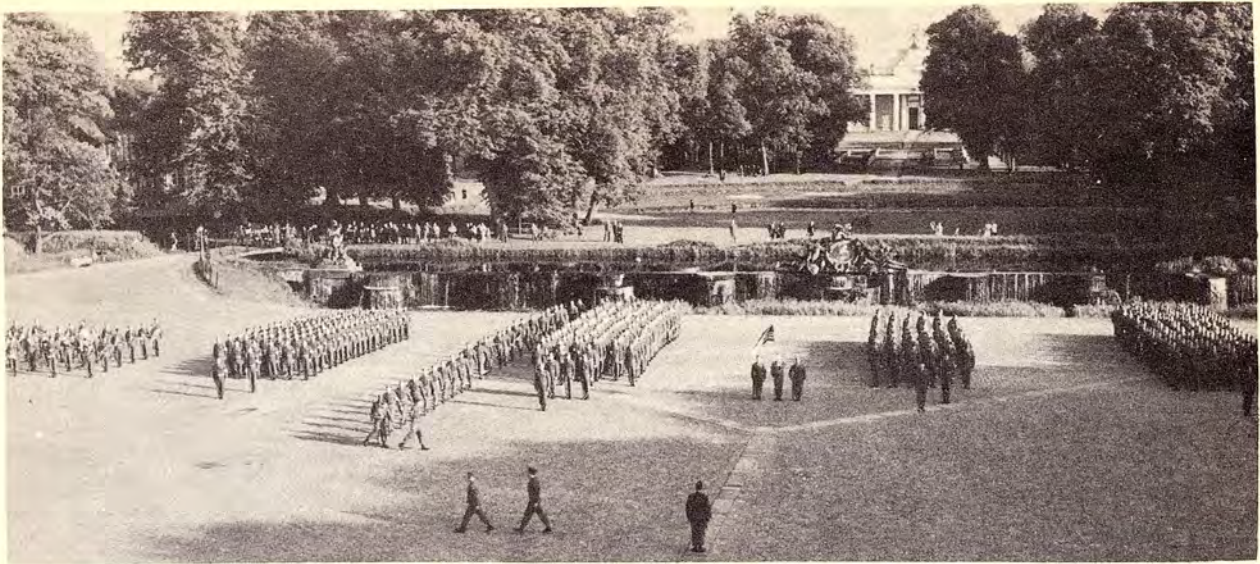
Von Tippelskirch
General der Infanterie.

Tippelskirch

*Approved
Lieutenant General
Major General S. H.*



A toast to a common victory.



The beautiful Palace court was Review Ground for America's sharpest soldiers, Russo-Anglo American relations were never better than in the village of Ludwigslust.



Interpreters had a field day as Anglo-American and Russian generals explained their troop movements on the map.



Time out to play — Russian and American Staffs do a little group singing.



Anglo-American honor guard passes in review for Russian, British and American generals. The honor guard represented the British 6th Airborne, American 82nd Airborne and American 8th Inf. Divs.

Concentration Camp Wobelein

MY GUIDE was Peter G. Martin, 67-year old Paris works manager who two years ago made the mistake of questioning Nazi politics. Somehow, he had had the strength to carry on where younger men died by his side.

The first barracks was filled with Jews. Most were too weak to get up and go outside. We had to step gingerly, because traces of chronic dysentery spotted the already filthy floor. Pitiful starving men lay in the nauseating stench beside those already dead. Living and dead were side-by-side, only the blue black skin color of the dead to differentiate between the two. One man, still strong enough to sit up and talk, was crying and jabbering with Peter like a baby. "Why don't you move outside?" I asked him. He reached down and lifted a black greasy bandage from his gaunt leg to reveal a long festering infection with maggots oozing about in the pus.

"He hurt his leg on our trip up here five weeks ago," Peter said. "We worked in the salt mines between Magdeburg and Brunswick. When the Germans heard the Yanks were coming, they shipped us here. It took us eight days in box cars to go 120 miles. We had no water and nothing to eat except a few raw potatoes. At each halt, we got off our box cars to bury the dead. All of us suffered from malnutrition and dysentery. Only the strongest could stand it."

I was about to vomit from the stench, myself, when we finally got back outside. One old pump furnished the water for the 4,000 political prisoners in this enclosure, or should I say 3,000. In the last three weeks, almost a quarter had died of starvation.

The next two living skeletons we saw were Robert and Paul from Budapest. Robert was 23. He had been educated at Chattenhein school in England. His father was a world exporter of ladies' finery in clothes, but they had committed the unpardonable crime of being Jewish, so Robert's mother and dad were killed, and he was



*"Paul"—At 13 a veteran
of 3 years in concentration camps.*

thrown into a concentration camp. He tried to write his name for me, but his fingers wouldn't respond. He humbly apologized for his clumsiness and introduced me to his adopted brother, Paul. Paul was 13. At the age of 10, he had been thrown into a concentration camp. He, too, was a Jew. Paul got the same treatment the others received. His growth was stunted by the complete lack of proper nourishment. Four times, Paul had been to the gas chambers, and four times they had withdrawn him at the last minute, one of a few they always pulled out to tell of the hundreds not given the chance to live or die on the starvation-disease line margin.

The next barracks we hit had been some kind of a washroom. Long cement troughs were filled with filthy water, and beside them strung a border of dead bodies. In the corners were tiers of dead, stacked like logs in a wood pile so that they could be easily



counted. The Germans had been systematic to the last—even in storing the dead. An English speaking Dutchman had joined us. Death had been heaviest among his people whose bodies, long accustomed to rich foods, seemed the first to disintegrate.

He and Peter told of the S. S. Yes, the S. S. had begun to soften up on them gradually after Stalingrad, but it had not helped. The Germans never managed the slave laborers themselves, but turned it over to contemptible internee overseers — released convicts who took out their personal revenue on the peoples of the country who had convicted them, or just for the extra privileges and better food the S. S. permitted them. The Dutchman took off his shirt and showed me half-healed welts dealt him by one of these overseers. In the last week, the



"Why don't you move outside," I asked him. He reached down and lifted a greasy black bandage to reveal his gaunt infected leg.

S. S. had run away turning their weapons over to the convicts. These scum would stand outside the double barbed wire fence and shoot at anything they saw moving.

Only a few of the internees still had the mental or physical strength to feel resentment. Hysteria was common, sanitation was nil, and medical care consisted of advice from the two prisoner doctors who were given no medical supplies.

We heard a commotion outside and walked out. The first Allied wagon of chow had arrived — loaves of black bread and cans of meat from a German warehouse in town. The people were like cattle. They stormed and clawed the wagon; they stepped on each other in the stampede, and they fought like savages over each other's food. One frenzied mad man got up off his sick bed (the black, lousy straw they slept on), ran a few yards and dropped dead in convulsions. *Grown men*, looking more dead than alive, bawled and screamed at my feet to do something—to get them food. One licked the crumbs off the black, scorched ground where three others had torn a loaf of bread apart.

For those of us who came and saw the faces of the living and the rotting bodies of the dead, there can be no forgetting the crimes of the most uncivilized era in the history of the world. There can be no forgetting that the Poles, Czechs, French, Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, Belgians, and the still dying Span-

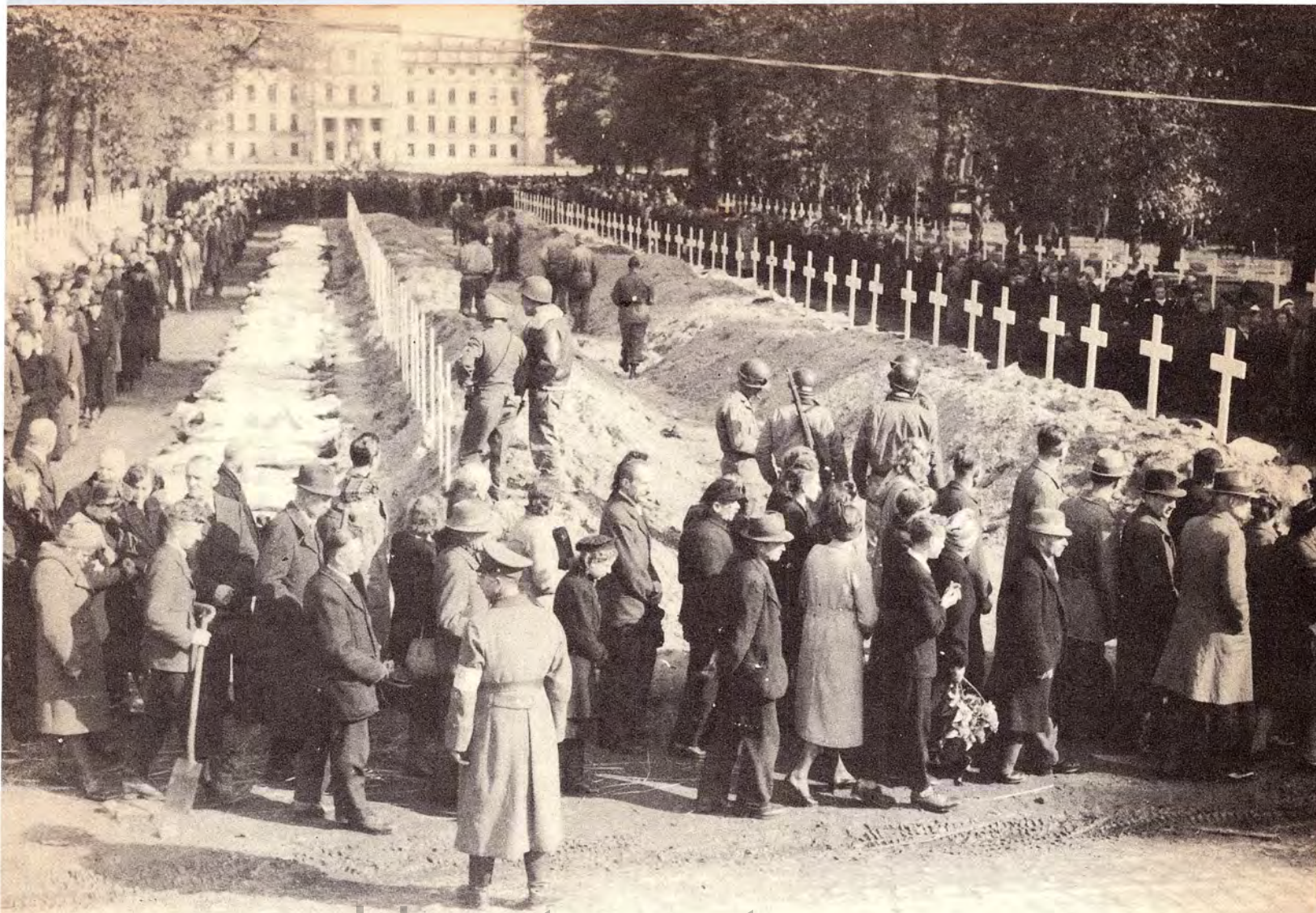


Starving men fought like animals for food from the first bread wagon. Below—The following day men were too weak to move but food had arrived and army doctors dressed their wounds.



Below—Conditions in the neighboring women's camp were almost as bad. For this woman some hope now mingles with the horror of the past.





Ten thousand Germans filed by "or else" but their children and their children's children will want to know, "What manner of men are these buried in the Palace Plaza?"

ish Republicans have no less right to life, food, and happiness than our next door neighbor in Philadelphia, Dallas, or Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

I thanked the old Frenchman and promised I'd let as many as possible know what he'd somehow lived to tell. I wiped the defecation off my Jump boots and climbed into the jeep to go. The old man was smiling, but I didn't have the strength to return the smile.

The battle was over, but not forgotten. In Ludwigslust, Germany, two days after V-E day, the total population was brought out to honor the Dutch, French, Hungarian and Polish dead from the nearby Wobelein Concentration camp. One thousand had died from starvation, victims of the filth and disease of a German prison

camp. Two hundred of these bodies, not already rotted, were brought to the city square and given "proper and reverent" burial by the 82nd Airborne Division Protestant, Catholic and Jewish Chaplains, in the name of a God who respects no super-race but only humanity, regardless of race, creed or color. These miserably desecrated Nazi victims had known more than any of us the reason why we fight, and why we can never permit this to happen again on this earth.

The Germans of Ludwigslust were not happy when representatives from every profession were picked to dig the six-foot burial holes and make the crosses. Neither were they happy when the military government told them that the burial in the town square would

have 100% attendance, or else! They mumbled things about American propaganda and insisted that German civilization had been done an injustice. Then they came, they saw, and they heard what had really happened, with or without their complacent knowledge of what went on four miles from their comfortable homes.

Most of the Germans, hats in hands at the order of G. I.'s, did not appear greatly moved by the sight, but for generations to come they can explain to their children and their children's children the meaning of the big white crosses in the beautiful palace plaza. Ludwigslust can never forget the human beings whom they permitted to starve within an hour's walk from their marble palace and comfortable homes.



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The citizens of Nazi Germany file by the bodies of those whom they persecuted. From housewives to Army Generals the Germans were made to pay their respects and see what they had allowed to go on in their country.



The Chaplain's Burial Address

By MAJOR GEORGE B. WOODS

"WE ARE assembled here today before God and in the sight of man to give a proper and reverent burial to the victims of atrocities committed by armed forces in the name and by the order of the German Government. These 200 bodies were found by the American army in a concentration camp 4 miles north of the city of Ludwigslust.

"The crimes here committed in the name of the German people and by their acquiescence were minor compared to those to be found in concentration camps elsewhere in Germany. Here there were no gas chambers, no crematories; these men of Holland, Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and France were simply allowed to starve to death. Within 4 miles of your comfortable homes 4,000 men were forced to live like animals, deprived even of the food you would give to your dogs. In three weeks 1,000 of these men were starved

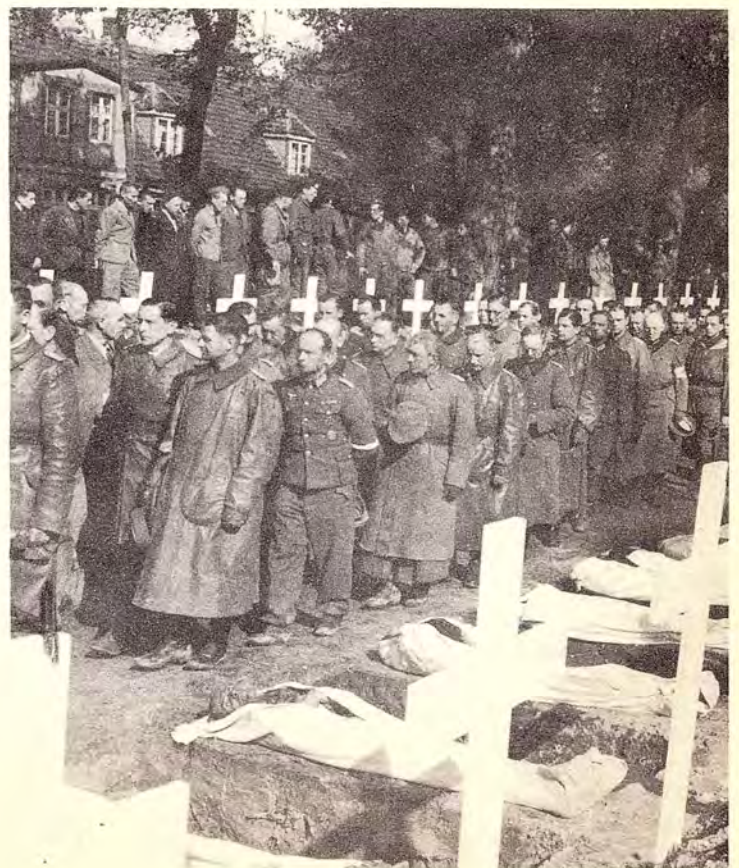
to death; 800 of them were buried in pits in the nearby woods. These 200 who lie before us in these graves were found piled 4 and 5 feet high in one building and lying with the sick and dying in other buildings.

"The world has long been horrified at the crimes of the German nation; these crimes were never clearly brought to light until the armies of the United Nations overran Germany. This is not war as conducted by the international rules of warfare. This is murder such as is not even known among savages.

"Though you claim no knowledge of these acts you are still individually and collectively responsible for these atrocities, for they were committed by a government elected to office by yourselves in 1933 and continued in office by your indifference to organized brutality. It should be the firm resolve of the German people that never again should any leader

or party bring them to such moral degradation as is exhibited here.

It is the custom of the United States Army through its Chaplain's Corps to insure a proper and decent burial to any deceased person whether he be civilian, or soldier, friend, or foe, according to religious preference. The Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces has ordered that all atrocity victims be buried in a public place, and that the cemetery be given the same perpetual care that is given to all military cemeteries. Crosses will be placed at the heads of the graves; a stone monument will be set up in memory of these deceased. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish prayers will be said by Chaplains Wood, Hannan and Wall of the 82nd Airborne Division for these victims as we lay them to rest and commit them to the hands of our Heavenly Father in the hope that the world will not again be faced with such barbarity."



DAN BOST—"ALL AMERICAN" JUMPER

There can be no such animal as a typical parachutist. Every Eighty-Second Airborne Trooper is by the nature of his mode of warfare an individualist of the first rank. His deeds individually and collectively are legend in the annals of American courage and initiative. His personality is as unpredictable as his dependability in combat.

Not the least amazing of the cocky lads who do not typify anything or anybody is Sgt. Dan Bost, ex-Detroit stunt jumper with 147 jumps to his credit.



Dan with a group of volunteers waits to load up. "Now listen here Dan, no funny stuff. Don't be taking any chances."

SEVEN YEARS ago civilian Dan Bost was working in Detroit, Michigan, when he got the idea that jumping out of a plane looked like fun. He tried it and has never changed his mind since. His name early became a watchword around Midwestern airports as he tumbled out of one barnstorming plane after another. "On weekends I'd jump at the local airports to attract crowds," Bost says. "They used to pay a little but it isn't the pay at all. You couldn't pay a civilian enough to jump if he didn't want to. In the Army it's different. It takes a lot of 'guts' to jump in the Army but as a civilian nobody is depending on you. You either like it or you don't. I like it. We didn't have the good chutes then that we have now, but we didn't have to 'walk down a flak ally' in the middle of the night and the sky wasn't full of planes and other parachutes."

"They used to go for that Bat Man stuff. It's simple. You make the suits yourself out of canvas and an old suit of overalls. I used to jump out of the plane at about 10,000 feet with wings spread. You soar back

and forth like a flying squirrel then pull your arms into your side and really tear through space."

It was this earthbound plummet which used to bring the gasps out of the crowds at picnics and homecomings. At the last moment the tiny white chute always streamed out of its case and opened to float earthward with its daredevil batman dangling safely beneath the canopy.

Another favorite stunt to draw the crowds to his friends airports was Dan's famous malfunction drop. In those days all jumping was "free jump" and there was no emergency chute. The crowd knew this and it was a play on this knowledge which made Bost's malfunction drop such a heart pounding sensation.

As Dan displayed his threadbare equipment and got into the rickety old plane an announcer would begin his build up over the public address system. As far as the crowd knew Dan was simply to make a high altitude jump and that in itself would

have been thrilling enough. As the plane approached the pre-designated height for the jump, however, the announcer would have the crowd worked up to a feverish suspense with his commentary. Then out would come the speck, named Bost, spinning dizzily earthward. Everything was routine so far. The announcer chatted endlessly, to add to the zeal. What's the matter? Why doesn't the chute open? Why doesn't he pull the ripcord? Dan, Dan, are you sick? Have you gone mad? Why don't you pull that ripcord?

Suddenly silk began to blouse out from the tiny form. The crowd breathed a sigh of relief and the announcer gave them a second to relax, but only a second and then the real show started. Instead of releasing his parachute the growing speck up there was pulling a bed sheet out of his leather jacket, shaking it in the wind currents caused by his earthward tumble. The crowd went wild. "Malfunction!" shouted the announcer. "Call an ambulance! Keep calm!" But the crowd

needed no further prodding from the commentator. All eyes were straining skyward. In the split seconds involved those strained faces went through the whole horrible accident they fancied unfolding. His chute had collapsed. It would never open. He was getting nearer and nearer to earth. It was horrible, a helpless horror. They could do nothing to save him. Women screamed and fainted. Men turned away rather than see the awful end.

But Dan, who is remarkably aware of every movement around him, even when plummeting through space, was getting a big "charge" out of the whole affair. Just at the 500 foot elevation at which law requires stunt jumpers to pull their chutes, or maybe a little closer ("whose going to measure the altitude up there"), Dan pulled his rip cord and the wrinkled, old patched chute that had done the trick so many times before caught the wind,

as if on signal, and billowed open. Dan floated to earth smiling at a very grateful and relieved crowd. For this stunt used to attract customers to the flying fields Dan was paid the large sum of ten dollars.

Four years later Dan was to use his army version of this same stunt for the betterment of international relations although strictly on his own and without the sanction of Uncle Sam.

Lt. General Tchepourkin, famous Russian Cossack General, was coming to our C. P. in Ludwigslust, Germany for a visit, and volunteers were selected to stage a jump. Cpl. Bost wasted no time in electing himself as one of those to make the General's visit a pleasant one. Bed sheets in this man's army have become as scarce as hot and cold running plumbing but only the malfunction drop would do and Dan was not to be denied even if it meant going feminine with a conficated lace window curtain. The wind was pretty high

for jumping but something like a little wind wouldn't stop the Cossacks and it wasn't going to stop the jumpers regardless of the slight difference in methods of locomotion. The C-47 Dakotas, themselves veterans of several combat parachute and glider drops, came in over the field at two thousand feet and out came the volunteers. Most pulled their ripcords early, but not Bost. Trailing his lace curtain streamer, he hurdled earthward as the Russians anxiously sweated and then chalked him up for lost. Somewhere under 500 feet, the accepted safety limit, Dan threw away his streamer and pulled the ripcord. The billowing silk, not only caught him up just short of the ground, but his timing and windy calculation had been perfect. He landed more gently than any on the field.

The Russians went wild. Even the "All Americans" who knew Dan's record, had sweated this one out, and while they couldn't openly show their anxiety (Veteran jumpers never do), they were as anxious as the Russians about that final opening. General Tchepourkin ran out on the field to greet the brave American. The bashful Bost, still stepping out of his harness, was overwhelmed. The famous Russian General kissed him on both checks, and pinned his own Russian Guards medal on Dan's jump jacket. The medal, awarded for bravery and excellence, was the first awarded to an 82nd trooper by the Russians. It was but a fitting climax to top the exciting career of a man whose courage, daring, and keenness are outstanding, even among the veterans of the "devils with baggy pants."



A medal and a kiss was the Russian's response to Dan's brave feat.

Berlin

worldwarty.com



a roofless symbol
of a ruthless order



"No enemy bomb will ever drop on German soil."—Hermann Goering.



The "All American" Honor Guard parades before the Brandenburg Gate—Berlin 1945.

82nd—America's Honor Guard in Berlin

BERLIN was still chaos and confusion when the Eighty-second arrived in July, 1945 to take over the task of policing and patrolling the American sector of the city. Despite ruined buildings and a defeated Nazi Empire, Berlin was probably the most cosmopolitan of the international capitals in the postwar world. Here in the remains of the once proud German capital military and civil authorities mixed with scientific observers, politicians, entertainers and the fourth estate from virtually all of the United Nations. Answers to the secrets of the beaten German war machine were to

be found in the capital. Here also 4 great powers divided responsibility for government and put into practice their own theories about reconversion of Germany as a potential democracy. Resources were low and had to be rationed and allocated where they would do the most good. But most important of all Berlin had to be completely stripped of ex-Nazis and any potential military threat.

Protecting and developing American interests in this city of international intrigue was the Eighty-second Airborne Division. The troopers known in combat as the "Devils in

the Baggy Pants" had to retain their readiness for action but they now must also be "America's Honor Guard" in Berlin. White bootlaces and scarves were carved from Parachute shrouds and silk. White gloves, and chromium bayonets were added and the Eighty-second in full dress was on guard in Berlin. Administration was smoothed out, German civilians were lined in queue, and the Eighty-second settled down to enjoyable and profitable months learning the ways of other peoples while guarding, parading, and receiving dignitaries by the score.

“IN ALL MY YEARS
IN THE ARMY AND
OF ALL THE HONOR
GUARDS I’VE EVER
SEEN, THE 82nd
BERLIN HONOR
GUARD IS THE
BEST.”

General George S. Patton

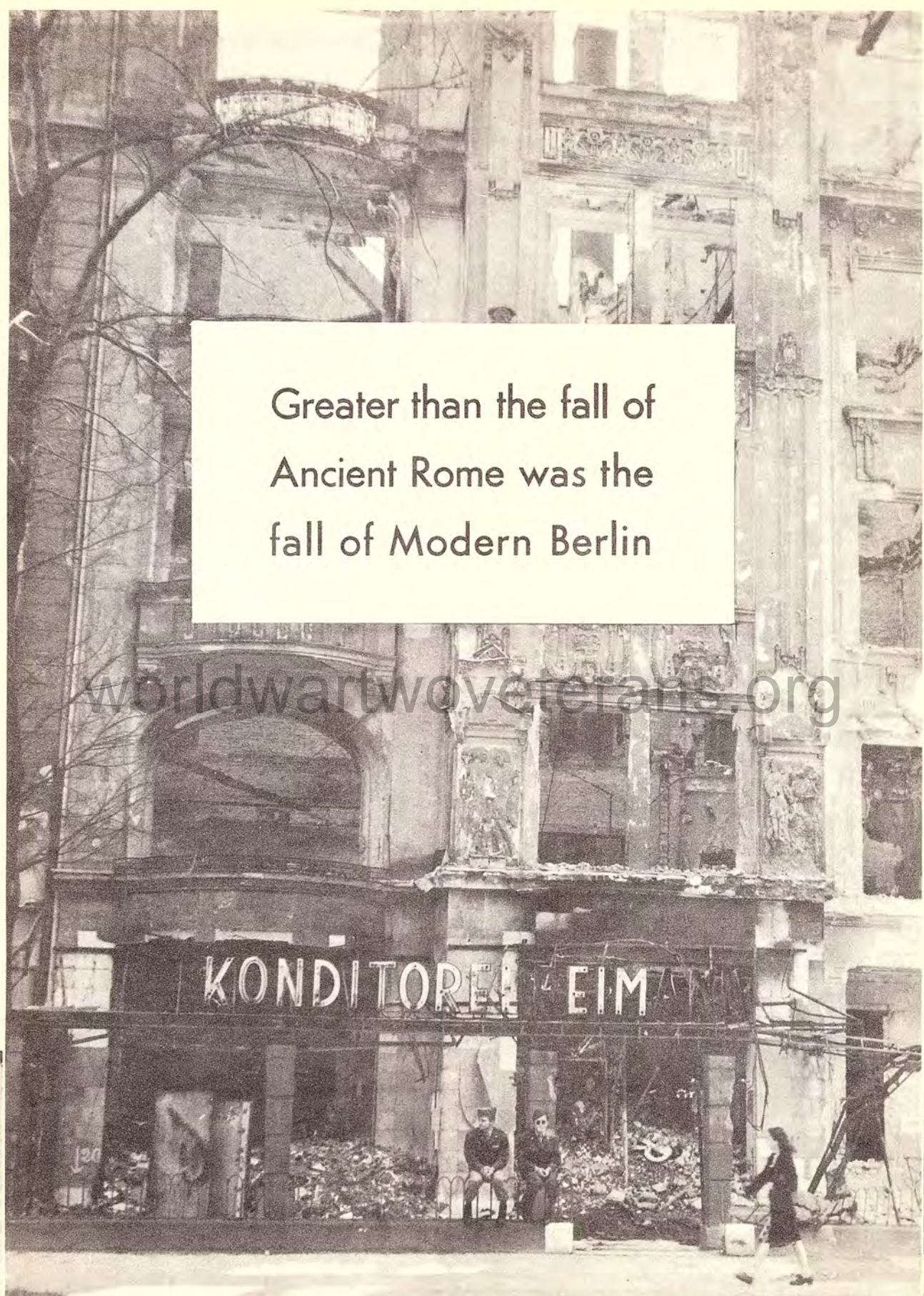
V-J DAY, 1945



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Presentation of colors in ceremony at Templehoff Airdrome when the 82nd was awarded the "Belgian Fourragere 1940."



Greater than the fall of
Ancient Rome was the
fall of Modern Berlin

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KONDI TOREI EIM





A BERLIN TOUR

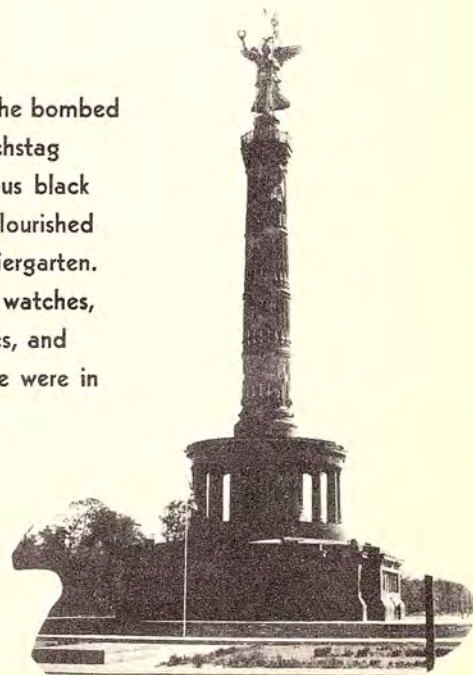


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Just inside the British sector of Berlin was the Kaiser church.



Left—
Behind the bombed out Reichstag a fabulous black market flourished in the Tiergarten. Jewelry, watches, cigarettes, and chocolate were in demand.



The French Tricolor flies over Bismarck's victory column symbol of German victory in the Franco-Prussian War.



Americans walk through ancient Brandenburg separating the British and Russian sector.



Jesting on Hitler's Balcony.



The trees blow no more on Unter den Linden.



Hitler's Berlin home had air conditioning courtesy U .S. 8th AF.
The Sports Palast



veterans.org



Many fine statues stood unscarred by
bombs in down town Berlin.

Congressmen—Diplomats—Soldiers The 82nd was their Host in Berlin



U. S. Congressmen and Russian generals watched the 82nd do its stuff in Berlin.



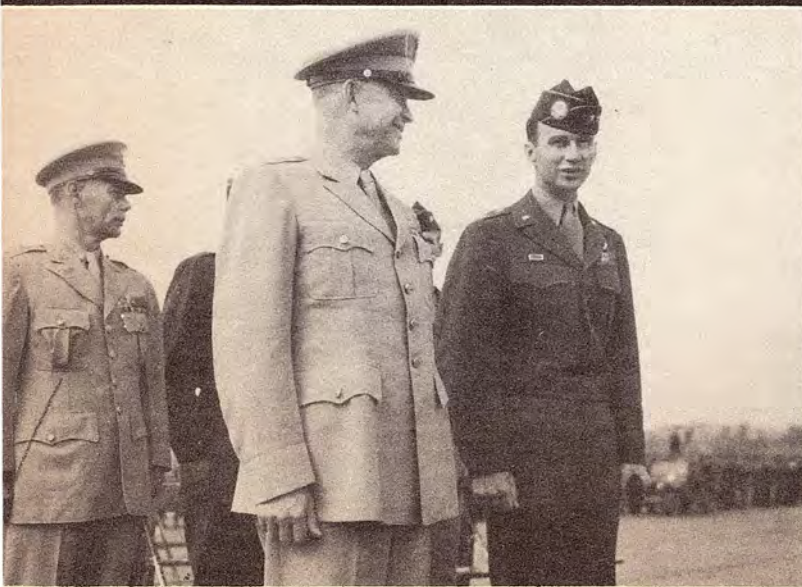
Eisenhower and Zhukov salute our colors.



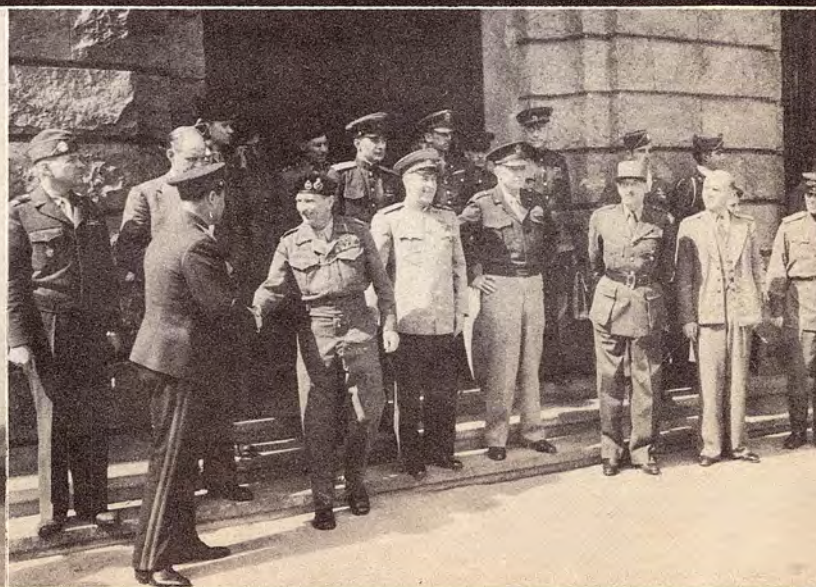
Patton, Zhukov at Allied V-J Day parade.



Zhukov and Gavin at Templehoff review.



Eisenhower and Gavin watch a training jump at Templehoff.



Flag raising ceremony at the Komandatura brought out 4 power Supreme Commanders.



The Eighty-second honor guard met visiting celebrities at Templehoff Airdrome.



The Belgian Minister of National Defense presented the Belgian Fourragere 1940 to the 82nd in a royal order.

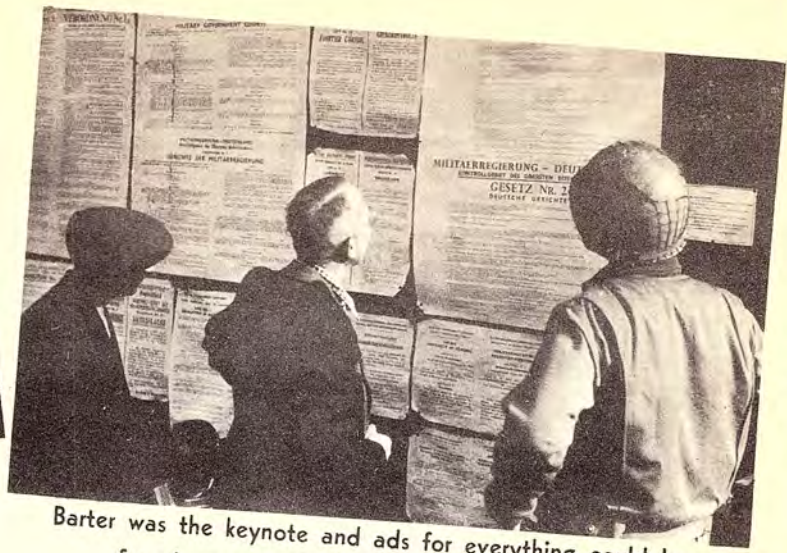


Ike and Slim Jim explain the technical points of Airborne warfare to American Congressmen.

The Dutch War Minister presented the Willem's Ord to the Division in an unprecedented ceremony.



The suburban Steiglitz—the 82nd Division command post.



Barter was the keynote and ads for everything could be found posted with military government order.



Honor Guard on parade Olympic Stadium—Berlin.



Dogfaces of the Eighty-second read the Paraglide—Europe's biggest newspaper.



Russo-American horse play in the tiergarten.



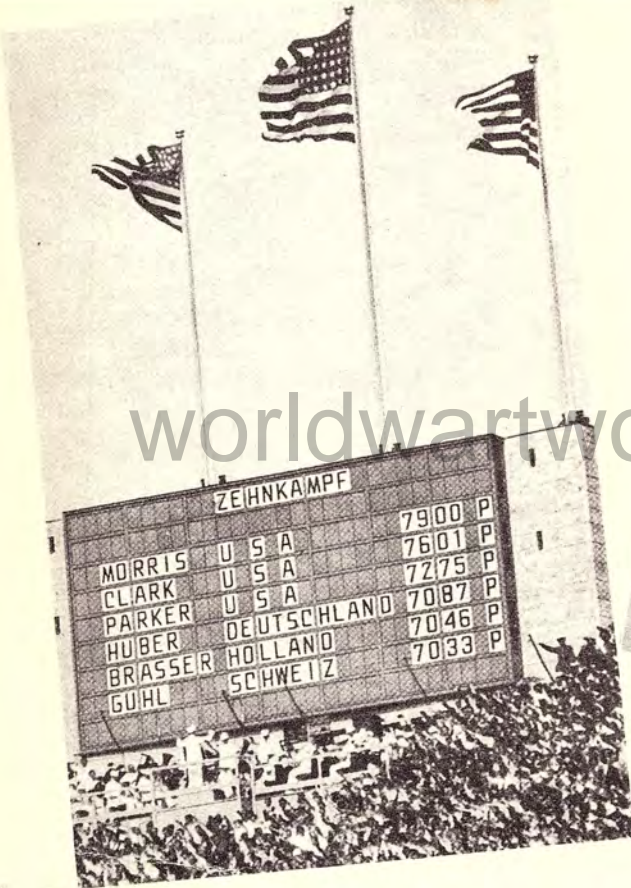
Royal Dutchman Smithers and Schmidt are honored for their role at Nijmegen a year before.



The Parade of Champions—The U. S. team at the international allied games was 1/2 Eighty-second.



The 82nd played all home football games in Hitler's Olympic Stadium.



A wee bit of Russian advertising everybody took pictures of Uncle Joe.



Hungry German children picked the garbage out of G. I. mess kits.



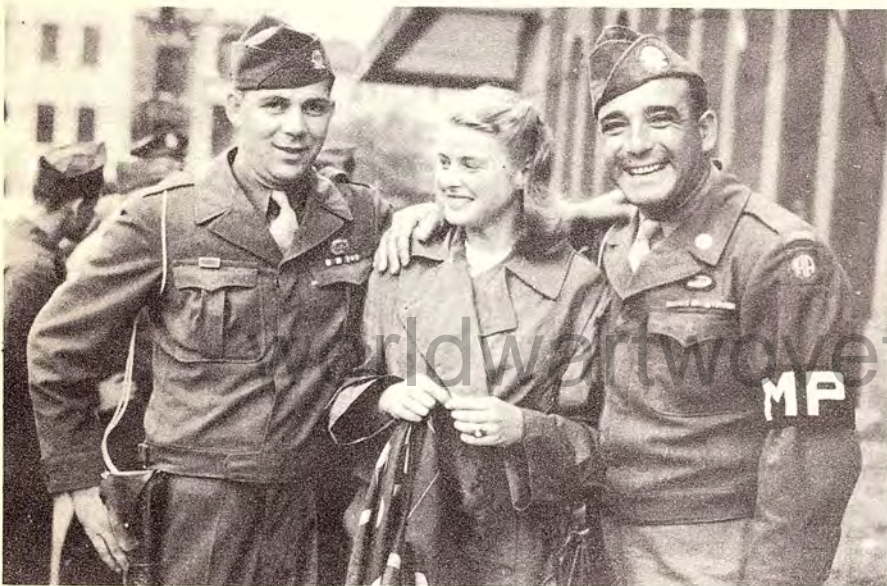
The first Russian tank to enter Berlin.



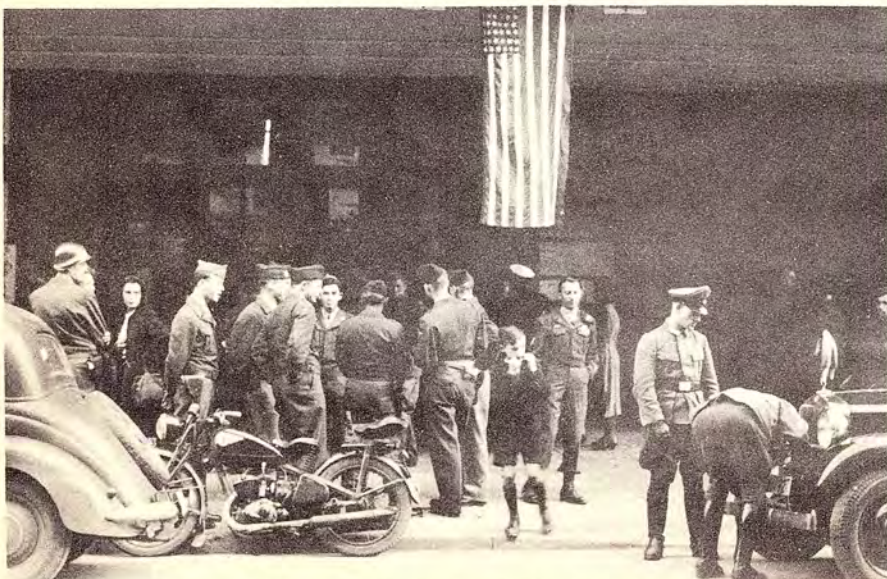
Captain Paterson greets Bob Hope in Berlin as he had in Africa over 2 years before.



German Talent was commandeered for the Division's own night club circuit.



Protection — M. P.'s Guard their prize, Ingrid Bergman, outside Titania.



German Police raid "The Femina Club" for Black Marketeers. Billy Wilder and a bunch of troopers look on.



Academy award winning Director Billy Wilder enjoyed a lost weekend in Berlin with the 82nd.



A few lucky troopers met Jack Benny, Ingrid Bergman and Martha Tilton. All had an opportunity to see them perform at Titania Palast.

worldwartwoveterans.org



Ella Logan is given another shoulder patch for her coat of many colors.



Lucky Guide — Trooper Sanders takes Troupers' Adler, Bergman, and Tilton on a tour of Berlin.

worldwartwoveterans.org

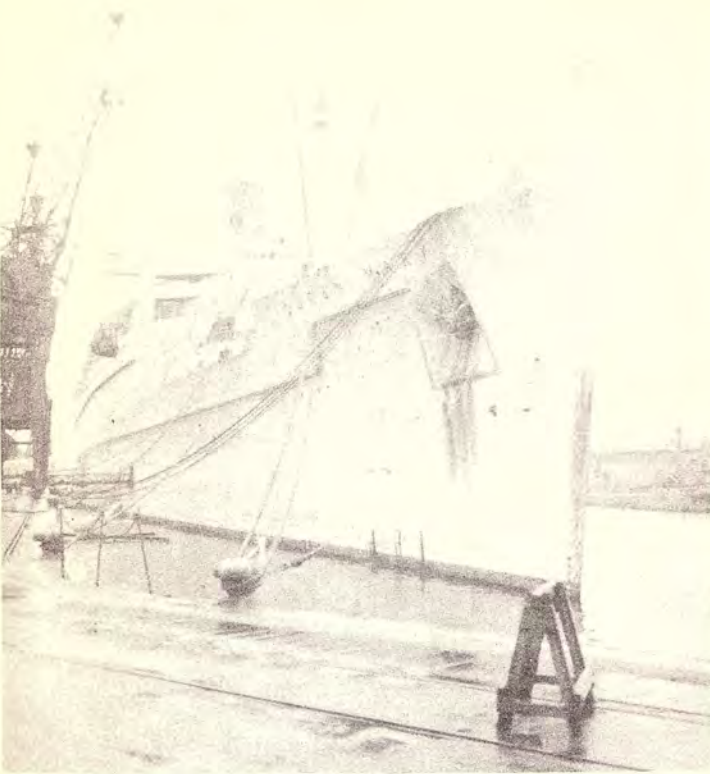
H O M E

JANUARY 3RD AND THE L'I'L OL' LADY



worldwartwoveterans.org

HOME ON THE QUEEN



Southampton — Last foothold on foreign soil.

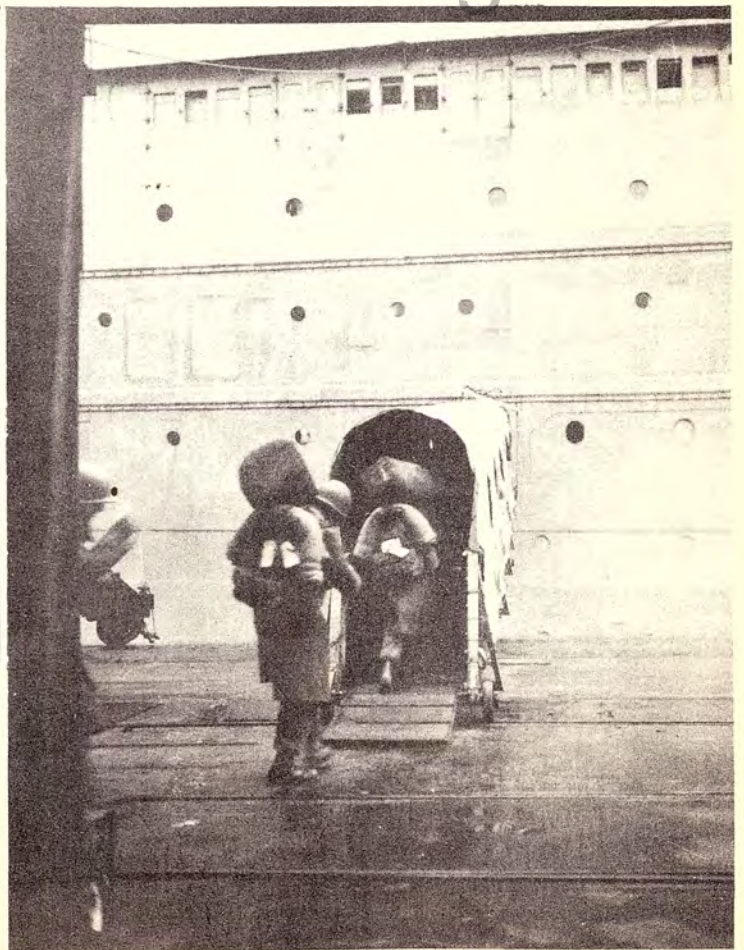


On board we adopted triplets—the real father was in South Bend.

worldwartwoveterans.org



For some it had been three years and seven campaigns but as sure as the "queen" would stay afloat. This was ridin' home in style.





worldwariveterans.org

NEW
YORK...



...AND AMERICAN GIRLS!



worldwartwoveterans.org
Mayor O'Dwyer inspects the honor guard in New York Harbor.



The ferry arriving from Camp Shanks.

AND THEN THE GREATEST DAY OF ALL





Slim Jim leads his men...



and looks for more...



Tanks and the big stuff followed...



As Gen. Gavin joined old 82nd'er – Gen. Jonathan Wainwright with Grover Whalen, Mayor O'Dwyer, Gov. Dewey and Under-Secretary of War Royall.



Down the avenue---

---and through the throng





worldwartwoveterans.org

Old Glory Passes the Reviewing Stand...



... where Gavin, O'Dwyer, Dewey and Royall take the salute.

(opposite page)

SANDWICH, MISTER?
The Spoils of Victory





Wounded 82nd Vets looked out from show windows ...



The crowds were happy and so were we . . .

While some of our more able veterans climbed trees to get a better view . . .



Above left—Newsreel cameras were everywhere. 82nd St. adopted us even as had Nijmegen, Holland. Above — Marching men as far as the eye could see.

eterans.org

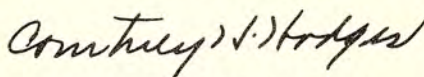
HEADQUARTERS
FIRST UNITED STATES ARMY
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA

29 April 1946

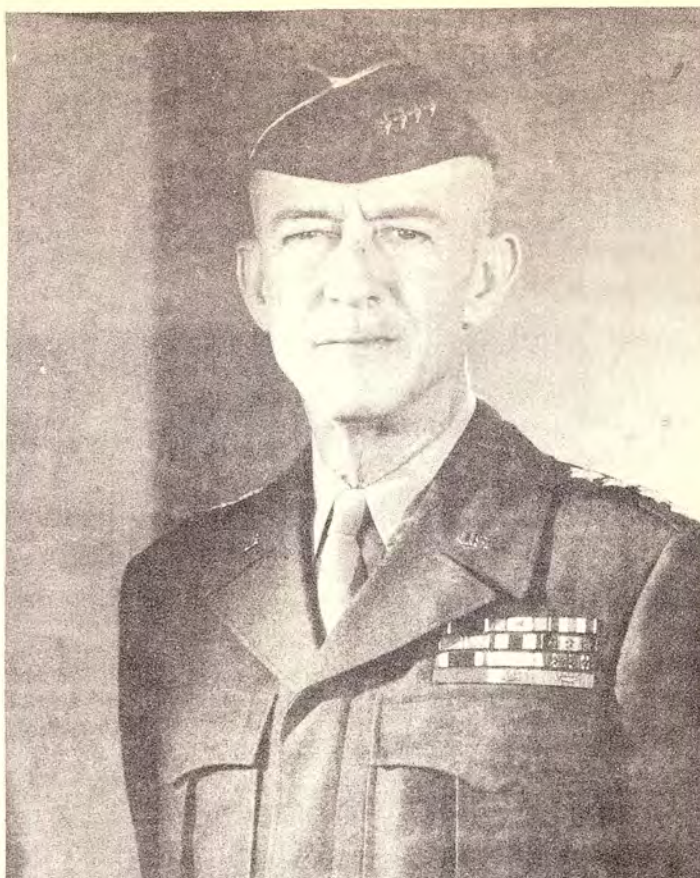
"The role of the 82nd Airborne Division in World War II was marked with numerous deeds of valor and many outstanding achievements. The magnificent fighting of the 82nd Airborne Division in Sicily and Italy, with the First Army in Normandy and the Ardennes, and with the British in Holland and across the Elbe played a large part in bringing final defeat to the Axis forces."

My best wishes for success in your endeavor.

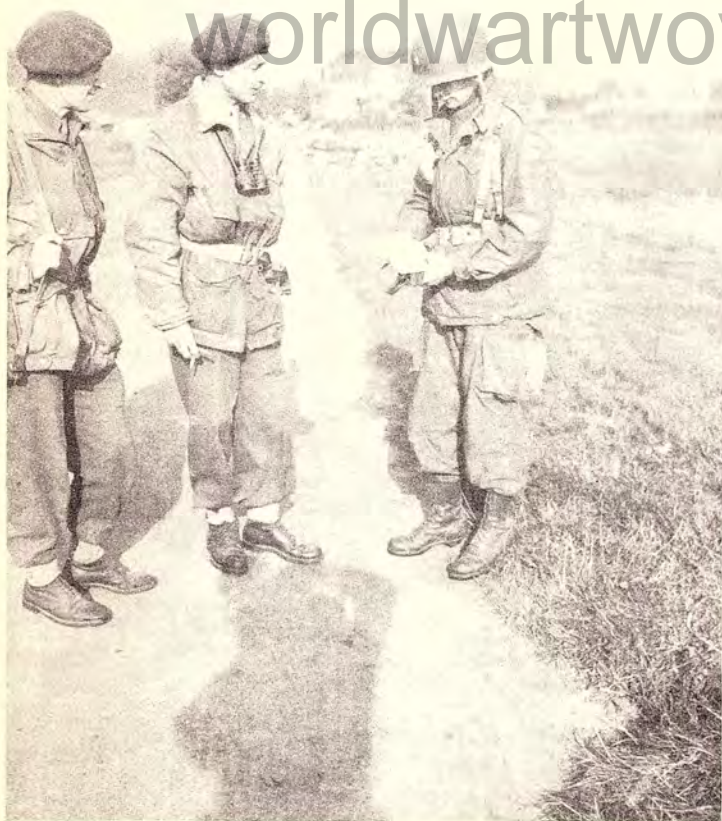
Sincerely yours,



COURTNEY H. HODGES,
General, U. S. Army.



General Courtney H. Hodges, under whose First Army the 82nd fought in Normandy and the Ardennes.



British Parachute Corps Commander, Lt. Gen. F. A. M. Browning, KBE, CB, DSO, discusses the situation with Brig. Gen. Gavin shortly after the Allied landings in Holland.

From: Lieut. General F. A. M. Browning, KBE, CB, DSO.

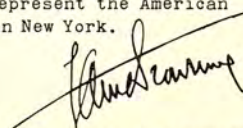
SOUTH EAST ASIA COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

I was closely associated with the 82nd Airborne Division from the time I visited America in 1942 when the Division was only just starting its combat training up to the time I gave up command of the British Airborne Corps in Holland, of which the 82nd Airborne Division temporarily formed a part.

I watched the Division's exploits in Sicily, the first action in which they took part. I followed their doings throughout the Mediterranean Campaign; and when the Division joined the 1st Allied Airborne Army in the attack on Europe, I had the honour to be closely associated with the planning of all airborne operations, both British and American.

The Division's exploits on the Cherbourg Peninsula and throughout the European Campaign were, in my opinion, unsurpassed by any formation of the allied armies. The Division was under my direct command in the operations in Holland, and I cannot speak too highly of its gallantry and determination in holding the vital area of Nijmegen and Grave.

I have always looked upon myself as an honorary but humble member of the 82nd American Airborne Division whose outstanding record was recognized by their being chosen to represent the American Army in the Victory March in New York.



F. A. M. BROWNING
Lieutenant General

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON

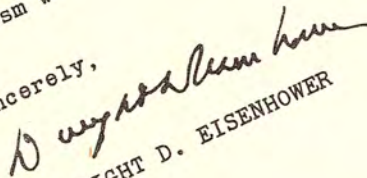
12 April 1946

I am happy to extend my greetings to the 82nd Airborne Division.

In our close association in Mediterranean and European campaigns, I have had many occasions to note this division's outstanding accomplishments which contributed so materially to our final victory.

Looking to the future, I expect the veterans of the 82nd Airborne Division, who helped to secure the beachheads of Gela, Salerno, Anzio and Normandy and who fought so bravely in Holland and Belgium, to play a major role in securing the peace. I am sure they will carry into their lifelong activities the same zeal, courage and patriotism which distinguished their service in battle.

Sincerely,



DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER





THE SAGA OF ALL-AMERICAN LEONARD A. FUNK

By WILLIAM WASMUTH

THE FIRST living trooper in the 82nd Airborne Division to receive the CMH in World War II was 1st Sergeant Leonard A. Funk, Company "C," 508th Parachute Infantry 30 jump veteran who hails from Wilkensburg, Pennsylvania. Carving himself a niche next to that of Sgt. Alvin C. York, famed 82nd veteran of World War I, First Sergeant Funk first distinguished himself in action in Normandy.

Although suffering from a badly sprained ankle, he gathered a group of 18 men and set a route of march which he believed would lead the group to friendly lines. With unerring accuracy he led this group across twenty miles of enemy infested territory. During the major portion of the journey he acted as lead scout refusing to jeopardize the safety of his men after three scouts had been lost. The group traveled by night and after numerous encounters with enemy groups, Sgt. Funk led them through the main line of resistance to the security of our forces. For this courageous act First Sergeant Funk was awarded the Silver Star.

In September 1944, Sgt. Funk again came to the fore during the Airborne operations in Holland.

Near Voxhil, Holland, Sgt. Funk led a three-man patrol against a German flak battery of three 20mm guns which were firing on American gliders then circling to land. He drove off all enemy security around the guns and led an assault which killed approximately twenty members of the crews and inflicted other casualties. The flak guns were silenced before effective fire could be placed upon the gliders due to the courageous and heroic actions of Sgt. Funk. This act of heroism brought him the Distinguished Service Cross.

Finally on the 29th of January, during the Ardennes Offensive, Sgt. Funk through quick thinking, quicker action, and unmitigated valor enabled his Company to complete its objective.

During the attack on the town of Holzeim, Belgium, Company "C" of the 508th Parachute Infantry captured eighty of the enemy and left them under guard of four "Troopers" while the

main body pushed forward and finished mopping up the town.

Meanwhile three other Germans led by a para-trooper officer captured a patrol from the second battalion that was on the way to make contact with "C" Company.

Evidently this small enemy force believed the town of Holzeim was still in German hands for they brought their captives into the town. They soon realized it was a "snafu" situation but continued on anyway, in the hope of disarming the "devils in baggy pants." This they managed to do, partially due to the fact that the Krauts were in the rear and their prisoners in front of them all the while marching in a single file. The "troopers" were confused by the similiarity between the enemy's snow suits and our own.

While "Jerries" were disarming the guards, First Sergeant Funk came upon the scene with several other troopers. Things certainly seemed wrong to Funk's men and they hesitated for a few seconds which gave the enemy officer time to close in on Sgt. Funk. Again the troopers were puzzled by the similiarity in the outer garments. Meanwhile the officer shoved his Schmeisser machine pistol into Sgt. Funk's stomach and demanded that he surrender. Sgt. Funk pretended to follow his order and reached up as if to surrender his "tommy gun" but he quickly reversed the cards by blazing away at the officer, and he crumpled in a heap before him. This courageous act and quick thinking on Sgt. Funk's part started the battle between the remaining Krauts and the "troopers" which ended with the troopers in complete control of the situation once again.

Sgt. Funk was not through with just one of the enemy, but continued firing from the center of the road at some of the Heinies who were making a last desperate break for freedom, and paid with their lives. For this encounter Sgt. Funk was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Truman.

Small, quiet, unassuming, Sgt. Funk holds every bravery decoration a field soldier can earn. He is outstanding even among Eighty-second Para-troopers.



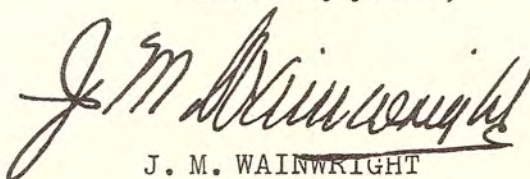
HEADQUARTERS FOURTH ARMY
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS

10 May 1946

I was indeed proud to be a member of such a splendid fighting organization of the 82nd Division in World War I. I served throughout the active operations of the Division as the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, and participated with the Division in the defense of two sectors on the French front and in the Battles of St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne. During the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne, our Division executed one of the very few mobile warfare maneuvers that I know of in the war, and perhaps the spirit of that maneuver led to the splendid accomplishments of the Division in this war as airborne troops.

May I extend my very best wishes to all my comrades of World War I of the 82nd Division and expressions of my highest admiration to those of World War II.

Sincerely yours,



J. M. WAINWRIGHT
General, U. S. Army
Commanding



Gen. Jonathan M. (Skinny) Wainwright, hero of Corregidor, and formerly G-3 of the 82nd Division receives the Medal of Honor from President Truman at a ceremony on the White House lawn following the General's liberation from a Jap prison.



worldwartwoveterans.org

CASUALTIES

a. *Casualties*: The 82d Airborne Division occupied front line positions for a total of 316 days and suffered a total of 19,586 casualties of all types, an average of 61.98 casualties for each day, on the basis of computations made 28 May 1945.

- (1) An average of 4.85 men were missing in action, each day.
- (2) An average of 39.88 men were wounded each day.
- (3) An average of 8.8 men were injured each day.
- (4) An average of 8.43 men were killed in action or died of wounds each day.

b. *Casualties by campaign*: Figures available as of 25 October 1945 show that only 106 individuals of the 82d Airborne Division are still listed as "Missing in Action," all others listed earlier as "Missing" having been liberated from prison camps or legally declared dead. A tabulation of casualties on this basis, however, would not present a true picture of the Division's status during the particular campaign, and two sets of computations therefore are given below.

<i>Campaign</i>	<i>Missing in Action</i>	<i>Wounded in Action</i>		<i>Injured in Action</i>		<i>Killed in Action or Died of Wounds</i>
		<i>Not Rtd</i>	<i>Rtd</i>	<i>Not Rtd</i>	<i>Rtd</i>	
*SICILY.....	48	474	336	x	X	197
*ITALY.....	73	1,140	799	x	X	309
*NORMANDY.....	661	2,373	1,554	704	502	1,142
*HOLLAND.....	622	1,796	821	327	196	535
**ARDENNES & RHINELAND.....	101	2,073	1,036	609	364	440
**CENTRAL EUROPE.....	30	168	34	49	31	42
TOTALS.....	1,535	8,024	4,580	1,689	1,093	2,665
			12,604		2,782	

*—Corrected to 12 December 1944
 **—Corrected to 28 May 1945
 x—Figures not kept for these campaigns

Rtd—Returned to Division
 Not Rtd—Did not return to Division

Computations corrected on the basis of official reports received to 25 October 1945:

<i>Campaign</i>	<i>Missing in Action</i>	<i>Killed in Action or Died of Wounds</i>
SICILY	12	206
ITALY	2	327
NORMANDY	0	1,282
HOLLAND	80	658
ARDENNES & RHINELAND	7	670
CENTRAL EUROPE	5	75
TOTALS.....	106	3,228

On the last day of its last campaign the 82d Airborne Division liberated five of its soldiers who had been captured in Sicily and later had been "hired out" to German farmers as farm hands.

AWARDS

In addition to unit decorations from the United States, Netherlands, Belgium and France, 82d men have received the following individual decorations in World War II:

AMERICAN

Congressional Medal of Honor	4
Distinguished Service Cross	78
Distinguished Service Medal	1
Legion of Merit	32
Silver Star	894
Bronze Star	2,478

THE NETHERLANDS

Order of Orange-Nassau	
Degree of Grand Officer	1
Degree of Commander	1
Degree of Officer	5
Militaire Willems-Orde	
Degree of Knight of the Fourth	
Class	15
Bronze Lion	53
Bronze Cross	16

ENGLAND

Military Cross	6
Military Medal	11
Distinguished Service Order	2
Distinguished Conduct Medal	23

UNITED STATES OF SOVIET RUSSIA

Order of Alexander Nevinsky	1
Order of the People's War	
1st Degree	2
2nd Degree	4
Medal of Valor	4
Medal for Combat Service	3

FRANCE

Legion of Honor	1
Croix de Guerre	
With Palm	13
With Gold Star	1
With Silver Star	7
With Bronze Star	22
Certificates	30

BELGIUM*

Order of the Leopold	
Degree of Commander	1
Degree of Officer	1
Degree of Chevalier	5
Order of the Crown	
Degree of Chevalier	3
Military Decoration, Second Class	8
Croix de Guerre, with Palm	21

*These have not been officially awarded as of this date.

SUMMARY OF DAYS IN COMBAT AREAS

(Note: The term "front line positions" is used below as any period of time in which a regimental combat team or larger group of the Division, whether or not detached from the Division, was in direct contact with enemy troops.)

Operation	Front Line Positions	Corps Reserve	Army Reserve	Total
SICILY (HUSKY)				41
(1) 10-14 July '43	5			
15-16 July '43		2		
17-24 July '43	8			
(a) 25 July - 19 Aug. '43			26	
Sub-totals	(13)	(2)	(26)	(41)
ITALY				163
Naples* Foggia (Avalanche) (Giant)				
Rome-Arno (Shingle)				
(2) 14-18 Sept. 43	5			
(3) 16-25 Sept. 43	10			
(4) 18-24 Sept. 43	7			
(5) 25 Sept. - 2 Oct. '43	7			
(6) 4-7 Oct. '43	4			
(7) 27 Oct. - 25 Nov. '43	30			
(8) 6 Dec. '43 - 1 Jan. '44	27			
(9) 22 Jan. - 23 March '44	62			
(10) (b) 3 Oct. - 19 Nov. '43 (net)			21	
Net sub-totals	(142)		(21)	(163)
NORMANDY (NEPTUNE)				38
6 June - 8 July '44	33			
9-11 July '44		3		
12-13 July '44			2	
Sub-totals	(35)	(3)	(2)	(38)
HOLLAND (MARKET) (Rhineland)				58
17 Sept. - 13 Nov. '44	58			
ARDENNES				63
18 Dec. '44 - 13 Jan. '45	25			
12-27 Jan. '45		16		
28 Jan. - 4 Feb. '45	8			
5 Feb. '45		1		
6 - 18 Feb. '45	13			
Sub-totals	(46)	(17)		(63)
CENTRAL EUROPE				59
4-16 April '45	13			
(c) 17-25 April '45		9		
26-27 April '45			2	
28 April - 8 May '45	11			
(d) 9 May - 1 June '45		24		
Sub-totals	(24)	(33)	(2)	(59)
Grand Totals	316	55	51	422
TOTAL DAYS IN COMBAT—BY YEAR:				
1943				141
1944				173
1945				108
TOTAL				422
TOTAL DAYS IN COMBAT AS A RESULT OF—				
AIRBORNE DEPLOYMENT			GROUND DEPLOYMENT	
Sicily	41		Italy	143
Italy	20		Ardenes	63
Normandy	38		Central Europe	57
Holland	58			
TOTAL	157		TOTAL	265

- (1) 505, 504 Prcht RCTs
- (2) 505, 505 Prcht RCTs
- (3) 325 Gli RCT
- (4) Div on right flank of Fifth Army
- (5) Div on Sorrento Ridge and Naples Plain
- (6) 505 Prcht RCT on Volturne River
- (7) 504 Prcht RCT in Inernia Sector
- (8) 504 Prcht RCT in Venafro Sector
- (9) 504 Prcht RCT on Anzio Beachhead

- (10) Net, does not include periods 4-7 Oct. '43 or 27 Oct.-25 Nov. '43.
- (a) Also occupational duty in Western Sicily.
- (b) Also occupational duty in Naples. Does not include periods 504 Prcht RCT was in Corps or Army Reserve after Div proper left Italy.
- (c) Also occupational duty in Cologne, Germany, area.
- (d) Also occupational duty in Ludwigslust, Germany, area.

82nd AIRBORNE DIVISION

During World War II the 82nd Airborne Division fought under 10 Allied Armies and 19 Corps. The following subordinate units were a permanently assigned part of the Division throughout World War II:

Division Headquarters and Headquarters Company
82 Abn. M. P. Platoon
325 Glider Infantry
504 Prcht. Inf.
505 Prcht. Inf.
Hq. and Hq. Btry Div. Arty
319 Glider F. A. Bn.
320 Glider F. A. Bn.
376 Prcht. F. A. Bn.
456 Prcht. F. A. Bn.
80 Abn. AA Bn.
307 Abn. Engr. Bn.
407 Abn. QM Co.
307 Abn. Med. Co.
821 Abn. Sig. Co.
782 Abn. Ord. Maint. Co.
82 Abn. Rcn. Platoon
82nd Parachute Maintenance Co.

The following units were attached to the 82nd Abn. Div. for long periods of time and are considered a vital part of the Division during its combat period:

508th Parachute Infantry—Normandy, Holland, Ardennes and Rhineland.
401st Glider Inf. (2nd Bn.)—Normandy, Holland, Ardennes, Rhineland.
507th Parachute Inf.—Normandy.
666th Q.M. Trk. Co.—Holland, Ardennes, Central Europe.

ATTACHED UNITS

The following units were attached to the Division during the campaigns and dates indicated:

NORTH AFRICA

(Complete records of attachments in North Africa are not currently available)
2d Battalion, 509th Parachute Infantry
----- Engineer Co. (Cam)
334th Quartermaster Company (Depot)

SICILY

(Complete records of attachments in Sicily are not currently available)
39th Regimental Combat Team
26th Field Artillery Battalion
34th Field Artillery Battalion
62d Field Artillery Battalion
77th Field Artillery Battalion
20th Engineer Battalion (C)
83d Chemical Battalion (4.2" Mortar)

ITALY

(Complete records of attachments in Italy are not currently available)
3d Ranger Battalion (to 504th Parachute RCT)
----- Ghurka Battalion, British (to 504th Parachute RCT)

ENGLAND

----- Quartermaster Truck Company
Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2d Airborne Brigade
(From 20 January 1944 to 27 August 1944)
507th Parachute Infantry (From 20 January 1944 to 27 August 1944)
508th Parachute Infantry (From 20 January 1944 to 30 March 1945)

ATTACHED UNITS—Continued

NORMANDY

<i>Unit</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>
Troop B, 4th Cav Rcn Sqdn.....	1 June 1944	23 June 1944
87th Armd FA Bn.....	1 June 1944	8 June 1944
	14 June 1944	8 July 1944
Co C, 746th Tk Bn.....	1 June 1944	11 June 1944
Co A, 746th Tk Bn.....	13 June 1944	21 June 1944
Co A, 712th Tk Bn.....	1 July 1944	8 July 1944
188th FA Bn.....	12 June 1944	8 July 1944
172d FA Bn.....	16 June 1944	19 June 1944
Co C, 899th TD Bn.....	1 June 1944	19 June 1944
Co A, 607th TD Bn.....	19 June 1944	4 July 1944
801 TD Bn.....	30 June 1944	1 July 1944
803 TD Bn.....	1 July 1944	8 July 1944
Co B, 87th Chem Mortar Bn.....	15 June 1944	21 June 1944
Co D, 86th Chem Mortar Bn.....	1 July 1944	4 July 1944
3809 QM Trk Co.....	-----	-----
3810 QM Trk Co.....	-----	-----
1st Plat 603d QM GR Co.....	-----	-----
1 Plat, 464th Amb Co, 31st Med Gp.....	-----	-----
493d Collecting Co, 179th Med Bn.....	-----	-----
374th Collecting Co, 50th Med Bn.....	-----	-----
429th Litter Bearing Platoon.....	-----	-----
591st Collecting Co.....	-----	-----

HOLLAND

Unit A, 50th Field Hosp.....	17 September 1944	-----
666th QM Trk Co.....	19 September 1944	-----
1st Coldstream Gds Armd Bn (Br.).....	19 September 1944	22 September 1944
5th Coldstream Gds Inf Bn (Br.).....	19 September 1944	22 September 1944
2d Irish Gds Bn (Br.).....	19 September 1944	22 September 1944
Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry (Br.).....	19 September 1944	10 October 1944
Royals Recce Bn (Br.).....	19 September 1944	9 October 1944
Polish Prcht Brigade.....	25 September 1944	30 September 1944
231st Brigade (Br.).....	30 September 1944	1 October 1944
3d Gds Brigade (Br.).....	30 September 1944	1 October 1944
5th Coldstream Gds Inf Bn (Br.).....	30 September 1944	10 October 1944
79th FA Regt (Br.).....	30 September 1944	2 October 1944
304th AT Btry (Br.).....	30 September 1944	3 October 1944
506th Prcht Inf.....	1 October 1944	3 October 1944
502d Prcht Inf.....	3 October 1944	4 October 1944
130th Inf Brigade (Br.).....	5 October 1944	6 October 1944
2d Gren Gds Bn (Br.).....	6 October 1944	7 October 1944
13/18 Hussars.....	10 October 1944	10 November 1944

ARDENNES

Unit A, 50th Field Hosp.....	-----	-----
666th QM Trk Co.....	-----	-----
Co C, 563d AAA AW Bn.....	18 December 1944	25 December 1944
CC "B", 9th Armd Div.....	23 December 1944	24 December 1944
Co B, 86th Cml Bn.....	25 December 1944	11 January 1945
254th FA Bn.....	20 December 1944	18 February 1945
551st Prcht Inf Bn.....	25 December 1944	12 January 1945
703d TD Bn.....	20 December 1944	1 January 1945
591st FA Bn.....	20 December 1944	11 January 1945
740th Tk Bn.....	29 December 1944	11 January 1945
	27 January 1945	5 February 1945
628th Td Bn.....	1 January 1945	11 January 1945
517th Prcht Inf.....	1 January 1945	11 January 1945
	1 February 1945	4 February 1945
634th AAA Bn.....	5 February 1945	18 February 1945
887th Abn Engr Co.....	25 December 1944	12 January 1945
Co A, 87th Cml Bn.....	25 January 1945	5 February 1945
643d TD Bn.....	25 January 1945	31 January 1945
400th Armd FA Bn.....	25 January 1945	18 February 1945
32d Cav Rcn Sqdn.....	28 January 1945	5 February 1945
629th TD Bn.....	31 January 1945	18 February 1945

ATTACHED UNITS—Continued

CENTRAL EUROPE

341st Inf	4 April 1945	4 April 1945
417th FA Gp	4 April 1945	25 April 1945
746th FA Bn	4 April 1945	25 April 1945
672d FA Bn	4 April 1945	14 April 1945
541st FA Bn	4 April 1945	25 April 1945
805th FA Bn	4 April 1945	16 April 1945
546th FA Bn	11 April 1945	16 April 1945
790th FA Bn	10 April 1945	14 April 1945
74th Cml Gen Co	4 April 1945	21 April 1945
74th FA Bn	18 April 1945	25 April 1945
12th TD Gp (Hq only)	18 April 1945	25 April 1945
661st FA Bn	18 April 1945	25 April 1945
942d FA Bn	18 April 1945	25 April 1945
3d Co, 22d Belgian Fus Bn	21 April 1945	25 April 1945
294th FA Obs Bn	25 April 1945	25 April 1945
1130th Engr C Bn	25 April 1945	26 April 1945
280th FA Bn	27 April 1945	17 May 1945
580th AAA AW Bn	26 April 1945	2 May 1945
	23 May 1945	5 June 1945
13th Infantry	28 April 1945	1 May 1945
43d FA Bn	28 April 1945	1 May 1945
604th TD Bn	28 April 1945	15 May 1945
Sqdn A, 4th Royals (Br.)	29 April 1945	2 May 1945
740th Tk Bn	29 April 1945	1 May 1945
644th TD Bn	29 April 1945	1 May 1945
Co A, 89th Cml Bn	29 April 1945	9 May 1945
121st Inf	30 April 1945	1 May 1945
56th FA Bn	30 April 1945	1 May 1945
Co C, 89th Cml Bn	30 April 1945	1 May 1945
CC "B", 7th Armd Div	1 May 1945	4 May 1945
205th FA Gp	3 May 1945	17 May 1945
207th FA Bn	3 May 1945	17 May 1945
768th FA Bn	3 May 1945	17 May 1945

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE TEAMS ATTACHED IN ETOUSA

82D Counter Intelligence Corps Detachment
 Interrogator Prisoner of War Team No. 40
 Interrogator Prisoner of War Team No. 43
 Interrogator Prisoner of War Team No. 45
 Interrogator Prisoner of War Team No. 47
 Military Intelligence Interpreter Team No. 412
 Order of Battle Team No. 16
 Photo Interpretation Team No. 3
 Photo Interpretation Team No. 11

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

W. Forrest Dawson

Credits

Saga of the "All American" was compiled and edited by W. Forrest Dawson.

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Layout and Design — William Embry, Ed. Grunewald.

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Italy Text—Reference Rockwell Kent, Cosmopolitan Magazine, James M. Gavin, Infantry Journal, David Whittier, Devils in Baggy Pants.

Page 77—African Scenic by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Page 68—African Scenic by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

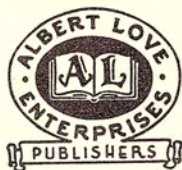
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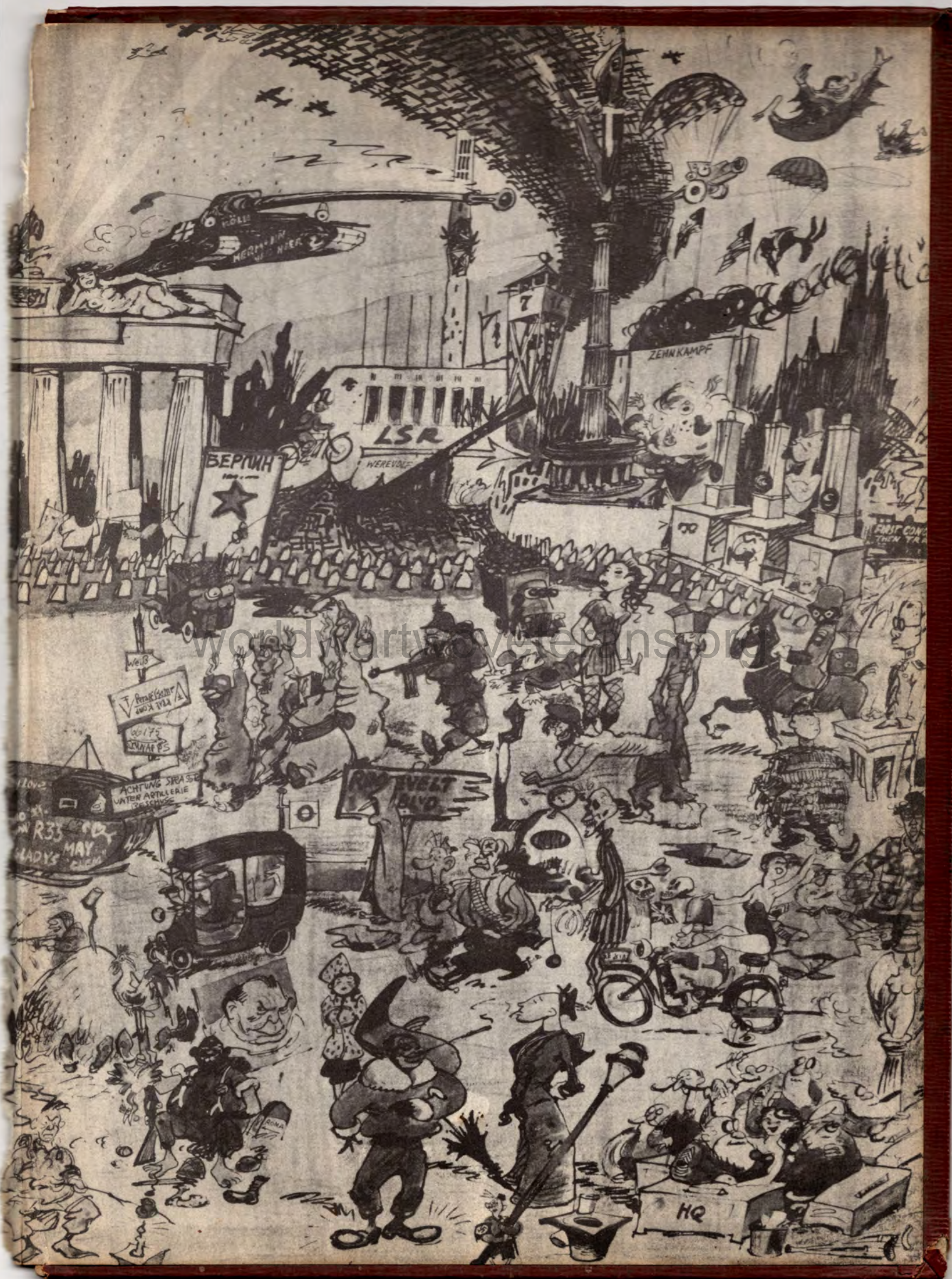
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