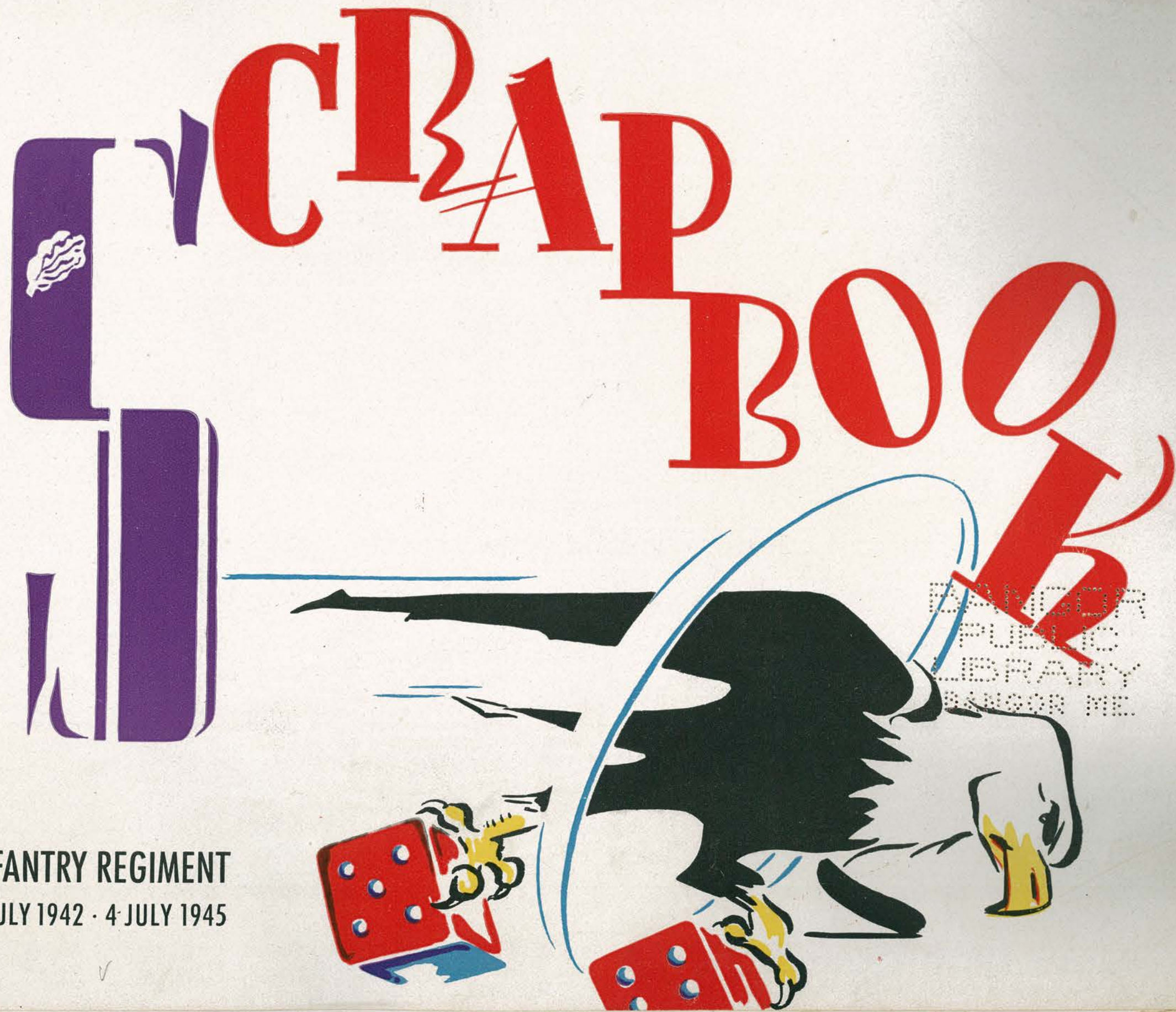


970  
5411  
U5839s

Curthel





506<sup>TH</sup> PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT  
20 JULY 1942 · 4 JULY 1945



we stand alone



ICTORY

MADE in GERMANY

BRITISH  
LIBRARY



Managing Editor Lt. W. R. van Horn  
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Many others contributed . . .  
Memoriam p. 14—15 Pfc. David J. Phillips

Artist's map of Normán Beach Defenses, and Con-  
ceptions of Aja Borne Landings, Hollands "Incredible  
Patrol" by permission of Life Magazine.





THE 506<sup>TH</sup> PARACHUTE INFANTRY



# Officers and Men of the REGIMENT

IT IS THE INTENT TO REPRODUCE HEREIN A PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE IN FIGHTING THIS WAR. THE SCRAPBOOK HAS ITS GENESIS IN THE ACTIVATION OF THE REGIMENT 20 JULY 1942. IT WILL COVER YOUR TRAINING, YOUR FIGHTING, YOUR PLAY. ITS EXODUS IS TO BE THAT DAY WHEN THE LAST MAN OF THE 506TH MAKES HIS FINAL JUMP AND BECOMES, HIMSELF, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS.

IT IS NOT THE INTENT TO PRODUCE A NOSTALGIC PICTURE OF THE HAPPY DAYS. WE KNOW NOT WHAT THOSE MAY BE UNTIL THEY ARE PAST. IT IS THE INTENT TO REVIEW INFORMALLY THE THINGS AND PERSONALITIES THAT HAVE MADE THIS REGIMENT SUCH A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT TO THE FORCES OF INJUSTICE.

I WOULD ADD, (SHOULD THESE WORDS BE READ BY THOSE SO UNFORTUNATE AS NOT TO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE 506TH) THAT YOU ARE FOLLOWING, AS YOU TURN THESE PAGES, THE DEVELOPMENT OF A SPIRIT UNSURPASSED AMONG FIGHTING MEN. IT IS NOT ONE OF STUPID FOLLOWING, BUT RATHER OF INITIATIVE; OF BOLD AGGRESSIVENESS.

YOU OF THE 506TH, I SALUTE. MAY THE GOD OF BATTLES RECEIVE WITH A SOLDIERS' WELCOME THOSE WHO CAN NO LONGER CARRY ON. MAY HE GRANT TO ALL THE KNOWLEDGE AND BENEDICTION OF A TASK WELL PERFORMED....

*R. F. Sink*

R. F. SINK  
COLONEL, 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY,  
COMMANDING



*“the 101st Airborne Division  
has no history, but it has - - -  
a rendezvous with destiny.”*

**P**IONEER IN AIRBORNE ORGANIZATION AND TACTICS. THE ORIGINAL COMMAND-  
ING GENERAL OF THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION. ACTIVATED, ORGANIZED, AND  
TRAINED THE DIVISION IN THE U.S. AND UNITED KINGDOM. IN THE LATE WINTER  
OF 1944 HE WAS STRICKEN WITH SERIOUS ILLNESS AND WAS RETIRED FROM THE  
ARMY. DEARLY LOVED AND GREATLY MISSED, BILL LEE LEFT A STAMP ON THIS  
DIVISION WHICH WAS IN LARGE PART RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BRILLIANT COMBAT  
RECORD ATTAINED.

## **BRIG. GEN. DON F. PRATT**

ASSISTANT COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE 101ST A/B DIVISION FROM  
ACTIVATION UNTIL 6 JUNE 1944. HE WAS KILLED IN A GLIDER  
CRASH IN NORMANDY ON D-DAY. SMALL IN STATURE BUT GREAT AS  
A SOLDIER. HIS TRAGIC LOSS WAS A HEAVY BLOW TO THE DIVISION.  
HIS MEMORY IS ALWAYS WITH US.



**MAJOR GENERAL W. C. LEE**





# Kangaroo

"The division kept its rendezvous  
on the fields of Normandy . . . .  
made the beginning of a glorious history"



MAJOR GENERAL  
MAXWELL  
D. TAYLOR



BRIGADIER  
GENERALS



ANTHONY McAULIFFE

— GERALD J. HIGGINS

THE INJUNCTION OF THE FORMER CG WAS A NATURAL SPRINGBOARD TO THE ALREADY DEMONSTRATED ABILITY OF GENERAL TAYLOR. HIS DECISIVE MOVES, EXCEPTIONAL INSIGHT, AND THE INIMITABLE KNACK FOR COMING UP WITH "BIGGER AND BETTER" OPERATIONS HAS ONLY ENHANCED THE CONCEPT OF AIRBORNE POWER . . . . AND COVERED US ALMIGHTY WITH GLORY.

GENERAL HIGGINS WAS ONE OF THE YOUNGEST BRIG. GENERALS IN THE ARMY AND IN HIS POSITION AIDED CONSIDERABLY IN THE EFFICIENCY AND POWER WITH WHICH THIS DIVISION HAS FUNCTIONED.

GENERAL McAULIFFE NOW LEADS THE 103RD DIVISION. HOW MAGNIFICENTLY HE CARRIED THE FLAME. AND AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT WITH UNDERSTANDABLE LOGIC HE COULD FAN IT WITH A SINGLE WORD, AND CRISP THE ENEMY.







# COLONEL *Bob*

Colonel R.F. SINK was graduated from the United States Military Academy and commissioned Second Lieutenant June 12 1927. Since that time he has served in Porto Rico, the Philippines and in several stations in the United States as an Infantryman. Always a brilliant Officer he has been progressive in the extreme. As a Lieutenant Colonel he activated the 506th Parachute Infantry on 20 July 1942 at Toccoa, Georgia. An early pioneer in Parachute organization and tactics he was well suited for this command. With great energy and determination, he put into effect one of the most rigorous training schedules any unit has ever been required to undergo. Long will he be remembered for the famous Muscle College at Camp Toccoa.

He has been present for duty with the Regiment and in actual command ever since activation; he has participated in every battle and campaign. He is known principally for his prompt and sound decisions and for his personal bravery:

Colonel SINK is a legendary figure in this Regiment and in the 101st Airborne Division. Officers and men idolize him and it is justly so. He has been a skillful, resourceful and determined character through all of the hard tests of the 506.







LT. COL. CHARLES H. CHASE

# Part II



MAJOR LOUIS R. KENT



LT. COL. ROBERT L. STRAYER

LT. COL. WILLIAM L. TURNER

COLONEL CHASE . . . . REGTL EX O. NEW ENGLANDER, STATE OF MAINE. WITH US SINCE IT BEGAN. FINE SENSE OF HUMOR. NE PLUS ULTRA. SOLDIER, DIPLOMAT, GENTLEMAN . . . WE'RE SPEAKING OF ONLY ONE FELLOW. COLONEL TURNER . . . RED TO NORMANDY. SLOW-TALKING, BILL AND FAST ON THE DRAW. GEORGIAN, CAVALRY MAN, WEST POINT. DSC. COLONEL STRAYER . . . WHITE ALL ALONG "FEED 'EM BEANS, MARK 'EM DUTY". LOQUACIOUS, IRREPRESSIBLE. HE DOES WHAT HE'S TOLD.



LT. COL. JAMES L. LAPRADE



*W*

MAJOR KENT . . . . REGTL SURGEON. CONSCIENTIOUS, CAPABLE, COORDINATING. COLONEL LA PRADE . . . RED THRU HOLLAND TO BASTOGNE . . . SOLDIER, GENTLEMAN. HE SWEATED THE BOYS THRU OPHEUSDEN AND WAS FIRST ACROSS THE WILHELMINA. TOUGH AND NO FOOLING. COLONEL WOLVERTON . . . LEADER THIS MAN! BLUE LOVED HIM AND HE LOVED BLUE. J+ 54, '45 BERCHTESGADEN, '46 MUEHLBACH HOTEL.



LT. COL. LOYD E. PATCH

COLONEL PATCH . . . BLUE BASTOGNE — GERMANY . . . HE DOESN'T LIKE KRAUTS. HE IS DESTRUCTIVE, FEARLESS. DSC. MAJOR HORTON . . . BLUE HOLLAND SOUTH BORN AND SLOW TALKING. FAR FORWARD IN FIGHT. FINE SOLDIER. COLONEL HESTER . . . RED BASTOGNE — GERMANY. CALIFORNIA. LOYALTY AND WORK. GOOD MAN.



MAJ CR OLIVER M. HORTON

LT. COL. CLARENCE HESTER



LT. COL. ROBERT WOLVERTON





Staff. Capt. Sobel S4, Capt. Hunker I&E, Maj. Matheson S3, Maj. Kent Regt Surgeon, Col. Sink, Capt. Moon, Comm. O, Lt. Col. Strayer actg. Regt Exec, Chaplain Maloney, Capt. Brown S2, Capt. Gion, PWI, Capt. Barry, S1.

MAJORS RICHARD D. WINTERS • KNUT H. RAUDSTEIN

## COMMAND AND STAFF

All and each. They tried and wiggled thru. Strange as it seems. Major Foster ... Toccoa fellow and picture taker. Wounded in Normandy! Major Grant ... S4 and Bn. Ex. Arkansas, good poker player. KIA-D Day. Major Leach ... Cheerful, ever at breakfast. He had his beyond the call of Duty. Major Harwick ... C. O. Co "H", 1st Bn ex. 3rd Bn ex., knows all about the 506.17th a/b. Lt. Col. Buechner ... Parachutist par excellence, supplied us in Normandy and well. F-triple-A. Lt. Col. Hannah ... Co. Commander, S3, G3. No Officer in regiment more respected. Wounded in Holland. Lt. Col. Shettle ... As a Lieutenant Commanded Bn in Normandy. Major Winters ... from. plat. LDR. in Normandy to Bn C. O. in Germany. Major Raudstein ... Old hand in Red Bn DSC.

MAJOR FRANKLIN E. FOSTER • MAJOR GEORGE S. GRANT • MAJOR WILLIAM LEACH • MAJOR ROBERT F. HARWICK • LT. COL. CARL S. BUECHNER • LT. COL. HAROLD W. HANNAH



LT. COL. CHARLES C. SHETTLE



P.F.C. Clifton Macomber  
Co. D. 307 St. Hosp.  
A.P.O. 162  
U.S. ARMY.

March 18, 1944

Dir Sir,

I have been transferred up to the 307th St. Hosp. & I'll be here for about 6 wks. All I have with me is a jump suit with the ass ripped out, a set of long johns & one boot. Could you send me my set of D.D. & my other boot (it's one). Gm. McLarty will know where all my things are & he will get them for you.

My ankle is broken & I langed my head & can't hear out of one ear but I'll be O.K. soon. Would you please have my mail transferred up here & also, if possible send my pay up to me the first of the month. I hope I'll be back with you soon.

Thanking you



# Company C.O.I



**RED** CAPT. WILLIAM W. WILSON



**ABLE** CAPT. WILLIAM C. KENNEDY



**BAKER** CAPT. HEBER L. MINTON



**CHARLIE** LT. ALBERT H. HASSENZAHN



**WHITE** LT. THOMAS A. RHODES



**DOG** CAPT. JOE F. McMILLAN



**EASY** CAPT. RONALD C. SPEIRS



**FOX** CAPT. PHILIP F. DEAN



**RHQ** CAPT. GENE L. BROWN



**BLUE** CAPT. ED HARRELL



**GEORGE** CAPT. DURWOOD CANN



**HOWE** CAPT. JAMES WALKER



**ITEM** CAPT. JEAN HOLLSTEIN



**SERVICE** CAPT. GEORGE L. BARTON III



*We have only died in vain if you believe so;  
You must decide the wisdom of our choice  
By the world that you shall build upon our headstones  
And the everlasting truths which have your voice.*

## Killed in Action

### NORMANDY

Lt. Col. William L. Turner	Pvt. Dale H. Atwood	Pfc. Wilbur D. Croteau	Pvt. Rufus R. Griffin	Pvt. Salvatore M. LaFerrera	Sgt. Elmer Murray, Jr.
Lt. Col. Robert L. Wolverton	Cpl. George R. Bailey	Pvt. John P. Crowder	Pfc. Joe B. Gurdak	Pvt. Oliver L. LaRose	Pfc. Robert M. Naimoli
Major George S. Grant	Pvt. Leonard Baranski	Pvt. Ray M. Cutting	Pvt. Bernard H. Hagen	Pfc. Leo J. H. Lecuyer	Pfc. Chester J. Nakelski
Capt. Jerre S. Gross	Pvt. Roland R. Baribeau	Pvt. Ralph G. Daudt	Pvt. James H. Hagenbuch	Pvt. Charles H. Lee	Pfc. Harrison E. Neeley
Capt. Edward A. Peters	T/4 Joseph R. Beyrle	Pfc. Don P. Davis	Cpl. John R. Hale	Pvt. Hector A. Lefebvre	Pfc. Fred C. Neill
Capt. Harold E. Van Antwerp	Pfc. George H. Bjorness	T/5 John L. Davis	Pfc. William C. Hale	Pvt. Joseph Liccardo	T/5 Warren E. Nelson
1st Lt. Walter Gunther, Jr.	Pvt. Robert A. Boehm	T/5 Robert A. Dawson	Pfc. John D. Halls	Pfc. George M. Lilly	Pvt. Robert R. Noble
1st Lt. Turner M. Chambliss, Jr.	Pfc. John Boggs	Sgt. Dale Dean	Pvt. Soini A. Hall	Cpl. Louis J. Lipp	Pfc. Robert A. Norvell
1st Lt. James Holstun	Pfc. Herman C. Bonitz	Cpl. Anthony S. Defatta	Sgt. Clifford M. Halstead	Pvt. Glover C. Loika	Pvt. Ernest L. Oats
1st Lt. Eugene P. Knott, Jr.	T/4 John E. Bray, Jr.	Pvt. Ralph B. Devaney	Pfc. Terrence C. Harris	Cpl. Andrew A. Lynn	Pfc. William E. Olson
1st Lt. Howard D. Littell	T/5 Jack R. Brewer	Pvt. Lyman Dickey	T/5 Jack W. Harrison	Pfc. Ralph W. McClelland	Pfc. Andrew S. Orsag
1st Lt. Robert C. Machen	Pfc. Martin I. Brown	Pvt. Lawrence R. Doyle	Pvt. Alfred T. Hedl	Pfc. Charles J. McClernan	Sgt. Richard E. Owen
2nd Lt. Robert L. Mathews	Pfc. Richard K. Buchter	Pvt. Henry A. Dziura	Pfc. Robert J. Hensel	Pvt. William E. McCrory	Pvt. Warren W. Perkins
1st Lt. Thomas Meehan	Pvt. Edward K. Buffington	Pfc. Donald D. Eckels	Pfc. Roland M. Hibbitt	Pfc. William T. McGonigal, Jr.	S/Sgt. Dominick J. Peternel
2nd Lt. Charles W. Mellen	Pfc. James G. Campas	Pvt. George L. Elliott	Pvt. Charles F. Hodgkin	Pfc. Earl F. McGrath	Pfc. John Pinchot
2nd Lt. Charles H. Semon	Pfc. Colin Campbell	Sgt. Simmie C. Ervin	T/5 Orval B. Holand	Pfc. Walter S. Macauley, Jr.	Pfc. Sam D. Plyler
1st Lt. Kenneth A. Beatty	Sgt. Thayer U. Carlton	1st Sgt. William S. Evans	Sgt. Julius A. Houck	Pvt. Frank J. Maczuga	Pfc. Ignacy S. Poblieglo
1st Lt. Freeling T. Colt	Pfc. Warren K. Carney	Pvt. James J. Farrell	Pvt. Walter J. Hult	Pfc. Owen D. Magie	Pfc. James Politis
WO(jg) Andrew F. Hill	Pvt. Woodrow W. Carpenter	Pfc. Leonard L. Farrow	Pvt. Elmer W. Husband	Pvt. Oziel T. Martinez	T/5 Howard R. Porter
Pvt. Philip D. Abbey	Pfc. Donald W. Carter	Pfc. Frederick J. Feneran	Sgt. James A. James	Pvt. Laymon H. Massey, Jr.	Pvt. George Radeka
Sgt. Charles H. Adams	Pvt. Franklin A. Cato	Cpl. Ralph D. Fischer	Pfc. Joseph M. Jordan	Pvt. Frank R. Materewicz	Pvt. Steve Radovich
T/4 Charles F. Allison	Pfc. Jay E. Cheel	Pfc. Bryce L. Fountain	Pvt. John E. Justice	Pfc. William S. Metzler	Pvt. Willie Ramirez
Pvt. Secundino Alvarez	Pfc. Charles J. Cheetham	Cpl. Donald B. Francis	Pfc. Joseph J. Kajack	Pfc. Donald K. Mick	T 4 Robert L. Repine
Pfc. Gilbert Amabisco	Pvt. Billy G. Christain	Pvt. Scott S. French	Pvt. Henry Kautz	Cpl. Eugene E. Middleton	Pvt. George J. Rigaux
Pvt. Andrew Andraks	Sgt. William H. Clements	Pvt. Charles C. Fruge	Pfc. George E. Kenfield	Cpl. Halbert L. Miller	Sgt. Carl N. Riggs
Pvt. Anthony F. Andres	T/5 Herman F. Collins	Pvt. Finis G. Gensler	Pvt. Raymond F. Kermode	Pfc. John N. Miller	T 5 Leslie B. Riley
Pfc. Milton G. Anthony	Pfc. Martin P. Collins	Pvt. Lee O. German	Pvt. John J. Keter	T/5 James E. Millican	Pvt. John A. Rinehart
Pvt. William E. Ash	Pvt. Robert S. Cone	Pvt. Philip Germer	Pvt. James D. King	Pfc. Fred A. Million	Pvt. Charles T. Risner
T/5 William H. Atlee	Pvt. John L. Corder	Pvt. Augustine Gonzales	Pfc. John J. Kittia	Sgt. Carl T. Monson	Pfc. Orris V. Robbins
	Pvt. Herman J. Cordes	T/4 John B. Goodman	Pfc. Leo Knight	Pvt. Luther F. Morrison	S Sgt. Murray B. Roberts
	Sgt. Floyd J. Corrington	Pfc. Everett J. Gray	Pvt. Walter J. Korrow	Pfc. Sergio G. Moya	Pvt. Ronzani F. Ronzani



Pvt. James L. Satterfield	Pfc. Thomas W. Warren	1st Lt. Raymond G. Schmitz	T/5 Thomas W. Call	Cpt. Harold S. Forshee	Pfc. Martin J. McAndrew
Pvt. Elza L. Sharp	Pfc. James F. Waters	1st Lt. Harold E. Watkins	Pvt. Laurel M. Callihan	Pvt. Berttran J. Foster, Jr.	Pvt. Roy M. McCarrson
Sgt. Jack Shea	T/5 Jerry A. Wentzel	1st Lt. Wayne E. Winans	Cpl. James D. Campbell	Pfc. Harold M. Frazier	Pvt. John J. McCarthy
S/Sgt. Othis C. Shepherd	Sgt. Donald W. Wetherell	1st Lt. Linton A. Barling	Pfc. Lloyd M. Carpenter	Pfc. Ralph H. Fritz	Pvt. Rue D. McMahan
1stSgt. James P. Shirley	T/5 Earl F. Wheeldon	1st Lt. Paul E. Blaum	Pvt. Paul R. Carter	Pfc. Joseph N. Gendrean	Sgt. Addison H. Marquardt
Pvt. Leonard J. Simco	Pvt. William H. Whitesel	1st Lt. Rudolph E. Bolte	T/4 Robert L. Cheever	Pvt. Eli Gonzales	Pfc. Guillermo Martinez
S/Sgt. Paul L. Simrell	Pvt. Hugh F. Williams	1st Lt. Harold B. Carter	T/4 Mainard D. Clifton	Pfc. Edwin Gromnicki	Cpl. Jack E. Mattz
Pvt. George Slakanich	Pvt. Leslie E. Williams	Pvt. Robert G. Allen	Pvt. Norman E. Closson	Cpl. John W. Hahn	Pvt. Manuel T. Medina
T/5 Joseph F. Slosarczyk	T/5 Ralph H. Wimer	Pvt. Jesse T. Allred	S/Sgt. Scott L. Cole	Pfc. Glenn E. Hamlin	Pvt. Timoteo G. Melendez
Pvt. Frank J. Smutek	Pvt. Anthony M. Wincenciak, Jr.	Pvt. John P. Androsky	Sgt. Garland W. Collier	Pfc. Maning G. Haney	Pfc. Trino Mendez
Pfc. Gerald R. Snider	Pvt. Benjamin F. Winn	Pfc. William H. Arledge	Pvt. Clarence A. Coyle	Pfc. Godfrey J. Hanson	Pfc. Vernon J. Menze
Sgt. Roy H. Speake	Pfc. Dean E. Winner	Pvt. Edward L. Auseon	Pfc. Frank A. Cress	Pvt. Clark M. Harmon	Sgt. Richard M. Mero
Cpl. Marvin M. Stallings	Cpl. Thomas B. Wolford	Pvt. Bert J. Bailey, Jr.	Pvt. Anthony P. Croll	Pfc. Donald R. G. Harms	Pvt. George L. Mershon
Pvt. Robert L. Stewart	Pvt. Clarence M. Wright	Pvt. Raymond O. Barkey	Pfc. Andrew P. Cyran	Pfc. John A. Hattenbach	Pfc. James W. Miller
Pvt. William G. Stewart	Pvt. John A. Wright	Cpl. Jay F. Barr	Pvt. James L. Davidson	Pvt. Joaquin Hernandez	Pfc. William T. Miller
T/5 Stanley E. Stockins	Pvt. Robert Wright	Pfc. Armand R. Beauchamp	Pfc. Fred E. Davison	Pvt. Donn S. Howe	Pvt. James D. Mock
T/4 Benjamin J. Stoney	Cpl. Stanley Zebrosky	Pvt. Harold C. Boye	Pvt. John K. Day	Pfc. Kenneth A. Hull	Pfc. Robert J. Modracek
Pvt. John Supco	Pfc. Edward P. Zoltz	Sgt. Daniel Brewer	Pfc. Charles R. Deem, Jr.	Pfc. Prentice E. Hundley	Pvt. Melvin R. Morse
Pvt. Jack Swinney		Pvt. Robert F. Britt	Pvt. Victor J. De Luca	Pvt. John E. Ivey	Pvt. Harold C. Mosser
Pvt. Roy U. Talhelm		Pfc. John W. Broadhead	Pvt. David A. Demetri	Pvt. John Kincaid, Jr.	Pfc. Bernard D. Muller
Pfc. Joseph W. Tasker	HOLLAND	Pvt. William J. Brown	Pvt. Marvin J. Descant	Pvt. Earl K. Kisse	S/Sgt. Robert A. Mullins
Pvt. Ruben R. Tellez	Major Oliver M. Horton	Pvt. Arlo L. Brownley, Jr.	Pfc. Paul K. De Voe	Pfc. Elden M. Kribbs	Pvt. Edward J. Murray
Pfc. Elmer L. Telstad	Capt. John W. Kiley	T/4 Harold L. Brucker	Pvt. Charles Dickey, Jr.	Pfc. Irving J. Krom	Sgt. William R. Myers
Pfc. Leslie F. Tindall	1st Lt. Harold F. Cramer	Cpl. Andrew T. Bryan, Jr.	Pvt. Martin J. Dodge	Pvt. John M. La Cour	Pvt. Carl Napier
Sgt. Robert L. Todd	2nd Lt. James L. Diel	Pvt. Walter J. Bugeler	Pvt. Chester M. Downing	Cpl. Harold W. Lambrecht	Pvt. George B. Newport
Sgt. Robert C. Tucker	1st Lt. Warren H. Frye	Sgt. Clifford L. Buren	Pvt. Wilson J. Doyle	Cpl. Gordon J. Laudick	Cpl. Joseph Oleskiewicz
Pfc. Charlie L. Tyra	1st Lt. Fred A. Gibbs	Pvt. Jack R. Butler	Cpl. William H. Dukeman, Jr.	Pvt. Nicholas A. Le Cursi	Pvt. Carl E. Pease
T/5 Orville R. Vanderpool	1st Lt. Russell E. Hall	Cpl. Harry W. Buxton	Sgt. Charles L. Easter	Pvt. Thomas J. Lee	Pfc. Carl E. Pein
Pvt. Ardean D. Vernatter	1st Lt. James H. Moore	Pvt. Roy F. Bye	Pvt. Preston F. Edmonds	Pfc. Orel H. Lev	Pvt. Randal Pettis
Pfc. James W. Walker	1st Lt. Robert M. Pennell	S/Sgt. William J. Byrnes	Pfc. Joseph P. Egan	Pvt. Joseph H. Lewsey	Sgt. Willis Phillips
Pvt. Raymond Ward	2nd Lt. George O. Retan	Pvt. John J. Caccese	Pvt. Henry Elsner	Pvt. Joseph C. Lukoskie	Pfc. Edwin J. Prezickowski

*Though dead, we are not heroes yet, nor can be,  
Til the living, by their lives that are the tools  
Carve us the epitaphs of wise men  
And give us not the epitaphs of fools. Phillips*



Pfc. Thomas G. Psar  
Pfc. John B. Purdie  
Pfc. Alexander Rapino  
S/Sgt. Frank E. Rick  
Pvt. Bernard J. Rinne  
S/Sgt. Charles J. Rogers  
S/Sgt. Robert M. Rogers  
Pvt. William B. Rogers  
Pfc. Eugene C. Roman  
Pvt. Daniel H. Russo  
Pvt. Bruno W. Rybinski  
Pvt. James R. Shears  
Pvt. Clarence L. Shrout  
Pfc. George J. Siegwarth  
Sgt. Albert C. Smith  
Pvt. Homer R. Smith  
Pvt. Howard A. Smith  
Pvt. James E. Smith  
T/4 Joseph E. Smith  
Pvt. Lloyd R. Smith  
Pvt. William C. Smith  
Pvt. Michael J. Sobol  
Pfc. John H. Stephens, Jr.  
Pvt. Jack Stidham  
Cpl. Franklin F. Stroble  
Pfc. Francis L. Swanson  
Pfc. Glenn E. Sweigart  
Pfc. Francis X. Terziu  
Pfc. Bernard B. Tom  
Pvt. Joseph J. Trpelka  
Pvt. Angelo Utila  
1st Sgt. Leo J. Van Erdewyk  
Pvt. Robert Van Klinken  
Pvt. Gus A. Waggoner

Pfc. Elwood L. Waterman, Jr.  
Pfc. Joseph M. Watkins  
Pfc. George L. Weber  
Pvt. Robert E. Wesp  
Pvt. Henry West  
Pvt. Frederick W. Whitaker  
T/5 Archie C. Wiley  
Pvt. John C. Wisniewski  
Pvt. Anthony J. Yodis  
Pvt. William J. Yorka

#### BELGIUM

Lt. Col. James L. LaPrade  
Capt. Roy M. Kessler  
1st Lt. Lyle C. Fenton  
1st Lt. Lawrence M. Fitzpatrick  
1st Lt. Jerome C. Knight  
1st Lt. Carl B. MacDowell  
2nd Lt. Robert I. Stanley  
2nd Lt. Sherman N. Sutherland  
2nd Lt. Charles M. Thirlkeld, Jr.  
2nd Lt. Roger L. Tinsley  
1st Lt. John F. Weisenberger  
T/5 Robert E. Adams  
Pfc. Jose S. Almeraz  
Pvt. Salome G. Alvarado  
Pvt. Aubrey W. Arnold  
Pvt. Ulysses E. Austill  
S/Sgt. Roy H. Austin  
Pvt. David Bahus  
Pvt. Joseph S. Baker  
Cpl. Ollie E. Barrington, Jr.  
Pfc. Raymond L. Bateman  
Cpl. Donald D. Beazley

Pvt. John A. Bielski  
Pvt. Hubert B. Blackwelder  
Pfc. Robert R. Blankenship  
Pvt. Angelo A. Bottacin  
Cpl. James L. Brown  
Pfc. John J. Burke  
Pfc. Anthony D. Busone  
Pfc. Guido Cappelletti  
Pfc. Salvador G. Cenicerros  
Sgt. Dean F. Christensen  
Pvt. Garland W. Cline  
Pfc. Glen H. Cosner  
Pvt. Robert H. Cressey  
Pvt. Raymond E. Cronin  
Pfc. Harvey A. Cross  
Pvt. Malcome E. Cureton  
Pfc. Marijan P. Derencin  
Pfc. David Diener  
Pvt. Michael Eliuk  
Pvt. Franklin K. Ely  
Pvt. Robert Y. Evans  
Pvt. Emanuel Fell  
Pfc. Dennis D. Garland  
Pfc. Harry Gibson  
Pvt. George L. Goetz  
Pvt. Robert H. Goldbacher  
Pvt. Frank J. Goodson  
T/5 William W. Gordon  
T/5 Francis E. Gos  
Sgt. William D. Green  
Pfc. James P. Grennan  
Pfc. Norman J. Griesse  
Pfc. George A. Guckenberger  
Pfc. Don G. Hackman

Pvt. Carl Hannah  
Pvt. James A. Harvey  
Pvt. Harold G. Hayes  
Pfc. A. P. Herron  
Pfc. Robert G. Hester  
Pvt. Chester L. R. Hickman  
Pfc. Marion G. Hill  
Sgt. Andrew J. Hobbs  
Pvt. Howard P. Hodge  
Cpl. Donald B. Hoobler  
Sgt. Joseph R. Hopkins  
Pvt. Charles D. Horn  
Pvt. Richard J. Hughes  
Pvt. Lilburn V. Huie  
Pvt. Charles L. Hunt  
Pvt. Charles R. Hunton  
Pvt. Clarence E. Isler  
Pfc. Eugene E. Jackson  
Sgt. Thomas E. Jackson  
Cpl. Joseph L. Joseph  
Pfc. John T. Julian  
Pvt. Hubert W. Justus  
T/4 Abraham W. Katz  
Pfc. Charles H. Kiefer, Jr.  
Sgt. William F. Kiehn  
Pvt. James E. Kirtpatrick  
Pvt. Thomas A. Knapp  
Pvt. Glenn L. Knerr  
Pfc. Victor F. LaCount  
Pvt. Melvin C. Lacy  
Cpl. Joseph Laingo  
Pvt. Ralph E. Lance  
Pvt. Philip W. Langschultz  
Pfc. Walter S. Lanocha

Pvt. Joseph M. Laviolette  
Pfc. Lester P. Lawrence  
Pfc. George E. Lovell  
Pfc. Leonard E. Lundquist  
Pvt. Donald H. McCrea  
S/Sgt. Thomas W. Manry  
S/Sgt. Joseph P. Madona  
Pvt. Victor P. Martinez  
Sgt. Gordon E. Mather  
Cpl. Francis J. Mellett  
T/5 Martin E. Mize  
Sgt. Willy A. Morris  
Sgt. Warren H. Muck  
Pvt. Patrick H. Neill  
Pfc. Shelby C. Norton  
Pvt. Anton W. Opferkuch  
Pvt. John R. Osborne  
Cpl. Leo Padlovsky  
S/Sgt. Manuel W. Parros  
Pvt. Ernest O. Payne  
Pfc. Alex M. Penkala  
Pvt. Claire M. Peterson  
S/Sgt. Leland Peterson  
Pfc. Edward F. Petrowski  
Pvt. Marvin E. Pfaff  
Pvt. Albert J. Ponte  
Pvt. Herman W. Prawdzik  
Pvt. Francis E. Proper  
Pvt. William J. Purcell  
Cpl. Hubert Reasor  
Pvt. Harry G. Reichel  
Pfc. Robert L. Reid  
Pfc. John Rogoshewski  
Pvt. David W. Rohr

Pfc. Amory S. Roper  
T/4 Benjamin H. Rylah  
Sgt. Mariano Sanchez  
Pfc. Carl C. Sawosko  
Pvt. Earl V. Shade  
Pfc. John Sherben  
Pvt. Johnnie E. Shindell  
T/4 Dine G. Simioni  
Cpl. Donald I. Skoglund  
Cpl. Cledth C. Smith  
Pfc. Eugene A. Smith  
Pvt. James R. Sowards, Jr.  
Pfc. Silber E. Speer  
Pfc. John J. Spisak  
Cpl. Carl E. Summer  
Pvt. Edger J. Truett  
Pvt. Florenzio Valenzuela  
Pvt. William T. Vence  
Pvt. Garret A. Walling  
Cpl. Jack J. Walsh  
Pfc. Harold D. Webb  
Pfc. Kenneth J. Webb  
S Sgt. James W. West  
Sgt. John R. York  
Pvt. Melvan L. Young  
Pvt. Joseph P. Zettwich  
Pvt. Albert C. Gray  
Pvt. Robert W. Kangas  
Pvt. Roy F. Stewart

#### GERMANY

Maj. William Leach  
T 5 Alex M. Abercrombie  
T 5 Russell J. Bright



Sgt. Joseph A. Caivano  
Sgt. Nick Demkowicz  
Pvt. Harold E. Howard  
Pvt. Nick Kozorosky  
Pvt. James M. Lovett, Jr.  
Sgt. George Montillio  
Pfc. Robert E. Morneweck  
Pfc. Claude W. Rankin  
Pfc. Floyd J. Roberts  
Pfc. Marcos S. Santillan  
Pfc. Charles A. Syer  
MIA  
Pfc. Michael B. Koval  
Pfc. Frank Pellechia  
Pfc. Robert M. Watts

#### NON-BATTLE CASUALTIES

Capt. Harold R. Rock  
1st Lt. Alexander E. Tuck III  
Pvt. Charles H. Ashman  
Pvt. Victor C. Churinski  
Pfc. William J. Coyne  
Pvt. Rudolph R. Dittrich  
Pvt. Rexford A. Fingeroos  
Pfc. Lloyd W. Greene  
Pvt. Marvin W. Hegel  
Pfc. John A. Janovec  
Pvt. Peter R. Kahlke  
Pfc. Saul Kaplan  
Pvt. Adam E. Magda  
Sgt. Daniel P. Molloy  
Sgt. Homer Sarver  
Pfc. Joe Oporowsky

## Missing in Action

RMC: Return to Military Control  
MIA: Missing in Action  
KIA: Killed in Action  
RTD: Returned to Duty

#### NORMANDY

T/5 Earl M. Ash RMC  
Pfc. James A. Bell RMC  
Cpl. Donald E. Bignall MIA  
Pvt. Robert J. Bloser MIA  
Cpl. James W. Bradley RMC  
Pvt. Keith K. Bryan MIA  
Pfc. Harry L. Burg MIA  
T/5 Raym. E. Calandrella RTD  
Pfc. Richard L. Calhoon KIA  
Pvt. Cosmo Ciano KIA  
Cpl. Martin W. Clark RTD  
Pvt. Stanley B. Clever RTD  
Pvt. Edward J. Corcoran MIA  
Pvt. Charles E. Cunningham RTD  
Pvt. Nick G. Dallas  
Pvt. George V. Fernandez MIA  
Pvt. Edwin Finder MIA  
T/5 Arthur M. Goodrich MIA  
Pvt. James F. Green RMC  
Pfc. William F. Harris RMC  
Pvt. Jesse M. Hawkins MIA  
Pfc. Bryant L. Hinson KIA  
Pfc. Raymond D. Hoffman  
Pfc. John J. Houk MIA  
Pfc. Harry H. Howard RMC  
S/Sgt. James H. Japhet MIA

Pvt. George J. Karalunas MIA  
Cpl. Clarence L. Kelly MIA  
Pvt. Lespie R. King RMC  
Pvt. Robert C. Kingy MIA  
Pvt. Edmund Lojko RMC  
Pvt. Charles K. Louis KIA  
Sgt. Beverly J. Manlove MIA  
Pvt. Joseph E. Martin MIA  
Pvt. George R. Merritt MIA  
Pvt. Roy Mezo MIA  
Pvt. Vester B. Millard KIA  
Cpl. Harry L. Miller RMC  
Cpl. John L. Montgomery RMC  
Pfc. William J. Oatman RTD  
Pvt. Howard W. Phillips MIA  
M/Sgt. Robert W. Plants  
Cpl. Archie F. Ponds RMC  
Pvt. Alvin Poynter MIA  
Pvt. Harold Reed RMC  
Pfc. Foster P. Reeder MIA  
Pvt. Leo T. Reynolds RMC  
Pvt. John E. Robbins RMC  
T/5 Paul E. Sevier RMC  
Cpl. John H. Simson MIA  
Pvt. Jack Sizemore RMC  
Pfc. Christopher C. Smith MIA  
Pfc. Frederick P. Smith MIA  
Pvt. Franklin T. Starcher RMC  
Pvt. Harold G. Staton RMC  
Pvt. Harry D. Stewart KIA  
Pvt. James E. Stewart RMC  
Pfc. Arthur J. Stuler RMC  
Pfc. John A. Toormina  
Sgt. Victor A. Turkovich MIA

T/4 Paul H. Veilleaux RMC  
Pvt. John A. Vendelis MIA  
Pfc. Newton P. Weatherby MIA  
Pvt. Paul J. Weber MIA  
Pvt. Glen L. Weirich MIA  
Pvt. John Westerlund, Jr. RMC  
Pvt. Robert S. Cone MIA

#### HOLLAND

Pvt. Albert J. Banford RMC  
Pvt. Woodrow W. Braswell RMC  
Pvt. George H. Burggraf RMC  
Pvt. Raymond L. Burke RMC  
Joseph Chervo  
S/Sgt. Harry A. Clawson MIA  
Sgt. Vernon V. Coble MIA  
Pfc. Ralph J. Dominic MIA  
Pvt. Howell J. Farnworth RMC  
Cpl. Joseph A. Findley RMC  
Cpl. Jack E. Fullerton MIA  
Sgt. Eldrige G. Gaston RMC  
Pfc. George A. Goins RMC  
Pfc. Frank Harin RMC  
Pfc. Donald E. Hegenes RMC  
Pfc. Jose Hernandez MIA  
Pfc. Elvin O. Homan MIA  
Pvt. Charles A. Honecker RMC  
Pvt. Don R. Howard MIA  
Pvt. Paul B. Johnson RMC  
Sgt. Robert L. Kane MIA  
Pvt. Willie Kennedy RMC  
Pvt. Lawrence J. Kilby MIA

Pvt. John H. Kilduff MIA  
Pvt. Roy F. Kimball RMC  
Pvt. William Kistingner RMC  
Pfc. Marvin E. Klingler RMC  
Pfc. Frank A. Lujan RMC  
Cpl. Otto W. Mackay RMC  
Cpl. William W. Mueller MIA  
Pfc. Michael Scappino RMC  
Sgt. Forrest L. Snelling MIA  
Pfc. Harvey E. Thomas RMC  
Pvt. Morris L. Thomas MIA  
Pfc. John H. Tipton RMC  
Cpl. Arthur B. Tissington MIA  
Pvt. John E. Tweer MIA  
Pvt. James C. Van Thiel MIA  
Cpl. Harvey N. White MIA  
Sgt. Harry A. Zavacki MIA

#### BELGIUM

Pvt. Robert W. Allen MIA  
Pvt. Louis R. Braasch RMC  
Pvt. Philip Broncheau MIA  
Pvt. Roy F. Burk RMC  
Pvt. J. C. Chambless MIA  
Pfc. Howard N. Cleaver RMC  
Cpl. Gerald L. Counts RMC  
Pvt. Donald F. Dieball RMC  
Sgt. Jack W. Dunn RMC  
Pvt. Howard M. Goodman RMC  
Pvt. Thomas M. Graham MIA  
Pvt. Robert L. Gunners RMC  
Sgt. Floyd E. Harrison RMC

Pfc. Edward F. Intihar RMC  
Pfc. Armond J. Isabell RMC  
Pfc. Paul R. Jan Koniak RMC  
Pfc. Marcel C. Janssens RMC  
Pvt. John W. Johnson, Jr. MIA  
Pfc. Norman R. Kildoo RMC  
Pvt. Luther H. Kimbler RMC  
T/5 Gene Kristie RMC  
Pvt. Ray L. McCann RMC  
Cpl. Albert J. McCarthy MIA  
Pfc. Nelson A. McFaul RMC  
Pvt. Joseph Maes MIA  
Pvt. George M. Magyari MIA  
Pvt. Robert A. Meyers RMC  
Pfc. Ernest E. Miller MIA  
Sgt. Anglo S. Montrella RMC  
Pvt. Richard L. Mullens RMC  
Pvt. Harold J. Nowak RMC  
Pvt. Francis F. Nugent RMC  
Pvt. Francis L. Pearson RMC  
Pfc. Harry E. Perine RMC  
Cpl. Sam A. Pettinella MIA  
Pvt. Rosario P. Rizzo MIA  
Pvt. Robert K. Sapp RMC  
Pvt. Edward M. Schell MIA  
Pfc. Curtis P. Smith RMC  
Pvt. Thomas H. Sorrell MIA  
Pvt. Albert B. Sorrels RMC  
Pvt. Delmar M. Souther KIA  
Pvt. Robert E. Warner RMC  
Pvt. William C. Weber, Jr. RMC  
Pvt. Paul V. Wilson RMC  
Pfc. James D. Withers MIA

*Before they die the brave have in their hands  
A rich particular beauty for their heirs.*





SGT. MAJOR R. H. OLINGER



1ST SGT. BUCK ROGERS HQ 1



1ST SGT. F. E. WHITE "A"



1ST SGT. C. A. RAMEY "B"



1ST SGT. S. S. SMITH "C"



1ST SGT. I. V. GRAHAM HQ 2



1ST SGT. R. A. SHURTER "D"



1ST SGT. J. C. LYNCH "E"



1ST SGT. C. R. MALLEY "F"



1ST SGT. N. M. BULLOCK HQ 3



1ST SGT. J. F. SENIOR, Jr. "G"



1ST SGT. G. G. BOLLES "H"



1ST SGT. J. H. ABBOTT, Jr. "I"



1ST SGT. A. H. MILLER RHQ



1ST SGT. WALTER NIETEN SER.

"OOH, WOT HE SAID"



SPEC. UNITS

### FIRST BN.

FIRST ROW Lt. Joseph R. Reed, Guthrie M. Hatfield, Paul S. Vacho, Capt. William W. Wilson, Capt. Joseph E. Warren, Capt. Frank E. Morrison, Albert H. Hassenzahl, Capt. William C. Kennedy, Capt. Heber L. Minton, Frederic A. Bahlau.

SECOND ROW Warren G. Frakes, CWO. Casimir J. Michnowicz, John J. Yatsko, Everett A. Davidson, Harry Zeckerman, Joseph Hamer, Lt. Col. Hester, Anthony N. Borelli, Spencer Walton, Edwin Long, Huber C. Porter, Donald E. Zahn.

THIRD ROW Eugene A. Dance, John Preston, James W. Lane, Dana C. Watts, Frank J. Solaeugi, Samuel S. Burns, Albert H. Miller, Herbert A. Robinson, Robert Wynn, Charles A. Price, John B. Mitchell.

NOT IN PICTURE Major Knut H. Raudstein, Edward Melton, Frank R. Stanfield, Gerald H. Evers, Robert E. Rutan, Alan Qua, Eugene M. Forbes, Isaac H. Cole.

### SECOND BN.

FIRST ROW Lt. Thomas A. Rhodes, Thomas A. Peacock, Capt. Joe F. McMillan, Lt. Col. Strayer, Major Richard D. Winters, Capt. Loyd J. Cox, Harry F. Welsh.

SECOND ROW Lt. J. P. O'Shaughnessy Jr., Robt. H. Cowing, Ralph D. Richey, Capt. Wayne P. Beardsley, Capt. Phillip F. Dean, Tom L. Gibson, John A. Cadmus.

THIRD ROW Francis L. O'Brien, Phillip J. Maher, Jack E. Foley, Robt. A. McCutcheon, Bernard F. Staplefeld, William T. Allers, Elliott W. Curry, Adolf Paterson, Lee J. May.

FOURTH ROW Louis S. Ritter Jr., Alexander M. Hamilton, Victor A. Schroeder, Andrew E. Tuck III, John L. Ghiardi, Robt. E. Gage, Edward G. Thomas, John C. Williams, Holland C. Oswald, Donald J. Fray, William F. Robertson.

NOT IN PICTURE Capt. Ronald C. Speirs, Capt. Lewis Nixon, Henry S. Jones, Ralph Cobb, Laird McNeal, Douglas Marshall, John R. Lacey, Edward D. Shames, Robert C. Brussat, Gerald C. McCarthy, Roy P. Gates, John C. Williams, Leonard Jaye.

### THIRD BN.

FIRST ROW Ed. Buss, Roy E. Bjorkman, Lewis Sutfin, Roy Berger, Perrin Walker, Don Replogle, Frank Rowe, Robt. O. Bausman, Harold Hollbrook, Ed. Wilkinson, Frank Southerland, Wilbur Raduenz, Jesse Bryant, Capt. James L. Walker, Denver Albrecht.

SECOND ROW Major Fred Anderson, Willie Miller, Capt. Jean Hollstein, Donald G. Barlow, Colonel Sink, Lt. Col. Loyd E. Patch, Capt. Durwood Cann, Sam Sardis, Chester Osborne, Chas. Schaefer.

THIRD ROW Capt. Ed. Harrell, Clark Heggeness, Bruno Schroeder, George Fortier, Jack Holland, Edmund Lang, Arthur Harrington, Capt. Joe Doughty.

NOT IN PICTURE Lt. B. J. Duke, J. Mike Williams, Loyd E. Wills, Capt. George Lancaster, Capt. Walter E. Meyers, Carl Pinsky, Alexander Andros, Robt. F. Stroud, Milo E. Bush, Grant D. Erickson.

### SPEC. UNITS

FIRST ROW Lt. Pat J. Sweeney, Chaplain John I. Himes, Gordon O. Rothwell, Norman J. McFadden, Capt. Geo. L. Barton, Stanley E. Trotter, John C. Garvey, WO. Geo. W. Clemons, Rodger M. Meadows, Chas. W. Bonning.

SECOND ROW W. R. Van Horn, Capt. Max T. Petroff, Capt. Robt. S. Moon, Capt. Robt. I. Barry, Bill E. Reed, Robt. E. Haley, Major Louis R. Kent, Schrable D. Williams, Capt. Samuel C. Feiler, Capt. Wayne P. Beardsley, Capt. Logan B. Hull, Laird McNeel, Carl G. Bedient.

THIRD ROW Robt. O. Bausman, John F. Stegman, Raymond E. Chickos, Herbert A. Eggie, Arthur W. Harrington, Roy A. Warner, Leo P. Monaghan, WO. Harold E. Linder.

NOT IN PICTURE Fred T. Broyhill, Sterling Horner, Frank J. McFadden, Edgar O. McMahon, Blaine C. Pothier, Charles J. Cargile.

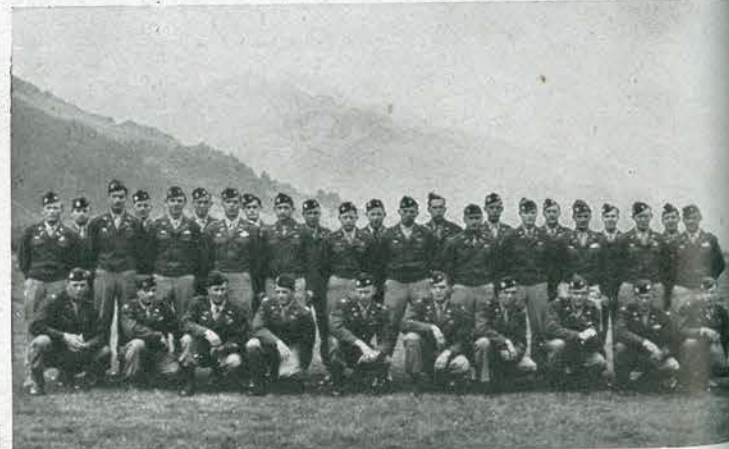
3RD



2ND



1ST





# New York Cavalcade By Louis Sobol

## Strictly War Stuff!

I SAT around with several officers of the Parachute Infantry. These are among the most daring soldiers in any branch of the service. They are among the best paid, too—and should be. This is what I learned from them.

Officers receive \$100 extra when on jump status. Enlisted men receive a monthly bonus of \$50. The 506th Parachute Regiment, commanded by Col. Robert F. Sink, now completing training at Fort Benning, Ga., gained nationwide fame by shattering a dozen march records, including the world mark set by the Japs.

Here is how paratroops in Col. Sink's 506th regiment are toughened. They crawl through hog trails to accustom themselves to smell and nausea of rotting things to get used to blood. They creep under live machine guns that could quickly change soldier's status to casualty.

21): Capt. W. J. Boyle, of Brooklyn (a West Pointer); Lieut. A. E. Tuck, III, of Larchmont (he quit school to join); Capt. S. C. Feiler, of Brooklyn, a parachuting dentist (the boys kid him about his specialty being jumping toothaches). Lieut. Julian Katz, of Manhattan, broke his leg in three places several days ago in a jump—which means that his career as a paratrooper is probably over.

There have been more than 100,000 parachute jumps at Fort Benning. Each jumper carries a parachute, including a reserve. Two

are a recent area of 126 ft. Every jumper has a 126 ft. chute, which is attached to the body by a rope. Falls from the umbrella sky are no slight thing.

P. Howell, first jumper, who refuses to water from a New York faucet, court martialed him for it. "Gin rummy, blackjack, craps, there are less squawks over than in the camps here. Morale is high."



Back in town is Capt. Alexander S. Forster, who has made several trips to the North Africa theatre of war—and this is what he has to say about conditions on the transports—and the state of morale in the war zone.

Soldiers embark with full equipment—ready to fight—and disembark with full packs—ready to fight. There are double and even triple shifts at mealtimes—but the service is continuous, the food plentiful. The chaplains are usual. Each transport carries enough books to fill a well-sized library. Life belts are worn at all times.

Arriving at destination is like reaching a home town. You see dozens of familiar faces. Like walking into Lindy's or Reuben's or the Stork, after weeks in another city. The first cry is for newspapers. No matter how old—the fellows are hungry for the news. They almost kiss you if you carry a paper from the home town. What they miss most are the regular broadcasts. Men like Captain Forster, who makes the trip often, bring along cigarettes, gum, shaving soap, articles and toilet.

One former radio announcer, when presented with a bottle of gin rummy, shouted: "Champagne, champagne!" Gin rummy, blackjack, craps, there are less squawks over than in the camps here. Morale is high.





## EVERY ONE ASKED...

WHY IS THE TROOPER FOREVER BOASTING OF HIS PHYSICAL ABILITY TO ENDURE LONG MARCHES AND STRENUOUS CALISTHENICS? HE BOASTS OF HIS PAST ACCOMPLISHMENTS, OF WHAT HE WILL SOME DAY DO. WHY THE SELF ASSURED, COCKY AIR, SO PLAINLY ACCENTUATED BY HIS MIRROR POLISHED BOOTS, TILTED CAP, BLOUSED TROUSERS, AND BOUNCE? WHY IS HE PAID MORE THAN OTHER SOLDIERS? IN COMBAT WILL HE PROVE HIS RIGHT TO "BOASTFULNESS", AND EXTRA PAY? WILL THE PARATROOPER CARRY ON THE TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, OR IS HE MERELY AN OVERPUBLICIZED GLAMOUR BOY? THEY KEPT ASKING.

# Airborne Hank:



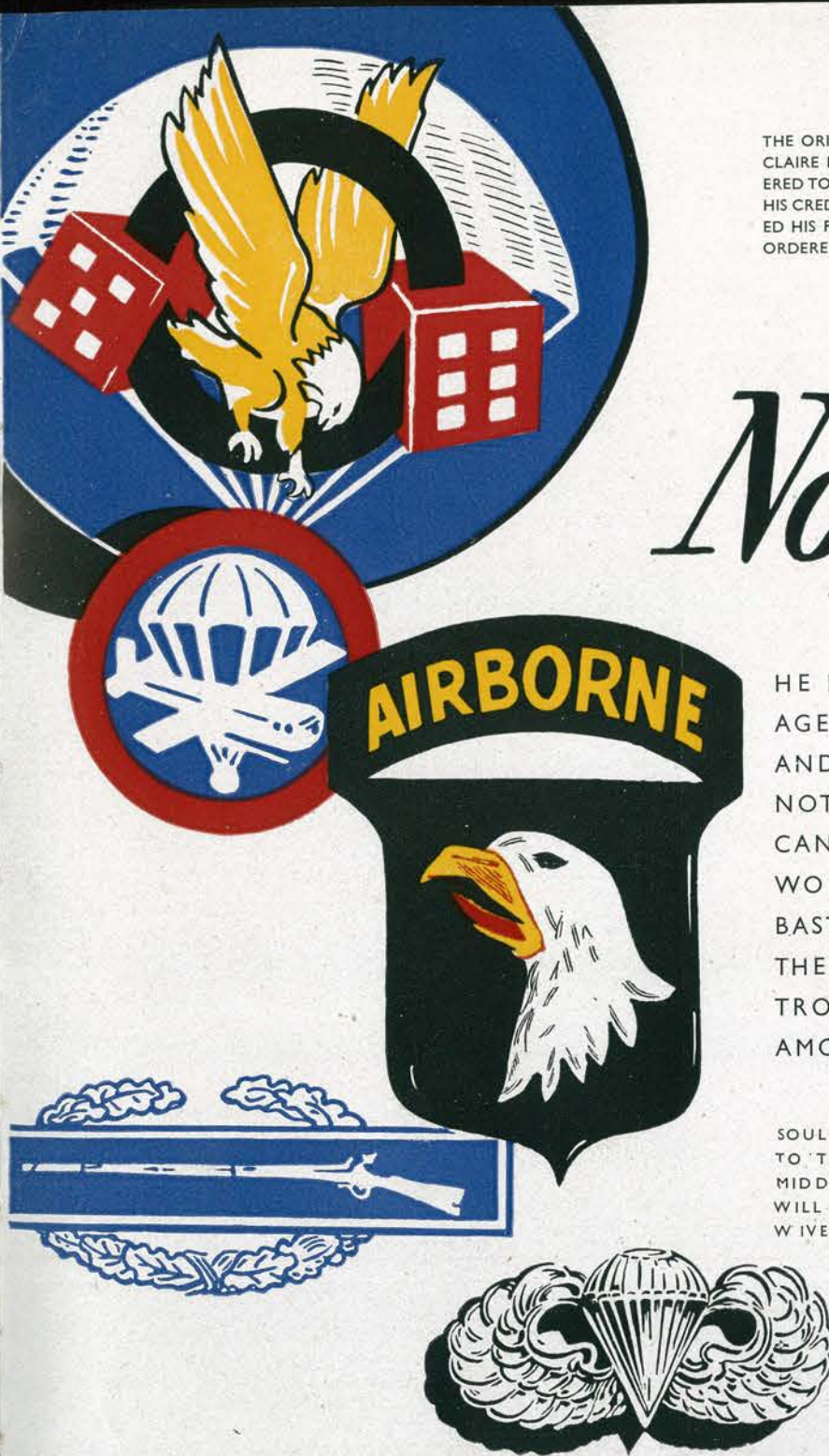
THE ORIGINAL 101ST DIV. STEMS FROM THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN REGT OF CIVIL WAR TIME. THE EAU CLAIRE EAGLES, CO. "C" THE 8TH REGT., LEGEND HAS IT, WENT INTO BATTLE WITH AN EAGLE TETHERED TO THEIR STANDARD. IN THE BATTLE OF CORINTH, WITH 36 CIVIL WAR ENGAGEMENTS TO HIS CREDIT, THE EAGLE GAINED HIS FAME. IN THE THICK OF BATTLE, HE SO SCREECHED AND VENTED HIS FURY, HIS SOLDIERS TOOK NEW VIGOR AND HOPE. THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL THEN ORDERED A REWARD FOR THAT ----- EAGLE'S HEAD.

# *None can deny.*

HE ESTABLISHED THE RIGHT, WITH A VENGEANCE, TO ALL HE HAD DONE AND SAID, AND MORE. THE WORLD PAID HOMAGE TO HIS DEEDS AND HEROISM. NOT ALL THE ENEMY'S FIRE AND FURY COULD STOP HIS SURE ADVANCE. SUCH AS HE DID NOT DIE QUIETLY, BUT SAVAGELY AMONG THE HEDGEROWS, CANALS AND SNOWDRIFTS. HE FOUGHT AND DIED. AND HE WON THE RESPECT OF ALL NATIONS. FROM NORMANDY TO BASTOGNE THE NAZI WAS FILLED WITH FEAR WHEN FACED WITH THE "AMERIKANER FALLSCHIRMJAEGER". THE AMERICAN PARATROOPER WON HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES A SHINING PLACE AMONG THE GREAT MILITARY FORCES OF FREEDOM.

"SO EFFICIENTLY DOES HE KILL, AND ADVANCE WE BEGAN TO WORRY ABOUT HIS SOUL. WHAT WILL HE DO, WE ASK, WHEN HE RETURNS FROM THE BLOOD-BATHS OF EUROPE TO THE NORMALITY OF MAIN STREET? WILL HE BE BORED BY THE QUIET AND SECURITY OF MIDDLETOWN, U.S.A., AFTER THE FURY OF NORMANDY, HOLLAND, AND BASTOGNE? AND WILL WE HAVE TO REFROCESS HIM TO OUR WAY OF LIFE SO HE WILL BE SAFE TO LIVE WITH WIVES AND DAUGHTERS?" YOU CAN'T WIN, BROTHER.

# "Over=paid Killer"





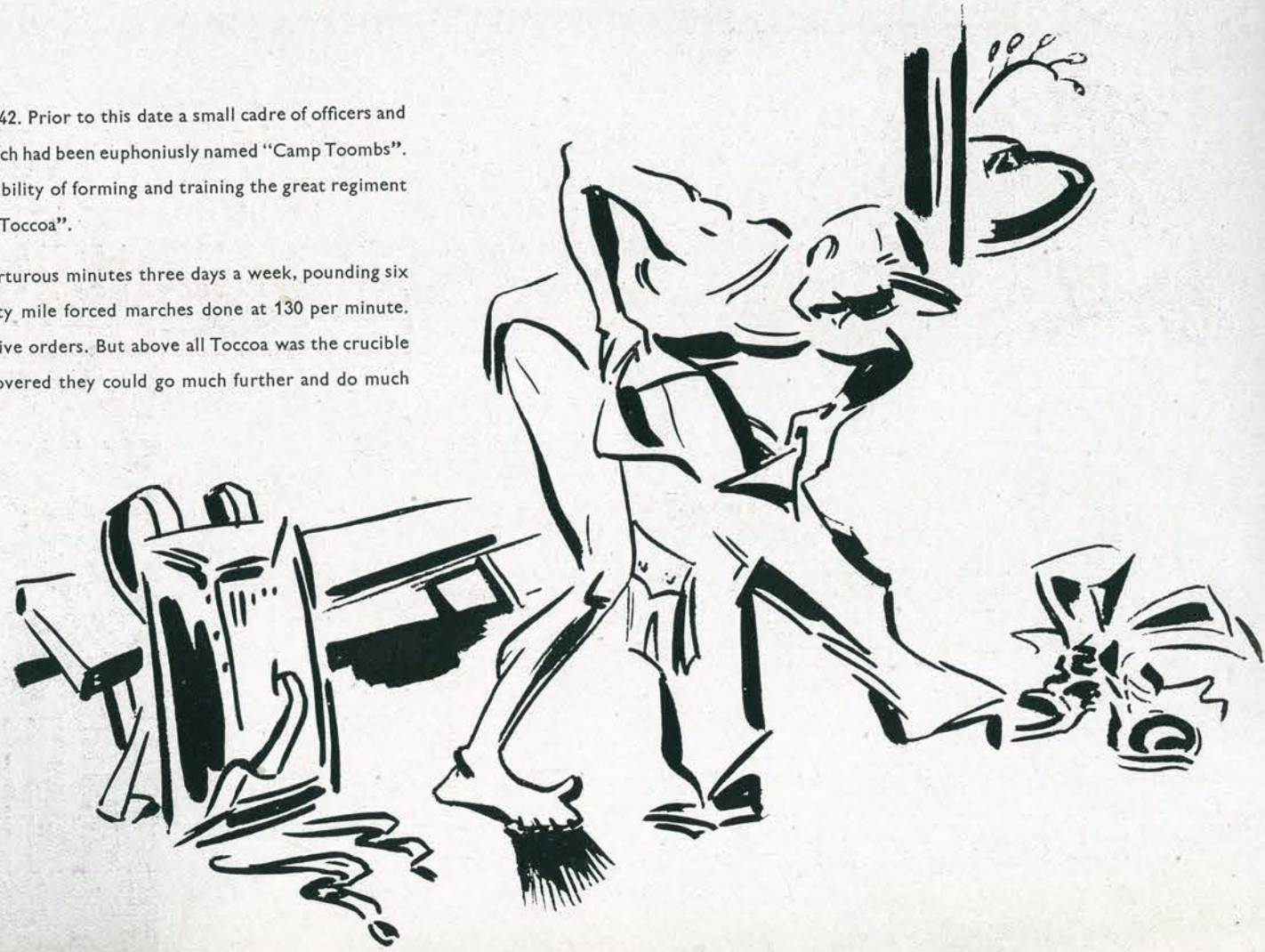


# ACTIVATED

20 JULY 1942

The 506th Parachute Infantry was activated on 20 July 1942. Prior to this date a small cadre of officers and non-commissioned officers were quartered in a wall tent area which had been euphoniously named "Camp Toombs". On the shoulders of these officers and men rested the responsibility of forming and training the great regiment which was later to make the camp's new name a famous one—"Toccoa".

Toccoa was the heat of the Georgia summer and fifty torturous minutes three days a week, pounding six miles up and down a mountain. Toccoa was murderous twenty mile forced marches done at 130 per minute. Toccoa was where men and officers learned how to take and give orders. But above all Toccoa was the crucible which forged the spirit of this regiment, and where men discovered they could go much further and do much more than they ever imagined.







# CAMP

# *10000*

**MOUNT CURRAHEE**

**3 UP . . . 3 DOWN**



**FT. BENNING  
CAMP MACKALL  
TENNESSEE MANEUVERS  
FT. BRAGG**

*s.s. sassaria*

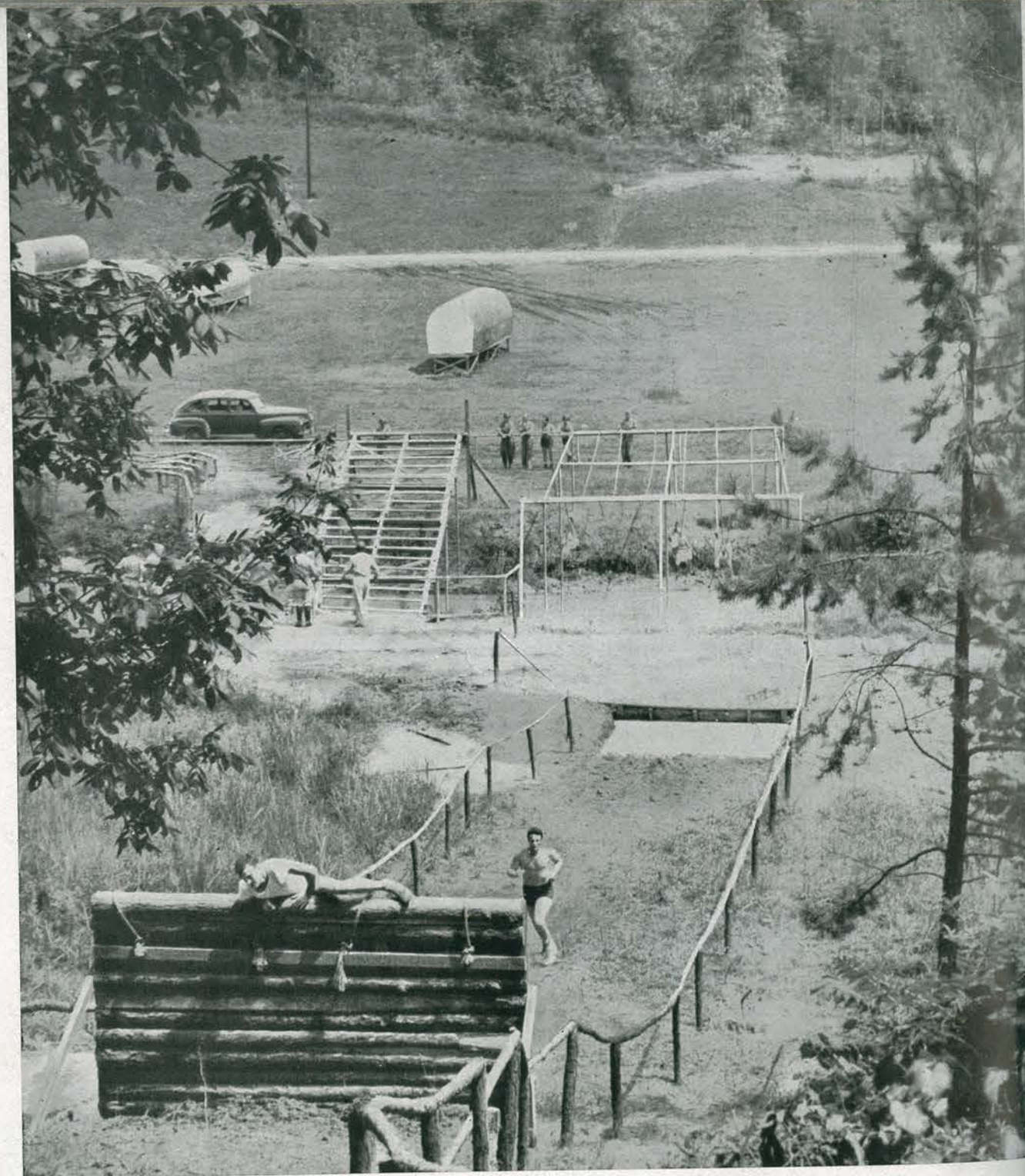






AND, IT WAS HIT. THE BIGGEST COMPLAINT THE MEDICS HEARD WAS CONCAVE FEET CASES RECEIVED FROM BEING ON THE BALL SO MUCH. THE TRAINERS WERE TOUGH, THE TRAINING TOUGHER BUT SOMEHOW WE STUCK WITH IT.

*Which arm 'n how many, sez I?*



UPPER LEFT — Straining to get one more that would put an extra point on the total.

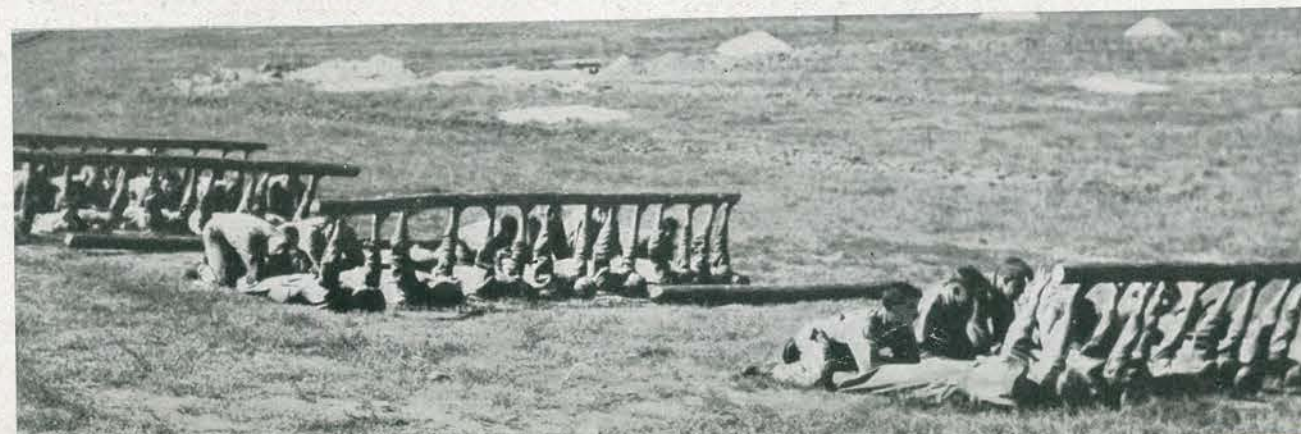
ABOVE — Home stretch, the last lap of the torture course and every inch up hill. Col. Sink can be seen looking the pipe ladder over. He was always thinking up little "improvements" for the course.





ABOVE Hand over hand, we did our best to emulate Darwin's version of our ancestors. The tails would have been mighty handy on this little contraption.

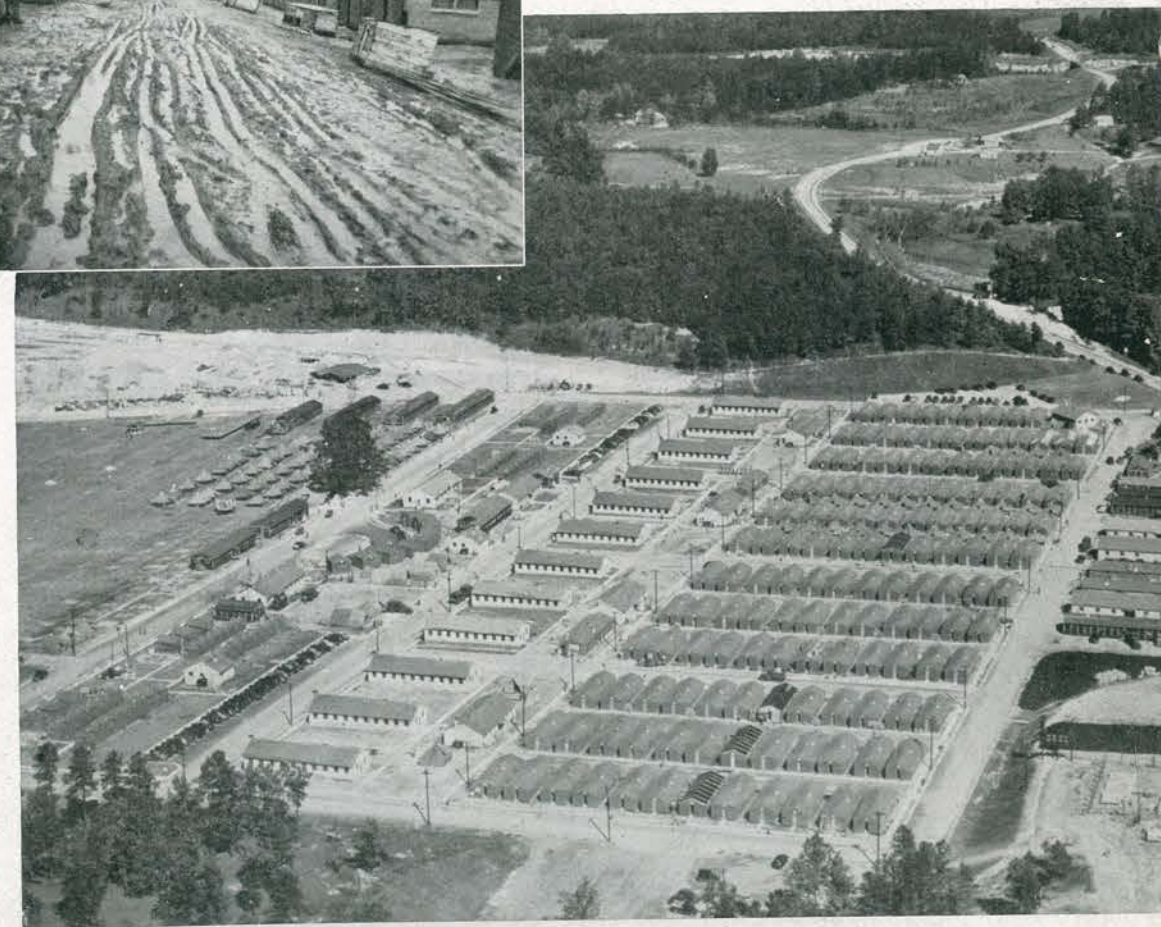
BELOW Timberrrrr!!! With human ballast to help the logs were easy to handle, without that help it was a tough proposition.



Toccoa had its own way of greeting the newcomer—"Cow Company". Originally designated as "W"-Company, this motley array of seive-like tents was used to house the new men who had yet to pass their physical exam and the unfortunate who had flunked it. "Cow" Co. was an unforgettable experience. Running water was available in every tent from the little streams that always ran through them. The beds would settle in the mud and soon you would be sleeping at ground level with the water running by your ears. Reveille in "Cow" Co. was something out of this world. Blanket wrapped, hunched figures would splatter their way through the ankle deep mud sounding like a duck battalion on parade. The tents were much too overcrowded but with a goodly number of individuals constantly wandering over the hill there were usually enough beds to go around.



TOCCOA, GEM OF OCEAN



TOCCOA, GEM OF GEORGIA





SOME OF THE REGIMENTAL  
**CHOW** HOUNDS GOT THEIR  
 BEST TRAINING HERE



AND THE LITTLE GUYS HAD TO GO AROUND

With the companies formed, training started—in capital letters! We were formally introduced to the OBSTACLE COURSE—and didn't like it. CALISTHENTICS in every conceivable form tormented our stiff, aching muscles—and we didn't like that either. We made our first painful acquaintance with CURRAHEE MOUNTAIN and cursed the fates that put it there. We shuffled into FORMATIONS with agonizing slowness but came the bugle call for CHOW and s S-W-I-I-S H, everyone was running like hell for a place in the front of the line. And why not? The food was terrific and plentiful. Many a famous regimental chowhound got his start there. We went to town every time we had a chance but you should have heard the excuses for not doing some of the more rugged excercises the next morning. "Honest, sir, my leg seems to have a pretty bad charley horse" or "My back has been bothering me all week Lt." And then we woke up to the fact that we liked all the stuff we were griping about and were proud of the many new things we could do.

LOOKED TOUGH, WASN'T IT?

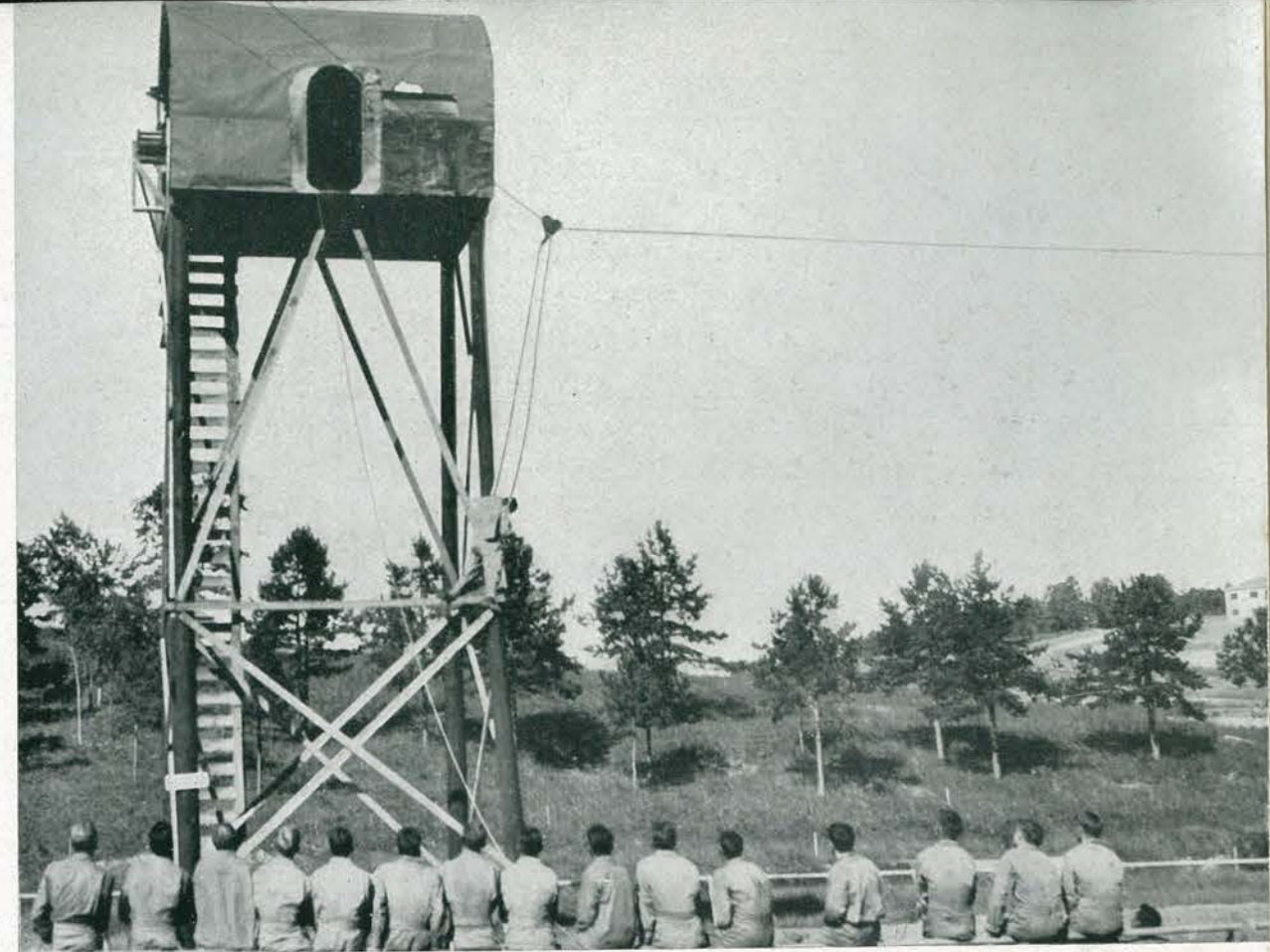


**13** WEEKS of "A" STAGE





-- Going UP that home stretch you were forced to use most of what little strength you had left to crawl over the log wall. And then were you tired !!



LOVELY FORM, WOT?

## IRTC WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

All the day wasn't devoted to this type of "fun". In addition there were hours to be spent learning the nomenclature and function of various weapons. Twelve hours of physical training and work on the weapons made for a fairly complete day — what with the spare time being filled in with little ten to twenty mile night marches which won for themselves the name "Rat-Race". Close order drill had a prominent place on the schedule too and the way that Georgia sun would work us over on those occasions is still a sore spot in our memories. And the mock up tower with all the elements of the real thing except the propblast. The "Go!", the drop, the jerk and following sense of relief it brings. Not knowing what the real thing amounted to, many used to concentrate on form rather than just getting out. But that was still to be learned.



-- COMMANDO TRAINING -- Every fiendish form of physical exertion from the duck waddle (above) to the log heaving (below) was employed to put muscle where it would do the most good.



# MAGAZINE

## Section

### THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

ATLANTA GA., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1942.



Squad of 506  
bayonet charges  
over obstacle



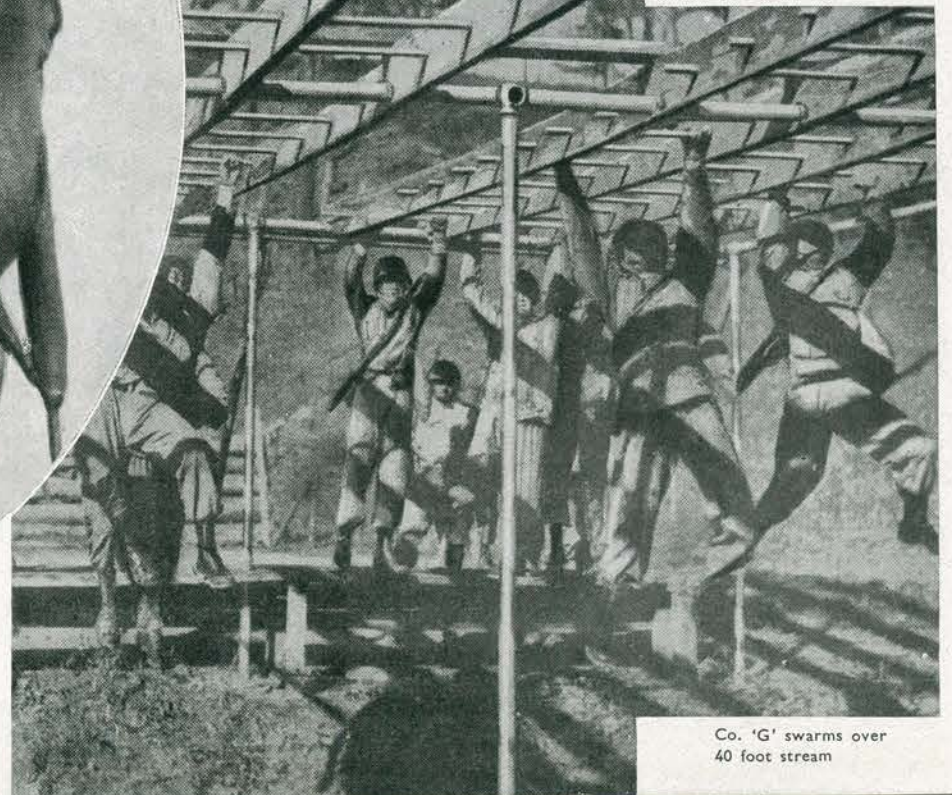
20 foot drop  
on Obstacle  
Course



Lt. Durwood Cann with company  
mascot Sergeant Extra

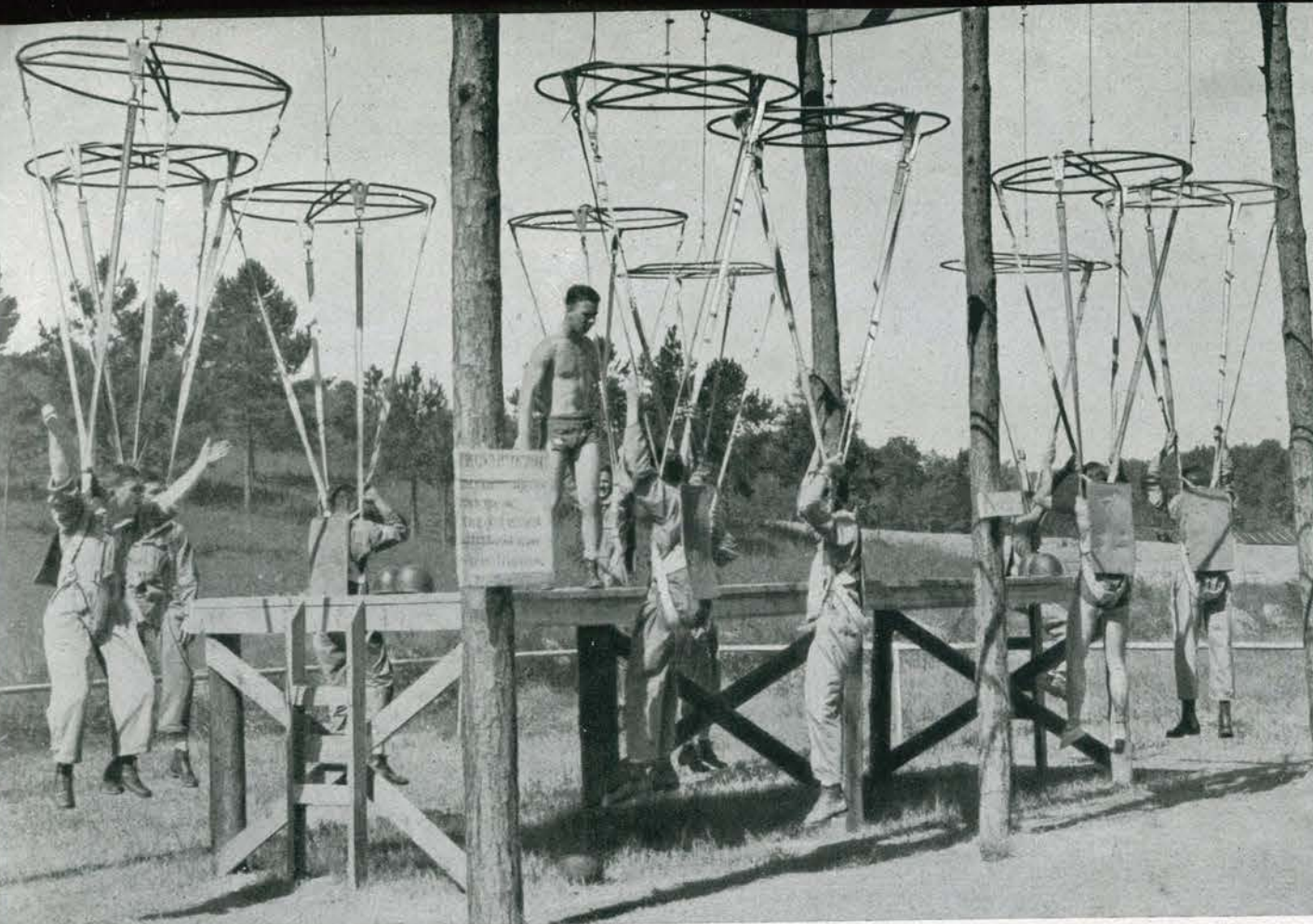


Machete in hand  
1/Sgt. Woodrow Smith,  
Lt. Jim Morton hurdle fence



Co. 'G' swarms over  
40 foot stream





FIVE POINTS OF PERFORMANCE— Check body position and count . . . Check your canopy . . . Check initial oscillation . . . Get your back into the wind . . . Prepare to land and land

There are men who will never forget the physical training program. It was so intense, so arduous, and so thoro some men underwent structural changes which have remained unchanged to this day. The basic end of this program was to put the regiment in the finest physical condition. This was reached. Leaving Toccoa the 506th was in finer physical condition than any unit in the United States Army. There was another philosophy to the ruggedness of the training. It was also designed, as the saying went, to "separate the men from the boys", and in this, too, the program was successful. Many began who never finished. The program was in two parts. The first part consisted of racing up and down Currahee with considerable speed. This was to strengthen your legs, lengthen your wind, and acquaint you with a well of energy which you had never tapped in your life before. The second part was the obstacle course and assorted paraphernalia which surrounded it. These were conceived by a sadistic fiend who enthused in the torture of young men.

## ATHLETIC FIELD NO REST FOR THE WEARY







HARBINGER OF NORMANDY AND HOLLAND ON  
OUTSKIRTS OF CAMP



P40 ATOMIZED



ROUTINE REGIMENTAL TRAINING PROBLEM DEVELOPS  
INTO FIGHT TO SAVE TOCCOA WOODS



1ST SGT. GARRISON TAKES  
HIS WIFE IN FINE MILITARY FASHION



CAPTAIN VAN ANTWERP AND RIFLEMEN



Summer passed into fall and the grind continued and if anything became rougher and tougher. Companies in formation were running Currahee in fifty minutes and less. Then began the running of the mountain on Saturday afternoons in regimental formations. It was quite a ceremonious occasion. The regiment would run by a reviewing stand in the middle of camp and then gallop up Currahee like deer, with ambulances following hot to heel. No detail was overlooked to further the welfare of those who fell cold and unconscious by the wayside. And all this exertion was paying dividends. The regiment was rounding into a physical shape that would carry it on record-breaking marches before the end of the year. The 506th was in the hardest, most durable physical shape of any unit in the Army.

But it wasn't all toil and sweat. Men went to Atlanta on week-end passes, got married with appropriate military ceremony, wassailed and made merry in Toccoa, Gainesville, and the road-side bistros which dotted the area around camp. For such levity there was time to spare if one could spare it from the twenty four hours after the twelve to sixteen allotted to toil and sweat.





CAPTAIN MCKNIGHT COUNTS  
THE DRAWERS

IF THEY'RE NOT CLEAN  
THEY WON'T WORK

COMPLETE RELAXATION  
(THIS IS NOT A BATTLE SCENE)



# Clemson RIFLE RANGE

Weeks of dry firing had preceeded the acid test of qualification and rivalry ran high between platoons, companies, and battalions as to which units would produce the largest quotas of experts, sharpshooters, and marksmen. During a previous week the 1st Battalion had established a record for rifle qualification at the Camp Croft range, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions would not be outdone by their brethren in Red. Shelter halves were paired, tented, and lined in rigidly straight rows for those were the days when uniformity was the thing in bivouac. Never were sights set with greater care, so zealously blackened, nor rifles zeroed so methodically. Three day passes had been promised the men who scored expert. Fantastic bets had been made Efficiency in the pits was of a calibre to meet the demands of the most exacting range officer, and one day the Clemson Cadets came out to see how the whole show was managed. Climax, the men of Blue marched the 48 miles from Clemson back to Toccoa. This was the first of the marching marathons which blistered the feet of the regiment through the latter part of the year.







3RD BN STEAMS ROUND THE BEND



THERE'RE HOT MEALS



HOT SHOWERS UP AHEAD



48 MILES IN EIGHTEEN HOURS - UGH

## Once was enough

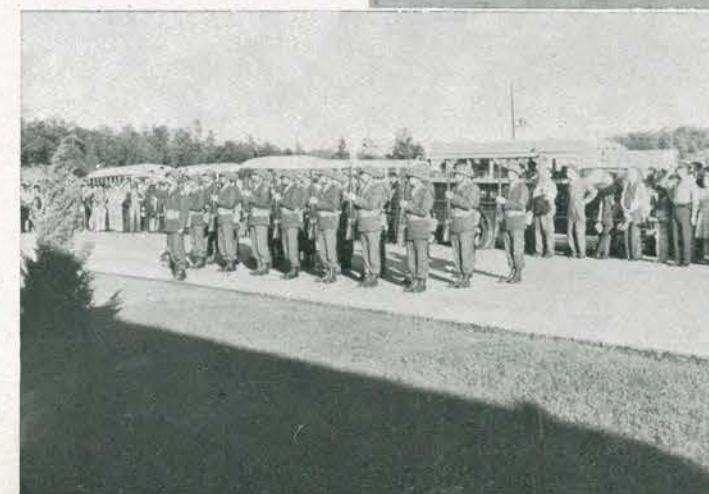
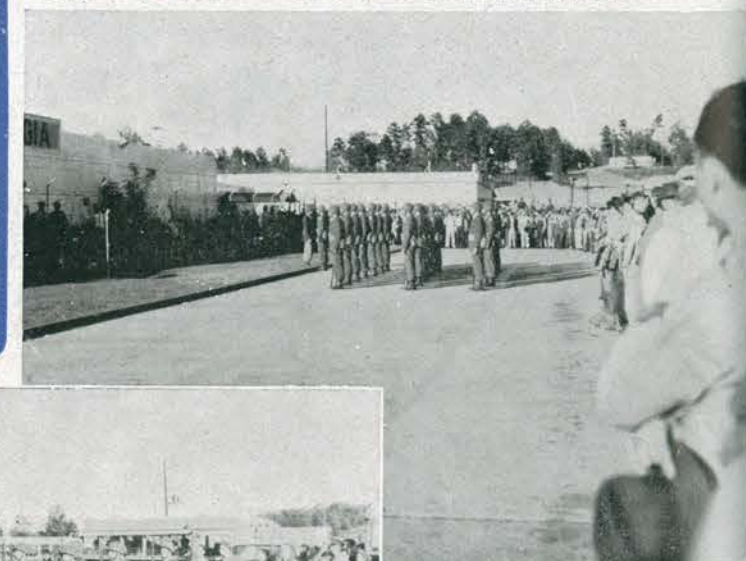
Our peaceful week at Clemson came to an end as we prepared to return to camp—walking! The machine gunners, who had stayed in Toccoa to qualify, were brought up by truck to join the rest of the Third Battalion on the jaunt. About 7PM on Oct. 24 we hit the road and for a few miles everyone was talking and laughing. Distance and time soon put a stop to that and all that could be heard was the shuffle of shoes on cement and some soft but surprisingly thorough swearing. The hours slowly succeeded each other, every one dragging slower than its predecessor and the miles gradually unreeled behind us. Came the breaks and the men dropped where they were and snatched a ten minute nap. Some were fortunate enough to be able to sleep on their feet, a neat trick if you can do it, and having no sense of direction they would wander out into the fields every time we hit a curve. When this happened guys would be running all over trying to get their buddies back on the road. Hunger soon joined fatigue and by the early hours of the morning one empty character could be heard asking his CO, "Cap'n suh, when we gonna eat breakfus?" To which the invariable reply was, "As soon as we hit the Georgia line." But that Georgia line seemed as far as the moon by this time and when someone announced that it was just up ahead we all regarded it as a rumor of the most unfunny type. But no, there were the trucks and fires and with a quickening step we headed for that hot breakfast and the two hour break that followed. Busy time for the medics with so many feet to tend but they managed and we moved on schedule. The last part of the ordeal was twice as torturous as the first but even with the rain that began to fall we made good time and nothing had ever looked as wonderful as old 'Hi-De-Ho Café' did when we came out on the main road just below the camp entrance. The rest of the regiment was out to welcome us in and the cooks outdid themselves, providing a meal that nearly made the whole thing seem worthwhile. And so to bed and nightmares of hideous hikes fully twice as long as the one just completed, but once was enough and we knew they wouldn't put us through anything like that again—we kept telling ourselves.



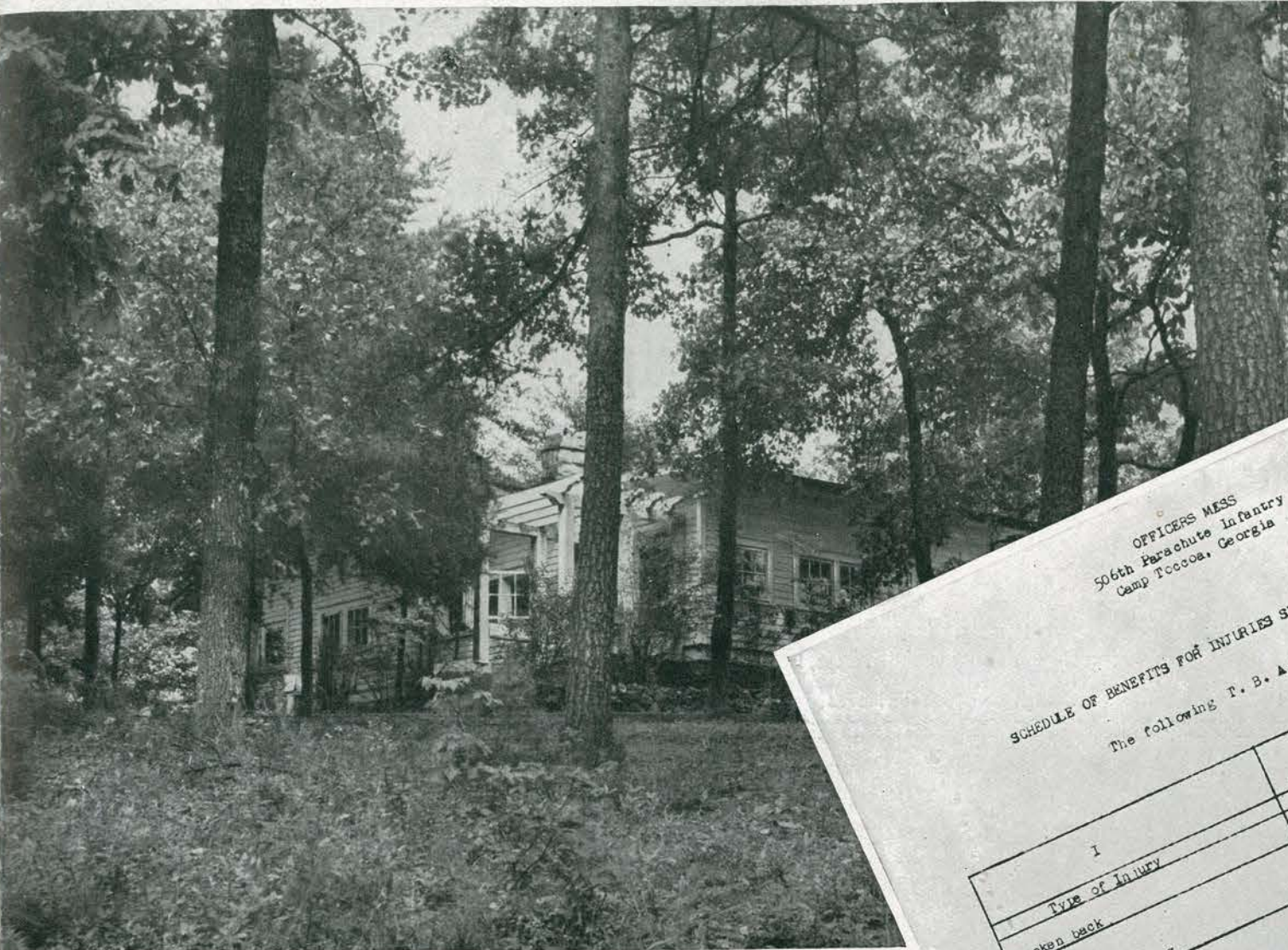
A'GWINE HOME

GUARD

MOUNT · LE TOURNEAU







HE'LL PROBABLY COLLECT ON THIS'N

# CLUB CURRAHEE

arena was out back though some didn't always make it there. Cleo's alias John Dillinger's Hideho down the road with its steaks and added attractions was the only competitor the Club knew. Many a months check was dropped in the Big Games or when the bones began to rattle. The slot machines kept the prices low and the supply plentiful. It can now be truthfully said we never had another one like this.

Here the noviates were indoctrinated into the ways of the 506. The Propblast mug was first filled and drained one Saturday night in September '42; its' contents a deep dark secret but after one "Long Count" no one cared. Many will remember that last long ride from Le Tourneau's field to this field of corn . . . Bucky Walters on the ground below with his radio and the Colonel with that welcome shot, free drinks at the club and the wings. Those with a stronger constitution were able to take advantage of the 24 hour pass to Atlanta. The Junior Olympics were usually the topic of conversation other than the lies that were told about the activities in Atlanta. Here it might be said that the expression "characters, always characters" really found a home . . . Boyles Irish Jigs, Anderson, Alley Katz, Petroff, Erb, Meason and the rest sizing up the new arrivals and figuring how many points they would be worth next Saturday. The new crop was alway surveyed with the eye of experts as though the horses were just entering the paddock. The boxing

OFFICERS MESS  
506th Parachute Infantry  
Camp Toccoa, Georgia

10 August 1942

SCHEDULE OF BENEFITS FOR INJURIES SUSTAINED IN PARACHUTE JUMPING  
The following T. B. A. is prescribed

I	II
Type of Injury	Compensation
Broken back	One case of Scotch Whiskey
Broken arm or leg	Three bottles of Bourbon Whiskey per limb so affected
Broken ankle or wrist	Two bottles of Scotch Whiskey per ankle or wrist
Broken finger	Family size beer per bone involved
Sprain, assorted types	12 oz. bottle of beer per sprain
Contusions and lacerations	12 oz. bottle of beer per five such

The Secretary Treasurer of the mess upon receipt of certificate signed by the Reg'tl Surgeon covering injuries falling within the categories listed in Vertical column I will, without delay, and at the expense of the mess fund, present to the injured member the benefit listed in Vertical column II.

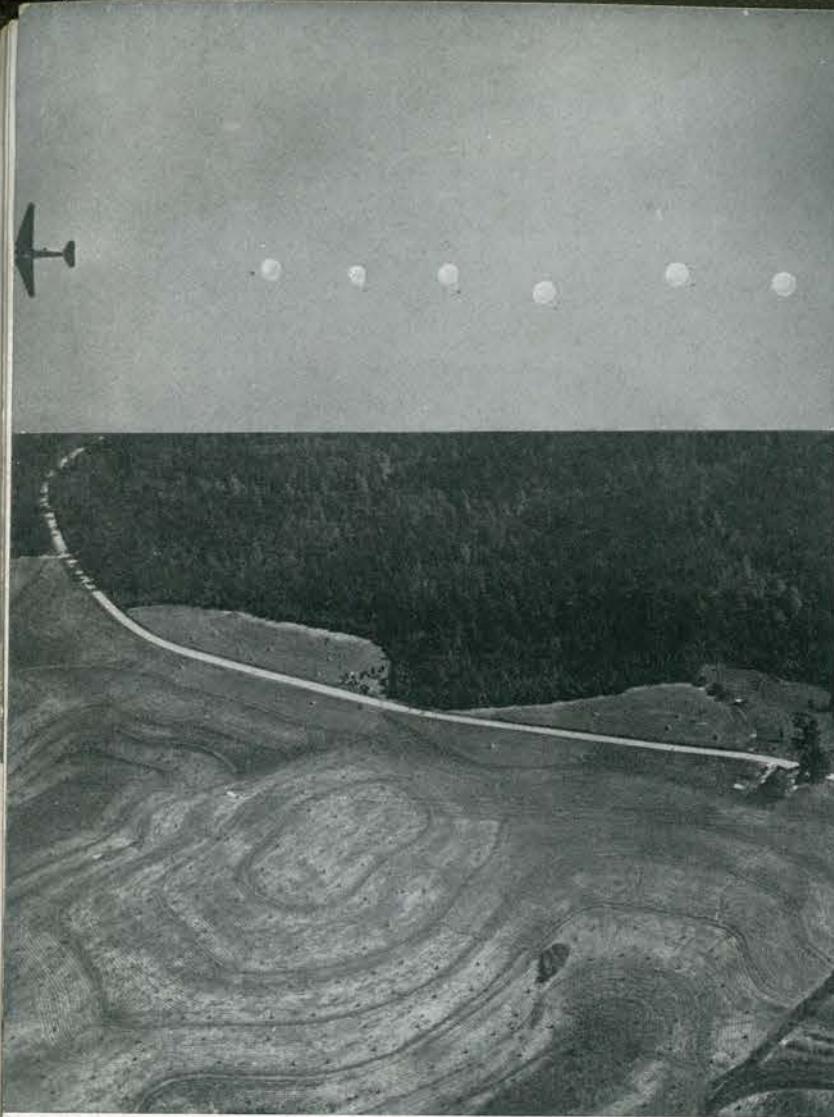
For the Board of Governors:

CHARLES H. CHASE  
Major  
Chairman

R. F. SINK  
Lt. Colonel  
President

CAMP TOCCOA, GEORGIA  
12 August 1942  
Approved.





DICK'S HILL  
ON WHICH THE  
OFFICERS AND  
CADRE MADE  
THEIR JUMP

# It's really nothing

The steady grind began to tell on most of us about this time and the old morale was definitely in need of a rejuvenating shot in the arm. Parachute jumping began to seem a singularly unattractive proposition to some of us if we had to go thru all this trouble just for a chance to risk our neck. After all, we had never seen an actual jump except at a great distance and the thrill we used to get at the thought of doing likewise had been receiving a pretty rough kicking around from the physical end of the whole thing. Just about this time someone dreamed the idea of having us witness an actual jump at close range. No sooner thought than done, the field was chosen and we were marched to witness the show. Absolute silence reigned as we watched the plane circle once, twice, and suddenly on the third time around a shout went up as puppet sized figures leaped into space trailing white streaks which quickly mushroomed open and held them, swaying, over our heads. An immediate rush was made for the places where it was apparent they would land and everyone wanted to feel that silken 'chute or ask the jumper what it was like. One of them, a Major, upon being asked this question, made the classic reply, "It's really nothing, boys, it's really nothing." That turned the trick alright and the whole outfit went back to work twice as determined to let nothing stop them short of their goal --- Wings!!

NOT MANY OF THOSE JUMP HAPPY OFFICERS LEFT WHO RISKED LIFE AND LIMB MAKING FIVE QUALIFYING JUMPS IN A SINGLE DAY. THEY DIDN'T DO IT BECAUSE THEY WERE BRAVE OR BECAUSE THEY LOVED TO JUMP... THEY JUST DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER. MOST HAD NEVER SEEN FT. BENNING NOR THE BEAUTIFUL TRAINING EQUIPMENT USED AT THE PARACHUTE SCHOOL. THEY THOUGHT THE CORN FIELD ON DICK HILL SURROUNDED BY WOODS, HIGHWAY, AND HIGH TENSION WIRES WAS THE WAY A JUMP FIELD SHOULD BE. THEIR FIRST JUMP WAS AT 0800. DRAWING THEIR CHUTES THEY WENT TO LE TOURNEAU AIRPORT BY TRUCK. THEN THE BIG SWEAT. THOSE FIVE LOOM WHEN YOU HAVEN'T EVEN THE FIRST ONE. THREE MINUTES LATER THE "STAND UP AND HOOK UP". RED LIGHT, AND AT LAST GREEN LIGHT AND "GO". ROLL YOUR CHUTES. BACK TO THE TRUCKS, A STOP AT TOCCOA—FOR ANOTHER CHUTE Y'KNOW, AND BACK TO THE AIRFIELD. FIVE TIMES IN A DAY, THEY JUST DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

PLENTY RURAL THESE JUMPS GET



AND HOW MANY TIMES DID YOU DO THIS



HE'S AROUND THERE SOMEWHERE





# IF IT COULD BE HAD



AND THEY USUALLY HAD IT!!! SIGNAL SCHOOL COMMUNICATORS With mental determination took radio and flag practice until they became "Dit Dit Dah Happy".--- All (would be) demolitionist's ran rampant through the camp and nearby hillsides--- blowing up Everything within reach (including themselves)---Combat and it's resultant gore, was realized as we crawled amongst piles of pig entrails, which on a hot day were very slippery and putrifying indeed.---JUDO and hand to hand combat---proving that the hand is quicker than the eye, and the ground harder than the body.---AND MANY other specialized courses "To make us ready"-- It was during this stage of the game that hundreds of men dropped out of the running because of the lack of one thing that is essential to every Paratrooper, the determination to stick when the going gets rough. These boys left were the guys being polished up for the real test.

## SUBLIME TO — BACK INTO YOUR COCOON, WORM

You wondered why you learned parachute packing and all about panels until--- The day you floated to terra firma with that beautiful stretch of silk, and you looked up to see it (just in case). Then you were sure you had learned everything!!





LT. COL. STRAYER AND STAFF



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

EASY COMPANY



DOG COMPANY



DOG COMPANY

TO MEN OF THE 2ND BN, THANKSGIVING 42 RECALLS MEMORY OF "C" RATIONS, WATER FROZEN IN CANTEENS, THIS DAM SPRINKLED WITH INNARDS, THE PROBLEM CONTAINED MANY OF THE MORE HORRIFYING FEATURES OF WAR . . . CREEPING THRU THAT MESS, ALWAYS TO BE REMEMBERED. THERE WAS AN ATTACK OF A STRONGLY DEFENDED ENEMY POSITION DEFENSE AGAINST COUNTER ATTACK, GAS ALARM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT SEVERAL MARCHES . . . SEVERAL OBJECTIVES



FOX COMPANY



WAS A TIME WHEN THAT BEACH



WOULD HAVE BEEN O.K.

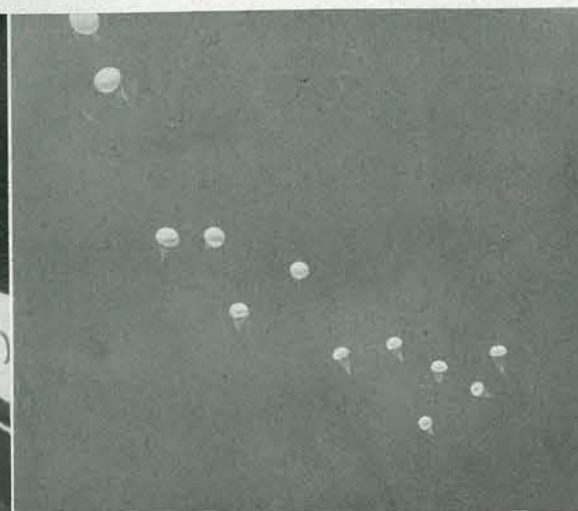
*Dam &*

*Hawg Innards Problem*





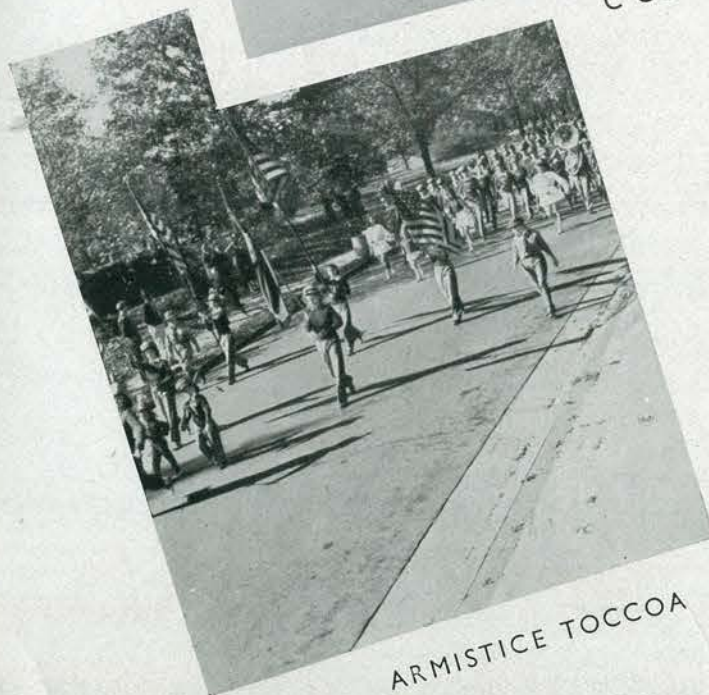
GAINESVILLE AIRPORT



LAST MAN OUT • 11 NOVEMBER • DAT'S ME



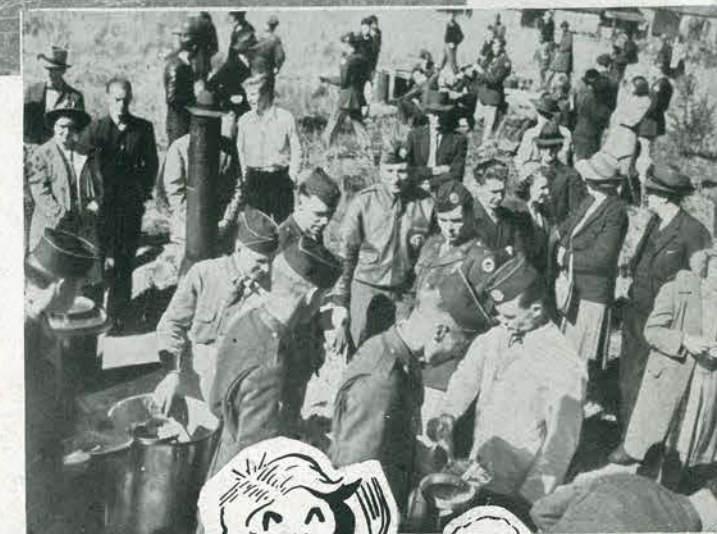
C COMPANY PARADES



ARMISTICE TOCCOA

## ARMISTICE DAY . . . THANKSGIVING

Armistice and Thanksgiving Days were passed in different fashions. Armistice Day was deemed an appropriate occasion to show the civilian world what the 506th had accomplished in a very short time. Elements of the 1st Battalion paraded through the streets of Toccoa before the admiring locals. A cadre of officers leaped into the blue over Seneca, S. C. to give the citizenry a limited idea of an airborne operation. According to the menus which flowered in the papers Thanksgiving Day was scheduled to be a day of feasting and relaxation. As far as the 2nd Battalion was concerned it wasn't. The 2nd was on the famous "Dam and Hawg Innards Problem", during which it received its baptism of C Ration. Had it been known that there was a form of concentrated ration infinitely more distasteful than C Ration there might have been serious consequences. A certain limited lucky few remained in camp to gorge themselves on turkey and other delectables. The 3rd Battalion had its first firing problem on Thanksgiving Day, but the 3rd managed to get the Thanksgiving repast that night. The 2nd had to wait two days until, bearded and famished, it returned to camp. The regiment was becoming acquainted with the fact that the Army could not always feed three solid meals a day.





## Paratroopers Set World Record in Forced March

'Unparalleled' Achievement in  
Maneuvers From Toccoa to Five Points

By ODOM FANNING  
(Picture)

ANNING  
(Pictures on Page 13)  
...troopers o

By ODOM FANNING (Pictures on Page 13)

Now I know why the paratroopers of Uncle Sam's Army prefer to be called the parachute infantry. Fair weather or no, their job is 1 per cent parachuting and 99 per cent old-fashioned fighting.

Page 1 While the pace was fast on the conditioned paratrooper, the enemy killing was slow.

[illegible]

With Major Strayer's help, I threw myself into the covera-  
ge, too, and on the

zoot suit, 1 donned, strapped on Jones' helmet, 20-pound pack of rations and his carbine rifle.

My eagerness, however, was ready to go to war. My signature. Major Strayer put equipment 1

overlooked. I had agreed to  
all the private's sundriest of n  
and the sundriest of n  
east iron

weight 46 pounds!

To my consternation, the  
page was strapped to my  
more correct.

or to be more  
strapped to its front. I  
81 mm., 125-pound wea  
ally carried by three  
is a little

The mortar base is a  
traction, borne by the  
dier in addition to his  
According

Major Strayer gave

mand to march  
wheel-drive Army  
small cannon. To  
under quite, I s

men began

A foot sprained in an icy-covered mud trap, but others help.

**FLASH...**

FLASH  
THROUGH AN UN-  
USUAL ERROR IN  
PERSONNEL BODKIN  
Mc MUZZLE NOT  
ONLY MARCHED  
FROM TOCCOA TO  
ATLANTA WITH  
2ND BN, HE  
MARCHED FROM  
ATLANTA  
TO BENNING  
WITH THE

# Third

# Paratroopers Set Record On March To Ft. Benning

## Paratroopers Stage Record March

A battalion of rugged paratroop trainees, who left Atlanta four days ago on a 126-mile forced march on foot, arrived late yesterday afternoon at Fort Benning, a time schedule which unofficially established a record for such a march under similar conditions.

led personally by Major R. L. Wolverton, of Elkton, West Virginia, the troops of the 3rd Battalion of the 506th Parachute Infantry, marched to Fort Benning, out weary but happy and singing their favorite songs and telling jokes. Maj. Wolverton is commanding officer of the battalion.

Up until Tuesday night, the unit had completed 101 miles in 66 hours, which was

had completed 101 miles in 66 hours, which was

Lunch hour meant not only food, but a little attention to the

# 600 Singing Paratroopers Do 115-Mile March in Three Days

...foot, not one dropping out—and, faintly, Colonel Robert F. Sink...  
...behind for commanding...  
...the paratroopers, their officer...  
...the faithful

By LAMAR Q. BALL.

By LAMAR Q. BALL.  
600 singing, laughing.

More than 600 soldiers, footsore paratroopers bivouacked last night on the shores of old Lake Urmia, near the Oslethorpe University.

Silver Lake, on Ogishno, after a forced  
versity campus. in three days,  
march of 115 miles in full war  
books loaded with full war

their backs loaded with equipment—full field packs, machineguns, trench mortars, rifles, and the paraphernalia of the foot soldiers.

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# The Atlanta Journal

"COVERS DIXIE LIKE THE DEW"





Approaching our destination the red lights on the jump towers could be easily seen... A band was playing as we marched thru the gates of Fort Benning but 2 weary miles still separated us from those beds we were looking forward to so eagerly... Curious GIs silently watched us as we shuffled down that last stretch... Each halt raised the question, "Is this it?"... At



long last it was... Hot chow was waiting but we were almost too burned out to take advantage of it... It must have been good although we couldn't taste it... The heat in our bellies was enough... Most of us just flopped on the cots and slid into a well earned sleep, fully dressed.



Dawn---and no reveille. How come? Well, the powers that be had decided to grant us a blanket three day pass. How kind! They wouldn't have to worry about us getting into trouble in town or things of that nature. Especially since we couldn't walk worth a damn. So where did we spend our pass? that's right---in bed. Morpheus was so overworked in those 3 days that he had to hire some help. Only chow could lure us from our blankets and except for a hardy few who did manage to hobble behind the latrines to gaze apprehensively at the jump towers, the surrounding area was totally unexplored. The imminence of jump training was reflected in the large number of conversions and stepped up church attendance.





# B-G-D Stage



"LONG WALKIN', LOUD TALKIN', NON JUMPIN' SONSOBITCHES 506'ES". That's what they called you during your initial training in Benning but you backed up all your talk with plenty of action and hung up one of the finest records in the history of the Parachute School in reply and the critics had plenty of words to eat. First Battalion ran the instructors ragged the first week, so the Second and Third didn't have to bother with 'A' stage at all. 'B' stage with the mock up towers, harnesses and tumbling apparatus was old stuff and the instructors showed a marked reluctance to run you, when you goofed off, the way they did the PTR students. Plenty of push ups were a fine substitute however, and served to keep you in line as much as could be expected. 'C' stage and Christmas Eve on the towers. Everybody sweating out the slightest sprain that would keep him from jumping with the rest of the guys, and the hard ball that formed in your stomach every time you were marched down to the field only to turn back because the weather wouldn't permit jumping. And finally—THE day!! The odd feeling being airborne was to the guys who had never flown before, the galloping butterflies that were having drunken family reunions inside of you, the first feel of the propblast as you hurtled earthward, the opening shock that left you limp in your harness and the heady sense of overwhelming power that ran thru you as you gazed at the ground below. And that final jump when you knew you had it made. It was grate to be young and alive... and a Paratrooper.

## Oh happy day... WINGS

### Paratroopers Set Record

1,750 Jumpers Bail Out At Ten Per Minute Pace

Shattering all previous records, 1,750 paratroopers bailed out of transport planes over Fort Benning near Lawson Field Saturday afternoon at the rate of ten men a minute in a three-hour experiment conducted by the Parachute School.

Personnel of the 506th Parachute Regiment, who gained nation-wide fame recently for hiking from Toccoa, Ga., to Atlanta and thence to Fort Benning, took part in the tests which were heralded as an example of "remarkable precision control."

Col. Garwood Williams, assistant commandant of the Parachute School, in announcing the record of the paratroopers, attributed the success of the experiments to the control exhibited by the air corps personnel, school personnel and the student jumpers themselves. The troops of the 506th Regiment were the first to go through the school as an organization.

Officials termed this most intensive period of mass jumping as a "masterpiece of control and timing."

"The pilots and crew chiefs worked on precision, rolling off on the exact second and landing



**THE STATIC LINE**  
505th Parachute Infantry  
Benning, Ga.  
"Sweated Out" Bi-monthly by the  
SPECIAL SERVICES OFFICE OF THE 505.  
MAJOR PATRICK D. MULCAHY, Special Services Officer  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1943

### WONDER BOYS MAKE GOOD

Hitler couldn't have done a better job of disunity, if he had been in the driver's seat himself—considering the latrineograms which have been tossed around idly about door-freezers and refusals.

For instance, both 505 and 507 have heard that 506 had had more nerve shimmies than anybody else going through parachute school. Men in both organizations have been guilty of passing remarks to that effect along to other ears.

TRUTH IS THAT THE RECORDS OF THE PARACHUTE SCHOOL SHOW THE 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY HAD AN ENVIABLE RECORD. The school gives four reasons for relief from the school—refusal to jump from the mock tower, refusal to jump from the plane, refusal to jump from a plane, and insufficient determination.

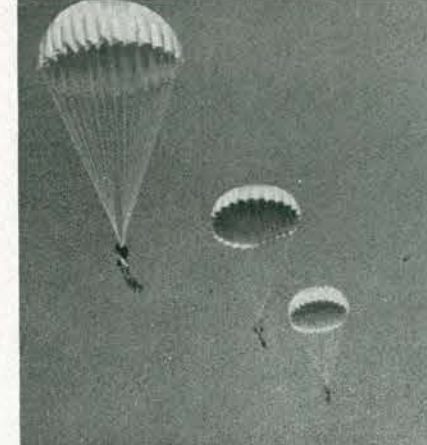
Other troops going through the school at the time of the report show 21.06 per cent "wash-outs" in the 4-week course, but 1.53 per cent.

Now what is the guy sitting next beer to you doesn't always know what he is talking about, so don't repeat his idle tippings.

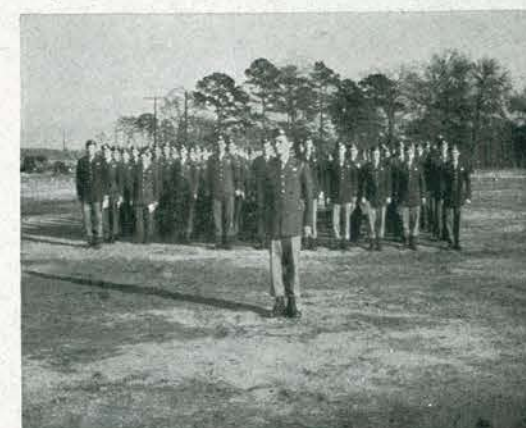
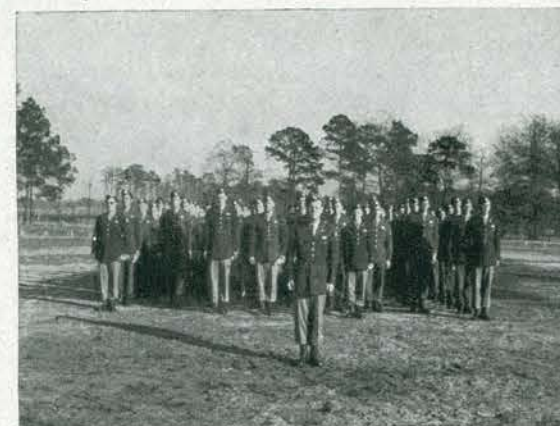
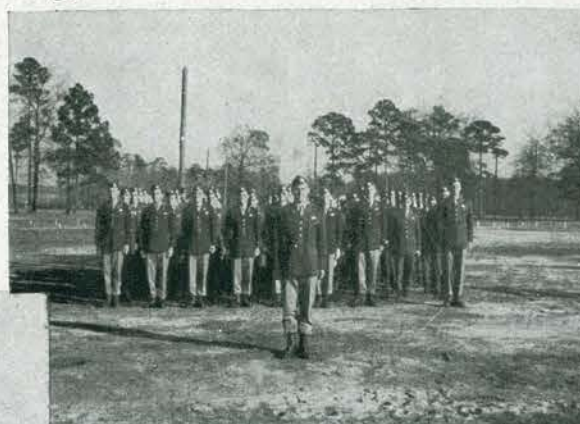
DON'T DO YOUR COMRADE IN ARMS WRONG BY SELLING HIM SHORT JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT!







♪ I GOT THAT WONDERFUL, WORRISOME FEELIN' ♪



RED



**HEADQUARTERS  
506th PARACHUTE INFANTRY  
OFFICE OF THE REGIMENTAL COMMANDER**

Fort Benning, Georgia,  
December 18, 1942.

**MEMORANDUM TO SOLDIERS OF THE  
506th PARACHUTE INFANTRY:**

You have now become qualified parachutists and wear the wings of the Parachute soldier.

You are a member of one of the finest regiments in the United States Army and, consequently, in the world.

You are about to go on furlough, into the homes of relatives or of friends.

I feel that I should remind you of certain things that are expected of you—not only while on furlough, but also a creed by which you are expected to govern your life and your actions:

1. You must keep in mind that first you are a soldier in the Army of the United States; that you are a parachutist, the elite of this army, and finally that you are a member of the 506th Parachute Infantry.

2. You must walk with pride and with military bearing.

3. You must be careful of your personal appearance, keeping your uniform neat at all times.

4. You must do nothing to bring discredit upon the Army, Parachute Troops or this Regiment.

5. Remember our battle-cry and motto, "CURAHEE", and its meaning: "Standing Alone". *We Stand Alone Together.*

The Regimental Commander desires that you convey to the members of your family his personal greetings.

**FURLONGHS**

R. F. SINK,  
Colonel, 506th Parachute Infantry,  
Commanding.

ABLE



YOU KNOW HOW THIS FEELS?

BAKER



CHARLIE



BUT STAY OUT OF JAIL







Across the river into the Bama area .... House to house fighting was learned .... Squeezed in one jump .... With rifles for the first time .... Then that news again, "Pack 'em up were movin'." .... Good-bye Alabama .... North bound and happy .... A new camp, that sounded good .... North Carolina and detraining at an unimpressive little whistle stop called Hoffman .... Trucks were waiting and you roared off in a cloud of dust .... The new barracks, the big mess halls with the juke boxes .... "Why Don't You Do Right?" and "Move It Over" .... The towns that weren't too far away .... What a set-up .... Everything ran smoothly for a change .... Intensified training but plenty of passes and week-ends off .... The many 2 and 3 day problems .... The time Col. Wolverton was tied to a tree by the "enemy" and his jeep captured .... And who used it to put the snatch on a lot of Company Guidons .... The camp dedication ceremonies and the parade at the presentation of the Army-Navy "E" to the 'Jones Construction Co.' .... Complete with a jump by a stick of Regimental Hqs. ... They did a fine job on the camp but built it so-o-o far from the training area .... We lost our first buddy to the Grim Reaper .... We would miss Joe Operowski .... Equipment was jumped for the first time .... More was added on each succeeding one .... The "Battle Of Charlotte" was fought .... A complete and satisfying victory .... Carthage and all its pretty girls was discovered ... A very busy place on week-ends .... Maneuvers were coming .... Other outfits moved into camp .... We left .... The "Kentucky Rattler" started us toward maneuverin' ground.

# Camp Mackall







GET YOUR DUDS MEN, WE'RE OFF

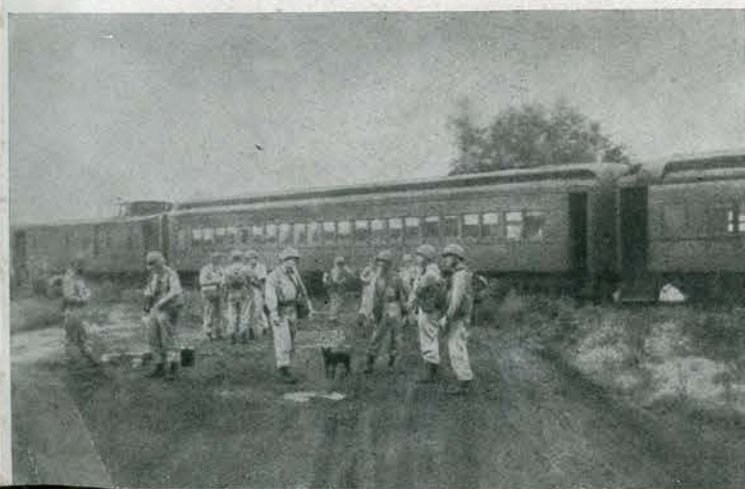


THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT DELAY



That stop and go train ride.... The pretty Red Cross girls with the ever welcome coffee and donuts.... Waving at all the girls en-route.... The engineer was a beer hound and side tracked every time he saw a bar.... Finally, Sturgis.... And 'Rat Race Ridge'.... Digging in and pitching tents.... Having to carry that rifle to chow all the time.... Situation tactical ya know.... Waking up in the middle of the night to find a snake sharing your blankets.... Starting to wish the whole damn maneuver was over.... Getting the hot poop about the first jump.... Attached to the Red Army they said.... And down to Sturgis Airfield.

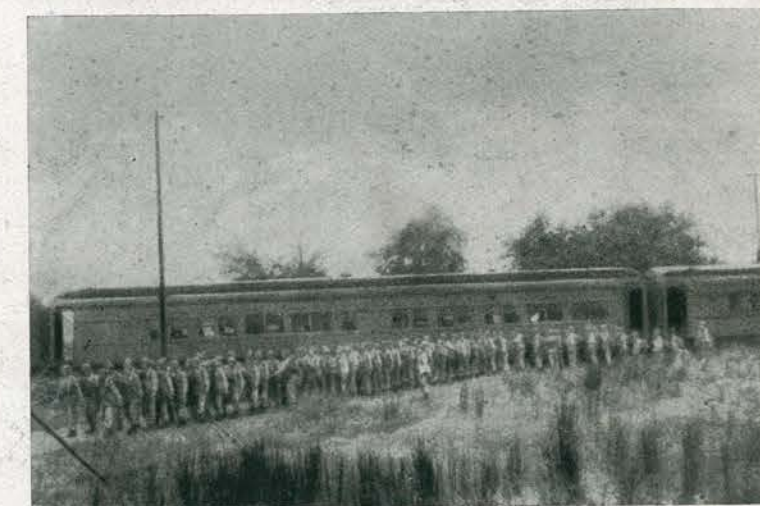
FIRST LOOK AROUND



SUGAR IN YOUR COFFEE — REMEMBER



# MANEUVER BOUND



KENTUCKY, WE ARE HERE



## MUST BE REV'NOORS THEY GOT SHOOTIN' ARNS

A fine jump that was .... Way down yonder in the corn field .... That all night march caught the Blues flatfooted and we captured some of their vehicles before they knew we were anywhere around .... That bayonet assault we made on the negro troops was really something .... Those guys had six speeds forward and no brakes .... Those Tennessee hill people were sure generous with that fried chicken .... This time we went back to Camp Breckinridge .... A lovely place complete with barracks and Wacs .... Where did we sleep? .... That's right, Pup tents again .... Enter the Blues In The Night, the GI's .... We were hurtin'.



"HEY MAW - THEM  
CRITTERS GONE  
YET?"



The "Truck Jump" was a good break and an easy problem . . . Merely the calm before the storm it turned out . . . The next jump was 'top secret' . . . When we hit the DZ we found half the population of three surrounding counties waiting to watch us . . . Also the "enemy" . . . To top it all there was California Hollow . . . But where was the hollow? . . . Climbing three feet and sliding back two . . . Wading thru streams, stumbling over rocks, stumps, and roots, and cutting a swath thru matted underbrush . . . Dawn . . . And heat . . . Empty canteens and no drinking from the streams allowed . . . We just hoped we weren't caught . . . The hot rumor that this was our last jump in the States and the long ride back to Breckinridge . . . Thirty-three per cent on furlough and getting ready to move again . . . To Bragg this time . . . We were getting close to something and it excited us.



THIS IS THE IMPORTANT THING

RIFLES AND MESS KITS. WHAT A COMBINE

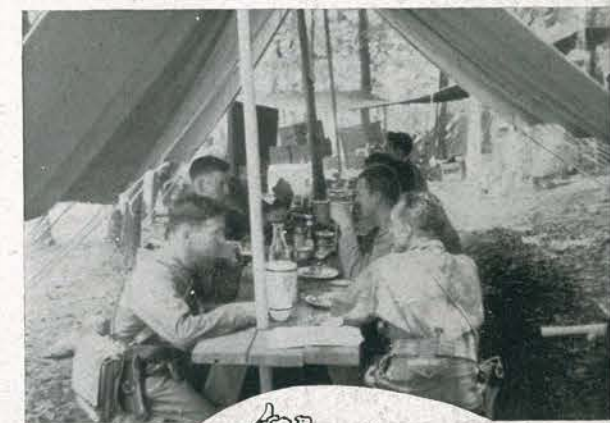


TWICE, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF TENNESSEE WERE SHATTERED BY THE THRASHING OF DOZENS OF SKY TRAINS THE THIRD JUMP WAS A CINCH

## INTELLIGENCE



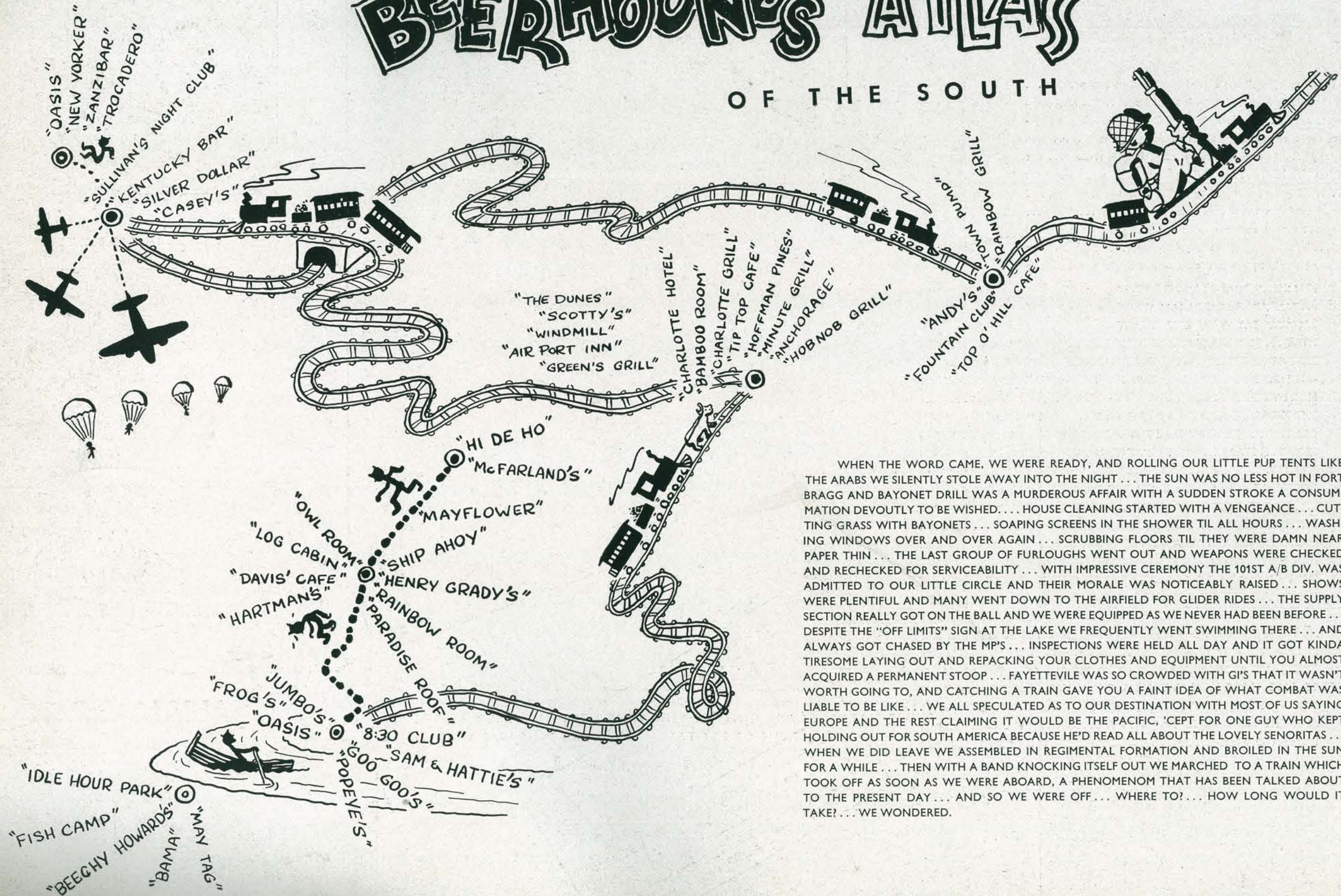
VISITOR IN THE BIG TOP





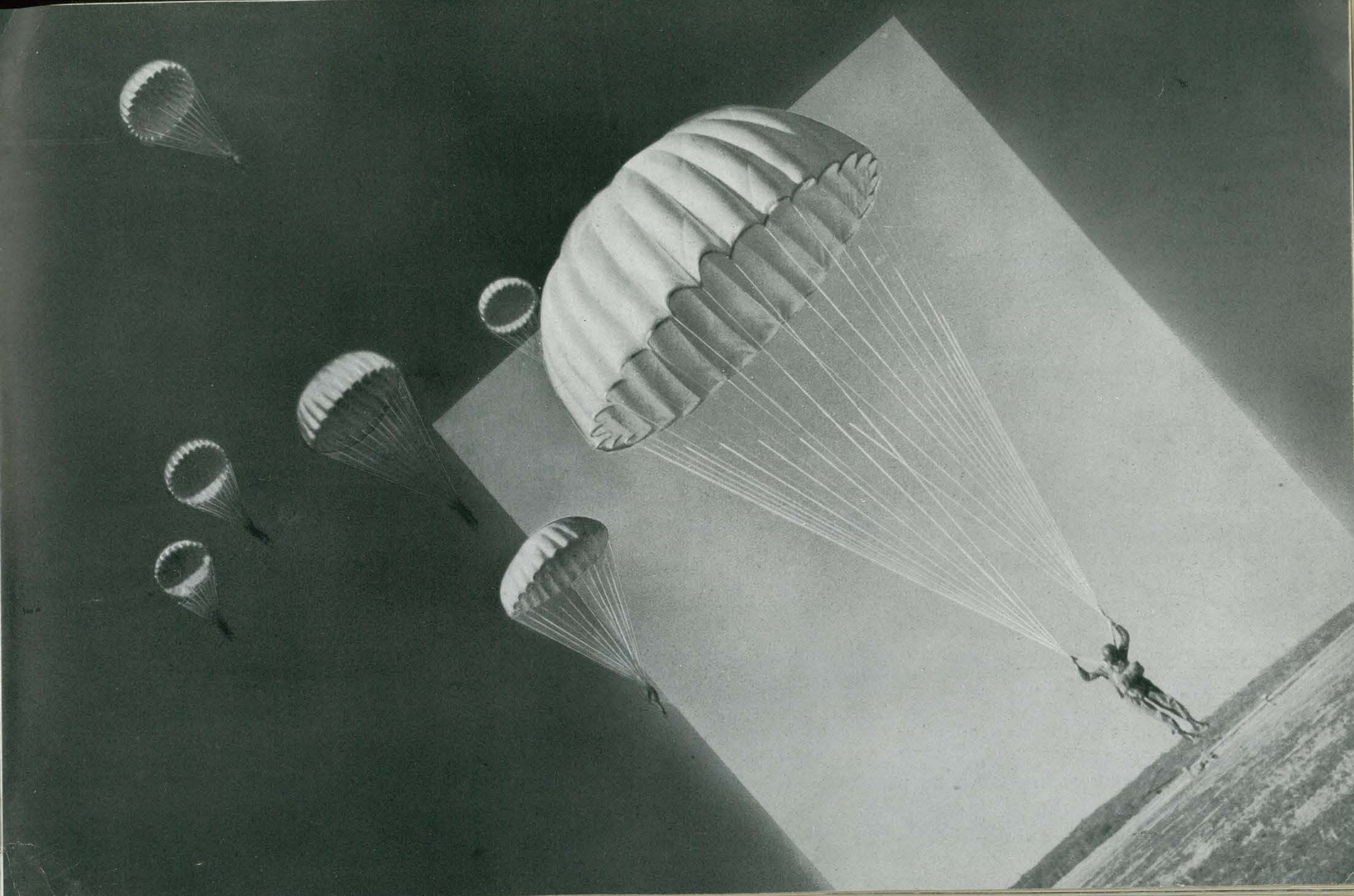
# BEERHOUNDS ATLAS

OF THE SOUTH



WHEN THE WORD CAME, WE WERE READY, AND ROLLING OUR LITTLE PUP TENTS LIKE THE ARABS WE SILENTLY STOLE AWAY INTO THE NIGHT . . . THE SUN WAS NO LESS HOT IN FORT BRAGG AND BAYONET DRILL WAS A MURDEROUS AFFAIR WITH A SUDDEN STROKE A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED . . . HOUSE CLEANING STARTED WITH A VENGEANCE . . . CUTTING GRASS WITH BAYONETS . . . SOAPING SCREENS IN THE SHOWER TIL ALL HOURS . . . WASHING WINDOWS OVER AND OVER AGAIN . . . SCRUBBING FLOORS TIL THEY WERE DAMN NEAR PAPER THIN . . . THE LAST GROUP OF FURLOUGHS WENT OUT AND WEAPONS WERE CHECKED AND RECHECKED FOR SERVICEABILITY . . . WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY THE 101ST A/B DIV. WAS ADMITTED TO OUR LITTLE CIRCLE AND THEIR MORALE WAS NOTICEABLY RAISED . . . SHOWS WERE PLENTIFUL AND MANY WENT DOWN TO THE AIRFIELD FOR GLIDER RIDES . . . THE SUPPLY SECTION REALLY GOT ON THE BALL AND WE WERE EQUIPPED AS WE NEVER HAD BEEN BEFORE . . . DESPITE THE "OFF LIMITS" SIGN AT THE LAKE WE FREQUENTLY WENT SWIMMING THERE . . . AND ALWAYS GOT CHASED BY THE MP'S . . . INSPECTIONS WERE HELD ALL DAY AND IT GOT KINDA TIRESOME LAYING OUT AND REPACKING YOUR CLOTHES AND EQUIPMENT UNTIL YOU ALMOST ACQUIRED A PERMANENT STOOP . . . FAYETTEVILLE WAS SO CROWDED WITH GI'S THAT IT WASN'T WORTH GOING TO, AND CATCHING A TRAIN GAVE YOU A FAINT IDEA OF WHAT COMBAT WAS LIABLE TO BE LIKE . . . WE ALL SPECULATED AS TO OUR DESTINATION WITH MOST OF US SAYING EUROPE AND THE REST CLAIMING IT WOULD BE THE PACIFIC, 'CEPT FOR ONE GUY WHO KEPT HOLDING OUT FOR SOUTH AMERICA BECAUSE HE'D READ ALL ABOUT THE LOVELY SENORITAS . . . WHEN WE DID LEAVE WE ASSEMBLED IN REGIMENTAL FORMATION AND BROILED IN THE SUN FOR A WHILE . . . THEN WITH A BAND KNOCKING ITSELF OUT WE MARCHED TO A TRAIN WHICH TOOK OFF AS SOON AS WE WERE ABOARD, A PHENOMENON THAT HAS BEEN TALKED ABOUT TO THE PRESENT DAY . . . AND SO WE WERE OFF . . . WHERE TO? . . . HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE? . . . WE WONDERED.



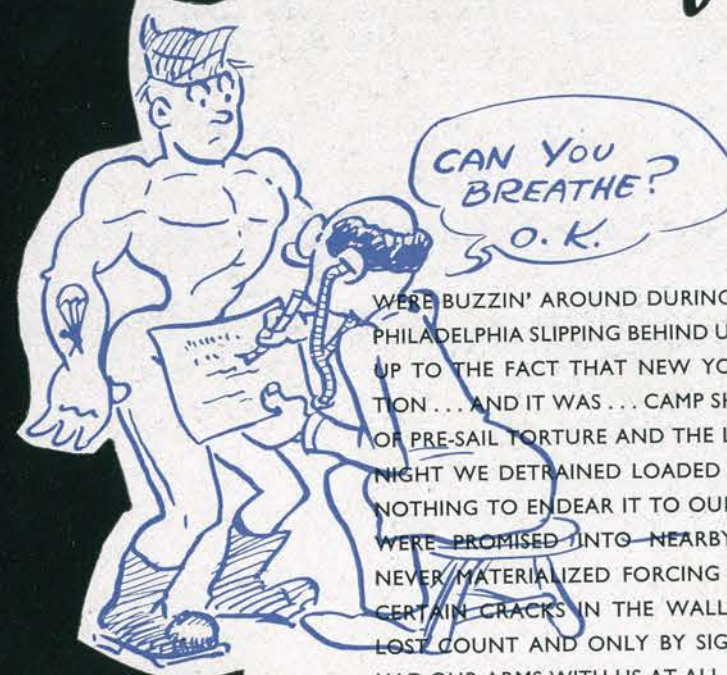






**S. S. SAMARIA**

# SHANKS *for the* MEMORY



"WE'RE GOIN' TO DIX", "HELL NO, WE'RE GOIN' TO KILMER", ETC. . . . THAT'S THE WAY THE RUMORS WERE BUZZIN' AROUND DURING MOST OF THE TRAIN RIDE . . . WITH PHILADELPHIA SLIPPING BEHIND US HOWEVER, WE ALL BEGAN TO WISE UP TO THE FACT THAT NEW YORK WAS CLOSER TO OUR DESTINATION . . . AND IT WAS . . . CAMP SHANKS WAS THE LOCAL INSTITUTION OF PRE-SAIL TORTURE AND THE LONG WALK TO OUR BARRACKS THE NIGHT WE DETRAINED LOADED TO THE EARS WITH EQUIPMENT DID NOTHING TO ENDEAR IT TO OUR EVER SUFFERING HEARTS . . . PASSES WERE PROMISED INTO NEARBY NEW YORK . . . SOMEHOW THESE NEVER MATERIALIZED FORCING THE MORE DETERMINED TO WIDEN CERTAIN CRACKS IN THE WALL . . . SHOT FOLLOWED SHOT TIL WE LOST COUNT AND ONLY BY SIGHT COULD WE TELL THAT WE STILL HAD OUR ARMS WITH US AT ALL TIMES . . . THE GYMS WERE OPEN AND THE MOVIES WERE WELL PATRONIZED WHEN SUDDENLY IT WAS TIME TO GO . . . DRAGGING OUR CANDY STUFFED 'A' BAGS WITH US WE BOARDED A FERRY AND HEADED FOR THE SHIP WE WERE ASSIGNED TO . . . ON THE WAY WE COULD SEE THE BURNED OUT NORMANDY IN THE PROCESS OF BEING REFITTED AGAIN . . . THE PIER, THE WAITING, THE COFFEE AND DONUTS AGAIN . . . AND FINALLY WALKING UP THE GANG PLANK INTO A NEW WORLD . . . ALL SEEMED STRANGELY SUBDUED AS THEY HUNTED FOR THEIR BUNKS . . . THAT STATE OF AFFAIRS DIDN'T LAST LONG HOWEVER, AND SOON CRAP GAMES WERE FLOURISHING EVERYWHERE . . . A FEW JUST LEANED ON THE RAIL SOBERLY STARING AT THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK . . . AND WONDERING

KEEP THIS CARD  
SLEEPING QUARTERS 9

SECTION **P 2** **PROM**  
DECK

Third Sitting  
**P. 2**

Mess Table  
**E**

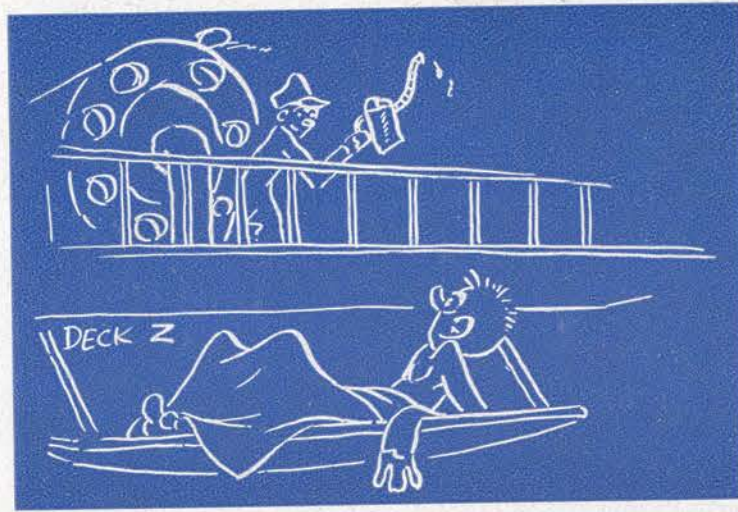
Name.....  
This Mess MUST NOT be changed without the Chief  
Troop Deck Steward's permission  
THIS CARD MUST BE RETAINED AND  
PRODUCED WHEN NECESSARY



THOSE  
WONDERFUL SAMARIAN  
BREAKFASTS



One day in the harbor and then, with ridiculously small tugs straining at the hawsers the HMS Samaria was towed from her berth and started on the long journey ahead. We lined the rails to wave at the people on the passing ferries. We slowly steamed past the Statue Of Liberty and as she slipped astern and faded in the settling dusk we realized at last how wonderful that last year had been.



We had the usual U-Boat scare and once we nearly rammed another boat but that happens in the best of convoys so we couldn't complain to the Captain too strenuously. One of the ships with another Parachute outfit aboard developed engine trouble and had to turn back. They landed on Labrador where they sat for one month before being able to join us. For this they were entitled to wear the ATO ribbon.

Land Ho!! and it was Ireland. We skirted the Emerald Isle and finally docked at Liverpool. We immediately made ourselves welcome by throwing cigarettes, gum, and candy to the dockhands below. We lived to deeply regret this later.

We were allowed to wear our jump boots again and all was made ready for debarkation.

The Samaria wasn't a large ship and there was considerable overcrowding which resulted in half the men sleeping on deck. But the weather was cold so we didn't mind so much. Hardly anybody was seasick. That is, until they attempted to go below deck to eat. Chow was a vicious slander of the name and the oil stench took care of any who survived the food. "Essence Of Limburger" we called it and stayed away. If the PX hadn't opened with a bountiful supply of cookies starvation would have run rampant.

A show or two was given by some of our local talent. The weather stayed satisfactory. Rifle inspection and calisthenics kept rearing their ugly heads. Gambling of all types helped to dissipate the time. Also money. We avidly read the little "Guide To England" that was issued to us and there were heated discussions over why the British liked warm beer or the reasons for various other oddities. The fact that neither party knew a damn thing about it made them all the more interesting and guardhouse lawyers had a distinct advantage at this sort of thing.





# D.DAY MINUS

Riding from Liverpool to Hungerford gave us our first Impressions of England . . . . The rolling fields, picturesque little villages, and bomb blasted cities . . . . People still smiling . . . . Detraining . . . . The ride to our new camp . . . . Couldn't see much in the darkness but we were too sleepy to care . . . . The weather was perfect for days on end . . . . A near miracle we learned to appreciate later . . . . Indoctrination . . . . More indoctrination . . . . and then we went out and acted just as we would if we had never heard the word . . . . People were reticent at first but Yankee informality soon took care of that . . . . Pub crawling became a major sport and the mild and bitter's didn't taste half as bad as we expected . . . . Passes to fabulous London began and the tales that were told by the lucky ones on their return made the rest of us all the more eager to go . . . . Swindon and Marlboro became increasingly popular as pass quotas were increased . . . . And the WAAF's from the airport on the hill made the dances in Ramsbury much more interesting, considering that there was very little dancing done . . . . We liked it and we hoped we wouldn't be leaving as quickly as we usually did.







LITTLECOTE, FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH ESTATE. RESIDENCE OF SIR ERNEST AND LADY WILLS WHO MADE OUR STAY HERE MOST PLEASANT . . .



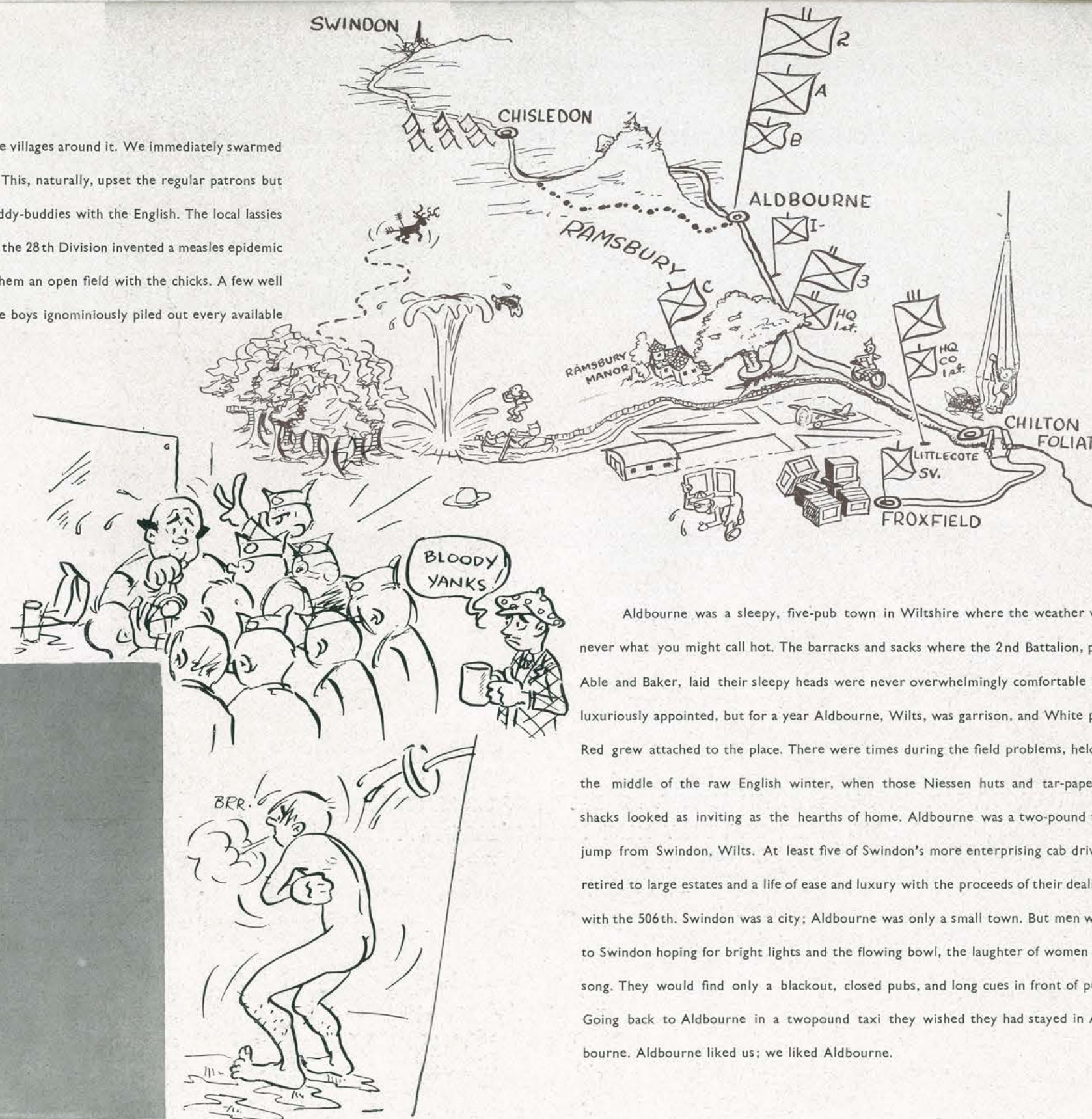
YE AULDE HOMESTEADE

*King George VI*





Regimental Headquarters moved into Littlecote and the rest of the Regiment occupied the villages around it. We immediately swarmed into the pubs en masse and proceeded to drain the supply of ale to the mild and the bitter end. This, naturally, upset the regular patrons but soon we were setting them up and that made us considerably popular again. We became buddy-buddies with the English. The local lassies were not in the least averse to our companionship and regular dances were held. Newly arrived, the 28th Division invented a measles epidemic so that we were confined and forbidden to enter the Hall (Ramsbury Institute) thereby leaving them an open field with the chicks. A few well placed smoke grenades soon cleared the house and laughter rose loud and long as the Keystone boys ignominiously piled out every available exit, including windows. That officially severed our social relations (which were never worth a damn anyway) with those guys. The girls were browned off at first but they soon forgave us . . . a Tree Grew in Ramsbury . . . and it became the rendezvous for everything from a hunting expedition to the sweethearts' meeting. If that tree could only talk!



Aldbourn was a sleepy, five-pub town in Wiltshire where the weather was never what you might call hot. The barracks and sacks where the 2nd Battalion, plus Able and Baker, laid their sleepy heads were never overwhelmingly comfortable nor luxuriously appointed, but for a year Aldbourne, Wilts, was garrison, and White plus Red grew attached to the place. There were times during the field problems, held in the middle of the raw English winter, when those Niessen huts and tar-papered shacks looked as inviting as the hearths of home. Aldbourne was a two-pound taxi jump from Swindon, Wilts. At least five of Swindon's more enterprising cab drivers retired to large estates and a life of ease and luxury with the proceeds of their dealings with the 506th. Swindon was a city; Aldbourne was only a small town. But men went to Swindon hoping for bright lights and the flowing bowl, the laughter of women and song. They would find only a blackout, closed pubs, and long cues in front of pubs. Going back to Aldbourne in a twopound taxi they wished they had stayed in Aldbourne. Aldbourne liked us; we liked Aldbourne.







# INTO LIMBO

The jump was simulated—(as usual). The field DZ-XRAY was thirty miles by foot, halfway between Newbury and Reading, this you made half swimming, half wading thru the torrential rain that plagued you constantly. You arrived near dusk and were aroused somewhat by the cooks and their inevitable scalding coffee. At ten you scattered onto the jump field and at the sound of whistles denoting the jump, you headed for the—dit dah dit dah of the bugles, the shouts of the officers, and the red, white, and blue lights, deciding as you raced along that this must be the assembly area. Arriving at the designated point in time to take off on the problem.—To knock out simulated coastal defenses, and strong points. After traipsing across great expanses of English countryside, encountering untold hundreds of barbed wire fences and stumbling deviously thru mud holes, you became hopelessly lost. Then everything went against you, the compass refused to point north, the maps got wet and obliterated, and still the rain came down!! It seemed as though the devil himself was riding your foot prints! But you persisted and eventually you knocked out something? Set up a haphazard and hasty line of defense and bedded down—each person finding his own choice mud hole in which to lie.—Then at long last came the dawn. The enemy to your front turned out to be Reg. Hdqs Co. The problem being over you returned to camp the same way you came down “by foot”. Glancing down the line you were of the opinion that everyone had that combat expression, an unshaven face showing extreme weariness and disgust, caked mud from head to foot, and every jump suit looking as tho it had come out second best in the ordeal of the fences. You finally dragged your weary body those last few torturous kilometers, and throwing yourself across the bunk you said—“combat” can’t be that rough. You thought!!!!

FRESH AIR FIENDS

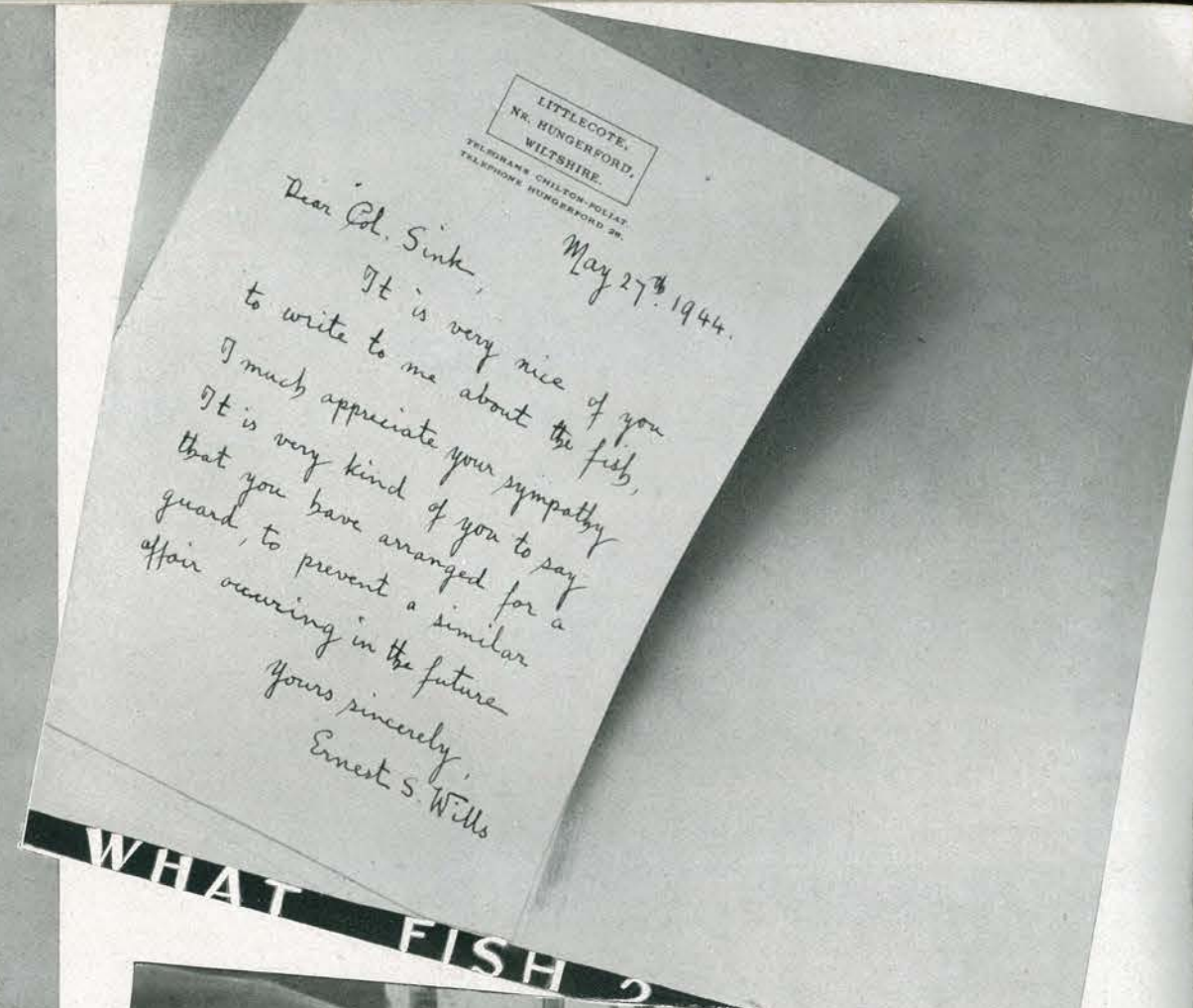




Y'WANTUS TO DUST IT OFF, TOO?

JUMPS AND EXERCISES CAME UP RIGHT FREQUENT AND IT WAS WONDERFUL TO FIND YOU COULD EARN ANOTHER FIFTY AS YOU MAY SEE ABOVE. THEN THERE WERE OTHER THINGS TO DO BESIDES WORK. MANY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY FOOTBALL OR BOX . . . . AND SOME FOUND THEY COULD "CATCH" FISH VERY EASILY IF THEY ONLY USED THEIR WITS. DEER VANISHED TOO.

THE CHAPLAIN'S WORK WAS JUST ONE ROUND AFTER ANOTHER AND YET HE MANAGED TO KEEP ALL FOUR WHEELS ON HIS PULPIT.





THE BOXING TEAM WHICH HAD DISBANDED AT MACKALL, FOR THE TOUR OVER SEAS, NOW REVIVED. AT LEAST KELLY, THE INSTRUCTOR, THOUGHT IT HAD. BUT AFTER THE FIRST SCRIMMAGE AT RAINBOW CORNER, LONDON, HE AND OF COURSE THE STAFF, WERE A BIT SKEPTICAL, NOT MUCH, MIND YOU, JUST A WEE BIT. BEFORE DISBANDING AGAIN, HOWEVER, THEY RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND TURNED IN A GOOD ACCOUNT FOR THEMSELVES . . . WINNING EIGHT OUT OF ELEVEN.

SGT. ANDI SFRIZI, LIGHT-HEAVY, DETHRONED VINCE KOZAK, ETO HEAVEWEIGHT CHAMPION, AT BRISTOL.

PVT. JOE MANCUSO WON EIGHT OUT OF TEN.

PFC. HORACE VICK ALWAYS HAD TO SPOT AT LEAST FIVE POUNDS TO GET A SCRAP.

SGT. GEORGE MONTILLO WENT ON TO WIN A DSC IN NORMANDY, WAS KILLED.

ALL THESE ACTIVITIES HELPED TO PRESERVE A SEMBLANCE OF THE GOOD OLD U. S. A. AND KEEP EVERYONE HAPPY.

## Skytrain Routes Tornados, 40-0

### Stasica and Reed Spark Easy Victory at Reading

By Kenneth Waggoner

Stars and Stripes Unit Correspondent

READING, Oct. 31—Paced by Pvt. Stanley Stasica, of Rockford, Ill., and 1/Sgt. Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia, who made two touchdowns each, the Skytrain grid machine this afternoon scored a 40-0 win over the Red Tornados.

Stasica reeled off 80 yards for his first touchdown and Reed 77 yards for his initial score. Stasica also accounted for four of the points after touchdowns.

The Skytrain opened its attack early in the game with an offensive drive which took them on many long runs and ended in a touchdown, with 2/Lt. Hoy Littell, of South Amboy, N.J., carrying the ball.

#### Goes 80 Yards

The next tally came on the play of the second period when caught a punt from Sgt. Walter E.

## End of a Long Invader Run

### Stasica Scores On End Run to Avert Setback

### Lone Invader Tally Comes In Third Period After 63-Yard March

By Ray Lee

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

A WEST COAST TOWN, Dec. 12—A crowd of 12,000 spectators watched the Screaming Eagles' victory over the Invaders in a football game here today. The Invaders, who had been undefeated in the first two periods, were forced to the sidelines by a 63-yard march by the Screaming Eagles in the third period. The Invaders' only score came in the first period when they scored a touchdown on a pass by Richard I. The game started with the Invaders in the field. They were forced to punt as the Screaming Eagles' defense was too strong. Immediately after the punt, the Screaming Eagles started a drive which culminated in a 63-yard march to the end zone. The drive was led by Pvt. Stanley Stasica, who carried the ball for 80 yards and scored a touchdown. The game ended with a 40-0 victory for the Screaming Eagles.

Twice in the game the Invaders managed to get into the Screaming Eagles' territory, but at a costly price. In the first period, the Invaders scored a touchdown on a pass by Richard I. In the second period, they scored another touchdown on a run by 2/Lt. Hoy Littell. However, the Screaming Eagles' defense was too strong, and they were unable to score in the first two periods. In the third period, the Screaming Eagles' defense was too strong, and they were unable to score in the first two periods. In the third period, the Screaming Eagles' defense was too strong, and they were unable to score in the first two periods.



RHB-WALKER

LHB-STASICA

QB-LITTELL

FB-WINNER

RE-SCHROEDER

RT-NEWTON

RG-MADONA

C-McKNIGHT

LG-PETTINELLA

LT-MAJEWSKI

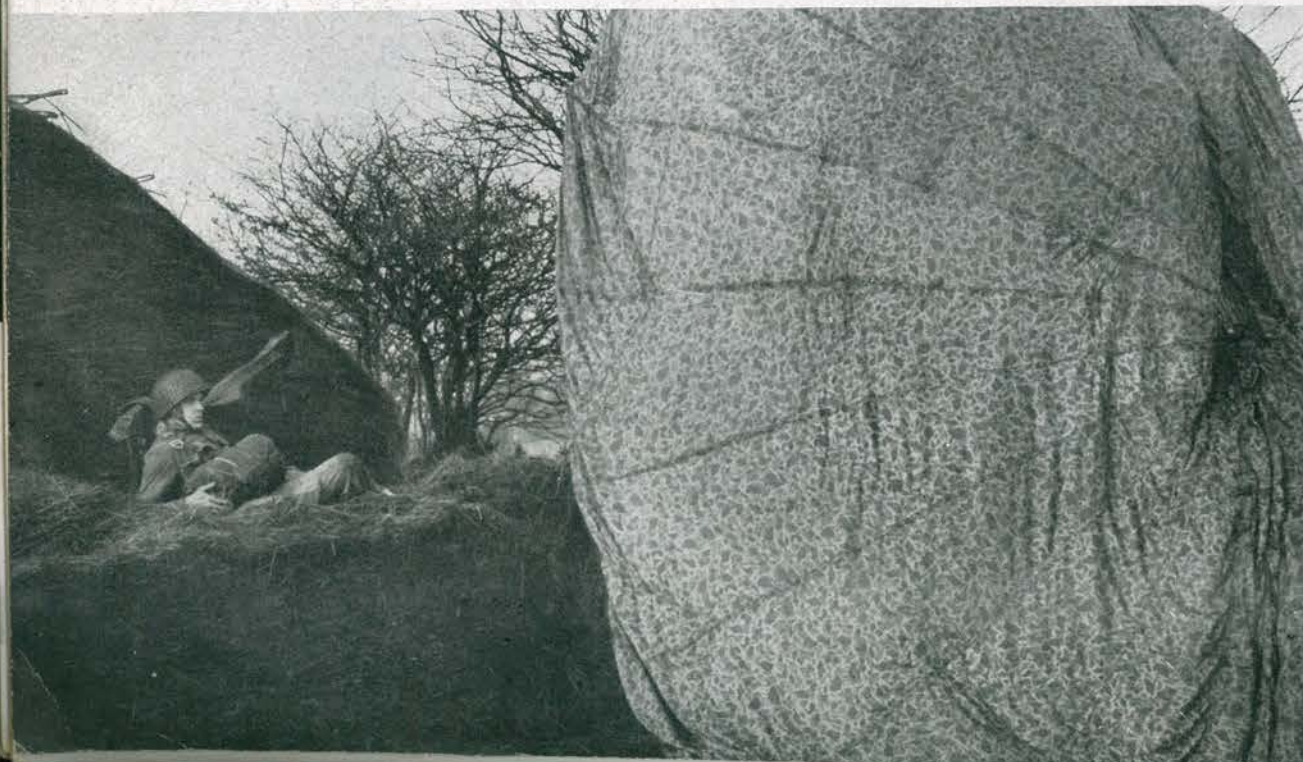
LE-PETERNEL







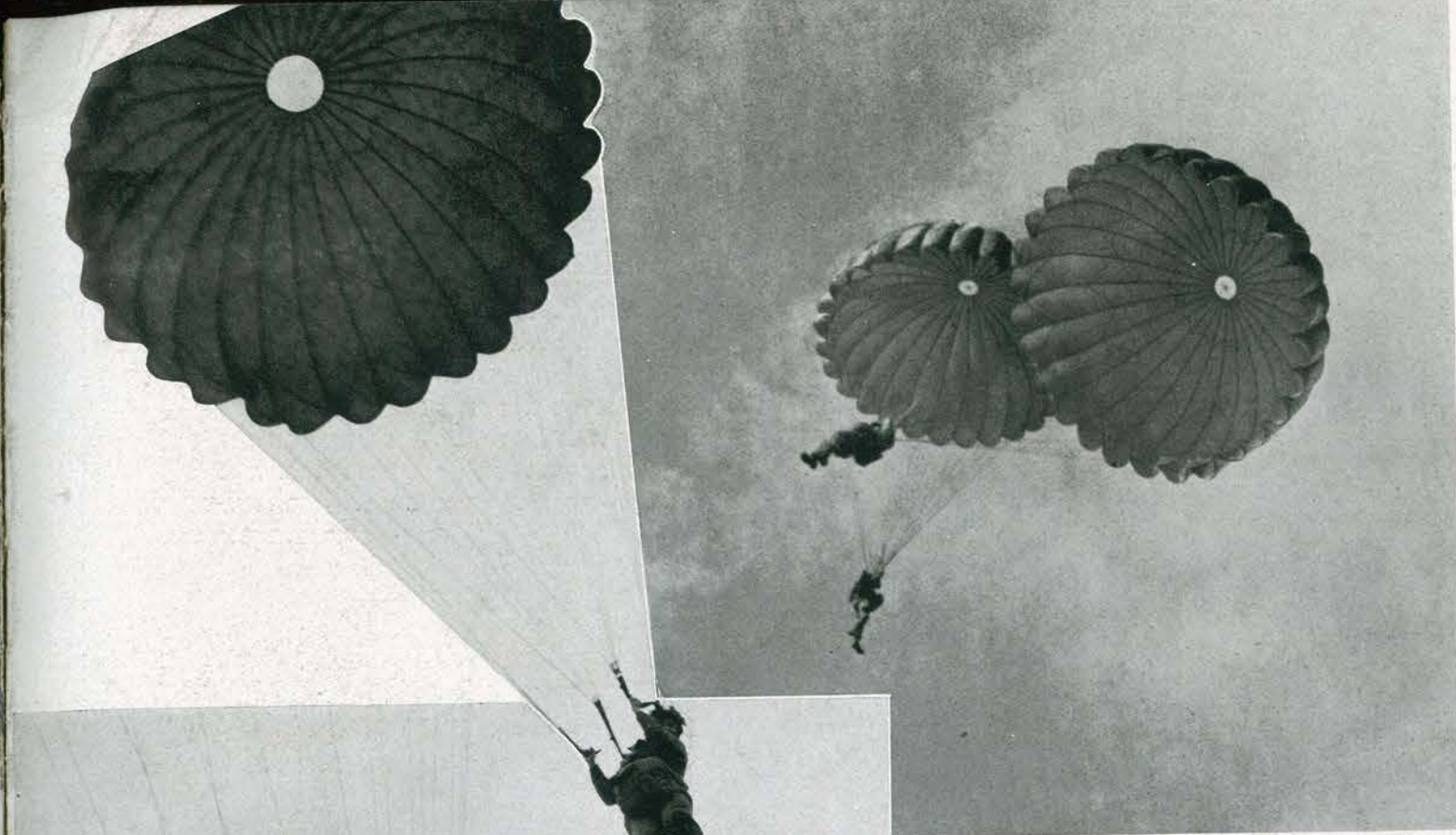
YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF DOING ANYTHING



REACH PARDNER, WHILE I DRAW MY HAWG LEG!







SIZE 28—LARGE

Training became intensified. Both day and night assemblies were practised over and over again. The difficult art of assembling large numbers of scattered troops can be learned only by actually assembling and assembling again. Small and large unit "Attack, Reorganization, and Defense" problems were constantly on the agenda. Many of them were of two and three day duration. All were designed, not only to give a man working knowledge of the mechanics of combat, but to teach him about the ground: how to use it to his advantage, how it fits a plan of battle, and above all how to live on it for days at a time without impairment of physical efficiency. These things are important. They make the difference between life and death. They must be instinctive. And so the regiment walked through England for a year before D Day, attacked towns, hills, and woods, and dug countless fox-holes, and slept on the ground many nights. The regiment went on fire problems in which they attacked with artillery, mortars, and machine guns, crashing into the objectives ahead. And finally, when spring came in '44 the regiment knew it was ready, and furthermore, it knew it was good.

HIGH ON A WINDY HILL—TIDWORTH RANGE



YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW







VISUALIZE a man with a streamer plummeting through your chute. Your own chute has opened in normal fashion and without warning has partially collapsed. A body hurtles by with suspension lines and unopened canopy trailing a stream of silk. You reach out and grab two handfuls of silk and hold on. The jerk of the restrained body almost takes your arms from their sockets, but, somehow, you manage to hold on until the man can break open his reserve. You might have the presence of mind, strength, and courage to do this; but you might not. Lt (then T-5) Francis Fleming had, and in doing so he saved a man from breaking himself into pieces on the ground below.

T-5 FLEMING



A MITE AIRISH, AY OL'CHAPPIE

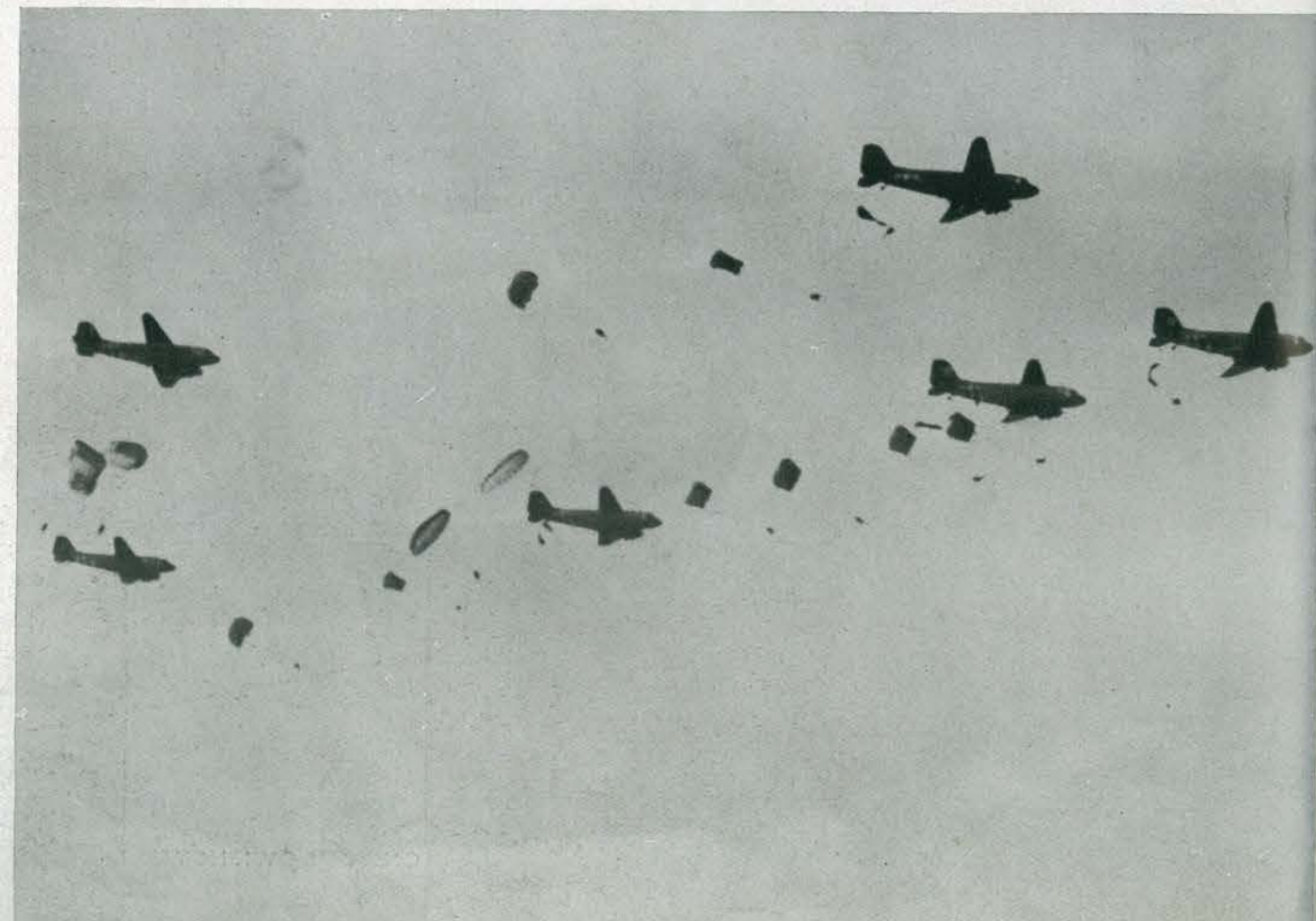


SALISBURY PLAINS RANGES

ROUTINE PROBLEM-ROUTINE ENDING



CORPS FAMILIARIZES US WITH ENEMY WEAPONS





# STATEMENT OF CHARGES' against enlisted men for

On (XXXXXX) of Pay roll		ANYBODY'S (Name of supply arm or service to which property pertains) PERIOD OF TRAINING										(A) Total articles charged	(B) Replaced	(C) Not replaced
ARTICLES CHARGED		Price of article	Size of article	ENLISTED MEN CHARGED—NAMED BELOW										
A BRICK CHIMNEY				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
THE BRECKINRIDGE LATRINE AND P.K.														
A LIMEX HAYSTACK														
A PRIZED LIQUOR SUPPLY														
RAMSBURY STORE WINDOWS														
THOSE NORMANDY CABLEGRAMS														
THE PENTICO FARM HOUSE														

(The one Earl McGrath, knocked off when the machine gun platoon jumped on Hoffman, N.C. in a 30 mile wind)

(We could have built a brick, two storied and fur-lined latrine for what they charged us. Even the replacements who never saw Breckinridge got to pay for that one) (We ruined the "Indian Head Div." in that famous P. X. battle but financially we paid, and paid, and paid.) (Somebody stuffed a few mattresses with a little of the hay but the stack was disarranged enough so that the farmer had an airtight claim against rich and gullible Uncle Sam.)

(Somebody swiped His Lordship's hoarded liquor supply from Parliament Piece. It wouldn't have been so bad if we at least had gotten a whiff of it, which we didn't.)

(The ones blasted out around the tree on one of those "realistic" night problems. Maybe those amatol hand grenades S/Sgt McCullough had were just a little too big.)

('Send home a "free" cablegram and let the folks know you're alright.' We finally had to shell out for them too.)

(Nothing was said until we were through demolishing the joint with bazookas, grenades, pole charges etc. in practice attacks. Then came the bill.)

**BOX SCORE:**

TOTAL DEFICIT: *We wish we knew*  
CREDIT: *infinitesimal*

Right to action of a surveying officer under AR 35-6640 is waived and correctness of the individual charges is acknowledged by the enlisted men whose signatures appear below:

I CERTIFY that the statements hereon are complete and correct, and that the charges have been made for the reasons stated.

ENTERED IN SERVICE RECORDS

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 24  
May 1, 1942

**SMASHING**  
**Alf + Guail**

any Gum, chum? £££?

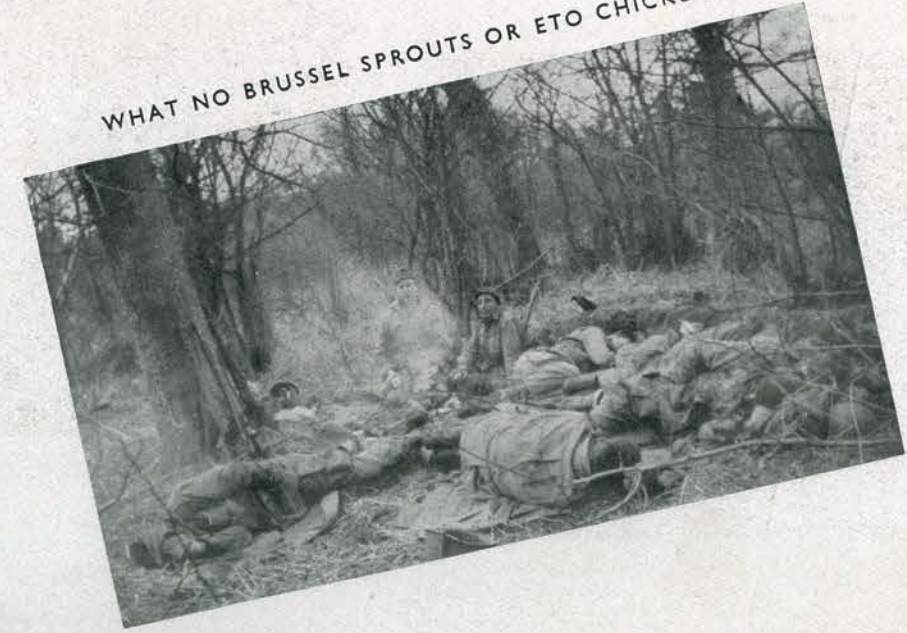
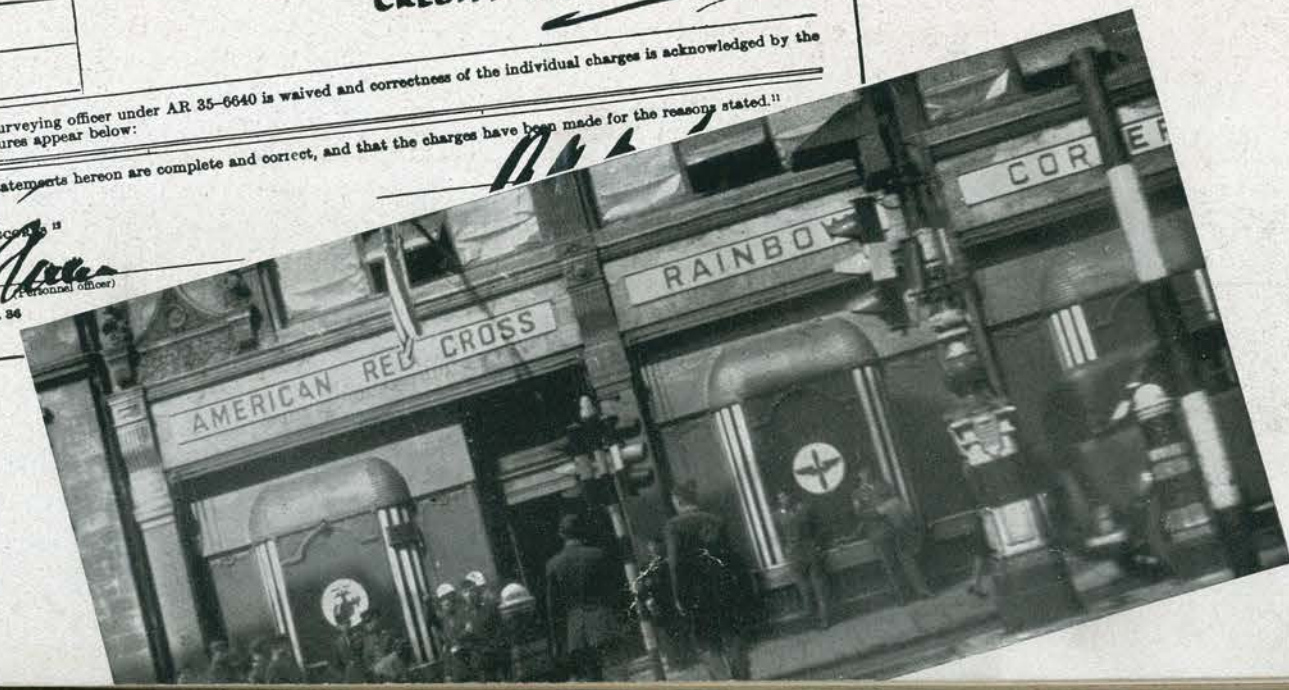
**PAY-PER**  
**PAY-PER**  
(WANT A DRINK, BUB)

**TIME PLEASE**  
**Move along**

Along came February and in between repeated sojourns to London you had extra training (during the week days) . . . . "isolation problems" Platoons and squads were sent out within a five mile radius from camp on three day trips.

MISSION: to teach the men to rely on themselves. This despite the over all efficiency demonstrated in Picadilly. However a good time was had by all. . . . it was truly amazing what a quantity of fish you brought to the surface with those little squares of substance, those cooperative deer who so willingly committed "hari kari" by shooting themselves in the head, and those friendly chickens that insisted on laying their eggs sunny side up in your ever hot frying pans. Those frequent, stealthy forays you made into the camps of other units, either to supplement your rations, carry off their crew-served weapons or just to raise hell. Then there were those sessions in the evenings around a glowing fire of fence rails . . . of course no one would think of stretching a tale, they merely presented the truth in such a manner that no one recognized it. The main topics of discussion were women, the war, women, hilarious weekends in London, and women. . . Boy! Oh Boy! tomorrow is Saturday, hope you made it to camp in time to catch that London train! ! !

WHAT NO BRUSSEL SPROUTS OR ETO CHICKEN?



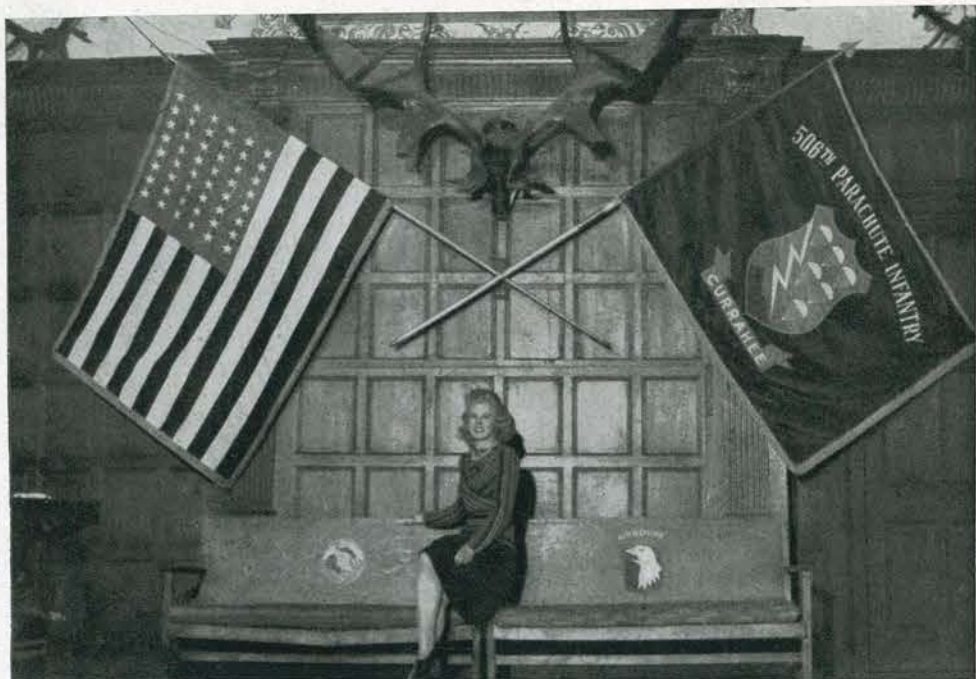




# Monty-

It was a raw, rain-swept day and two regiments were assembled at Chilton Foliat to see and hear General Montgomery, Commanding General of the 21st Army Group. We had recently been attached to the 21st Army Group for the Invasion doings, and Montgomery wanted to take a look at his new men. It was mutual. The men wanted to take a look at Montgomery. The slight, spry, blue-eyed Montgomery arrived, liberally flanked, preceded, and followed by MP's, and he lost no time in giving every one on the field a thoro scrutinizing. He reviewed the regimental staffs, walked around two regiments going through the ranks, talked to many men, and saw them all. He missed nothing. Through with his inspection of the ranks he called the men of both regiments around him. In a short talk he told us the Germans were going to be smashed hard and soon. The Invasion could not fail. He knew it could not fail, and after seeing us he pitied the enemy who would have to meet us. He was happy to have us in his command. After seeing and hearing General Montgomery we were happy to be in his command.





NEW TERM, BUT THEY ARE NICE FLAGS AREN'T THEY?

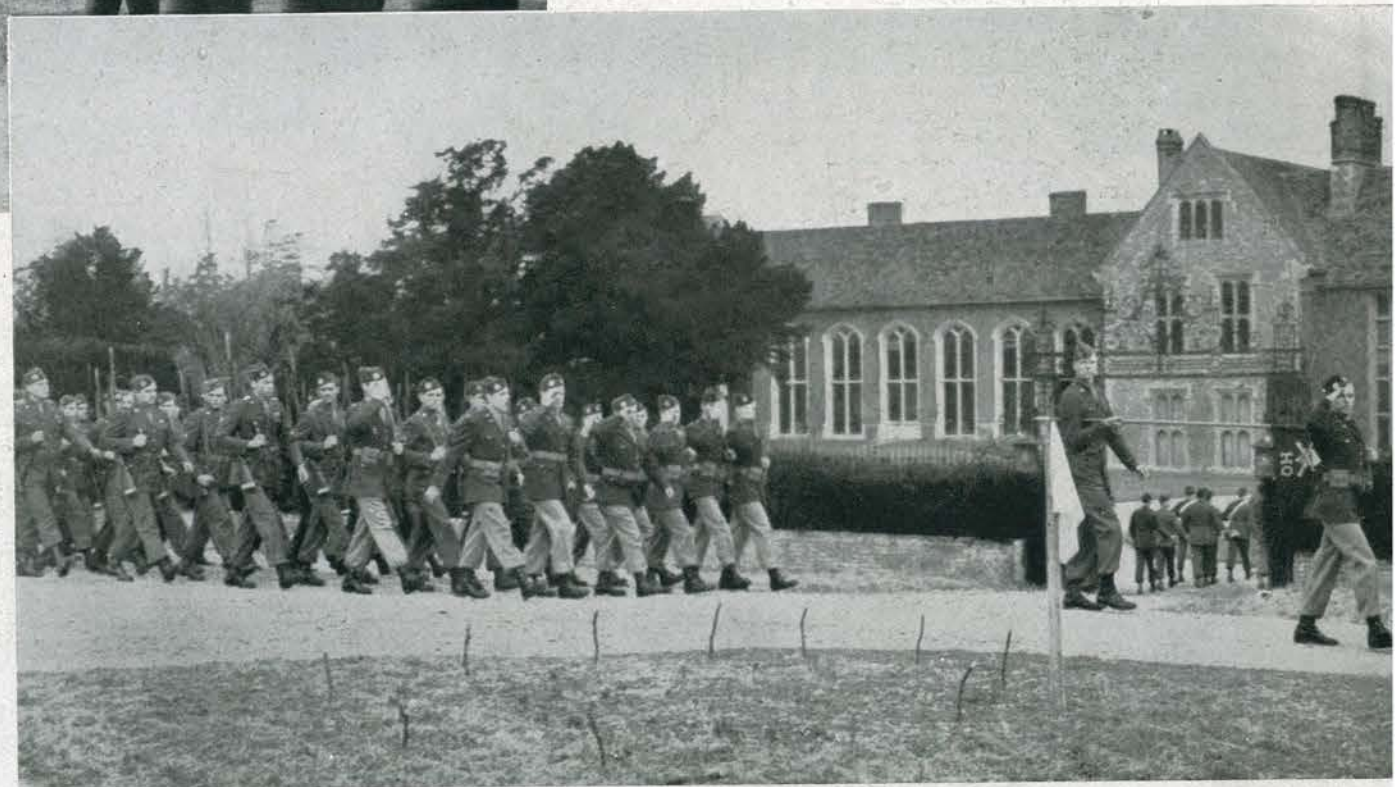


LOOKING 'EM OVER



REGIMENTAL HQ CO ON THEIR HOME GROUNDS

3RD BN. STAFF MARCHING IN SALUTE





# U.S. TROOPS THRILLED PREMIER

HE SAW THEIR  
BATTLE COLORS

Parachutists with equipment came down in three great waves

**H**UNDREDS of American soldiers, cheering wildly and carrying aloft their flags and emblems, gathered around a jeep on which stood, bareheaded, the British Prime Minister.

Mr. Churchill who a few minutes later was to see hundreds of these men filling the sky, dangling from parachutes, called them "the most modern expression of war", and told them: "Soon you will have the opportunity of testifying to your belief in all those great phrases embodied in the American Constitution."

"I thank God you are here," he said, "and from the bottom of my heart I wish you all good fortune and success."

These hardened, sturdy men, all volunteers for this airborne duty, burst into spontaneous cheering as they raced back to re-form.

Mr. Churchill was for the first time inspecting an all-American force in Britain. With him was Gen. Eisenhower.

As Mr. Churchill walked slowly along the ranks, Douglas aircraft roared down, each towing its glider.

## Flying jeep

Later he made a closer inspection of these craft, clambering inside to talk to the glider troops, and to see stowed in the body of one a jeep, in another a bulldozer, and in others trailers stocked with rations and anti-tank guns, which will fly with the American airborne troops into Europe.

Mr. Churchill, with Gen. Eisenhower at his side, climbed to a grandstand, decorated with red, white and blue silk parachutes.

A cloud of aircraft swept down, and as it reached the saluting base

hundreds of paratroops tumbled headlong out. Almost before they touched down another wave came over, then yet another, until the air was filled with parachutists.

It was a magnificently executed operation. The Prime Minister rose and stood, unlighted cigar between his lips, gripping the rail before him, with a grim smile.

Then, boarding a command car, he was rushed away to see the completion of the operation, with the paratroops racing to the assault, picking up communications, and bringing into action all equipment with which they had leapt from their aircraft.

## Medical unit

It was in the equipment that Mr. Churchill showed the most intense interest.

He saw a medical unit which will



AMERICAN PARATROOPS RUNNING WITH THEIR BATTLE STANDARDS TO GATHER ROUND THE PREMIER AFTER GEN. EISENHOWER HAD ORDERED THEM TO BREAK RANKS

APH AND MORNING POST, SATURDAY  
PRIME MINISTER AND ALLIED C.-IN-C.



Mr. Churchill with Gen. Eisenhower during a visit paid by the Prime Minister to United States glider and parachute troops on Thursday.

Every day for a week we dry ran the post-jump assembly, striving to make it as perfect as possible. This would be no ordinary jump but an exhibition of speed and coordination which would be witnessed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. Bradley. It was an opportunity to show our supreme commanders what we could do and how efficiently we could do it, and we didn't intend to muff it. There was some grand and glorious bitching at all the extra work but the importance of practice was recognized by all and we buckled down to make it a memorable exhibition.



PARA PACK HORSE "TWENTY-ONE STONE SIR"







PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL OF ENGLAND, GENERAL EISENHOWER, LT. GEN. BRADLEY, GEN. TAYLOR, GEN. PRATT, GEN. MCAULIFFE WITNESSED A JUMP DEMONSTRATION PUT ON BY THE 2ND BN, 3RD BN, & REGTL HQS CO OF THE 506TH PRCT. INF. ALSO THE 377TH F. A. BN. THE REST OF THE DIVISION VIEWED THIS JUMP FROM THE SIDE OF THE JUMP FIELD.

## INSPECTING THE MEN WHO'LL DO THE JOB THEY PLANNED

*BUCKIN' FOR BRASS*

FIRST BATTALION WAS CHOSEN TO BE THE INSPECTION TROOPS WHILE THE SECOND AND THIRD JUMPED. AFTER THE INSPECTION, THE PRIME MINISTER CALLED THE TROOPERS TO GATHER ROUND HIM AND TOLD THEM HOW MUCH WOULD BE EXPECTED OF THEM IN THE FORTHCOMING INVASION. AT THIS TIME THE MEN WHO WERE TO DO THE JUMPING WERE GOING THRU THE USUAL "SWEAT-OUT" PERIOD. SOME WERE TRYING TO TALK THE AIR CREW CHIEF OUT OF A .45 WHILE THE MORE INDIVIDUALISTIC TYPES WERE MERELY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SWIPE ONE AND THE HELL WITH THE SNOW JOB. THE DAY WAS PERFECT FOR THE OCCASION AND THE SUNDRENCHED FIELDS BELOW LOOKED INVITINGLY SOFT. WITH THE APPROACHING DRONE OF THE '47S SILENCE DESCENDED ON THE RANKS OF WATCHERS AS ALL ATTENTION WAS RIVETED SKYWARD. THE AIR ARMADA ROARED ALONG IN A PERFECT V OF V'S AND A SPONTANEOUS MURMUR RAN THRU THE ONLOOKERS AS THE FIRST SKY TROOPERS CLEARED THE DOORS AND STARTED THE LONG DESCENT. STICK AFTER STICK EMPTIED INTO SPACE IN A SEEMINGLY UNENDING DELUGE OF MEN AND EQUIPMENT. AS SOON AS THE FIRST MEN BEGAN TO LAND THE VISITORS RODE OUT TO WATCH THEM ASSEMBLE IN A STRETCH OF WOODS. THE TROOPERS WERE TWISTING OUT OF THEIR CHUTES AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE AND HEADING FOR THE ASSEMBLY AREA ON A DEAD RUN, PUTTING THEIR WEAPONS TOGETHER WITHOUT SLACKENING SPEED. THE VISITORS SEEMED AMAZED AT THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THE WOODS AND TOOK UP THEIR POSITIONS. IN TURN THE TROOPERS STARED CURIOUSLY AT THEIR FAMOUS GUESTS AND COMMENTS RAN UP AND DOWN THE LINE. "I'LL BE DAMNED, DON'T HE EVER GO OUT WITHOUT HIS CIGAR?" . . . AND "IKE LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD JOE, DON'T HE" . . . OR "GOD, AIN'T BRADLEY A LITTLE GUY THO?" SPECULATION TIME WAS CUT SHORT BY THE ORDER TO MOVE OUT AND IN RECORD TIME FROM THE MOMENT OF THE JUMP THE TWO BATTALIONS WERE MOVING OUT IN ORDERLY ATTACK FORMATION. THIS ENDED THE SHOW AND WITH NO DOUBTS ABOUT THE IMPRESSION THEY HAD MADE, THE BOYS FROM CURRAHEE RODE HOME TO A WELL-EARNED SUPPER.

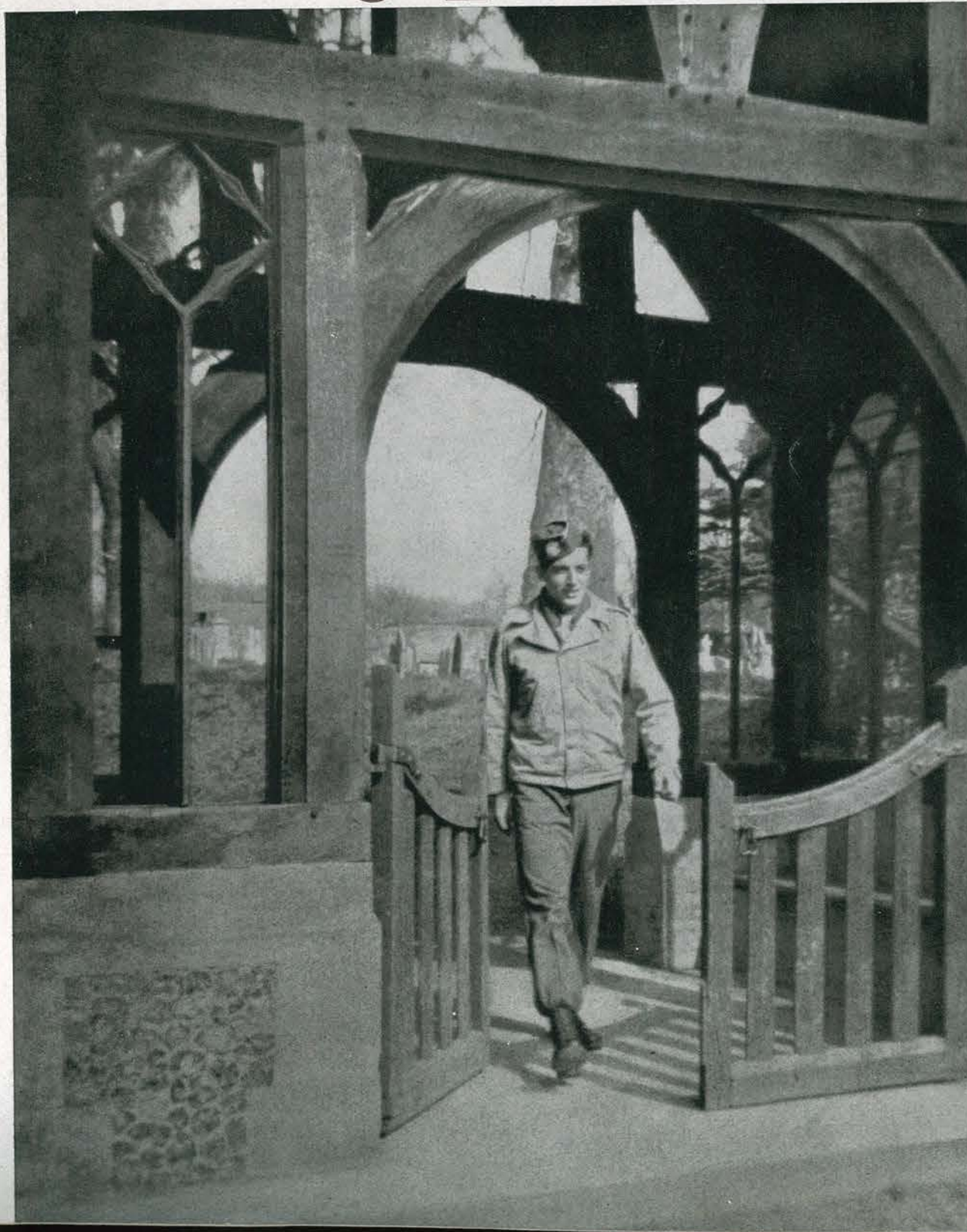


There were many strange sights to be seen on the field and in the assembly area . . . one character running along with his arms full of equipment and vainly trying to keep his pants from slipping down to his knees . . . his suspenders had snapped on the jump. Every few yards he would trip and fall on his face only to leap to his feet make a desperate tug at his pants and take off again . . . And the guy who just couldn't get out of his harness in time and stalked indignantly off the field trailing his chute behind him . . . There was the joker who had jumped an M3 for the first time . . . and had taken it apart to do it! . . . he never did get the damn thing together again and went into the attack formation with an armful of parts . . . Incidents which would have been tragic in combat were just laughable that day and the jump was probably enjoyed more by the participants than by the onlookers.





## G-2 SKULL ORCHARD SHOWS ENEMY WELL DUG-IN



The problems were not without a good sprinkling of humor. For instance there was the time that an attack was being pulled with a certain graveyard as part of the final objective. The troops who were to attack this area were given the following poop; "The enemy has defenses in this area and he is well dug in. Your mission is to get in there and dig him out by whatever means are necessary." We should have had shovels instead of guns for that job.

The Forty Thieves were officially named as such soon after their arrival in England, although they had been operating for their mutual benefit for some time prior to this occasion. The deal that really turned the spotlight on them was the "Silver Spoon Mystery". It all started on a regimental problem which resulted in their bivouacing next to a YMCA. Needing an indoor location for the CP and finding a door of the 'Y' conveniently open they moved in and set up. During the night, one of the boys struck up an acquaintance with some silver spoons that were lying on a table and by morning you might say they had become very attached to each other. So attached in fact that when he left nothing would do but that the spoons should go with him, the final argument being that the spoons were sorely needed in the NCO mess. And so we left and that should have been that. But it wasn't. It seemed that the former owners, or as the Forty like to put it, possessors of the spoons were very unhappy over their disappearance. Indeed, they were so unhappy that they let all and sundry know about it so that it eventually reached the ears of the Battalion Commander, who was not deaf and could do no less than investigate. Unfortunately the Forty had not yet gotten around to thoroughly corrupting their platoon leader, who was still disgustingly honest and readily admitted their presence in the fatal area on the night in question. The Battalion Commander then unwittingly named the platoon when he said to Lt., "OK Ali Baba let's run your forty thieves out here and get the score on this thing." No one knew anything about it and since the spoons had gone AWOL from the NCO mess the matter was reluctantly dropped when the "Affair of the Bell Hotel" began to occupy the official minds.

Astrology really boomed about this time. Every one knew the moon controlled the tides and the tides controlled the beaches. We also knew it was a matter of days before we would be going places other than England and when the moon, the tide and the powers of command converged we would do it ONE TIME FOR THE RECORD.



"WHERE IS THE PRINCE WHO  
CAN AFFORD SO TO COVER HIS  
COUNTRY WITH TROOPS FOR ITS  
DEFENSE, AS THAT 10,000 MEN  
DESCENDING FROM THE CLOUDS  
MIGHT NOT, IN MANY PLACES,  
DO AN INFINITE DEAL OF MIS-  
CHIEF BEFORE A FORCE COULD  
BE BROUGHT TOGETHER TO  
REPEL THEM?"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1784



# INVASION!

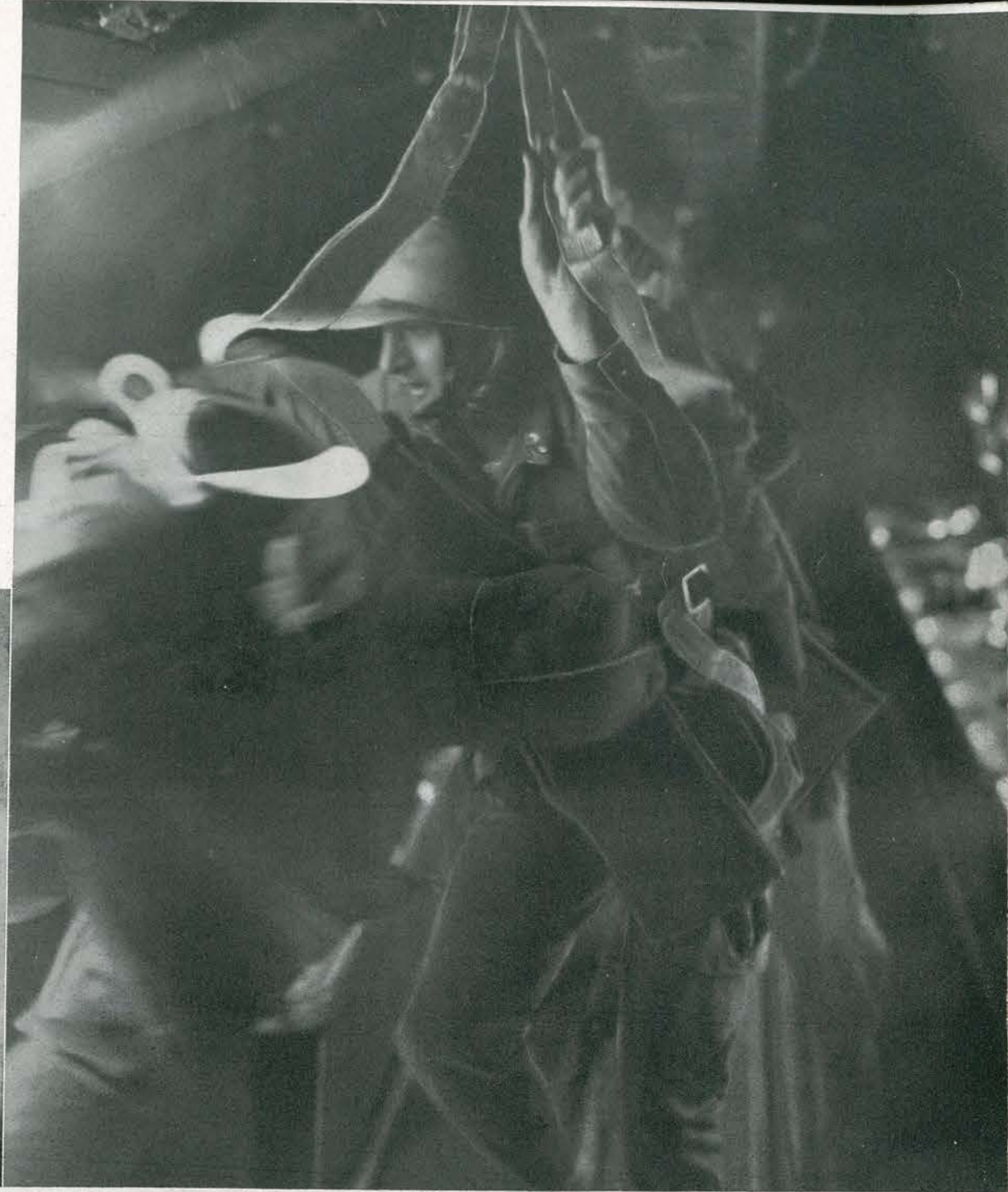
6 JUNE 1944

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT  
OF NIGHTS  
TOMORROW THROUGHOUT THE  
WHOLE OF OUR HOMELAND AND  
ALLIED WORLD, BELLS WILL  
RING OUT THE GLAD TIDINGS  
THAT YOU HAVE ARRIVED AND  
THE INVASION FOR LIBERATION  
HAS BEGUN.  
THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF  
YOUR NEAR  
ONES ACCOMPANY YOU.  
THE FEAR OF THE GERMANS  
BECOMES REALITY.





IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WE ARE SCATTERED LIKE SEED ACROSS THE SLEEPING NORMAN COUNTRYSIDE. IN SMALL, MURDEROUS GROUPS--SQUADS, PLATOONS, COMPANIES-- WE DRIVE TO THE BEACH EXITS, THE BRIDGES AND LOCKS, THE VILLAGES AND COMMANDING GROUND. THIS IS THE FLOODED DZ WITH ONLY THE FIRE-SWEPT ROADS ABOVE WATER. ST. MARIE-DU-MONT, THE DEATH ROAD BETWEEN VIERVILLE AND ST. COME-DU-MONT, AND THE BRIDGES ACROSS THE DOUVE RIVER AND GRAND CANAL; AND THIS IS CARENTAN. AND THIS IS THE ENEMY WHO DEFENDED THE PLACES: THE 6TH PARACHUTE REGIMENT WHICH LEFT ITS DEAD IN WINDROWS FROM VIERVILLE TO CARENTAN; AND THE 17TH SS WHO TRY TO RETAKE CARENTAN BUT THEY CANNOT BECAUSE NO ONE IS EVER GOING TO DRIVE THE 506TH FROM A POSITION IT WANTS TO HOLD. THIS IS NORMANDY.



# NORMANDY





## SWEAT SHOP: EXETER UPPOTTERY

Devon in the spring, and it's a helluva time to to go to war, just when the bones begin to thaw from the freeze of the English winter. But this is the marshalling area, and this, brother, is it. The wonderful chow and the sack time . . . half the regiment getting its hair chopped to the scalp . . . Fitting chutes and how many times had you done that before? But this was the real thing, friend. This time your troubles begin AFTER you hit the ground . . . The hours spent in the briefing tents. (Pass six hedgerows, two small lakes on the left, cross a dirt road, and you're there . . . Cawn't miss it, y'know.) There were



skeptics who said "Dry Run" . . . But then General Taylor gave a "Get in there and fight, Big Team" talk, and there wasn't much doubt . . . The ammo issue . . . And the chow improved and built to a steak-ice cream finale . . . The letters home with "Don't worry about me; I'm doing all right" . . . The waiting planes . . . Wonder when we'll see England again.



MEET YOU THURSDAY NIGHT AT GROSVENOR HOUSE. DON'T BE LATE.



FADE THAT PILE OF CIGAR COUPONS.



BOBUCK AND HIS BRAVES: NEWELL (MEDIC), PIGEONS MAN RINEHART, PAULI, HARRISON, AND HOWARD (RAD. OPS.)



MUSIC WHILE YOU WAIT.

ALWAYS YOU GET A PLANE AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD.







HOPE THE AC KNOWS WHAT  
ITS DOING THIS TIME



H. POTHIER, CAPT. MERRIMAN, AIR CORPS, CAPT. BROWN:  
GETTING THE HOT OIL FROM THE BRAINS OF THE AIR CORPS.

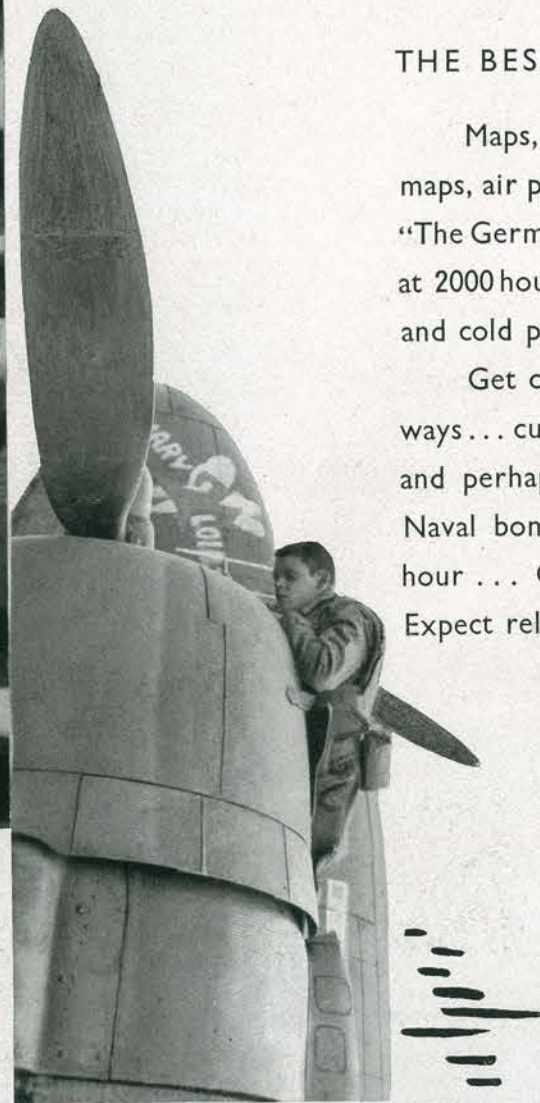


COL. SINK: "JUST GET US WHERE WE'RE SUP-  
POSED TO GO AND WE'LL DO THE REST".

## THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN . . .

Maps, all sizes and scales, on the walls . . . sand tables, situation maps, air photos . . . endless information . . . detailed information . . . "The German Kommandant at St. Come-du-Mont has a dog he walks at 2000 hours" . . . the big picture and the little picture . . . the hot and cold poop . . . we had it all.

Get control of the beach exits . . . seize the bridges and causeways . . . cut the cables . . . protect the south flank of the 7th Corps . . . and perhaps, Carentan . . . Air bombardment at H minus 50 . . . Naval bombardment at H minus 10 . . . Expect 4th Division at H hour . . . Coming in on Utah Beach . . . Then let them fight . . . Expect relief in three days . . .



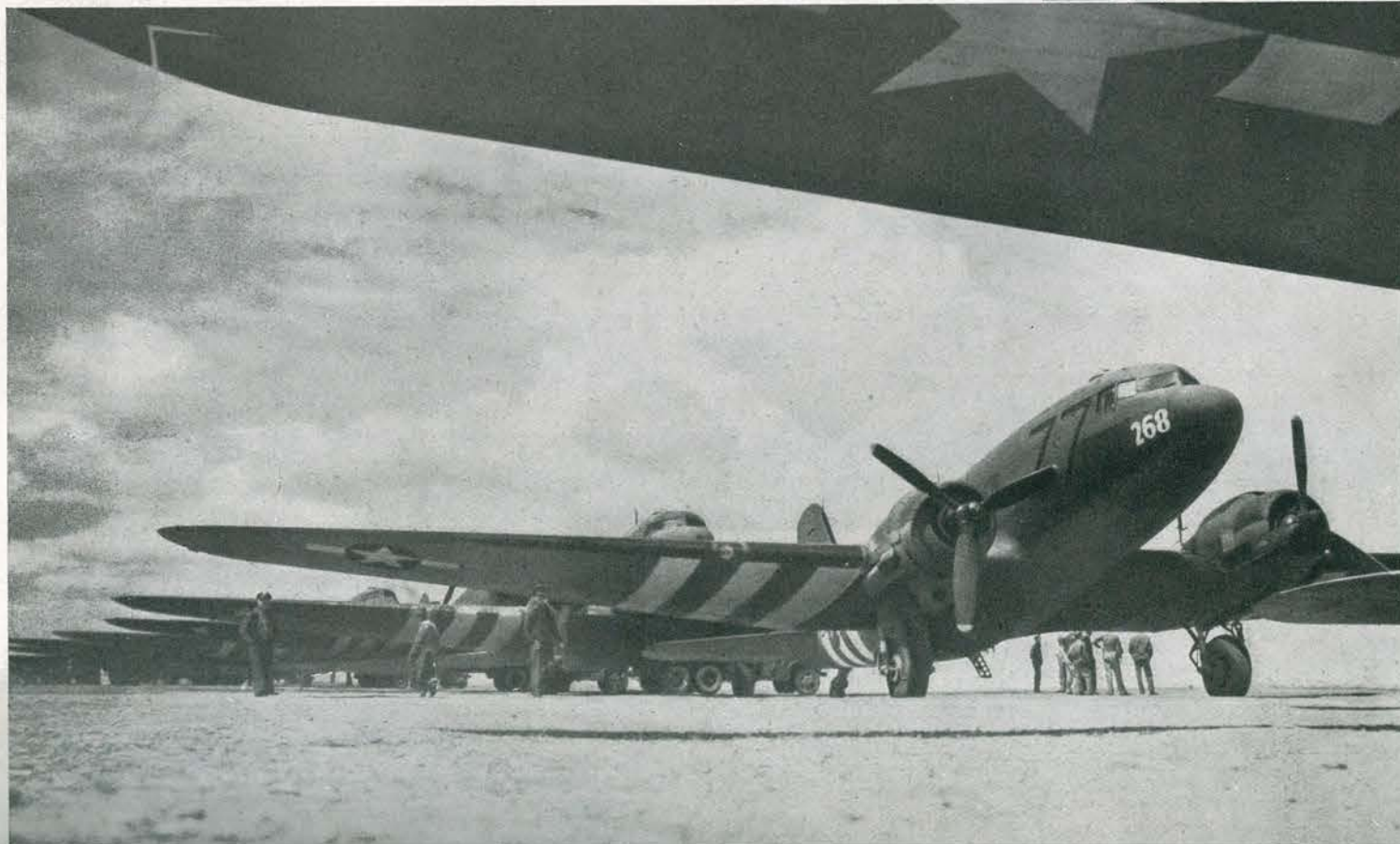
**"Willco-out"**



Getting into a chute with combat equipment slung about ones person is one of the horrors of war. The chute which fit firmly at the trying on ceremony invariably doesn't before the jump. No matter what the allowance, the length left in the leg straps, the ease with which the chest strap buckles, it requires the strength of a squad of men to buckle one man into his harness.

**"IT FIT YESTERDAY**

**PULL IN YOUR GUT"**



I SHOULD HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED





SUPREME HEADQUARTERS  
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of fighting men. The tide has turned! The free world is marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of our mighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

*Dwight D. Eisenhower*



21 ARMY GROUP

PERSONAL MESSAGE  
FROM THE C-in-C

To be read out to all Troops

1. The time has come to deal the enemy a terrific blow in Western Europe.

The blow will be struck by the combined sea, land, and air forces of the Allies—together constituting one great Allied team, under the supreme command of General Eisenhower.

2. On the eve of this great adventure I send my best wishes to every soldier in the Allied team.

To us is given the honour of striking a blow for freedom which will live in history; and in the better days that lie ahead men will speak with pride of our doings. We have a great and a righteous cause.

Let us pray that "The Lord Mighty in Battle" will go forth with our armies, and that His special providence will aid us in the struggle.

3. I want every soldier to know that I have complete confidence in the successful outcome of the operations that we are now about to begin.

With stout hearts, and with enthusiasm for the contest, let us go forward to victory.

4. And, as we enter the battle, let us recall the words of a famous soldier spoken many years ago:—

*He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dare not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all."*

to each one of you. And good hunting on the main-

*B. L. Montgomery  
General*

*C-in-C 21 Army Group.*

**LAST MINUTE SNOW**



# "I SAW THEM JUMP TO DESTINY"

This was how the Second Front began

From **WARD SMITH**

*"News of the World"* Special War Correspondent with the American Forces,  
who flew into Northern France with the first wave of Paratroops



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE INVASION AS I SAW IT FROM THE AIR IN THE EARLY HOURS OF D-DAY. AT 1:40 A. M. WE WERE OVER CARENTAN, IN THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA, IN AN AMERICAN NINTH TROOP-CARRIER COMMAND "LEAD SHIP"—SOME 20 PARATROOPS, THE FLYING CREW, AND MYSELF.

*A moment later the plane was empty. The paratroops were making one of the initial descents of the second front and the enemy from the ground was firing the first shots of this most momentous of all campaigns.*

ALL AROUND THE PLANE, ROCKETING LESS THAN 100 FEET FROM THE GROUND A BROCK'S BENEFIT OF FLAK RAINBOWED US FOR SOMETHING LIKE EIGHT MINUTES ON END BY MY WATCH, THOUGH I COULD HAVE SWORN IT WAS AT LEAST HALF AN HOUR.

IT WAS DUSK AS OUR AIR FLEET, ADVANCE GUARD OF THE INVASION, LEFT AN AIRPORT IN ENGLAND—LEFT TWINKLING LIGHTS FOR DARK HAZARDS.

SO CLOSELY HAS THE SECRET OF D-DAY BEEN PRESERVED THAT NOT ALL THE FLYING CREWS THEMSELVES KNEW THE SIGNAL HAD BEEN GIVEN TILL THEY TOOK OFF. THE PARATROOPS HAD BEEN IN BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURES FOR SOME DAYS. NO ONE HAD CHANCE TO TALK.

THE PREVIOUS DAY I HAD FLOWN TO LONDON AND BACK ON URGENT BUSINESS. IMMEDIATELY ON MY RETURN I WAS SUMMONED TO A SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS TO SLEEP.

BUT THEY DIDN'T SHOW ME MY ROOM. INSTEAD THEY LED ME RIGHT OUT TO THE AIRFIELD, TO THE FIRST OF A LINE OF WAITING PLANES. "THIS IS IT!" THEY REMARKED. IT HAD COME AT LAST—JUST LIKE THAT...

## IN ANOTHER WORLD

AS I CLIMBED ABOARD, PARATROOPS, STEEL-HELMETED, BLACK-FACED, FESTOONED FROM HEAD TO FOOT, WERE IN THEIR PLACES IN THE BUCKET-SEATS LINING EACH SIDE OF THE FUSELAGE.

THE CO-PILOT, MAJOR CANNON, WAS READING A HISTORIC MESSAGE FROM GENERAL EISENHOWER. IT SPOKE OF THE "GREAT CRUSADE", AND ENDED: "LET US BESEECH THE BLESSING OF ALMIGHTY GOD ON THIS NOBLE UNDERTAKING".

AS THE DOOR CLANGED TO ON US, SITTING THERE IN THE DUSK, WE REALISED THAT WE HAD SUDDENLY PASSED FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER. PERHAPS THAT WAS PARTLY THE EFFECT OF THE ALL-RED LIGHTS IN THE PLANE. THEY MADE OUR FACES LOOK SLIGHTLY BLUE. THEY TURNED WHITE THE RED TIPS OF OUR CIGARETTES. I THINK THAT PERHAPS ALL OF US HAD RATHER A SINKING FEELING IN THE PIT OF THE STOMACH.

BUT THAT DIDN'T LAST LONG. SOMEHOW WE SEEMED TO LEAVE IT BEHIND ON THE GROUND.

ALMOST BEFORE WE REALISED IT WE WERE OFF. HERE AND THERE LIGHTS, FRIENDLY LIGHTS, WINKED AT US. OTHER PLANES, THEIR RED AND GREEN WING LIGHTS TWINKLING CHEERFULLY, FELL INTO CLOSE FORMATION BEHIND TO LEFT AND RIGHT.

AS EVERYONE ADJUSTED PARACHUTE HARNESS, FLAK SUITS, AND MAE WESTS OUR MOOD BRIGHTENED TO A SPATE OF BANTER.

"SAY", SOMEONE SANG OUT SUDDENLY, "WHAT'S THE DATE? I'LL FEEL KINDA DUMB DOWN THERE IF SOME GUY ASKS ME AND I GET IT WRONG."

WE LAUGHED UPROARIOUSLY AT THINGS LIKE THAT—THE LITTLEST THINGS, THE SILLIEST THINGS. WE EXCHANGED CIGARETTES AND WE TALKED ON—BUT SOMEHOW NEVER ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTERED.

## THE DOCTOR JUMPED

AMONG THE PARATROOPS WERE A DOCTOR AND TWO MEDICAL ORDERLIES. THEY WERE GOING TO DROP WITH THE REST TO SET UP FIRST-AID POSTS WHEREVER OPPORTUNITY OFFERED. THERE WAS A CHAPLAIN, TOO. THEY ALL WROTE THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES AND SOME MESSAGES IN MY NOTEBOOK.

DOWN BELOW A BEACON FLASHED OUT A CODE LETTER. WE MADE A SHARP TURN OVER THE COAST. THEN OUR ROOF LIGHTS, OUR WING LIGHTS, AND THE LIGHTS OF ALL THE FLEET BEHIND ABRUPTLY FLICKED OUT. WE WERE HEADING OUT TO SEA.

WE FELL SILENT, JUST SAT AND WATCHED THE DARKENED GHOSTS SAILING ALONG BEHIND US IN THE TWILIGHT.

I NOTICED A RED SIGN ON THE JUMP DOOR, JUST ONE WORD: "THINK."

I TRIED TO REMEMBER WHAT THE JUMP MASTER HAD TOLD ME: "IF YOU HAVE TO BALE OUT, DON'T FORGET TO PULL THIS TAG TO STRIP OFF THE FLAK



SUIT"; "WHEN YOU JUMP REMEMBER TO COUNT TWO BEFORE YOU PULL THE RIP CORD"; "IF YOU HIT THE SEA YOU MUST UNBUCKLE THIS 'CHUTE CLIP HERE BEFORE YOU PULL THE TASSEL TO INFLATE THE MAE WEST, OR IT'LL CHOKE YOU."

WHILE I WAS REFLECTING THAT I WAS CERTAIN TO FORGET SOMETHING, SHORE LIGHTS FLASHED IN THE DISTANCE. WE COULD JUST MAKE OUT LAND ON THE HORIZON UNDER A GLIMMER OF MOON.  
THE COAST OF FRANCE.

THIS WAS IT—THE GREAT ADVENTURE EVERYONE HAD LIVED FOR AND WORKED FOR SO LONG AND SO HARD. I HATED TO SEE IT; AND YET IT THRILLED ME. HITLER'S EUROPE.

## *SOMEONE BLUNDERED*

THOSE LIGHTS WENT OUT. A FLARE WENT UP. HAD THEY SEEN US? HAD THEY HEARD US? THE MOON SILVERED THE FLEET BEHIND.

"A PITY SOMEONE SAID WE WERE GOING IN HERE", ONE OF THE PARATROOPERS REMARKED SUDDENLY. WE KNEW WHAT HE MEANT.

HE WAS TALKING OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY REPORT THAT REACHED AMERICA SOME HOURS BEFORE THAT THE ALLIES WERE ALREADY LANDING IN FRANCE, WELL, AS IT TURNED OUT, IT WAS RIGHT. WE WERE GOING INTO NORTHERN FRANCE. UP HERE, NOW THAT LIVES WERE AT STAKE, SOMEONE'S IDIOCY DIDN'T SEEM AMUSING.

WE TOOK A SHARP TURN TOWARDS THAT LAND, AND HERE I MUST PAY TRIBUTE TO THE PLANNING. SO CUNNING WAS OUR ROUTING, SO MANY OUR TWISTS AND TURNS, THAT AT NO TIME TILL WE REACHED OUR OBJECTIVE COULD THE ENEMY HAVE GAINED AN INKING AS TO JUST WHERE WE WERE BOUND. THE LAND SLID BY, SILENT AND GREY. AND STILL NOTHING HAPPENED. SOME OF THE PARATROOPERS CHORUSED "PUT THAT PISTOL DOWN MOMMA".

AND "FOR ME AND MY GIRL".

## *SO YOUNG, SO SAD*

SOMEONE CALLED YOU: "TEN MINUTES TO GO." THE PARATROOP BATTALION COMMANDER TALKED QUIETLY TO HIS MEN. A FINAL BRIEFING. I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE SCENE UP THERE IN THOSE LAST FATEFUL MINUTES THOSE LONG LINES OF MOTIONLESS, GRIM-FACED YOUNG MEN BURDENED

LIKE PACK-HORSES SO THAT THEY COULD HARDLY STAND UNAIDED. JUST WAITING.

SO YOUNG THEY LOOKED, ON THE EDGE OF THE UNKNOWN. AND SOMEHOW, SO SAD. MOST SAT WITH EYES CLOSED AS THE SECONDS TICKED BY. THEY SEEMED TO BE ASLEEP, BUT COULD SEE LIPS MOVING WORDLESSLY. I WASN'T CONSCIOUSLY THINKING OF ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR, BUT SUDDENLY I FOUND THE PHRASE "THY ROD AND THY STAFF" MOVING THROUGH MY MIND AGAIN AND AGAIN. JUST THAT AND NO MORE. IT WAS ALL VERY ODD. THEN THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN. BELOW WE SAW FIRES ON ALL SIDES. OUR BOMBERS HAD DONE THEIR WORK WELL.

CPL. JACK HARRISON, OF PHOENIX. ARIZONA, LEANED OVER AND THRUST A PACKET OF CIGARETTES IN MY HAND. "YOU MIGHT NEED THEM ON THE WAY BACK"; HE SAID.

I SAID, "WHAT ABOUT YOU?" HE JUST SHRUGGED. THEN HE LINED UP WITH THE OTHERS.

THE JUMP DOOR OPENED, LETTING IN A DULL RED GLARE FROM THE FIRES BELOW. THE TIME HAD COME. WE WERE OVER THE DROP ZONE.

## *SILENTLY THEY WENT*

I WISH I COULD PLAY UP THAT MOMENT, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO INDICATE THAT THIS WAS THE SUPREME CLIMAX. JUST A WHISTLING THAT LASTED FOR A FEW SECONDS—AND THOSE MEN, SO YOUNG, SO BRAVE, HAD GONE TO THEIR DESTINY.

I'D EXPECTED THEM TO WHOOP BATTLE-cries, TO RAISE THE ROOF IN THAT LAST FATEFUL MOMENT. BUT NOT ONE OF THEM DID. THEY JUST STEPPED SILENTLY OUT INTO THE RED NIGHT, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY THE ECHO OF THE SONGS THEY HAD BEEN SINGING.

THEN WE GOT IT. THE FLAK AND TRACER CAME UP, FROM ALL SIDES. THROUGH THE STILL-OPEN DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE PLANE I COULD SEE IT FORMING A BLAZING ARCH OVER US—AN ARCH THAT LASTED FOR MINUTES ON END, SO CLOSE IT SEEMED THAT WE COULD NOT ESCAPE.

IT FELT VERY LONELY UP THERE THEN IN THAT EMPTY C47. I THINK I SAT ON THE FLOOR. ABOUT THE ONLY THING I CAN BE SURE OF IS THAT I WAS BATHED IN PERSPIRATION.

I KNEW WE WERE A SITTING PIGEON. WE DIDN'T HAVE A GUN OR ANY ARMOUR-PLATE. OUR ONLY SAFEGUARD WAS OUR RACING ENGINES AND THE COOLHEADEDNESS AND SKILL OF THE PILOT, COLONEL KREBS, AS HE TWISTED AND DIVED.

I THOUGHT THEIR FIGHTERS WOULD BE AFTER US. BUT, FORTUNATELY, NOT A SINGLE ONE SHOWED UP FROM START TO FINISH.

WELL, WE CAME BACK. THREE OF COLONEL KREBS' FLEET DIDN'T. "WE HAD LUCK", SAID THE COLONEL AS WE STREAKED FOR HOME.

STANDING BEHIND HIM IN THE COCKPIT, YOU COULD SEE FLEETS OF PLANES PASSING IN EACH DIRECTION, GUIDED BY BEACONS ON THE WATER IN A PERFECTLY ORGANISED SYSTEM OF TRAFFIC CONTROL. THE SEA SEEMED FULL OF SHIPS. SOON THE FIRST SEABORNE FORCES WOULD BE GOING IN . .

WE CAME BACK. OUR PARATROOPERS HAVEN'T-YET. AT THE MOMENT THEY'RE TOO BUSY TO TELL THEIR STORY.

JUST IN CASE CPL. HARRISON HAPPENS TO READ THIS, I'D LIKE HIM TO KNOW THAT I'M KEEPING HIS CIGARETTES FOR HIM. PERHAPS HE MIGHT LIKE A SMOKE ON THE WAY HOME. BUT IF HE CAN SPARE THEM I'D LIKE TO KEEP THEM ALWAYS.

BACK AT BASE, AS WE ATE, TWO YOUNG OFFICERS WALKED IN TO BREAKFAST AND FLIPPED OVER THE MORNING PAPERS. "SO THE ALLIES HAVE TAKEN ROME", THEY REMARKED. "WELL, IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE INVASION STARTS."

THEY DIDN'T KNOW. YET . .

(NEWS OF THE WORLD

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1944)





HURRY UP AND WAIT. WE GOT IT MADE I THINK.

The Flak--Coming up into the night, flaming fingers reaching for the planes, drumming like hail through the wings and sides. It looked lovely, but it opened great gaps in ships and sent many flaming to the ground.

Snipers--They were beaucoup, treacherous and deadly. They waited quietly for hours for the best target and then--Wha P.! A number of times they missed, but they always came close. There was the French trull in St. Come-du-Mont who had become deeply attached to the Krauts. She had a fine eye in the bargain for she sniped seventeen before we found her.

Enemy G-2--They knew where and when we were coming. Interrogators were amazed on being asked by prisoners why we were a day late. 'Nuff said.

The Dead--The ground between Vierville and Carentan littered with human and animal cadavers, the sweet, stagnant air of putrefaction.

The Hedgerows--Interesting and picturesque and they made for an interesting country-side, but men died because of them. With elaborate earthworks in these hedgerows the Krauts could move through Normandy like woodchucks. There were gaps which they dug for our use and then thoughtfully had covered with machine-gun fire. The hedgerows weren't nice.

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY


3<sup>d</sup> JULY 2  
1944  
VOL. 3, NO. 3  
By the men... for the  
men in the service



AIRBORNE OPERATIONS IN FRANCE

—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5





England—The paratroop action that took place on D-Day hours before the landings in France were actually under way and the airborne operation which followed it, timed to "zero in" with the landings of Allied soldiers on the French beaches, forms one of the most important panels of the huge bloody, delicate opening phase of the action. It was absolutely required that, at whatever cost, paratroopers wipe out enemy gun positions ahead of the first thin lines of our troops landing on the beaches; capture airfields disrupt communications. And the task must be performed as quickly and as efficiently as possible in the unknown darkness of Normandy.

It all began about midnight of June 5th. England was a moonlit isle as the first paratroopers climbed aboard the planes for their rendezvous with destiny. That day General Eisenhower had reviewed our paratroopers. On the take-off General Ike stood along the runway and waved us off. We took off just around eleven o'clock. It was a beautiful night, you could fly formation by moonlight it was so dog-gone bright. First look at France and there was flak coming up at us.

We kept inspecting the flak but it didn't get any of us. The crew chief informed the paratroopers aboard of the progress along the route. The men had been briefed so well they knew where the plane was at all times. They kept smoking a lot and drinking a lot of water. We broke open our emergency water cans for them. A lot of them had fallen asleep while others spoke quietly among themselves, and others stared silently into space. When we pulled in over the peninsula we found a perfect cover of clouds there which kept us away from the fire on the ground. Then just as we started in over the DZ, the bullets and the flak started coming up at us again, in every color of the rainbow. We gave the men the red light warning showing that the red light warning showing that we were four minutes from the DZ, we were four minutes from the DZ, told the crew chief to wish them all luck from us, slowed down for the drop, gave the green light, and out they went into the black nothingness. The last man got stuck in the door, and never did find the

Three glider pilots, a power pilot a YANK correspondent tell of U.S. paratroopers, airborne infantry and wind action which began about midnight on June 5th and continued with blood grim relentlessness, as the men from the skies coordinated their activities with those of the men on the ground.

rest of the men when he got down. I met him later and he told me about it—guns were meeting the paratroopers as they dropped, following them all the way down to the ground.

—the Jerries riddled our right wing and then both our motors were shot out, this left us like a glider. Those fields were all small and narrow and they had great trees, big as telephone poles, and it would have been impossible to land a glider there let alone a power plane. I'd once read about a B17 making a good forced landing by using the trees to act as brakes, so I aimed between two trees and what they did instead of acting as brakes was to take off my wings and engines and the body kept going just as fast. Then we hit, don't ask me how I am here! There was gun fire coming at us the first second we landed

## "Down and Go"

### Two Stories By and Of Our AIRBORNE TROOPS in France

and so we were not quite sure of our next step. Then we made a run for the edge of the field. We found some paratroopers there with a German prisoner. We asked him where the Americans were and he said, "All over". Then we asked him where the Germans were and he replied, "All over". Now the paratroopers were running across the fields and there was gun fire all around them. Those boys went through hell. They landed in a field under heavy fire and were fired upon while descending. Some of them didn't have a chance to get out of their harnesses. It was wonderful seeing those boys and they way they went about knocking out enemy installations. We pilots think that the paratroopers are the toughest boys in the army. They are twice as tough as they think they are. We take our hats off to the paratroop-

ers. If the entire American army were made up of ten million paratroopers the war would have been over two years ago.

—one of the paratroopers I saw had on three flak suits. Paratroops work in teams of three or four, one man moving to draw fire and others covering him and picking snipers off by the gun flashes. Well, this guy with the three flak suits simply walked out into a field to draw fire. He said, "Now let's go". He went out and his buddies kept picking off the snipers. You could see the German fire coming at him but he kept going.

—the snipers were using wooden bullets in some cases. They are just a shade larger than our .30 caliber, a red colored bullet. They make a nasty wound. They are hollow and splinter after hitting and spread.

—what impressed me most were

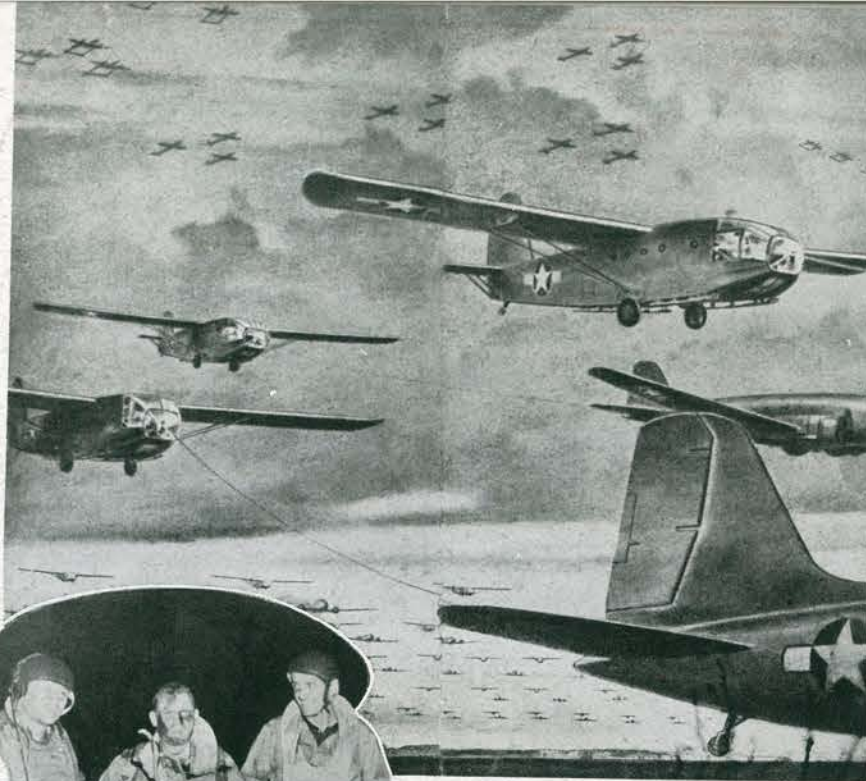
the weapons and horses the Germans had on hand. I saw our paratroopers coming along the roads with captured German horses, well groomed horses too. The paratroopers were loaded down with grenades, rifles, each man looked like an armory.

—you find German equipment all over the roads. I saw one paratrooper mounted on a beautiful horse all loaded down with enemy guns, and he was patrolling that road big as hell. I said to him, "You're so high they could hit you easily". He said, "Like hell they can. They can't hit the side of a brick-house!"

—pillrollers! that's the most wrong name ever used for medics after seeing those boys in action. One medic paratrooper seeing a wounded man lying in a field started running towards him. A sniper fired on the medic and he dropped. He held up his arm to show the Red Cross band but the sniper fired again. A couple of our paratroopers who saw this just went crazy and yelled, "Let's go get him". They went out and the sniper fired no more.







# GLIDERS, PARATROOPS POUR ATTACK!

**TWILIGHT OF THE GODS**

What was it like? Well, you went out into the flak and tracer filled night sky, and the chances were good that it was water below you instead of land, and you hoped the water wasn't too deep. Or perhaps you landed in St. Marie-du-Mont or St. Mere-Eglise. It's not nice, landing in an enemy city in the middle of the night. You fought through and around the little towns trying to locate the rest of the unit, and when you found it you fought through Pouppeville, Vierville, Angoville au Plain, St. Come-du-Mont, and Carentan; and you piled up the enemy dead until you gave up trying to figure ratios because an attacking force was supposed to lose more than the defenders, the Book said, yet there were the grey dead stacked like cord wood and only an occasional body dressed in tan. You learned the taste of an 88 shell exploding ten feet away, and you discovered the Burp gun. You discovered too the sweet wine of standing in a town you had fought for and won; and above all you found out you were a better man than the enemy.

88

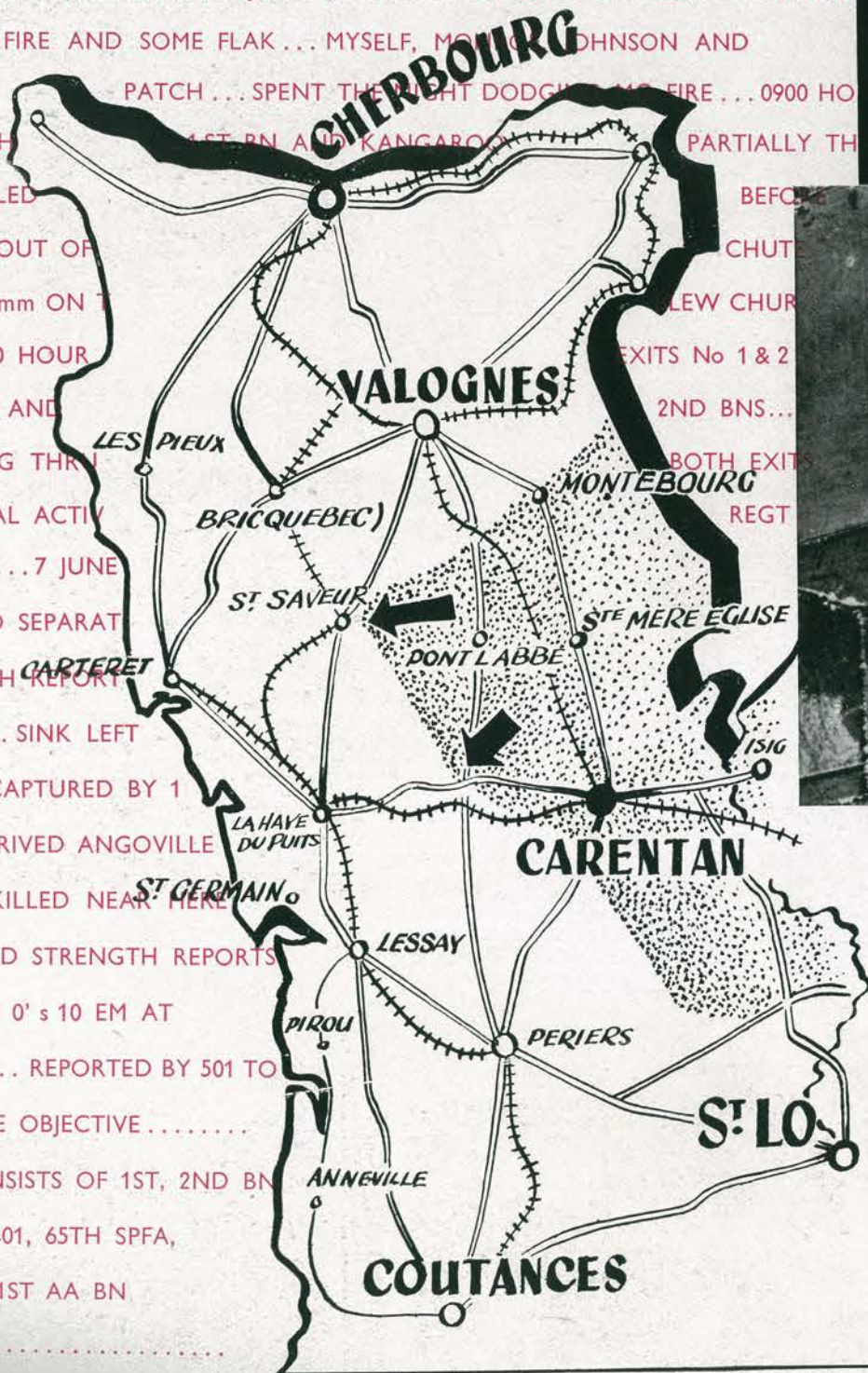
's are breaking up that old gang of mine

There goes Bill, there goes Dan down toward Carentan....

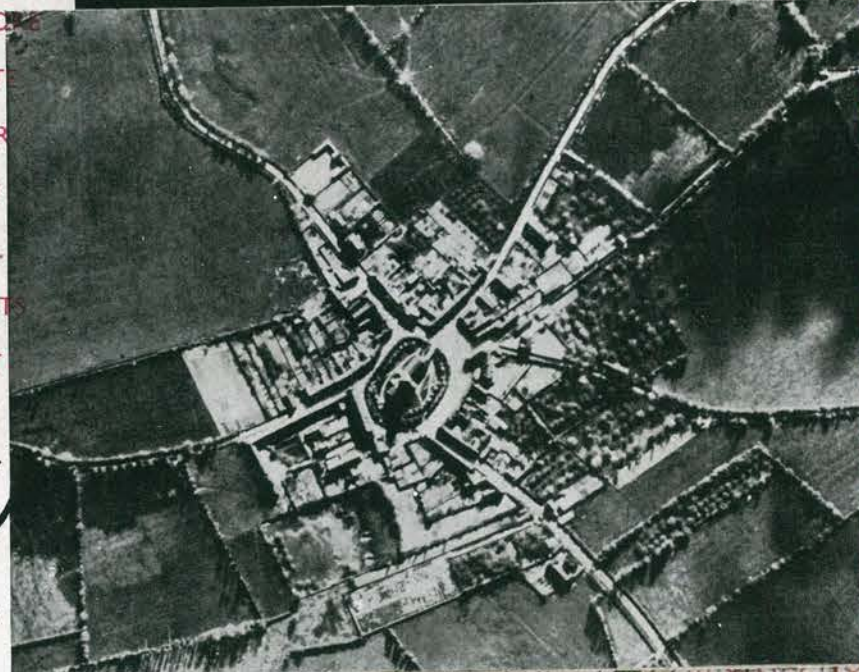




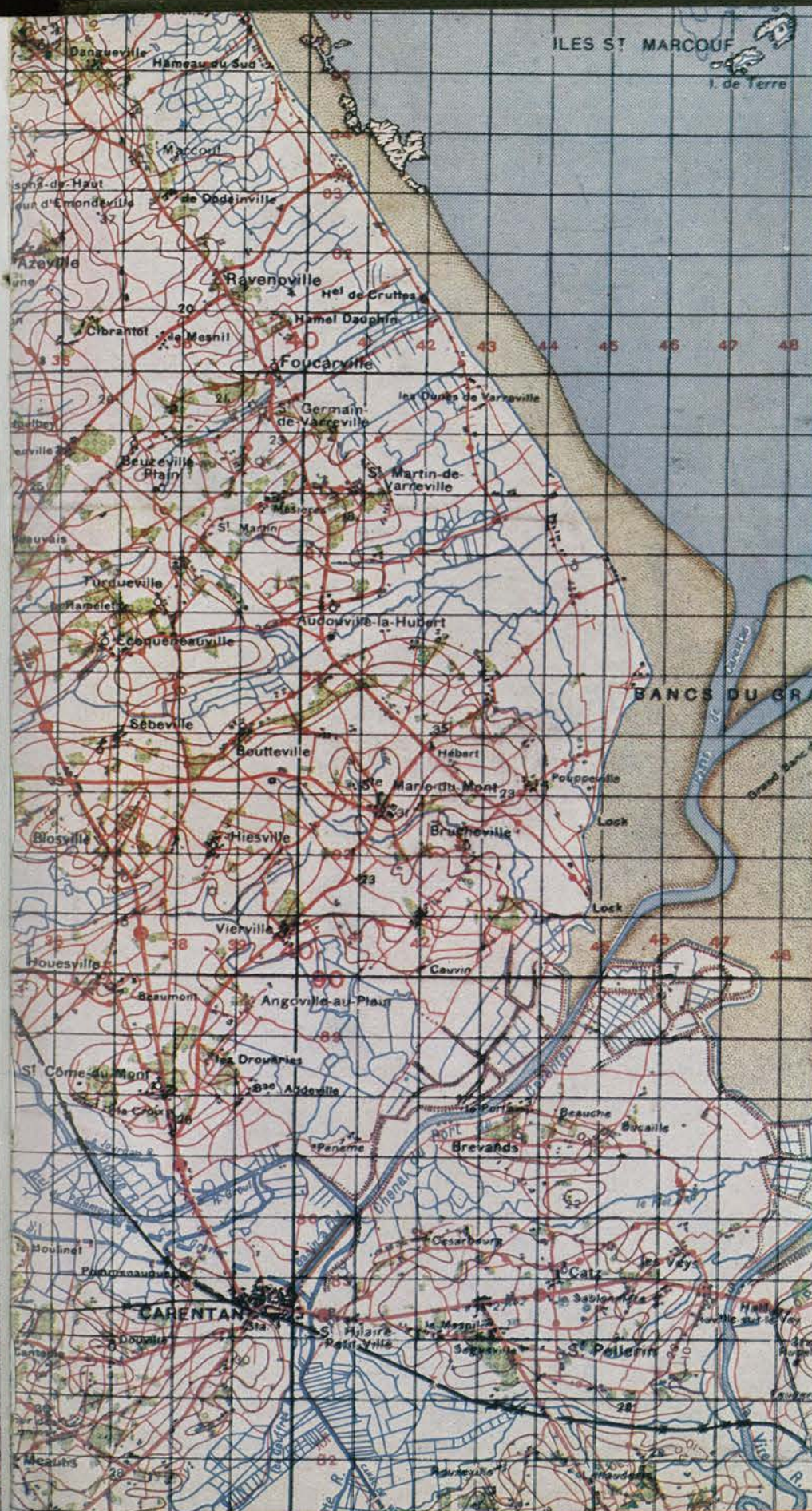
JUNE 4 'FOURTY-FOUR..... LARGE ATTENDANCE BOTH CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT SERVICES TODAY... VERY GOOD SUPPER TONIGHT, INCLUDED FRIED CHICKEN AND STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM  
 WAR CORRESPONDENT VISITED COLONEL SINK.... MORALE OF MEN VERY HIGH 5 JUNE 1944...  
 1100 HOURS..... TAKEOFF FROM AIRPORT AT HONITON..... HEADING FOR DESTINATION  
 DROPPED ON DZ AT 0140 HOURS, 6 JUNE 1944..... PASSED THRU HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF SMALL CALIBER FIRE AND SOME FLAK... MYSELF, MONROE JOHNSON AND  
 GT. ANDERSON JOINED CAPT PATCH... SPENT THE NIGHT DODGING FIRE... 0900 HOURS  
 BEEN IN CONTACT WITH 1ST BN AND KANGAROO... PARTIALLY THROAT  
 SEVERAL MEN KILLED... BEFORE  
 THEY COULD GET OUT OF... CHUTE  
 TURNED ENEMY 105 mm ON... LEW CHURCH  
 USED FOR OP..... 1530 HOURS... EXITS No 1 & 2  
 NOW OPEN.... HELD BY 1ST AND 2ND BNS...  
 SEA BORNE TROOPS POURING THRU... BOTH EXITS  
 1800 HOURS..... UNUSUAL ACTIVITY... REGT  
 CP ENEMY DRIVEN OFF..... 7 JUNE  
 0600 HOURS..... UNITS SO SEPARATED  
 IMPOSSIBLE TO GET STRENGTH REPORT  
 300..... GEN. TAYLOR, COL. SINK LEFT  
 ANGOVILLE AU PLAIN JUST CAPTURED BY 1  
 1445... MOVED REGTL CP ARRIVED ANGOVILLE  
 1600.... LT. COL TURNER KILLED NEAR HERE  
 2130 HOURS..... RECD STRENGTH REPORTS  
 2ND BMS, 0's 24, EM 331... 3 0's 10 EM AT  
 3RD BN NOT CONTACTED..... REPORTED BY 501 TO  
 BE HOLDING THEIR BRIDGE OBJECTIVE.....  
 SINK FORCE NOW CONSISTS OF 1ST, 2ND BNS  
 506, 2ND, 3RD BNS 501, BN 401, 65TH SPFA,  
 8 LIGHT TANKS, 5 57MM's, 81ST AA BN  
 2 75's.....



# Operation NEPTUNE







A trooper by name of Houk hit the silk over St. Come-Du-Mont on D-Day. He landed on a slanting slate roof and grabbed a handful of wire for an anchor. The house on which he landed was about 50 yds. from a church in which was a kraut machine gun nest. The krauts fired two long bursts at Houk and allowed he was kaput. That was o. k. by Houk. He remained in the same position, hanging on the high-tension wire until the town was captured by his battalion and the machin gun silenced. Then he disengaged himself from his perilous perch removed his chute harness and joined his buddies.

General Maxwell (Attack) Taylor, like every one else, landed in the wrong place, far from the jump field. Gathering his stick he ordered an attack and moved in to capture Pouppeville.

"Red" Stoltze was in a field helping out a wounded buddy when thru a hedgrow not 30 yards away a kraut burp gun, leveled, suddenly appeared. Stoltze made a frantic grab for his pistol and emptied the whole clip at him. Dirt and leaves flew in every direction but the kraut still stood untouched. Then, slinging his Schmeisser over his shoulder he turned and slowly walked away shaking his head in wonder.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT  
HEDGEROW COUNTRY



THE QUICK AND THE DEAD





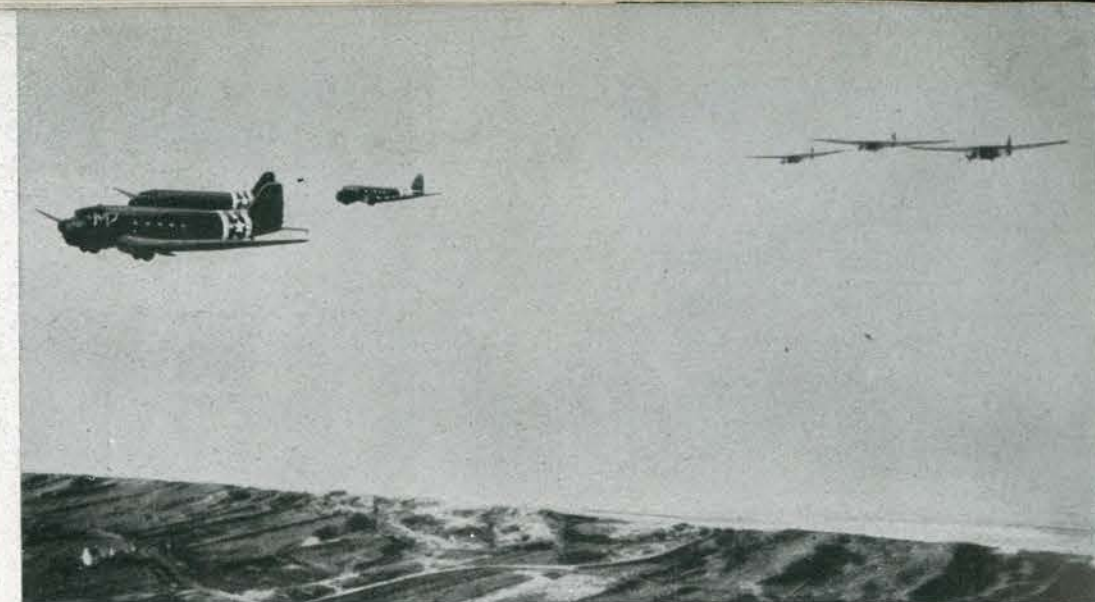


While Troop Carrier Command recorded its European Baptism of Fire they would wonder what had happened to a missing plane. At the same time we would be wondering what had happened to the stick of men that was in it. The missing company commander for instance, those riflemen who were due here long ago, that LMG we could use over there in that hedgerow, and that guy who could "parlez français?"

The air is suddenly filled with the familiar roar of C-47s bent on resupplying us with much needed ammunition, food, and most important, manpower to compensate the attrition of a widely scattered Regiment. Coming in are the Anti-Tank crews, the Medics, Division Headquarters, and a host of others. All will help to consolidate and mechanize this rapidly expanding beach-head.



THEREBY HANGS A TALE, OR A WING



SINEWS OF WAR—CHOW ON THE WING  
IF A PICTURE COULD ONLY MAKE NOISES

"WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR NOW? EVERY STOP ONLY LETS A  
SNIPER—" WHAP!! WHAP!!





# HORSAS *and* COWS

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on" . . . The fighting has passed leaving behind the wreckage of War. The cattle regain their composure.

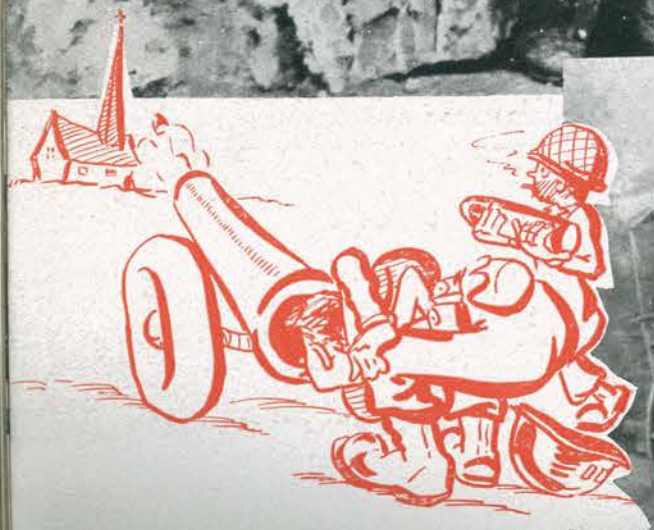


# WORKING AT LIBERATION



HOW YOU SAY—AVEZ VOUS LE VIN MON PETITE SHOO?

Rare is the Normandy church whose steeple was not destroyed by artillery fire and more so the church whose steeple was not used by snipers. The French understood about war and didn't seem too unhappy about getting kicked around a bit in the process of liberation. They showed their gratitude spontaneously with offerings of wine, flowers, fruits, and that most precious of all gifts—fresh eggs. The temptation to “liberate” horses and load onto their backs the huge quantities of ammo and equipment we had was great. So great, in fact, that many cavalry horses were obtained and many farm animals were classified as cavalry merely because they had four legs and a tail. We later found that the liberators paid not only in blood to the enemy but also in cash to the liberated.



DEMOLITION COVERED WAGON—All ready to go out and clean up a mine field. On the right is Captain Brown who had just arrived from Cherbourg. What a beaver he was wearing!





SGT. JANES LEFT, R. L. STEWART, JACK BRAM, CHARLES SYER

**REJOICING GREET THE ALLIED INVASION FOR LIBERATION**



MOUNTED PATROLS — COURTESY COSSACK CAVALRY



... AND KRAUT HERRENVOLKSWAGGONS. ENTERING CARENTAN FROM ST. COME DU MONT. OH HAPPY DAY!





LIBERATED—She's wearing American silk now

ARTILLERY AFFECT—Carentan received the careful attention of the boys in Kansas.—  
And the Air Corps and the Navy—



DECORATION CEREMONY IN CARENTAN YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN  
THIS SQUARE TWO MINUTES LATER. A GREEN SIGNAL FLARE ARCED OVER-  
HEAD AND 88'S CLEARED THE STREETS LIKE MAGIC. LITTLE DAMAGE HOWEVER.



"I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, BUT DO IT"



*Butchers*  
mit **BIG POCKETS**

Never before had the Krauts run into anybody who fought with the savagery and deadliness of the Trooper. They had grown used to grinding over all opposition as though it didn't exist. Being torn apart and killed so efficiently was unique in their experience. They didn't like it in the least. When they were walked to the beach and put in the PW cages and they saw Troopers from behind the wires they would mutter "Butchers with Big Pockets". They were definitely scared.



THESE SPACES FOR MESSAGE CENTER ONLY

TIME FILED 1630 MSG CEN No. 50 HOW SENT RAD

PRECEDENCE

MESSAGE (SUBMIT TO MESSAGE CENTER IN DUPLICATE) DATE 20 JUNE 44

No. 1 To CAPT MAX T. PETROFF

PROCURE WITHOUT FAIL AND HOLD UNTIL FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS: 2,000 PRESIDENTIAL CITATION RIBBONS - 2,000 COMBAT INFANTRYMAN BADGES - 4,000 BRONZE STARS FOR ETO RIBBON.

KANGAROO FWD. 191130B

OFFICIAL DESIGNATION OF SENDER SINK

SIGNATURE AND GRADE OF WRITER

Rec June 20/44



TOLLEVAST SOUTHWEST CHERBOURG "WHEN YOU GET BACK TO ENGLAND -"



# Cited.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
Washington D. C., 12. January 44

GENERAL ORDERS  
No. 4

## IX. BATTLE HONORS

2. As authorized by Executive Order No. 9396, citations of the following units in General Orders 43 Headquarters 101st Airborne Division, 30 November 1944, as approved by the Commanding General, European Theater of Operations, are confirmed under provisions of Section IV, Circular No. 333, War Department, 1943 in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction. The citations read as follows:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY IS CITED FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM AND OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF DUTY IN ACTION IN THE INITIAL ASSAULT ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF NORMANDY, FRANCE. ON THE MORNING OF 6 JUNE 1944, IN THE VICINITY OF ST. COME-DU-MONT, FRANCE, THE 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT JUMPED IN THE EARLY MORNING. ELEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT WERE WIDELY SPREAD, PREVENTING A RAPID ASSEMBLY OF THE UNIT. TO REACH THE ASSEMBLY AREA SMALL GROUPS HAD TO BATTLE THROUGH WELL FORTIFIED POSITIONS. MANY ACTS OF GALLANTRY AND SELF-SACRIFICE WERE PERFORMED BY THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN IN REDUCING PILL BOXES AND HEAVILY FORTIFIED ENEMY POSITIONS. JUST PRIOR TO THE LANDING OF THE SEABORNE FORCES THE HIGH GROUND OVERLOOKING THE BEACHES WAS SEIZED AND HELD BY THE 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT. IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER, IN THE FACE OF DETERMINED AND FIERCE ENEMY RESISTANCE, THE REGIMENT SEIZED AND KEPT OPEN THE MAIN CAUSEWAY LEADING TO THE BEACHES. THIS ACTION LED TO THE SUCCESSFUL AND RAPID ADVANCE INLAND OF THE SEABORNE FORCES AND ASSURED THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BEACHHEAD IN WESTERN EUROPE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Official: **ROBERT H. DUNLOP**  
Brigadier General  
Acting The Adjutant General

**G. C. MARSHALL**  
Chief of Staff



WHEN THESE GUYS START TAKING IT  
EASY YOU KNOW THE BATTLE IS OVER



COORDINATOR HANNAH GETS TIPOFF



UTAH BEACH—ONLY HOURS TO GO



## 25 Heroes of the 101st Airborne awarded DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSSES

WITH U. S. FORCES IN NORMANDY—JULY 13, 1944

The Distinguished Service Cross was conferred on 25 officers and men of the 101st Airborne Division, of whom 17 received the award from Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, First Army commander at the front. The other eight had been evacuated from the continent.

Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, Division commander and Lt. Col. Patrick F. Cassidy were among those decorated. Another decorated by Bradley was Chaplain John S. Maloney, of Elmira, N.Y., who was cited for "heroic action while assisting medical-aid men under heavy machine gun fire and aiding the evacuation of wounded under heavy mortar fire". One of several medical aid men to receive the DSC was Pvt. Andrew Sosnack, of Pittsburgh, who treated and fed two wounded men in an exposed position for three days before he could evacuate them.

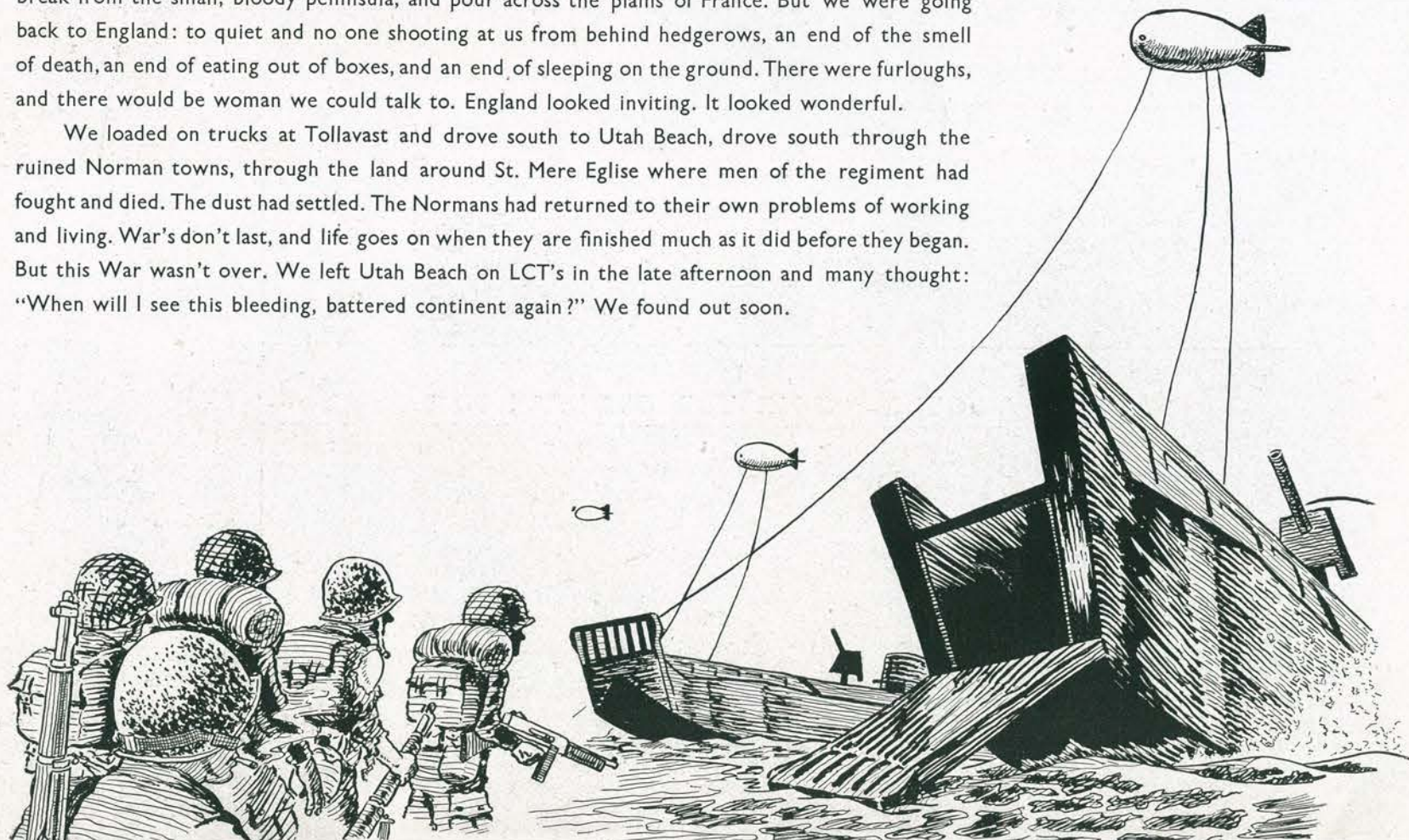
Others decorated by Bradley were:

Maj. Lloyd E. Patch, Brockton, Mass.; Capt. Frank L. Lillyman, Skaneateles, N.Y.; Capt. St. Julien P. Rosemond, Miami, Fla.; Capt. Richard D. Winters, Lancaster, Pa.; 1/Sgt. Hubert Odom, Leesburg, Ga.; 1/Sgt. Kenneth N. Sprecher, Tipp City, Ohio; S/Sgt. Harrison C. Summers, Catawba, W. Va.; Sgt. Odell K. Cassidy, Crewe, Va.; Sgt. Baily Harrison, Lewisville, Ark.; Corp. Virgil E. Danforth, Indianapolis, Ind.; Corp. George Montilio, Quincy, Mass.; Corp. Jack A. Rudd, Northville, N.Y.; and Pvt. Francis L. Harbough, Huntington Park, Calif.

The eight recipients of the award evacuated before the ceremony are: Lt. Col. Raymond D. Milliner, Hazelton, Pa.; 2/Lt. Walter G. Amerman, Decatur, Ill.; 2/Lt. Charles J. Santarsiero, Scranton, Pa.; Sgt. Robert J. Houston, Theresa, N.Y.; Sgt. Robert F. Langen, San José, Calif.; Pfc. Lee N. Rogers, Aberdeen, Wash.; Pvt. Lloyd J. Leino, Minneapolis, Minn. and Pvt. Arthur C. Mayer, Chicago, Ill.

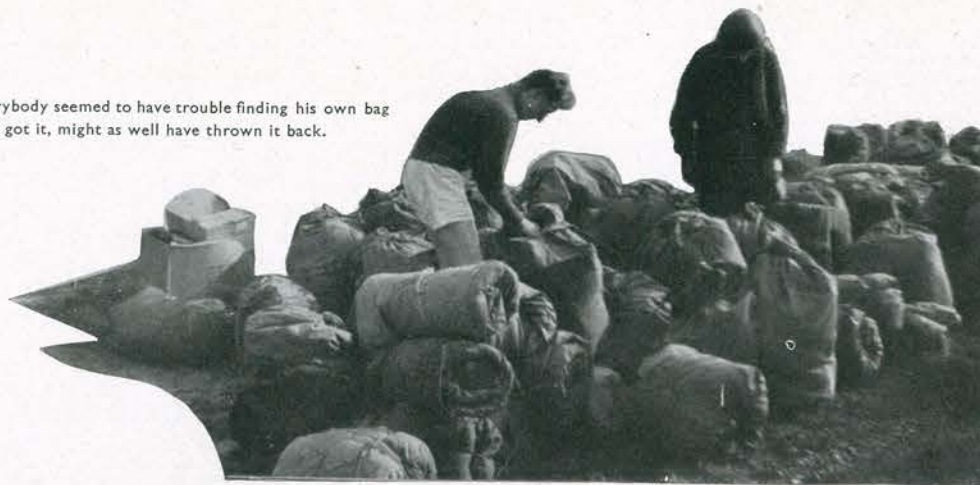
For us, the Battle of Normandy was finished. We had begun it. Others would carry it on, break from the small, bloody peninsula, and pour across the plains of France. But we were going back to England: to quiet and no one shooting at us from behind hedgerows, an end of the smell of death, an end of eating out of boxes, and an end of sleeping on the ground. There were furloughs, and there would be woman we could talk to. England looked inviting. It looked wonderful.

We loaded on trucks at Tollefontaine and drove south to Utah Beach, drove south through the ruined Norman towns, through the land around St. Mere Eglise where men of the regiment had fought and died. The dust had settled. The Normans had returned to their own problems of working and living. War's don't last, and life goes on when they are finished much as it did before they began. But this War wasn't over. We left Utah Beach on LCT's in the late afternoon and many thought: "When will I see this bleeding, battered continent again?" We found out soon.





THE SEARCH--Everybody seemed to have trouble finding his own bag or roll and when he got it, might as well have thrown it back.



On your return to England you were greeted by a band playing the "Beer Barrel Polka", then by bus to the little English town you had been stationed and that church tower never looked more beautiful than it did that day. After having surveyed the damage done to our looted bags you were issued new O. D.s and sent on 7 day leaves, whereupon the regiment scattered all over England---to London. Piccadilly spent 7 action packed nights and even the buzz bombs, which were new to us, failed to dampen the fun. When everyone had returned, including the AWOLs, a memorial service was held in honor of the comrades left behind in the fields and hedgerows of Normandy. Those who had won them received their decorations, and at last we were veterans.

FAREWELL SALUTE TO THE NORMANDY DEAD



TO THE BRAVE--Officers and men who had distinguished themselves in battle were decorated at Chiseldon.



THIS WAS SO NICE TO GET BACK TO

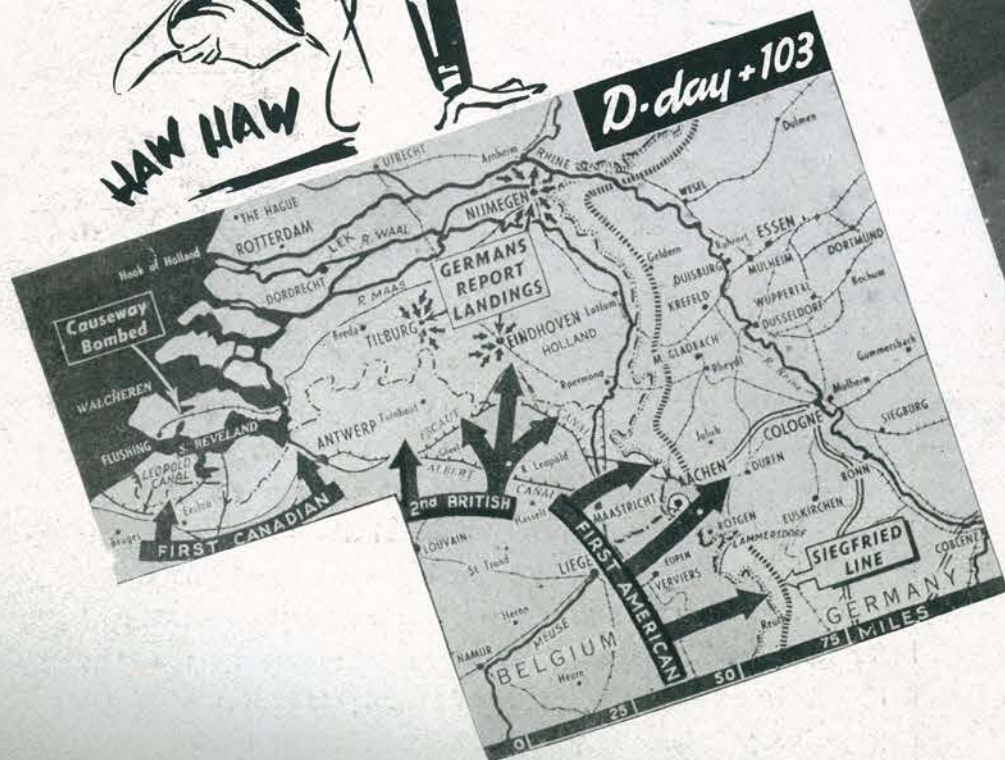


ASSIGNED--WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WE WERE FORMALLY ASSIGNED TO THE NEWLY FORMED "FIRST ALLIED AIRBORNE"





*Complete annihilation  
(IT SAYS HERE)*



**G.I'S** "FIVE MINUTES TO GO! LOAD THOSE BUNDLES! CHECK THAT PACK! ADJUST THAT BELLY BAND! HELL - WHERE'S THE LATRINE?"



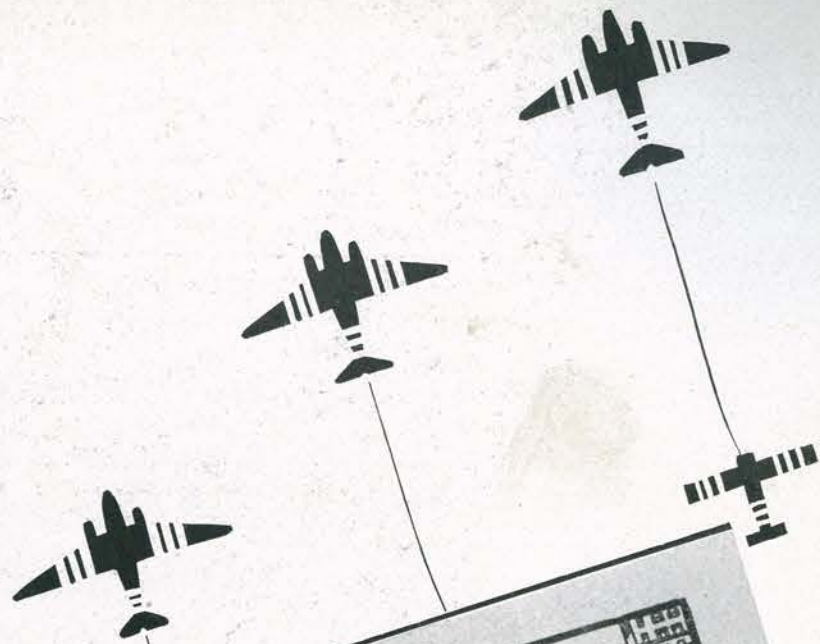
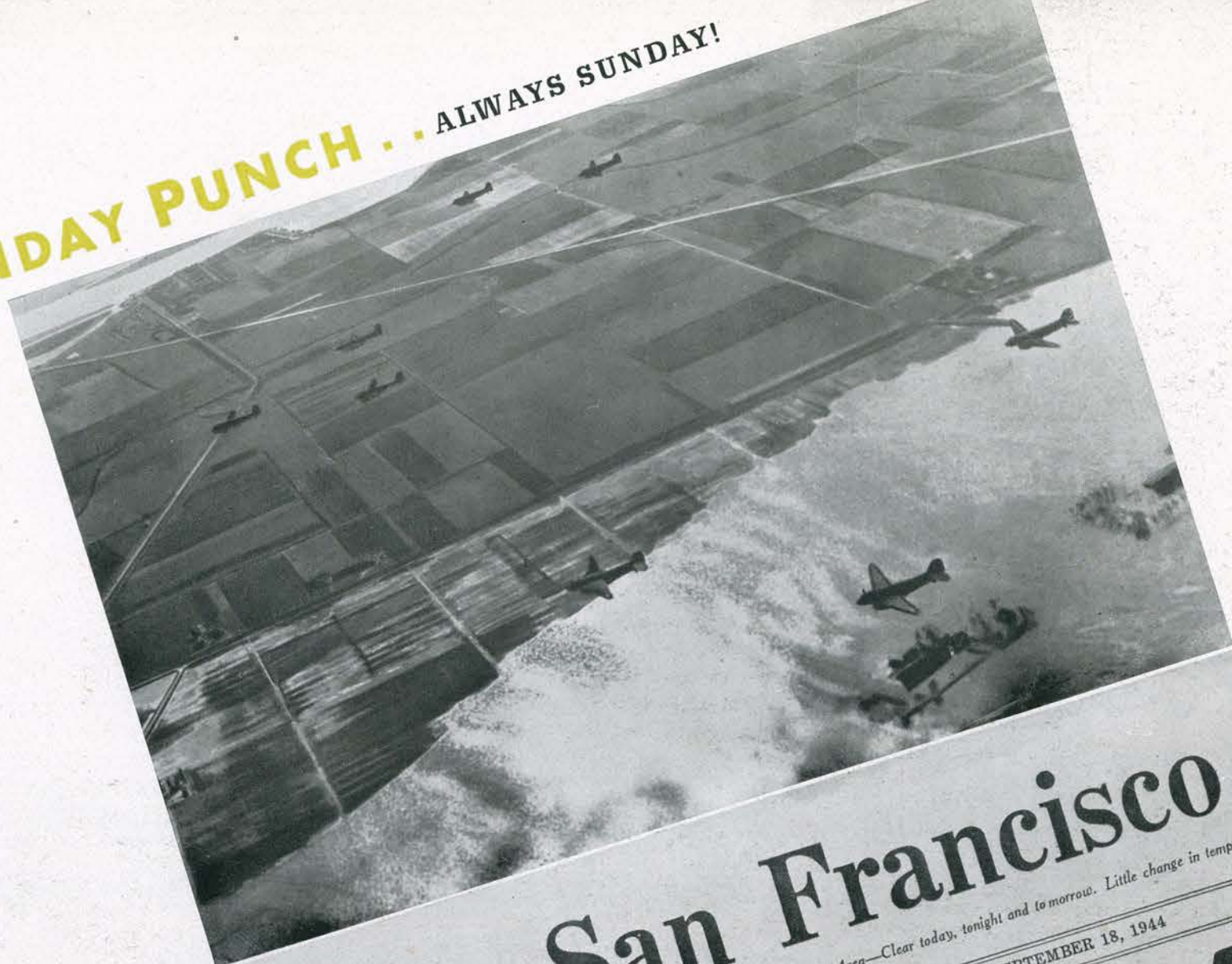
AND THAT AIN'T ALL, JERRY

# LIBERATION

*moves to town*



**SUNDAY PUNCH... ALWAYS SUNDAY!**



# The San Francisco News



No. 223

CITY

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WEATHER FORECAST: Bay Area—Clear today, tonight and to morrow. Little change in temperature.  
SAN FRANCISCO, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1944



Vol. 42 Entered as second-class matter, San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice.

# SKY ARMY HOLLYWOOD RIPS NAZIS

## Palau Drives Advance

140 Billion

ROMAN MOB LYNCHES FASCIST PARATROOPS REINFORCED IN KEY PUSH  
'War Guilty' Broken Up  
Thousands of enraged Romans surged in and around the courtroom in Palazzo Di Giustizia. The crowd included widows of many of the men killed. Caruso was charged with the killing. Caruso broke through the solid line of soldiers guarding the building. Men were seen in the courtroom. Men were seen in the courtroom. Men were seen in the courtroom.

American Forces Only 20 Miles From Cologne





YE GODS! WHAT A MISSION!



PRE-GAME LINEUP

ATTENTION UNLIMITED

# Sept. 17th

Patton outraced us twice before. Twice you stuffed everything you owned into bags and went to the marshalling area. Missions St. Arnoult and Tournai folded for the plain reason the War had shifted into high. But the third time out was for keeps because this time the armor would wait until you arrived. So back went everything into the barracks bags and you rerolled the seaborne rolls and went to the marshalling area again. The briefing tents, the good chow, the issues of ammo and 1:100,000's. And the big picture? What about the big picture? You will pave a road over which the British Armor will turn the German right flank, and if everything goes according to plan you can end the War in Holland.





## TAKE CITIES AND BRIDGES ... ... and you have the road.

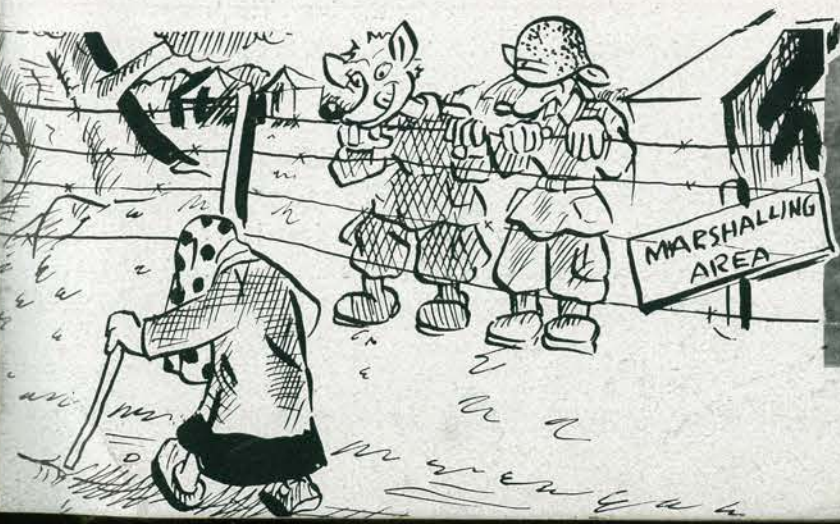
FOLD THE GERMANS BACK FROM THAT ROAD—THE EINDHOVEN ARNHEM ROAD—AND THROW A STEEL SPEAR ACROSS THE RHINE. YOU ARE RUNNING INTERFERENCE FOR THE BRITISH BALL CARRIER IN AN OFF-TACKLE SMASH. IT'S A BIG SHOW. THE 82ND'S IN ON THIS ONE, THE BRITISH 1ST AIRBORNE, AND THE POLISH BRIGADE. THE BIGGEST GAME IN THE WORLD, AND THE WHOLE CIVILIZED WORLD IS IN THE GRANDSTAND.

Sunday morning and you were standing by your plane with your chute, ammo, and grenades in your kitbag. Stow the M1 in the griswold, tape the grenades, get into your chute. A new fastener on this one quick release: A minor detail, but minor details and their sums have been the total of how many lives lost or saved? Then there's that heavy time before loading when you have finally struggled into the T-5 assembly plus weapons, plus ammo, plus radios, wire, plus demolitions. You are supple and maneuverable as a tortoise.

0945 HOURS! YOU STRUGGLE TO DRAG YOUR THREEHUNDRED-ODD POUNDS INTO THE PLANE. THE ALUMINUM BUCKET SEATS AND THE PALE GREEN OF THE SHIP'S INTERIOR—BUT THIS MAKES NO PARTICULARLY PLEASANT IMPRESSION BECAUSE THERE IS NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN YOU AND C-47'S. THEY TIE UP MENTALLY WITH TOO MANY BAD TIMES. TAKE YOUR PILLS—THEY RELIEVE AIRSICKNESS AND PRE-DROP TENSION. ANOTHER MINOR DETAIL BUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FIGHTING ON A FULL STOMACH AND A SICK, EMPTY ONE. INERTIA STARTERS WHINE, MOTORS COUGH AND THEN BURST INTO

A ROAR, JOINING THE RISING CRESCENDO. TAXI DOWN THE LINE; AND AT 1000 HOURS THE SHIP LEANS BACK, GATHERS SPEED DOWN THE DARK STRIP, AND IS AIRBORNE. ENGLAND ROLLS BY UNDERNEATH THE WINGS, AND YOU WONDER HOW MANY DAYS AND NIGHTS WILL PASS BEFORE YOU SEE HER AGAIN. THE WHITE CLIFFS AND THE CHANNEL, WHITE AND BLUE IN THE MORNING SUN; THEN FRANCE AND THE BOMB-POCKED FIELDS AND RUINED TOWNS. THE EVENING PAPERS WILL BE BLACK WITH THE HEADLINES OF THIS ONE:

GERMANS REPORT ALLIED AIRBORNE LANDINGS IN HOLLAND!





# AREA ZON



BOTTOMS UP! Accidents of this type with the gliders doing an end-over were not uncommon at Zon.

HERE WE COME, KRAUTS! THE SKYTRAINS DISGORGE THEIR HUMAN CARGO INTO THE BATTLE

HIT AND RUN! Those yards to the assembly area seemed like miles with all that equipment we were lugging.



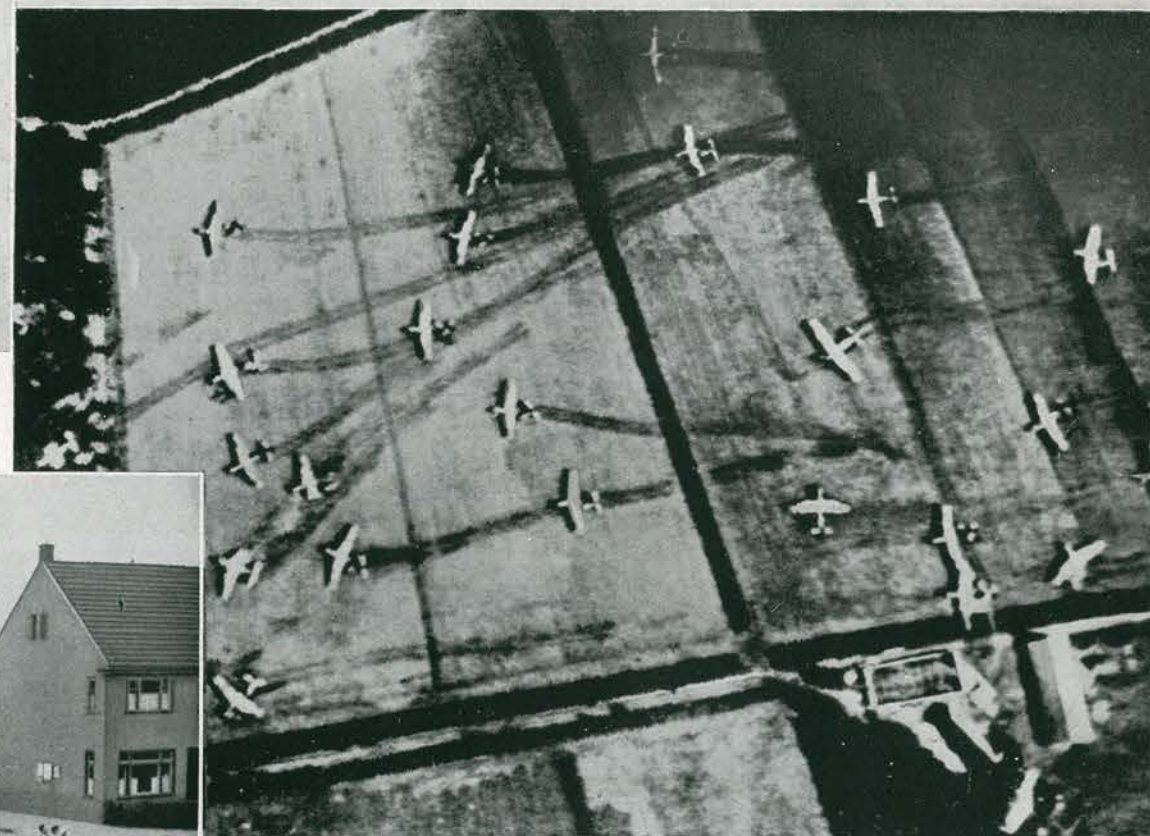
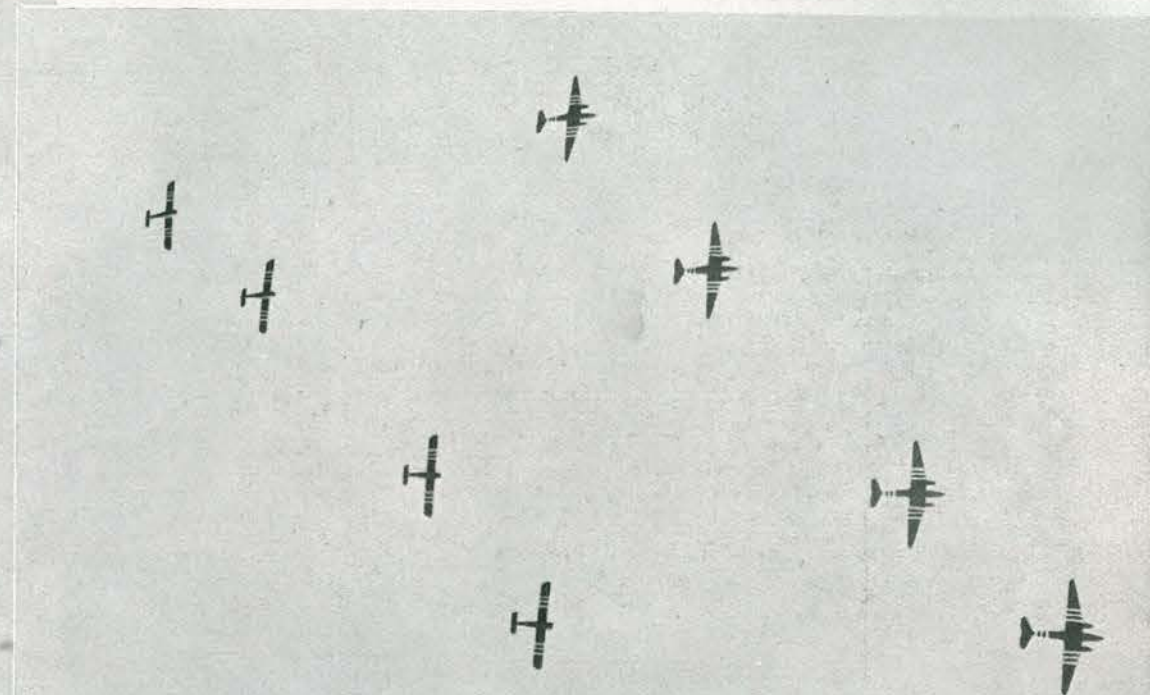
You know the feeling from the night of 5 June, and the pills don't dispel it altogether: the vise around the stomach, the dryness of the throat, and the heat of the face. When you look at it with detachment, it's a pretty nervous way to go to war. You could have made the Blue Star after the last one, and why didn't you? It may be the fifty fish extra each month, but more likely it's the company that you keep. There are good men in this ship, the best. That's probably it. There's British Armor down there on the road below. An Army is waiting for you. A five minute flak belt is ahead, but there are pursuits over and under the wings. Flak gets through regardless. It always does. You see a Thunderbolt strafing below and to the right. Hail and farewell, Flak Tower. Thick goddam stuff! Little black puffs of smoke. They look innocent, but there are pounds of ragged steel in each burst. You see a plane to the right go smoking to the ground, and you want to get out of this big target floating only six hundred feet above the ground. RED LIGHT! Stand up and hook up! The old man crouches in the door.... Jesus!... Machine gun got the man in front of you!... Cut him down!.... The line's bitched up... Ship's slowing down... Let's get out of here!... Red Light's still on.... There's the canal... Ten seconds!... GREEN LIGHT!... GO!... GO!... GO!...





THE SILK ARMADA

My unprintable head was too unprintably far down; and that opening shock wasn't a woman's caress; but it was oh, so sweet. Big, beautiful green canopy. No wind, no oscillation, and a very soft-looking jump field. Here comes the ground, Must have gone out at six-hundred feet. Bend the knees. Here it comes! Made it. Getting too old for this sort of work. No broken bones. Very quiet place. Let's not make soliloquies. This one isn't for brass. Slip the harness. Where's a ditch? Nice thing to have around just in case--a ditch. Where's that white smoke? East side of the white smoke, we're assembling. Burning plane. Hope they got out. Nice drop the Air Corps gave us. Gliders coming in. Couldn't get me into one of those crates. Chute's the only way to go to war. The white smoke... The squad's here... Most of the Company... There's the "Old Man"... Dutch civilians here too... smooth looking babe... nice country... Let's get this show on the road!



SUNDAY DRIVERS



RINGSIDE SEAT We had to wait for the newsreels.





BLAZING END OF A LONG TRAIL

Zon was only a small Dutch town on the Wilhelmina Canal, but its bridge was the only bridge across the canal not destroyed. Zon became vital. The 1st Battalion fought to the canal on the west side of Zon; the 2nd Battalion fought down the Eindhoven road through the middle of the town. It was a vicious, stinging fight. The enemy defended stubbornly with 88's and first-line infantry, and when the point of the 2nd Battalion was twenty-five yards from the canal he exploded the bridge a hundred feet into the air. Men swam the canal in the face of enemy fire and cleared the other bank. The Engineers bridged it with planks and doors, and in the dawn of the next morning the regiment was across the canal and moving to the attack on Eindhoven.

TO THE ASSEMBLY AREA--Within an hour and a half the thousands of troopers were assembled and on their way.



CARNAGE Joe Crawford, Chaplain McGee, Captain Tollet, and Stan Speiwak help remove dead and wounded from a wrecked glider.

ATTACK THROUGH VEGHEL--No fighting so bewildering and tense as that in the streets and houses of a city.





# EINDHOVEN

4

After fierce fighting during the day and night of 22nd September the road was finally cleared by 1645, 23 Sept. 1944. The next morning (24 Sept.) the Regiment proceeded to Uden as originally planned, much to the relief of the isolated garrison there.

5

On 25 Sept. 1944 Hell's Highway was again cut at **A** and the Regt. was ordered to open the road and keep it open. Leaving Uden at 0445 they reached Assembly Area **B** and crossed L.D. at 0800. Attacking with 1st Bn. on R flank, and 3rd Bn. on left, and 2nd Bn. in reserve.

3

On the morning of 22 September the Regiment was ordered to proceed to Uden, some 22 miles N. of Eindhoven and set up defense. An advance party of elements of 2nd Bn. and Regtl. Hqs. Co. arrived at Uden at 0940. The bulk of the Regiment was S. of Veghel when the enemy cut the road at **C** attacking with a Pz. Division from the E. and strong forces from the W. isolating our troops at Uden.

1

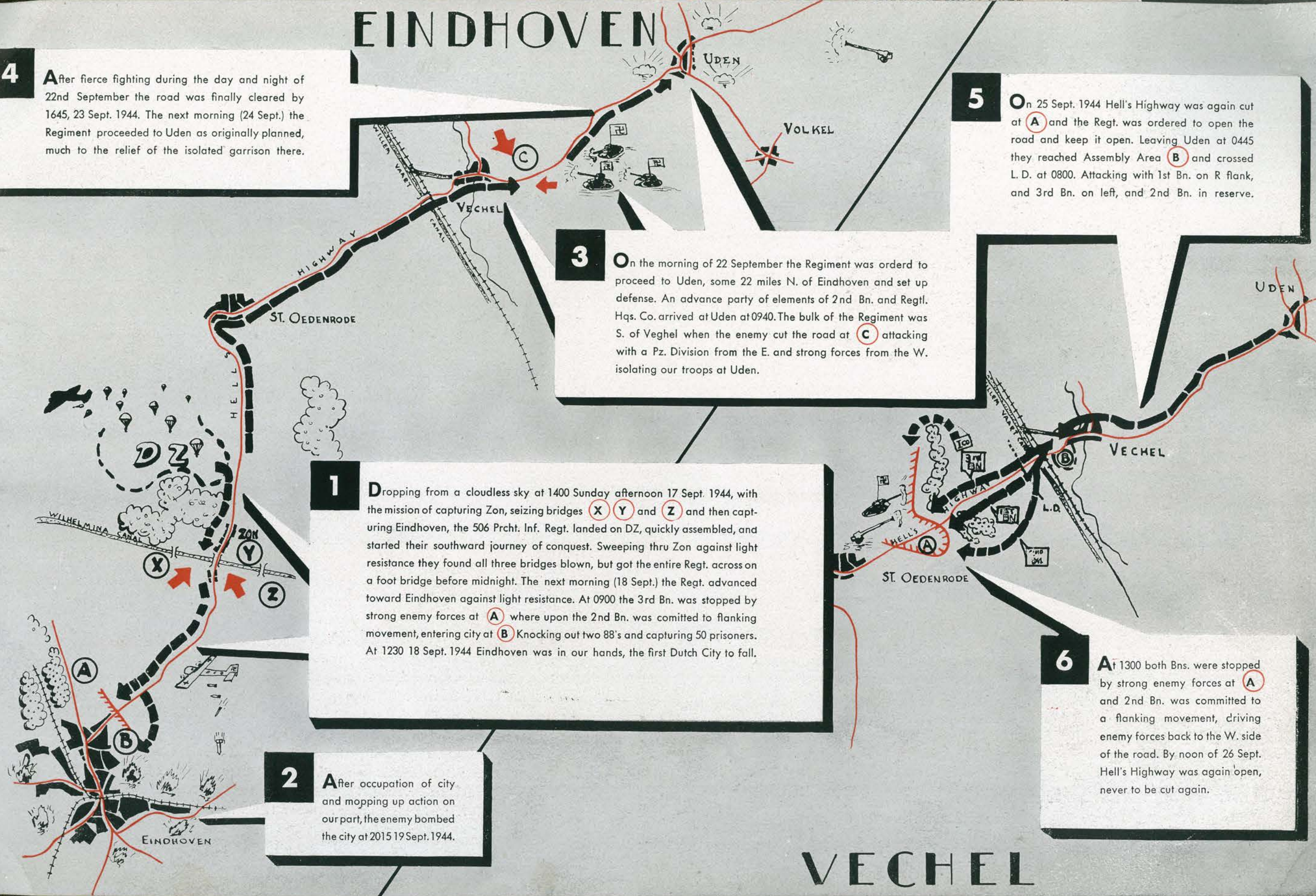
Dropping from a cloudless sky at 1400 Sunday afternoon 17 Sept. 1944, with the mission of capturing Zon, seizing bridges **X**, **Y** and **Z** and then capturing Eindhoven, the 506 Prcht. Inf. Regt. landed on DZ, quickly assembled, and started their southward journey of conquest. Sweeping thru Zon against light resistance they found all three bridges blown, but got the entire Regt. across on a foot bridge before midnight. The next morning (18 Sept.) the Regt. advanced toward Eindhoven against light resistance. At 0900 the 3rd Bn. was stopped by strong enemy forces at **A** where upon the 2nd Bn. was committed to flanking movement, entering city at **B**. Knocking out two 88's and capturing 50 prisoners. At 1230 18 Sept. 1944 Eindhoven was in our hands, the first Dutch City to fall.

2

After occupation of city and mopping up action on our part, the enemy bombed the city at 2015 19 Sept. 1944.

6

At 1300 both Bns. were stopped by strong enemy forces at **A** and 2nd Bn. was committed to a flanking movement, driving enemy forces back to the W. side of the road. By noon of 26 Sept. Hell's Highway was again open, never to be cut again.













CIVILIAN G-2—"Now here are the 88's and here the machine guns and here---"  
Bob Watts, Al Tucker, and Leman Gunn, Regimental S-2, are on the receiving end of the info.



CLEAN-UP SQUAD--Little combat teams were constantly searching out and cleaning up small pockets of krauts behind our lines.



"Now where in hell did those guys get to?" Joe Leibgott, Easy Co., seems a wee bit puzzled. That's "Shifty" Powers buzzing along in the background to the right.

The sleepy sun was just making his first attempt to pierce the early morning mist as the Third Battalion silently slipped out to attack Eindhoven. They had the tough assignment of frontal attack and caution was the byword as they moved carefully to avoid any ambush. The leading scouts explored every possible gun position thoroughly and it wasn't until they had advanced a short way into the suburbs of the city itself that sniper fire began picking at them. Deploying into attack formations the battalion continued to advance, using bazookas extensively to set sniper nests in barns and houses afire. Then we hit their MLR. And How! The battle now resolved itself into a series of sharp skirmishes with small groups stabbing at the enemy lines for weak points

and, once finding them, slipping in and really raising hell with the defenders. The advance was very slow now and two 88's were making the main road into town a shambles and any advance up it out of the question until they were knocked out. Then came the kidney punch. The Second Battalion made a wide sweep to the left and smashed into the kraut's right flank rolling it up like an old rug and practically putting an end to all resistance. The Third then cleaned out the krauts to their front easily since the second had knocked out the two troublesome 88's holding up their advance. By 1700 on the 18th of Sept. Eindhoven had fallen completely to the 506th to become the first Dutch city to be liberated.

T H E Y D I D N ' T K N O W W H A T T I M E I T W A S

These shots, snapped by a Dutch partisan just before the Airborne landings, show the unsuspecting krauts liesurely moving through Eindhoven.



WHERE DEM BUMS AT?





ENDHOVEN

THE POPULATION WAS OUT IN FORCE TO GREET US AS WE MOVED IN TO OCCUPY THE FIRST DUTCH CITY WE LIBERATED



## UNSHACKLED

WITH THE SMASHING OF THE NAZI CHAINS THAT BOUND EINDHOVEN THE OVERJOYED DUTCH WENT OVERBOARD IN TUMULTUOUS CELEBRATION. WHAT WAS IN EVERYONE'S MIND WAS PUT INTO WORDS BY AN OLD DUTCHMAN WHO SAID, WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES, "I SHALL NEVER FORGET THIS DAY AS LONG AS I LIVE."



SOME SIGNED "CLARK GABLE" OR "J. J. PERSHING". THIS MAN PENNED "C. W. BOLT".



THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN: ANY AMERICAN SKYTROOPER.



THUMBS UP! AT LAST THE TOMMIES CAME THROUGH WITH THEIR MOTTO, "ON TO ZUIDER ZEE"!



SOME OF THE BOYS TOOK A WELL-EARNED BREAK BEFORE MOVING INTO DEFENSIVE POSITIONS



THE PRONE PRISONERS WERE ADVISED: "ONE MOVE, KRAUT, AND YOU'VE HAD IT!"



THE GERMANS STAGE AN IMPROMPTU PARADE THROUGH EINDHOVEN--BY COURTESY OF THE 506TH.



THE DUTCH UNDERGROUND ATTENDED TO ITS QUISLINGS IN ITS OWN EFFECTIVE WAY.





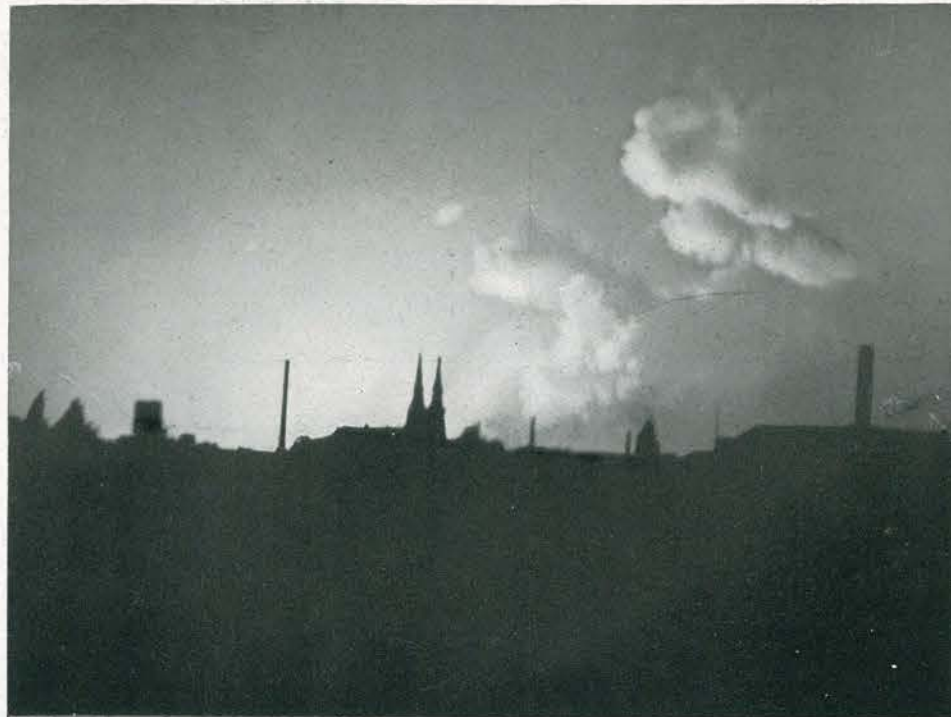
ENTENTE CORDIALE—A Dutch girl, a Trooper, and a "Wild Woodbine".

THE TANKS ARRIVE—Rolling over hurriedly constructed bridges, the British Shermans began their drive to the Rhine the night of 18 September.



HELL'S HIGHWAY, VEGHEL—Numerous times the regiment went up and down this road, always with 88 shells following like bloodhounds.

The Krauts wasted no time. This bombing of Eindhoven was on the night of 19 September.



LOOTED TRANSPORTATION—Mauseral and Lamrell get mobile. It later made a good ambulance.



## HELL'S HIGHWAY

On the morning of the second day in Eindhoven rumors began to circulate to the effect that the regiment would move shortly. That afternoon we were marching out of town to the west. As dusk fell word went up and down the column that it would be night attack on a small town. Crossing a bomb-cratered field we heard the roar of planes, and the sky was suddenly lit by sticks of parachute flares. The Luftwaffe was up to no good. But it wasn't the regiment they had in mind, for wheeling in great circles through the night sky and dropping fresh flares, the bombers began dropping their lethal cargos on Eindhoven. Moving north in a steady stream was moving the British armored column, and this was their target. As far away as we were from the impact zones the ground shook beneath our feet, and the men left behind in Eindhoven flattened themselves in the bottoms of their fox-holes. Sparks flashed from the streets and buildings as shrapnel whined and ricocheted murderously through the city. Advance reconnaissance showed the town to the east to be empty of enemy. An attack was now expected from the east and so back we went to Eindhoven. Re-entering the city we could hear the explosions which split the night air: ammo trucks fired by the bombing. This continued throughout the night, but after the first burst of activity the Luftwaffe remained aloof and refused to call again.



# COMMENDATION

The following named Officers and Enlisted Men of the 506th Parachute Infantry are commended for meritorious service in action. On 26 September 1944 in Holland, their supply convoy of twenty-two vehicles was halted by enemy fire from both flanks, forcing all personnel to seek cover by the roadside. All movement was restricted by enemy small arms fire. Enemy artillery fire began destroying vehicles forward of the convoy. Immediate appraisal of the situation prompted these men to leave their protective cover, return to their vehicles, turn them around, and take them to safety. As a result of these actions, twenty of the twenty-two vehicles were saved. The remaining two were cut off by enemy tanks and destroyed.

Captain George L. Barton III  
2nd Lieut. John C. Garvey  
Pfc. Max R. Bulger  
Marijan Derencin  
John Fadrosch  
Joseph A. Gorick  
Ephrian E. Kreitzer  
George Reppert, Jr.  
Howard E. Rodgers  
Michael Scappino  
Wilmer C. Strahl  
William Turberville  
Pvt. Foster M. Bateman  
Webster P. Bailey  
Steve J. Barney  
James D. Deist  
Edward DePalma  
Frank Harin  
Howard Heaberlin  
Warren E. Henry  
Donald Lancaster  
William D. Sherron  
Edward Southworth  
Luther Turner

By Command Of  
Major General TAYLOR

## Saga of Hell's Highway.

Ole Trotter jumped down from his jeep with a bound,  
Having beaten Hell's Highway from Uden to Zon,  
And told all the men in his words most profound  
That devilish road to be free—safe and sound.

So onto that Highway the Service men rolled,  
Their twenty-two trucks whining shrilly in gear,  
And shoved and then swore at the mud and the cold  
As the convoy contrived to take definite mould.

From Zon on to Oedenrode, all is too well—  
The trucks are all here, Limey traffic's not bad.  
From Oedenrode on, (it is needless to tell)  
To Halo's dark corridor rolling like hell.

But the leader swerves o'er at the shock of blast.  
Trucks scream to a halt, and skilled drivers dismount.  
All vault into holes as Hun bullets zing past,  
And Jerry seigs, "Heil, we have got 'em at last!"

Now they're giving the Limies a bit of a shell  
Just ahead of the Yanks, but they're working South fast  
The mortars are caughing and eighty-eights yell  
As Schneissers start burping the Kidnappers knell.

The question which tears through the fevered Yank brain  
As he sits in his hole at the side of the road,  
Is whether to let the Hun sieze the whole train  
Or try to get out from his bulletting rain.

The answer is easy, so up out of holes  
Come twenty-two drivers, (the sharpest connivers  
Who ever slipt out from the Jerry's square nose),  
And up to the cabs of their trucks they arose.

Their trailers are dropped mid a deafening roar,  
As trucks faced South with a clashing of gears,  
Dropt trailers re-hooked, and then off as before  
Leaving Jerry, no doubt, plenty god-awful sore.

But Jerry, made angry, forced tanks to the fray  
And caught two Kidnappers before they could scam  
With the rest of the men on that Hellish Macadam  
But completed the turn to Heinies' dismay.

For Trotter (the b———) who came down to tel  
That roads all were open along that hot line,  
Those drivers have chosen a place close to hell—  
With friends of that sort they decline! ong to dwell

GLB, III HOLLAND



COMING YOUR WAY JERRY MORTAR POSITION ON ISLAND  
FIRING INTO ARNHEM

IS YOUR BEAVER THERE ORDERS FROM KIDNAP

DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET

LET'S SEE, WHAT WOULD SHERMAN SAY ABOUT THIS





# OPHEUSDEN

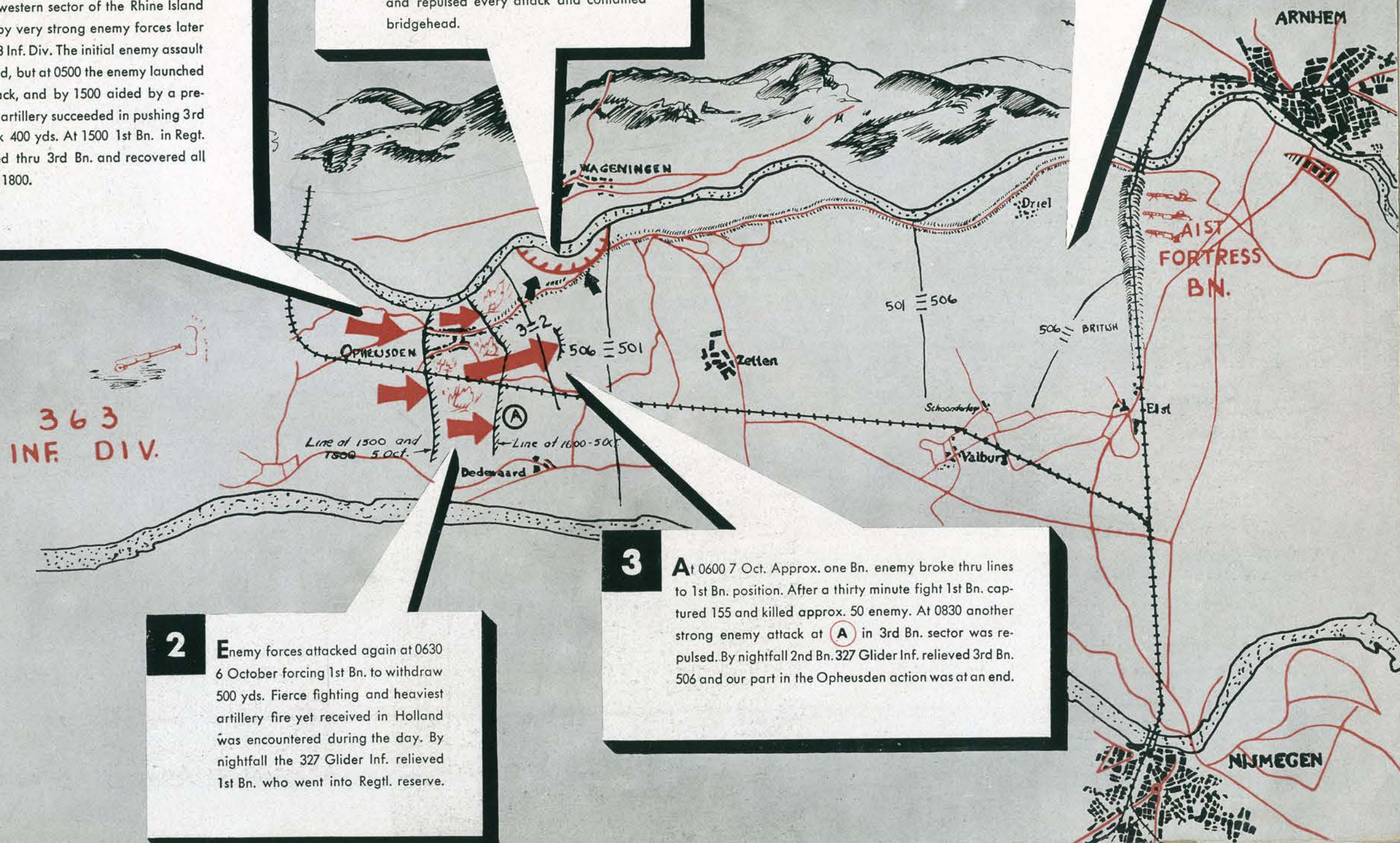
**1** On the morning of 5 October 1944 the Regt. in defense of the western sector of the Rhine Island were attacked by very strong enemy forces later identified as 363 Inf. Div. The initial enemy assault at 0300 was held, but at 0500 the enemy launched a fanatical attack, and by 1500 aided by a preponderance of artillery succeeded in pushing 3rd Bn. forces back 400 yds. At 1500 1st Bn. in Regt. reserve attacked thru 3rd Bn. and recovered all lost ground by 1800.

**4** Enemy forces estimated at 300 strong attacked continually from their bridgehead during the 3 days, but 2nd Bn. troops held and repulsed every attack and contained bridgehead.

**5** The Regt. held this sector from 28 Oct. to 25 Nov. 1944. Action during this period was confined to reconnaissance and combat patrols. Artillery was heavy due to the enemy's control of the high ground N. of the Rhine.

**2** Enemy forces attacked again at 0630 6 October forcing 1st Bn. to withdraw 500 yds. Fierce fighting and heaviest artillery fire yet received in Holland was encountered during the day. By nightfall the 327 Glider Inf. relieved 1st Bn. who went into Regtl. reserve.

**3** At 0600 7 Oct. Approx. one Bn. enemy broke thru lines to 1st Bn. position. After a thirty minute fight 1st Bn. captured 155 and killed approx. 50 enemy. At 0830 another strong enemy attack at **A** in 3rd Bn. sector was repulsed. By nightfall 2nd Bn. 327 Glider Inf. relieved 3rd Bn. 506 and our part in the Opheusden action was at an end.







# The Daily Telegraph

No. 27,852 LONDON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1944

## TANKS LINK UP WITH ALLIED AIR INVADERS

EINDHOVEN BY-PASSED: SPEARHEAD 11 MILES  
BATTLE ROUND CITY

BRITISH FOR

PLAN  
AND

Arm  
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21 h  
head  
Eindh  
troops  
landed  
They ha  
last night n  
fighting was g  
At the san  
forced the can  
miles west of  
of the third brie  
appeared to be  
canal.

Other areas u  
have landed by air  
Tilburg, Nij  
Rhine



# The D

No. 27,854 LONDON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1944

## BRITISH TANKS DRIVE TO RHINE CROSSINGS

AIR ARMY HOLDING ON NEAR ARNHEM

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## AIR TROOPS AT CRISIS OF ARNHEM BATTLE

FIGHT FOR BRIDGEHEAD WEST OF TOWN

RELIEF DRIVE CHECKED FOUR MILES AWAY

BIG GERMAN THRUSTS TO BREAK THE CORRIDOR

British tanks which yesterday drove from the bridgehead across the river to relieve the British at Nijmegen were reported to have been checked four miles south of the town.

Early to-day a despatch from the Supreme H.Q. revealed that the British First Airborne Division, after holding the Arnhem bridgehead against overwhelming odds for eight days and nights, were withdrawn to the south bank of the Lower Rhine during Monday night.

Supreme H.Q. revealing last night that the operation had been completed, said that 1,200 wounded were left behind and were being well cared for by the Germans. The survivors were in rest billets and receiving every possible comfort.

Approximately 8,000 men were dropped in the Arnhem area and some 2,000 had been ferried across the Lower Rhine from the bridgehead which became a trap when bad weather prevented adequate airborne reinforcements being dropped.

A despatch from Holland early to-day said that Field-Marshal Montgomery personally ordered the withdrawal from Arnhem.

Although the division failed to maintain its grip on the river bridges—its four actually held one German front was of inestimable value to the Second Army's race across Holland to seize the Nijmegen bridge over the 600-yards-wide River Waal.

Large numbers of first-class German troops were immobilised at Arnhem and the operation using the bridgehead was a complete failure.

## ARNHEM: AIR TROOPS WITHDRAWN

EIGHT DAYS' BATTLE AGAINST ODDS

NIGHT RETREAT ACROSS LOWER RHINE

BRITISH FORCE TURNHOUT CANAL ON 6-MILE FRONT

The survivors of the British First Airborne Division, after holding the Arnhem bridgehead against overwhelming odds for eight days and nights, were withdrawn to the south bank of the Lower Rhine during Monday night.

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THE JAM FACTORY  
ATTRACTED UNWELCOME  
ATTENTION OF EVERY  
88 WITHIN RANGE  
5:30 KID KEPT OUR WATCHES  
SYNCHRONIZED 'TIL  
TOMMY PICKED HIM  
OFF MYSTERY OF  
THE VANISHING  
SIGN FINALLY SOLVED  
ARNHEM 3.9 KM  
1ST SGT. BOLLES CHASES  
COW BELL TO  
BITTER  
END

V-2s SHOWERED LONDON

THE  
ROCKETS  
RED  
GLARE



BLAKSTED





## Gateway to bloody, muddy island

The 82nd Airborne Division successfully fulfilled their original Holland commitments when they captured the Nijmegen Bridge intact and kept it open. A continual smoke screen about a half mile upriver successfully blanketed the Germans' observation and though they shelled the bridge incessantly they seldom hit it. They tried bombing--even tried sending a patrol downstream, wearing specially-made swimming suits to keep them from freezing, and towing enough explosives to blow the bridge sky high. They were spotted in time, however, and broken up. It was over this bridge the regiment passed to take over their "inactive sector" and hold it at all costs, an assignment which developed into the roughest phase of our Holland Campaign.







# ABOUT A RESCUE

THERE WAS "A MAD COLONEL OF ARNHEM", NAME OF DOBEY. MANY OFFICERS OF THE SECOND BN REMEMBER HIS TALES OF BRITISH A/B OPERATIONS RELATED WHILE OUR BATTALION WAS IN ALDBOURNE, HIS AT BULFORD. SO IT WAS SOME COINCIDENCE THEN THAT THEY SHOULD NOW BE CALLED ON TO HELP HIM HERE IN HOLLAND.

WOUNDED, HIS COMMAND DISSIPATED BY THE GREAT NUMBERS OF GERMANS IN ARNHEM, LT. COL. DOBEY WAS CORNERED AND MUST NEEDS MAKE PEACE. WITHIN A FEW DAYS HE ALSO MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE FROM A HOSPITAL, AND THEN WAS PICKED UP BY THE DUTCH UNDERGROUND. SO EFFICIENT WERE THEY, THEY EVEN HAD A TELEPHONE SYSTEM WHERE BY THEY COULD CONTACT AGENTS ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE NEDER RIJN. THEY GATHERED SOME 140 TOMMY PARACHUTISTS, SEVERAL AMERICAN PILOTS, AND SOME DUTCH CIVILIANS DEFINITELY UNDESIRABLE TO THE BOCHE. BEING A BIT AGGRESSIVE (AS ARE ALL PARACHUTISTS) THE COLONEL UPPED AND VOWED HE WOULD GET THE BOYS AND GIRLS BACK.

OF COURSE IT MEANT THAT SOMEONE HAD TO PENETRATE THE GERMAN LINES, SWIM THE RIVER, INFILTRATE THRU OURS, LOCATE THE OTHER END OF THE TELEPHONE LINE, AND THEN CONTACT THE BRITISH AND EXPLAIN THE PLAN. WHICH HE DID. WHICH HE DID.

PLANS WERE WORKED OUT AND EFFECTIVE FOR ONLY ONE NIGHT AGREED ON PREVIOUSLY. GENERAL HORRACKS APPROVED IT AND REQUESTED THE 101ST A/B TO ASSIST IN EFFECTING THE RESCUE. THE PLAN WAS SIMPLY THAT ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE TO COME ACROSS MUST BE READY THE NIGHT DESIGNATED AND AT A PLACE PREARRANGED. IT MEANT OVERLOOKING CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED BY THE KRAUTS, BUT WHO CARED. MANY OF THE PEOPLE HAD NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE SUCH A THING, NOR DARED HOPE IT WOULD WORK.

THE DUTCH CALLED TWO DAYS PRIOR AND INFORMED COLONEL DOBEY THAT GERMANS HAD MOVED INTO THEIR TOWN AND HAD DIRECTED EVERY ABLE BODIED CIVILIAN TO TURN OUT MONDAY MORNING TO DIG EMBLEMMENTS, TRENCHES, FOXHOLES, ETC. THIS DEAL HAD BEEN PLANNED FOR MONDAY NIGHT AND ALL THE BRITISH AND AMERICANS WERE IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES; SOME LIVED, IN FACT, IN THE SAME HOUSES AS THE GERMANS. THE ALTERNATIVES WERE, TURN OUT FOR THE FORMATION BE DISCOVERED SURE AS HELL, AND SHOT, OR, IF THEY DIDN'T AND WERE THEN DISCOVERED . . . AGAIN, KAPUT. SO THEN IT WAS DECIDED THE REAL FORMATION SHOULD BE SUNDAY NIGHT. AND EXPEDITE!

SATURDAY EVENING BRITISH PONTOON BOATS WERE PLACED IN 2ND BN AREA ALONG THE EDGE OF THE RIVER, UNDER COVER OF THE ORCHARDS. NIGHT ROUTES WERE LAID OUT WITH ENGINEER TAPES AND EVERY THING SEEMED READY. BOFORS GUNS HAD BEEN FIRED EACH OF SEVERAL PRECEDING EVENINGS SO THAT THE ENEMY MIGHT NOT BE TOO CURIOUS WHEN THE "CHIPS WERE DOWN". ARTILLERY WAS BOXED TO LAY ON OUTSIDE A SQUARE OF 400 YARDS ALONG THE RHINE, IN CASE OF EMERGENCY. MORTARS AND MG'S WERE SET UP ON EACH FLANK TO BE USED IF NECESSARY.

NIGHT FELL, THE EVER PRESENT MURK AND DRIZZLE ADDED TO THE OBSCURITY. ASSAULT BOATS WERE EDGED OVER THE DYKE AND INTO THE WATER. BY MIDNIGHT ALL WAS READY. A COMPANY HAD POSTED THE RIVER ON EITHER FLANK OF THE FOCAL POINT OF THE OPERATION TO FIGHT OFF ANY-ENEMY ATTEMPTS TO COUNTER ATTACK OR INFILTRATE BY CROSSING ON EITHER SIDE OF THE LANDING AREA. OUR MEN WHO WOULD MAKE THE CROSSING LAY SHIVERING AS THEY WAITED. THE ARTILLERY WAS SILENT, READY TO LEND INSTANT SUPPORT SHOULD WE NEED IT. A BOFORS AA GUN ERUPTED AN ARC OF TRACERS ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY IN A PREARRANGED SIGNAL VISIBLE TO EVERY KRAUT—AND TO OUR PRIZE. AT 0100 A RED FLASH LIGHT BLINKED THE OLD V-SIGN FROM A POINT SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS UPSTREAM ACROSS THE RIVER.

IT WAS THE SIGNAL WE HAD WAITED FOR. BOATS WERE SLID INTO THE WATER AND WERE LOST IN THE DARKNESS, VISIBLE ONLY IN THE FLASHES FROM GERMAN ARTILLERY AND NEBELWERFERS. ONE BARRAGE LANDED ON COL. SINK'S CP SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS TO THE REAR. THE BOATS GOT ACROSS O. K. AND LT. HEYLIGER (WHO WAS KNOWN AS "MOOSE" BECAUSE OF HIS FACE) WAS WELCOMED SHORTLY BY A BRITISH BRIGADIER AS THE FINEST LOOKING AMERICAN OFFICER HE HAD EVER SEEN. MEANWHILE, ONE OFFICER AND SIX MEN MOVED TO EITHER FLANK AND WAITED FOR THE DEAL TO BE COMPLETED. A GERMAN FLARE LIT UP THE AREA BUT APPARENTLY COULD SHOW NOTHING, AND SO THE SHUTTLE WAS BEGUN. IN THIRTY MINUTES EVERYONE WAS SAFELY BACK.

THE BRITISH TROOPERS, NOW IN THEIR OWN UNIFORMS, THE FLIERS, AND THE CIVILIANS WERE GUIDED BACK ALONG THE TAPE TO A SMALL TOWN WHERE THEY WERE FED COFFEE AND, YOU GUESSED IT—JAM! THE BOATS WERE HIDDEN IN A NEARBY PATCH OF WOODS. THE BRITISH TOOK OVER WITH THEIR WELCOMING COMMITTEE, MOVED ALL BACK ANOTHER SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AND GAVE THEM TEA AND CAKES. SO ON INTO NIJMEGEN WHERE AT LAST THEY WERE PUT TO BED.

NEXT DAY THE KRAUTS OBSERVED THE BOATS AND BLEW THEM TO BITS. NOT ONE MAN HAD BEEN HIT, THE OPERATION COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE SUCCESSFUL. THE BRITISH SAID

**"GOD BLESS YOU YANK, WE WON'T FORGET."**





AND WE HAD TO POLICE THIS AREA



DIVISION REAR HEADQUARTERS IN NIJMEGEN



**DAMMIT!**  
**YOU CAN'T**  
**SAY THAT**



GEN. HORROCKS INSPECTS



TANK BUSTER--THE RANGE IS PLENTY SHORT FOR THIS SHOT.

"Nothin' doin' up 'ere mate. Quiet as a bloomin' church". Thus were we greeted by the Tommies we relieved at Opheusden.... And for a couple days it looked like a straight steer.... Oct. 5th and the hottest session this side of hell began with a terrific dawn artillery barrage.... Some guys on OP got a couple krauts who were evidently scouts but when they started back they found they were completely surrounded by the so-and-so's, and had a helluva time getting thru.... The heinies put full pressure behind their attack and the going was hot and heavy for the troopers.... A bazooka man stuck his weapon out a window and the muzzle of it hit the side of a kraut tank. He fired any way and after picking himself up from the debris saw that the tank was kaput and that 5 other light tanks were leaving the area.... Tanks weren't very effective. Too many ditches.... Hand to hand stuff wasn't uncommon and battling it out 30 yards apart was the rule rather than the exception.... We were suffering heavy casualties but the krauts were being cut to ribbons.... Ground kept changing hands and sometimes our artillery had to shell behind us to smash kraut penetrations.... The German 957 Inf. Reg. bled to death that day and the First Battalion matched the Third's work the next day by destroying beyond reorganization the 958th Inf. and attached units... Opheusden ceased to be a town and became an ugly heap of rubble and debris around which ebbed and flowed the vicious battle.... Small groups of Yanks met and engaged the krauts around the shambles of wood, brick, and mortar the houses had become, and one or the other must die because it could end no other way.... The day waned, dusk settled its dark cloak, and still the savagery of the battle continued unabated, lit by the fires that were gutting the new houses still left standing.... At last the storm abated as the krauts withdrew, leaving their dead and dying among the ruined buildings and lying along the railroad track.... They never attacked there again.... The German dead covered the ground everywhere and among them lay many of ours.... Our price was heavy.... his ruinous..







## LIGHT DUTY

### WHERE IS THAT TRENCH FOOT NONCOM?

After you were relieved at Opheusden you spent a little time at Zetten, manning positions on the dyke and outpostting the river across from Wageningen. This was a quiet interlude and except for the time some enterprising krauts dug a tunnel thru the dyke on your left flank nothing of any great importance happened. The krauts, incidentally, were well taken care of and you started a couple tunnels of your own. Before you could complete them however you moved out again, this time to the dyke and railroad positions just across from Arnhem. Patrol activity was considerably increased and jerry did some of the increasing. This greatly livened up your nights and the days were well taken care of by the frequent barrages of 88's, mortars and "Screamin' Meemies" which the krauts seemed to have in some quantity. "Arnhem Annie" entertained you with American swing records and tried to talk you into surrendering. Remember her old song-and-dance that went, "Just bring your toothbrush, overcoat, and a blanket and come across the river where you will be kindly treated." Easy! A company sent across a patrol and left her a coat, blanket, and toothbrush, just as she'd asked, for a souvenir. All in all she was very amusing and so the days slipped by and the chief topic of conversation was "When We'll Go Back And Where To". The companies who happened to be in the reserve battalion could go to Nijmegen for showers and shows and to listen to the division band which was very groovay indeed. Everything considered, life wasn't too unbearable but you all wanted to get back to those OD's and passes you had left behind.

### OPERATION: JAM FACTORY

Discovered about this time the jam factory proved to be a blessing in making those limey tea biscuits more palatable. Men could be seen at all hours staggering away under a case or two of jam.







NOT SATISFIED WITH DEMOLISHING THE REGIMENTAL C P. THE BOYS FINISHED OFF THE ROAD.



THE RUSSIAN'S JUMPING DOG  
THE DOG IS ON THE RIGHT.



WHEN IT'S SHAKEDOWN TIME IN HOLLAND

# 2 THANKSGIVINGS

DRIEL •

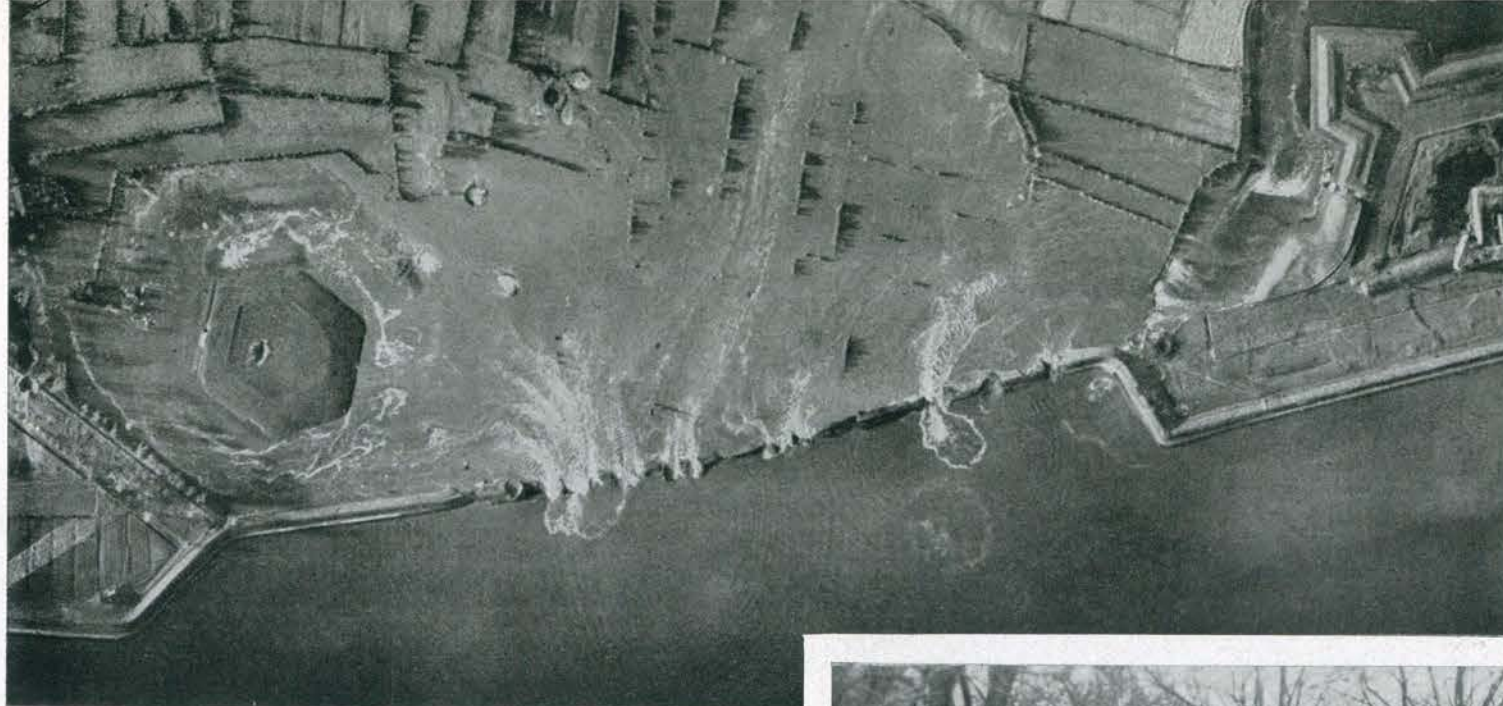
ZETTEN • VALBURG • MOURMELON

Thanksgiving, Republican version, found most of us still on line and if some unfortunate cows hadn't so obligingly wandered into our cross-fire Thanksgiving dinner would have been a very drab and meager 'C' ration affair. Our thoughts kept turning to the Democrat Thanksgiving date which, rumor had it, we would spend in a rear area, complete with turkey and all the trimmings. So we turned our eyes to the future . . . . . and waited.

At last the welcome news came through. We were being relieved soon and going back . . . . to France. Immediately upon the reception of this information everyone began drooling about the terrific times he was going to have with the French mademoiselles and every last one of us volunteered for the advance detail so he could get a head start. The guys didn't take many more silly chances by carelessly exposing themselves during the day and patrols became very unpopular forms of sport indeed. The weather was extremely uncooperative and it rained almost every night, flooding foxholes and causing much physical discomfort. German patrol activity seemed to have been curtailed or may be it looked that way because we saw even less of them than usual. A favorite pastime was watching the buzz bombs as they were launched from Arnhem toward England and many a guy wished he could hitch a ride as far as Piccadilly. Company trips to Nijmegen became more frequent and every single Joe practiced his "snow job d'amour" in preparation for the Paris passes we would get when we arrived at our new base camp, some place called Marmellon or Marmalade or something like that. And then those loot inspections where everybody only had a blanket or two, a sack, and a shelter half, which made a roll you could almost stuff in your pocket; but those same guys turned up with rolls and bags that a horse would have trouble carrying when it was time to leave.

We were briefed on "Operation Deluge" in case the krauts blew the dykes and we would have to evacuate to higher ground. Then came the call word signalling that our relief had arrived





## ARNHEM ANNIE

During our stay in Holland, no matter when you turned on a radio Arnhem Annie was certain to be heard broadcasting solid American jive records frequently interspersed with her special type of propaganda . . . Her favorite saying was, "You can listen to our music but you can't dance in our streets" . . . And that abracadabra she used to give us about the supposed joys and advantages attached to being a German prisoner . . . Remember the time she had us completely annihilated about six times on one program? . . . How that woman exaggerated numbers . . . And how she topped one broadcast with this remark in a cultured voice. "This is a message to the British," she said, "just wait until the American Airborne troops leave Nijmegen and we will kick your arses right back to Piccadilly" . . . They never did make good on that boast . . . Well she helped to pass a lot of heavy time and handed us many laughs so we forgive her all her "little" mistakes in addition.

# DELUGE



GENERAL MUD YOU DIDN'T DIG YOUR FOXHOLES.  
YOU POURED THEM.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A • WINDING

The Scots came up to take over. The battalions left in order but the Third, being the last to leave, had to hike that weary four miles to Nijmegen and cross the river in small motor boats before they could climb aboard those limey trucks and start on that cold, wet, 36 hr. ride to the new camp. It was dark and drizzling when they pulled into Camp Mourmelon and their first look around was anything but reassuring . . . But there were beds so everybody crawled in and slept, and slept, and slept.







*The poor bastards, they*  
**GOT US SURROUNDED'**  
**WUT**



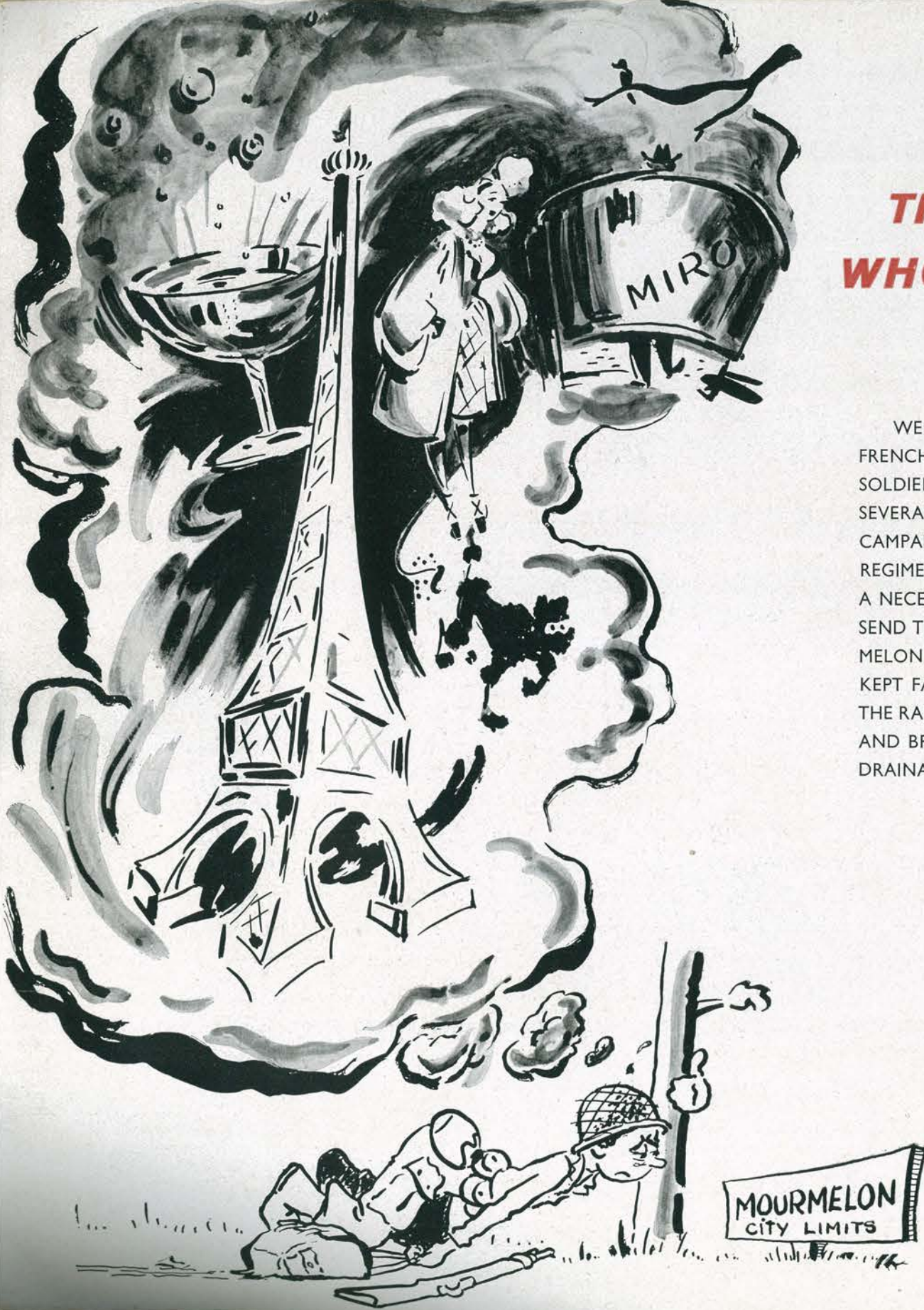


# BASTOGNE

BATTERED  
BASTION

(M1), THE





## ***THERE WAS A TROOPER NAMED HARRIS WHO NEVER QUITE GOT TO SEE PARIS...***

WE RETURNED TO GARRISON AT MOURMELON-LE-GRAND. MOURMELON WAS A LONG SUFFERING FRENCH TOWN, SOME 20 MILES FROM RHEIMS, WHICH THRU THE AGES HAD ENDURED THE EMBRACE OF THE SOLDIERY OF MANY NATIONS. CAESAR IS SAID TO HAVE QUARTERED TWO DIVISIONS OF INFANTRY AND SEVERAL SQUADRONS OF LIGHT HORSE AT MOURMELON DURING THE LATTER PHASES OF ONE OF HIS GALLIC CAMPAIGNS. THE GERMANS HAD USED ITS QUITE ADEQUATE FACILITIES AS A TANK DEPOT. AS SOON AS THE REGIMENT HAD ARRIVED AND MADE ITSELF COMFORTABLE IT WAS DEEMED IN QUARTERS HIGH AND LOW A NECESSARY AND IMPORTANT THING TO INSTITUTE A LIBERAL PASS POLICY. PLANS WERE SET AFOOT TO SEND THE REGIMENT, ONE COMPANY AT A TIME, TO THE QUEEN OF EUROPEAN CITIES, PARIS. CAMP MOURMELON AND WORK SEEMED TO BE SYNONYMOUS. BARRACKS HAD TO BE CLEANED UP AND THE BUNKS KEPT FALLING APART SO THAT WE WERE CONSTANTLY REBUILDING THEM. THEN THERE WAS THE AREA. THE RAINS CAME AND SO DID THE MUD. BEAUCOUP GRAVEL WAS "BORROWED" FROM THE FRENCH ROADS AND BRICKS WERE RECOVERED FROM RUINED BUILDINGS TO BUILD COMPANY STREETS AND SIDEWALKS. DRAINAGE DITCHES WERE DUG. SHOWERS WERE INSTALLED. AND THRU IT ALL LIKE A BRIGHT THREAD





RAN THE ANTICIPATION OF THE PARIS PASSES. MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT, ANYWHERE YOU HAPPENED TO BE YOU COULD HEAR IT BEING DISCUSSED. THE OBJECTIVES WERE ESSENTIALLY THE SAME BUT THE MEANS TO THE END VARIED CONSIDERABLY. REENFORCEMENTS BEGAN TO BE FLOWN IN FROM ENGLAND. WE WERE ALL READY TO TAKE A GOOD REST AND THEN GET SET FOR A FUTURE MISSION. THE BARRACKS BAGS, WHICH AS USUAL HAD BEEN WELL LOOTED, BECAME NEARLY FULL AGAIN AS S-4 GOT ON THE BALL AND OD'S WERE BEING PRESSED NIGHTLY FOR ALL THE FREE TIME THE FUTURE SEEMED TO HOLD. THE FORTUNATE COMPANIES WHO DID SEE PARIS FOUND IT TO BE A FABULOUS CITY, A CITY WHERE ONE COULD REMAIN IN A PLEASANT STATE OF SATURATION, AND IN EXCELLENT COMPANY, FOR 48 GLORIOUS HOURS. THE MAYORS OF RHEIMS AND CHALONS PROFFERED THE KEYS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES. AT MOURMELON ITSELF, RECREATIONAL FACILITIES WERE AMPLE. THE FLEET OF FOOT, THE AGILE, AND THE BRAWNY STRUGGLED FOR POSITIONS ON THE REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL, BOXING, AND BASKETBALL TEAMS. A FOOTBALL GAME WAS SCHEDULED FOR CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE 502ND, A GAME TO DWARF THE GRANDEUR OF PASADENA'S ROSE BOWL. THERE WERE THREE FINE THEATRES SHOWING THE LATEST AND CHOICE IN FILM FARE. THE RED CROSS, THE FAIR POLLY BAKER PRESIDING, OPENED. THE NCO CLUB, COMPLETELY STOCKED WITH A VARIETY OF DISTINGUISHED POTABLES' PREMIERED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES. THE CHOW WAS SUPERB. PASSES TO PARIS, RHEIMS, AND CHALONS. LULU WAS DISCOVERED, A RARE GIRL. LIFE WAS NOT WITHOUT PLEASURE.



*But on the other side of the Rhine a grey-faced heavy-lidded German general... A very shrewd apple... was planning. A steel fist was being welded which would drive almost to the allied vitals. And we were opening the first Christmas packages on the morning of 17 December.....*





I ONLY GOT 5 RDS., HOW MANY YOU GOT?

## 7 more looting days til Xmas or: WASN'T IT FUN WHILE IT LASTED

The newscasters were vaguely uneasy about a German threat in Belgium. In the early morning of 18 December word went down through the headquarters: "Get Ready: You're going in again." And the Regiment rose in the morning to find, instead of the expected day of Preliminary Rifle Marksmanship, that it was going back to the Wars. There was no warning. One day we were safe in garrison, far from the guns and the killing. Some were even expecting to go to Paris that week. There was no preparation except that which could be done in one morning, and it usually takes a week. Not briefed, and with only M1 ammo as a basic load, the Regiment loaded up in the big trailer trucks which were waiting in front of Division Headquarters. In the twilight of the afternoon we rolled Northeast, across the battlefields of the first great War: the Marne Plain, Verdun and Sedan. And up through the wooded hills of Belgium, and finally early on the morning of the nineteenth the regiment detrucked in a small, uneasy Belgium town three miles from Bastogne. The rumble of artillery could be heard in the distance, and from time to time the crisp staccato of a machine gun. Most men, even then, didn't know where they were. It was a strange way to start an operation, but this one would write the most brilliant and courageous chapter in the history of the 506th: the defense of Bastogne.





# "THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT"

... Time Magazine

BASTOGNE (normal pop., 4,500) suddenly became important. If the left prong of the German offensive were to be slowed in its thrust toward the Meuse, it would have to be done there, where the Liege-Arlon highway meets six other roads.

To Bastogne, soon after the German offensive began, hurried parts of two U.S. armored divisions—the 9th and 10th of Lieut. General George S. Patton's Third Army. In speeding trucks came almost the full strength of the 101st's Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagle" paratroops and glidermen whose toughness and contempt for danger are legendary. Back upon Bastogne fell straggling groups from U. S. outfits that had been chewed up.

The U. S. command had given one order: hold Bastogne at all costs. The Americans, (some 10,000) worked like devils to make some sort of defense. On a perimeter about two miles out of the town they set up a line of foxholes, manned by the 101st's paratroopers. Stationed nearby were groups of tanks and tank destroyers. Just outside the town was a last gasp inner defense circle, manned largely by the stragglers. Slight, salty Brigadier General Anthony Clement McAuliffe, the 101st's acting commander charged with holding Bastogne, called them his "Team Snafu". Inside the town was a reserve force of tanks and tank destroyers to dash out against a major enemy attack. "Tony" McAuliffe called this force his "Fire Brigade".

**BAD BREAKS.** On Tuesday, Dec. 19, the Germans rolled up from the east and collided with the American tanks, which had gone out to meet them at neighboring villages. A shuddering, small-scale battle developed and the Americans lost many a tank. But the Germans halted momentarily. Then the main weight of the enemy veered around the milling fight, probed at other entrances to Bastogne. Wherever the Germans poked there were Americans. The Germans kept on wheeling around the town, by the next day had it surrounded, a little island fortress in a swirling sea of gunfire. Headquarters, hoping for a weather break for air attack, radioed Bastogne for its positions. Replied Bastogne: "We're the hole in the doughnut."

On the first night one of the worst things that could befall an island of besieged happened to Bastogne: the Germans captured its complete surgical unit. Bastogne's wounded would have to get along without amputations, without fracture splints, without skilled care at all.

Through Wednesday and Thursday Bastogne battled almost continuously on its perimeter, suffered tortures in the over-crowded town. Shells poured in from all sides. Some three thousand civilians huddled in cellars with the wounded. Food was running low—the Germans had also captured a quartermaster unit. Ammunition was dwindling—an ordnance unit had been taken too. Gasoline was down to trickles—the Fire Brigade, to save fuel, did not keep engines running, clanked off to hot spots on cold motors.

By Friday Bastogne was a wrecked town, its outskirts littered with dead. There had been at least four fighting Germans to every American—the elements of eight enemy divisions. The dead were probably in the same ratio.

Bastogne had already cost the Germans dearly, in time as well as troops. On one day alone the enemy had lost 55 tanks and hundreds of men who tried to infiltrate the lines against the G. I.'s Tommy Guns and mortars. The Germans were sick of "crazy Americans". They tried a surrender offer.

**AIR BREAKS.** Through the lines on Friday came an enemy envoy carrying a whitesheet. He delivered an ultimatum: two hours to decide upon surrender.

The alternative: "annihilation by artillery." German commander appended a touching appeal to U. S. instincts: "The serious civilian losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the well-known American humanity."

General McAuliffe did not hesitate. He had been touring the aid stations, had heard the wounded beg him, "Don't give up on account of us, General Mac." He sat at a debris-littered desk, printed his reply with formal military courtesy: "To the German Commander—NUTS!—the American Commander." So there would be no misinterpretation, an officer translated for the blindfolded German envoy: "It means the same as 'Go to Hell'".



McAuliffe's reply was mimeographed, passed around to his troops. With it went his Christmas message: "The Allied troops are counterattacking in force... By holding Bastogne we insure the success of the Allied armies. We are giving our country and our loved ones a worthy Christmas present and, being privileged in taking part in this gallant feat of arms, are truly making for ourselves a Merry Christmas."

There was little else merry about Bastogne's Christmas, but the war soon looked up. On the 24th there had been a weather break. Tony McAuliffe could report to the Ninth Air Force that its Lightnings and Thunderbolts had done a

"simply tremendous" job of messing up enemy tanks and guns. Trains of C-47 transports had come over to parachute supplies (eventually more than 1500 tons were dropped). A surgeon arrived by Piper Cub. More medical help was coming. There was a heart-warming Christmas gift: air pictures showing a ring of burning enemy tanks and vehicles around Bastogne.

The beleaguered did what little they could about Christmas. Some who had shelter in houses brought in fir trees, decorated them with paper and any sort of bright bit that stuck out of the rubble...

The Germans made Christmas grim with heavy shelling and more attacks. A bomb hit a house used as an aid station. In it were more than a hundred wounded. The house flamed into a furnace before more than a few of the wounded could be carried out. But there was vengeance on the perimeter: the wily paratroops let German tanks filter through to ambush by the tank destroyers. The day's score in tanks: 32.

Christmas was the turning point. As darkness fell the next day, a sentry spotted several U. S. Sherman tanks rolling down a ridge from the south. He alerted the outposts; captured Shermans had carried Germans up to the lines before, and sentries had been shot down.

**THE BIG BREAK.** Out of the leading Sherman's turret popped a bandaged head. The man with the bandage and the big shiner on his right eye yelled the proper password...

Bastogne's ordeal was not entirely over. That night the Germans cut the narrow shaft the 4th Armored Division had carved, and Bastogne got more shells from the other side. But the narrow path was cleared next day and General Patton's tanks lanced on into the German bulge while Bastogne's wounded and weary went out to safety in a convoy of ambulances and trucks.

For the 101st Airborne's men there were two surprises: their regular commander, tall, 43 year old Major General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, had ridden into Bastogne with the relief outfit (he had been in the U. S. for consultation, had reached the front from Washington in less than two days); the Screaming Eagles were being relieved while there were still more Krauts round to kill.

The 101st Airborne and the others, along with a sky full of trigger-happy pilots, had created another epic of U. S. arms at Bastogne. They never let the enemy seriously penetrate their outposts. They had punished him severely. The ground forces alone destroyed 148 tanks and the German dead were counted in thousands. Bastogne's defenders had made possible a tactical success that might be turned into a large-scale victory.

History would probably award Bastogne a high place in the important battles of 1944. But the men of the 101st Airborne were confused by the adulation poured upon them. Snorted one: "What the hell—every body in this outfit is crazy, including me. If we weren't we wouldn't be in it."

**'RESCUED' DOUGHBOYS IRKED**  
**'Bastogne' Our Private Battle'**  
BY ROBERT RICHARDS  
United Press War Correspondent  
BASTOGNE, Belgium, Dec. 23.—  
The column has lifted the siege of Bastogne.  
just shot straighter and made it last."  
"We didn't have too much trouble with those Jerries," chimed in Cpl. Thomas Mulligan, 23, of Detroit.  
"Hell, our outfit knocked out 105 of their vehicles the first two days and we would have banged our ammunition got and we quit firing and we quit firing for the...  
and near Bastogne have been encircled by strong German armored units. There is only one possibility to save the USA troops from total annihilation and that is honorable surrender. In order to think it over a two-hour period is granted. If rejected, one German artillery corps are ready to annihilate USA troops in and near Bastogne.



## BY MICHAEL STERN

ed twice as  
deputy com-  
well Taylor,  
uty, leaving



# American Epic



A Post correspondent tells the stirring story of the men who, without adequate food, ammunition fuel or surgery for the wounded, turned back von Rundstedt's juggernaut.

\*\*\*\*\*

I think his name was Alois, although it may have been Albert, and in the back room of his little cafe, you could find the best roast beef in Bastogne. Alois said it was the best in all Belgium, and perhaps it was. No one ever argued with Alois.

Alois prospered because, in driving up and down the front, you almost always went through Bastogne on one of the seven smooth highways that funneled into the little city. Alois was no strategist, but he suspected that those seven roads had a lot to do with the state of his business, and he used to nod his head wisely and say, "Ah, it is lucky for me that my Bastogne has not died in this war, n'est-ce-pas? And yet it is a curious thing, for it is the war that has brought me good fortune, because my Bastogne also is important for the Americans who eat my good roast beef and drink my red wine. Yes, my friend, Bastogne is lucky for all of us."

The road to Neufchateau was like all the other roads leading out of Bastogne, a broad straight ribbon of asphalt, lined with carefully spaced trees that grew smaller and smaller in the distance, like the road to infinity, and it was slippery with ice and snow under Alois' old feet. Perhaps it wasn't really Alois, but as the jeep sped up the road toward Bastogne, you imagined you saw him, bent a little under his awkward bundle of blankets, with his face a white blur in the ragged stream of refugees flowing out of the smoking city.

Alois' little cafe was one of the first to be swallowed up in the sea of rubble that finally engulfed the town after the German break-through, when Field Marshal von Rundstedt's lunging spearheads were blunted a few thousand yards of the city, and, in desperation, reached out with bombs and shells to crush the life out of Bastogne. The seven roads that had brought prosperity to Alois were like a noose around his throat, and he had to flee while inside the battered town a diminutive 140-pound American brigadier general named Anthony McAuliffe watched the German steam roller bearing down on Bastogne from the east.

When von Rundstedt struck a few days earlier, on December sixteenth, McAuliffe was with his crack 101st Airborne Division, in a rest area in France, where the division had gone to recuperate and reorganize after the bloody Holland campaign. Many of the paratroopers and glider infantrymen, including one entire company, were on leave. Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, division commander, was in Washington. The next major event on the schedule was to have been the "Champagne Bowl" football game for the division championship.

Then far to the northeast along the German border, von Rundstedt's powerful army hurled itself against the thin American line. The plan apparently was to drive straight across the duchy of Luxemburg into Belgium, then fan out to the north and south. One spearhead was to thrust north toward Liege and Antwerp to split the Allied armies and sever vital supply lines. The other was to overrun Bastogne and send armored columns wheeling south toward the city of Luxemburg, perhaps as a feint to force Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's 3rd Army to withdraw to cancel the threat of partial encirclement. Bastogne, hub of seven main roads on which von Rundstedt's offensive had to pivot, was to be taken at any cost.

The American line buckled under Rundstedt's staggering blow, then collapsed. American commanders, lacking sufficient front-line troops to maintain a defense in depth, had been forced to gamble with a thin line. They gambled against the German ability to muster enough strength for a break-through, and they gambled against the German ability to keep an attack moving through the wintry Ardennes. They lost on both counts. And where, on American maps a handful of German divisions had been plotted in the break-through area, some twenty German divisions poured through the breach in the line.

The terrific momentum of Rundstedt's attack carried fourteen miles the first day. Out on the network of roads to the east of Bastogne, the gray-green avalanche rolled toward its key objective. Infantry and



armor tried desperately to hold, but the German tidal wave flowed over them and around them. One regiment of the 28th Division was cut five times in three days. One by one, isolated units disappeared in the maelstrom. From one company command post somewhere out in the snowy forests, a radio operator reported that an enemy half-track had moved up alongside his building. Back at Regimental HQ., they heard a flurry of rifle shots over the radio. When the radio operator spoke again, his voice was filled with awe. "Gee, there must be a million jerries outside," he said. Then the radio went dead.

The 9th Armored Division, new in battle, tried to set up road blocks, but nothing could contain the German flood. With scattered elements of the mutilated 28th, the reserve combat command of the 9th Armored started to fight its way back toward Bastogne.

By afternoon, the entire 101st Division was in position in and around Bastogne, dictating anchor points in the battle line by frequent jabs that forced the enemy to stop and hold at those points.

Five miles north of Bastogne, in the dead village of Noville, the 506th Regiment of the 101st closed with a platoon of tank destroyers and other armored units to hold the town. German artillery was slamming into Noville with terrible precision at two P. M. when the 506th entered. Most of the regiment's equipment was still back on the roads. At 2:30, the 506th attacked with borrowed ammunition. Wearing helmets hurriedly snatched from casualties of the 10th Armored, the doughboys moved out in three columns. On both flanks, the attack proceeded according to plan, but the middle column, attacking straight up the main highway north of Noville, was stopped cold by ten Mark IV tanks deployed across the road. One company on the right flank withdrew to avoid being cut off. On the left flank, in a patch of woods, the other company tried to disengage from a fierce small-arms fight, and finally succeeded in swinging back around Noville and entering the town again from the rear.

The night in Noville was eerie. The town was burning, and the men inside the village moved stealthily through the gutted buildings because of silhouettes against the dancing flames. Enemy troops moved around the town on three sides, and the sounds of movement carried on the cold night air until the doughboys inside the town were almost completely unnerved by the suspense.

At dawn, the German tanks attacked. Three Mark IV's slipped into Noville through the fog. A Sherman completely out of armor-piercing shells stuck its snout out around the corner of a building and opened fire with high explosives. The Sherman rained shells on the hulls of the enemy tanks as fast as it could shoot, but each explosion on the thick German armor plate only served to knock the tank back a few feet. Two of the tanks backed slowly out of the town. The third backed up on a burning American half-track and was stuck with one track hanging in mid-air. A sharpshooting doughboy stood calmly in a doorway and picked off each trapped German as he popped out of the helpless tank.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING Post

Like the curtain on a winter snow scene, the fog lifted with startling suddenness. There, deployed in an open field on the edge of Noville, sat six more German tanks. Three American tank destroyers opened fire. The enemy tanks tried to scoot over the brow of a near-by hill, but the unerring tank destroyers picked them off one by one, like ducks in a shooting gallery. Before the curtain went down again, nineteen more German tanks were left in flames.

The weight of German artillery and the incessant attacks from three sides made Noville untenable, and in midafternoon the battered garrison prepared to withdraw. Extra ammunition was stacked in a churchyard and wired for demolition. Most of the American tank crews had been killed and a rifleman volunteered to drive one of the tanks and lead the survivors back to Bastogne. As the unknown infantryman drove the big Sherman into the village of Foy, some two miles from Noville, the Germans opened fire from the town. The Sherman burst into flames, and the first four vehicles in the column were ripped apart with shellbursts. German infantry who had entered Foy during the night and cut off the Noville garrison laid a carpet of vicious machine-gun fire over the road. Jagged pieces of shrapnel from exploding mortar shells slashed through the trees over their heads while the doughboys flattened out in the ditches.

At the head of the double-banked column, the small-arms battle reached a new peak of fury. The column tried vainly to contact and stop. Finally Capt. Rennie Tye, of Memphis, Tennessee, volunteered to make a suicidal dash through the German-held town. Lying flat on the hood of a speeding jeep with an automatic in his hand, Tye raced through Foy, firing until his ammunition was exhausted. One of two wounded men in the jeep was killed by a German machine gunner, but Tye was untouched, and within an hour a rescue battalion had stormed Foy from the south and freed the trapped column.

Finally, the German ring around Bastogne was joined. The 101st, with elements of the 9th and 10th Armored Divisions and a small group of stragglers, was completely cut off.

The 101st had not fallen into a trap. General McAuliffe's mission was to defend Bastogne. The encirclement was simply an occupational hazard. Corps headquarters had told McAuliffe to use the Neufchâteau road for his retreat, and McAuliffe had laughed into the telephone and hung up. When word came to Lt. Col. Paul Danahy, the irrepressible young staff officer cracked, "Good. Now we can attack in any direction."

Inside the fourteen-mile perimeter around Bastogne, McAuliffe began to fight in earnest. Elite German divisions—elements of ten of them—hammered at the city from every direction. Rundstedt's drive had piled up on Bastogne, and the shock traveled far to the rear of the German columns. Rundstedt grew frantic and threw more and more troops and tanks into the battle, but the grim defenders of Bastogne hung on. Already they were beginning to call it the "Gettysburg of World War II."





... last great offensive

**NAZI SPEARHEADS 20 MILES INTO BELGIUM**  
**PANZERS CUT OFF IN MALMEDY CORRIDOR**  
**BOMBERS DESTROY 95 ARMoured VEHICLES**  
**LUFTWAFFE LOSSES SOAR**  
**46 PLANES SHOT DOWN**  
German spearheads have advanced 20 miles into Belgium at one point of the offensive against the American First Army, it was revealed last night.  
The news came from R.A.F. Typhoon who reported bombing 20 enemy tracked vehicles west of the Belgian town of Stavelot, five miles south-west of the Meuse.

**BEST POSSIBLE THING**  
GERMANS OUT OF THEIR CONCRETE  
OUR TASK MADE EASIER  
—H. D. MARTIN

**BASTOGNE BY-PASS 32-MILE THRUST**  
**PATTON'S FLANK ASSAULT SLOWS NAZI DRIVE**

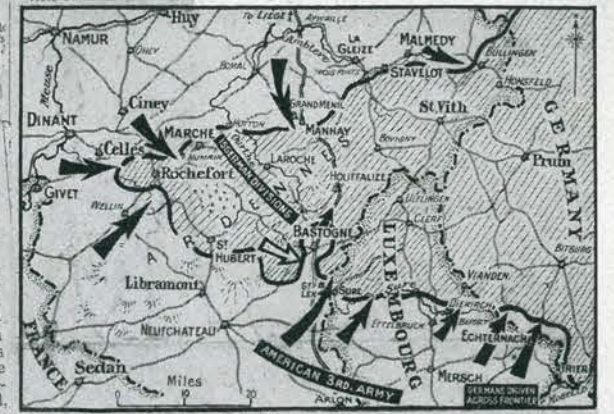
**OFFENSIVE MOUNTING: 13 DIVISIONS ATTACK**  
**MORE PROGRESS LIKELY IN 25-MILE GAP**

**MONSCHAU BATTLE IN TANKS AND LINE ON**  
**SURRENDER DEMAND MADE TO BASTOGNE GARRISON**  
From CORNELIUS RYAN, Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent  
BASTOGNE, Thursday. The key road centre in the path of Rundstedt's drive to the west, has been relieved by an armoured column coming from south after eight days and nights of siege.  
In an area of but a few miles around the town of Bastogne, the American divisions have held off the German drive to von Rundstedt's main thrust to the west. It is on a narrow front, but it is a narrow front which has held the German drive.

**RUNDSTEDT HALTED: LOSES 1,000 TANKS**  
**35,000 TONS OF BOMBS SMASH OFFENSIVE**  
**PATTON TURNS NORTH, TAKES ECHTERNACH**  
**ALLIES NARROW NECK OF WEDGE TO 20 MILES**  
Midnight despatches from the Ardennes battlefield quoted an American staff officer as declaring that the Germans' entire western penetration into Belgium has been sealed off with the loss of at least two panzer divisions.  
Preliminary Army estimates placed the panzer losses at 400 while the Air Forces claimed another 415 tanks. One despatch said that after allowing for overlapping claims it seemed that Rundstedt had lost 1,000 tanks in 12 days' fighting.  
The staff officer added that the Germans had lost their defensive positions to the west.

**NEW PATTON BLOW AT GERMAN FLANK**  
**TANKS THRUST NORTH TO CLOSE GAP**  
**ROCHFORD CAPTURED: R.A.F. HIT PANZERS**  
**SIX NAZI DIVISIONS BATTER AT BASTOGNE CORRIDOR**  
Gen. Patton's American Third Army launched a new full-scale offensive against the German flank in the Ardennes on Saturday morning, according to a despatch from Supreme H.Q. reaching London at before midnight.  
The attack, by heavy armour and infantry, went in five miles west of Bastogne, on the western wing of Gen. Patton's 40-mile front in the Ardennes. It had made some progress.  
The line of advance is about 12 miles south of Rochefort, the important road centre 18 miles east of the Meuse, which American troops were earlier reported to have occupied. The road junction ended.

**HITLER BREAKS LONG SILENCE AT MIDNIGHT**  
"WAR WON'T BE OVER BEFORE 1946"



**LIEGE MAY BE THE GOAL**  
From CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY, Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent  
Liege, Monday. The most probable objective of the German offensive against the American First Army is the city of Liege, it was revealed last night.  
The German drive, which has been held off for eight days, is now being pushed forward by the Luftwaffe and the German Army. The city of Liege is the key to the Meuse River, and the Germans are determined to capture it.  
The American First Army is now in a defensive position, and the Germans are trying to break through the American lines. The American First Army is now in a defensive position, and the Germans are trying to break through the American lines.

**DENSE MIST AIDS NAZIS IN CAPTURED UNIFORMS**  
From PETER LITTLE, Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent  
BELGIUM, Wednesday. The German offensive against the American First Army is now being pushed forward by the Luftwaffe and the German Army. The city of Liege is the key to the Meuse River, and the Germans are determined to capture it.  
The American First Army is now in a defensive position, and the Germans are trying to break through the American lines. The American First Army is now in a defensive position, and the Germans are trying to break through the American lines.



**PANZER**  
The panzers which came within 11 miles of the Meuse some days ago have been smashed. The German forward elements were—according to reports 36 hours old—at least 11 miles from the river.  
German News Agency announced last night that the German spearheads on the south and west of the breakthrough area had been withdrawn according to plan. It was added that the British 51st Highland Division was attacking east of Dinant, and that Eisenhower was using 24 armoured divisions in the Ardennes supported by many heavy batteries.  
Krull, German News Agency military correspondent, said last night that the battle was "speeding to a climax. A halt has had to be called to the German advance at the very point where it could become most threatening."  
Our Military Correspondent's Comments—P6

**R.A.F. BOMB**  
Tactical fog over the Meuse. Lancasters and heavy bombers hit the German flank. The attack was successful, and the Germans were forced to retreat. The American First Army is now in a defensive position, and the Germans are trying to break through the American lines.

GERMANS CRASH THROUGH BELGIUM







# WE WERE THERE TO STOP THEM....



YOU SAID TO YOUR BUDDY, "IT'S BEEN THIS FROM THE BEGINNING. ALWAYS GOING FORWARD." WHO ELSE IS BETTER SUITED TO SUCH A TASK? YOUR THOUGHT FROM THE YESTERDAY OF TOCCOA NOW BECAME A FLAMING DESCRIPTION OF THIS TO BE FACED.... WHEN YOU FALL, YOU FALL FACE FORWARD. DAY AFTER DAY THE POWERS THAT BE HAD TRIED YOU AND TRIED YOU, AND FOUND YOU NOT WANTING. THOSE "UNDETERMINED" SOON DROPPED OUT. YOUR EVERY MOVE WAS TO SURVIVE, TO OUTLAST THE OTHERS.... YOU MUST ENDURE THOSE TORTURES (THEY CALLED TRAINING) AND LEARN TO OVERCOME THAT FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN. THAT JUMP TRAINING WAS AN ENTIRELY UNNATURAL WAY TO KEEP ON LIVING. TOWARD THAT GOAL YOU HAD TO STEEL YOURSELF AND IT TOOK GUTS. AND SOME PRETTY SERIOUS THINKING. WHEN YOU ACCOMPLISHED THAT YOU KNEW NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP YOU—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

WHERE ELSE CAN ARMIES FIND BETTER SUPPORT AT CRITICAL MOMENT THAN IN MEN LIKE YOURSELF, WHO KNOW WHAT TO DO AND WHERE BEST TO DO IT. NORMANDY AND HOLLAND WERE YOUR CRUCIBLE. BATTLE WELDED MANY, MANY MEN INTO A CT THAT CANNOT BE RIVALLED. YOU CAME OUT OF THOSE CAMPAIGNS WITH "VETERAN" WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU. NEW MEN, TRAINED AS YOU HAD BEEN, FITTED QUICKLY.... AND SO HERE WE ARE IN BASTOGNE. CHOSEN FOR THIS JOB WHERE HOLDING HAS TO BE DONE. OTHERS ARE DROPPING BACK FROM SHEER NECESSITY.

WE WEREN'T PARTICULARLY ELATED AT BEING HERE.... THAT ORDEAL IN HOLLAND HAD BEGUN TO TELL. IN THE EXPRESSIONS OF THESE MEN REELING BACK YOU COULD SEE IT WAS A GRIM THING TO BE DONE. RUMORS ARE THAT KRAUTS ARE EVERYWHERE AND HITTING HARD. FARTHEST FROM YOUR MIND IS THE THOUGHT OF FALLING BACK, IN FACT IT ISN'T THERE AT ALL. AND SO YOU DIG YOUR HOLE CAREFULLY AND DEEP, AND WAIT, NOT FOR THAT MYTHICAL SUPER MAN, BUT FOR THE ENEMY YOU HAD BEATEN TWICE BEFORE AND WILL AGAIN. YOU LOOK FIRST TO LEFT, THEN RIGHT, AT YOUR BUDDIES ALSO PREPARING. YOU FEEL CONFIDENT WITH BILL OVER THERE. YOU KNOW YOU CAN DEPEND ON HIM.





*W*e certainly were not prepared for combat. So little equipment and ammunition on hand. In the haste of packing and issuing of equipment little thought was given to how vital we had suddenly become.

The 506th left base camp by Trailer-Truck in Division convoy. The transportation, like our preparations, had been rushed and now gave barely room for all.

On the morning of the 19th we detrucked and went into assigned areas to rest from the long journey. In the early hours of morning it was dark and misty. This did not add to our chances of getting any rest until daybreak.

Not long after, the outfits assembled and struck out for Bastogne—two miles ahead . . . .

Little was known of the situation because of the speed of the German counter-offensive. Few realized even now that we were headed for combat. That was the last thought in any man's mind because of the scarcity of our equipment, and little if any ammo.

Finally we reached Bastogne, an important city. A deserted city, silent, with deathly atmosphere.

The few people remaining in Bastogne handed us hot coffee as we rounded the corner and headed for a little town called Noville. It lay approximately five miles ahead.

All the countryside had the appearance of sadness, quiet and dangerous.

Along the road were ruins of various military vehicles of destruction. Some American, some German.

We passed the villages of Luzery and Foy. These little villages looked like the rest of the countryside, with the same deathly atmosphere about the buildings.

All this while the same thought was running through every man's mind. Where is the ammunition? It was certain, now, we were going right in with the enemy. It had to be that way because there were no roads but the one leading forward.

The long range guns were discharging their power and destruction. In the far distance were the faint bursts of small arms fire.

Armoured vehicles stood along the road. The drivers and crew stood beside them and gave what little ammunition they had to the men in the Company. These men had the look of defeat in their eyes. Their faces had the appearance of grave sorrow.

They gave us words of encouragement and approval for help in a grave and dangerous situation.

The column moved onward and more cautiously because it was getting closer and closer to the enemy.

In the minds of many there was still that repeated question! Where is the ammunition?

The strike of the heavy, long range guns beat louder. The small arms fire echoed through the hills.

Onward the column of concentrated minds pushed. Little conversation was carried on in the column.

But then our question was answered, for there in the middle of the road was the supply of ammunition laying on the ground beside a parked jeep. The men looked more relieved at this sight and thoughts of something to throw back at the enemy.

As the column passed, the ammunition was picked up and distributed sparingly among the men in the Company.

Onward, closer and closer the winding column pressed to the enemy. Like a vicious snake on the move to attack one of its dangerous enemies.

Then the order was passed down for the column to halt. The troops lay in the ditches and rested. Some took handfuls of snow that lay in small piles all over the countryside. The snow satisfied that dry taste in the men's mouths and the want of water.

As the Company lay there spread out the whining of our artillery could be heard as it passed overhead.

Beyond the hill, the last hill, lay the town of Noville, smoking and flaming.



A machine gun began its familiar chattering. Mortar rounds could be heard striking the hillside. With all the confusion and noise, the valley, hills, and the village all bore the same atmosphere . . . sadness, death and destruction.

The Company Commander went forward to the Battalion Commander's position to get his orders and the Company's Mission. At this time the Company was putting together bits of information gathered throughout the day.

The Company Commander came back to the Company and called the Platoon Leaders forward. The C. O. Gave the plans and order of attack to the Platoon Leaders. The Platoon Leaders went back to ther Platoons and gave the troops the information and plans.

Then the signal came for the march forward to meet the enemy.

Shells evenly spaced cracked the surface of the earth in the village. The loud challenge of the bursting shells echoed off the hills to either flank. Onward in this volley of shells the company moved, then swung off the road into a field which lay in the valley. Across the valley into a wooded hill, and there the Company halted. The other Companies of the Battalion went into their respective areas and waited for the order to go into the attack.

Mortars went into position and concentrated fire was laid down on various targets. Then the signal . . . The forward element of the Company went from the woods into the open field. Across the field and marsh, through a stream, into more woods and up into a hill. On the reverse side the enemy waited.

Machine guns, small arms, and long guns, continuously spread pellets of Destruction swishing and whining through the trees.

Onward went the Company, now scattered out and tired from the steep climb upward. Up and up! Over rocks, and along crevices, through woods, and finally . . . the enemy. The enemy lay there watching, waiting for the men in the company to expose themselves.

The skirmish line was rapidly formed along the edge of the woods facing the enemy. Enemy . . . and there it was! Seven heavily armoured Tiger tanks. What an enemy! Tanks of the best of armour against men of courage and small arms weapons.

There was a Tiger Royal burning and the smoke swirled up into the heavens in a cone shaped column.

Bullets, shrapnel ripped by. Loud bursts of artillery and mortars vibrated the earth. Machine guns chattered, ours and the Germans. Men of the company were being hit, men groaned, and men shouted orders. But then came the order to withdraw!!\*

The men withdrew in a sort of Disorderly, lazy-like manner, wounded were limping and carried by their buddies. Some were left behind dead.

The Company was tramping a weary path in the soft plowed fields as they crossed. Not far was the burning and smell of the village of Noville. The acrid smell stung the nostrils. In the mind was the hated word of all the Company—defeat—yes, it was defeat. Defeat of man against steel and the best of armour. But the defeated had more than steel, they had courage. And they had patience.

On the way back to the town of Noville small groups of men began to organize into larger. Artillery began to bark at their heels as they entered the edge of town. Darkness had fallen as the majority of the company reached town.

Men were left at appointed posts to guide any others who might find their way back. Orders came out to hold the village at all costs. Strong points were lined around the northern section of the village. In buildings and good protection the men of the Company built their strong points.

Artillery pounded all night long. Set fire to many of the buildings and vehicles. Armour flamed a dark red against the reflected pink sky.

Men came in in ones and twos. Things didn't seem so bad when the missing began to return. Many did not—never will.

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\* Note: Such a surprising decision could only come in the face of the unknown, and overwhelming force of the enemy. A decision to organize and hold a strong point in that town to insure contact, relay necessary information, and screen actions of Division.







# NOVILLE ACTION

## 19 DECEMBER 1944

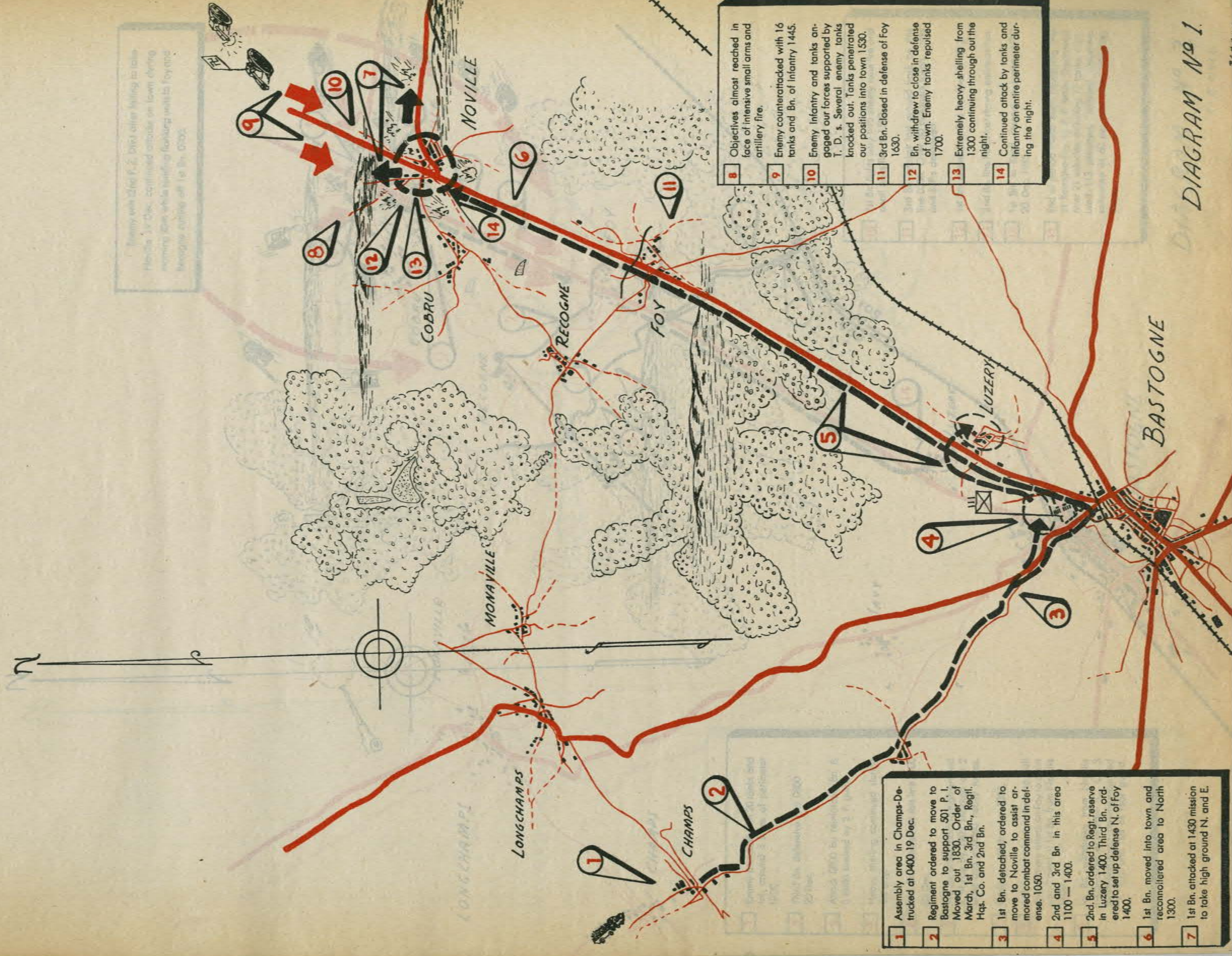
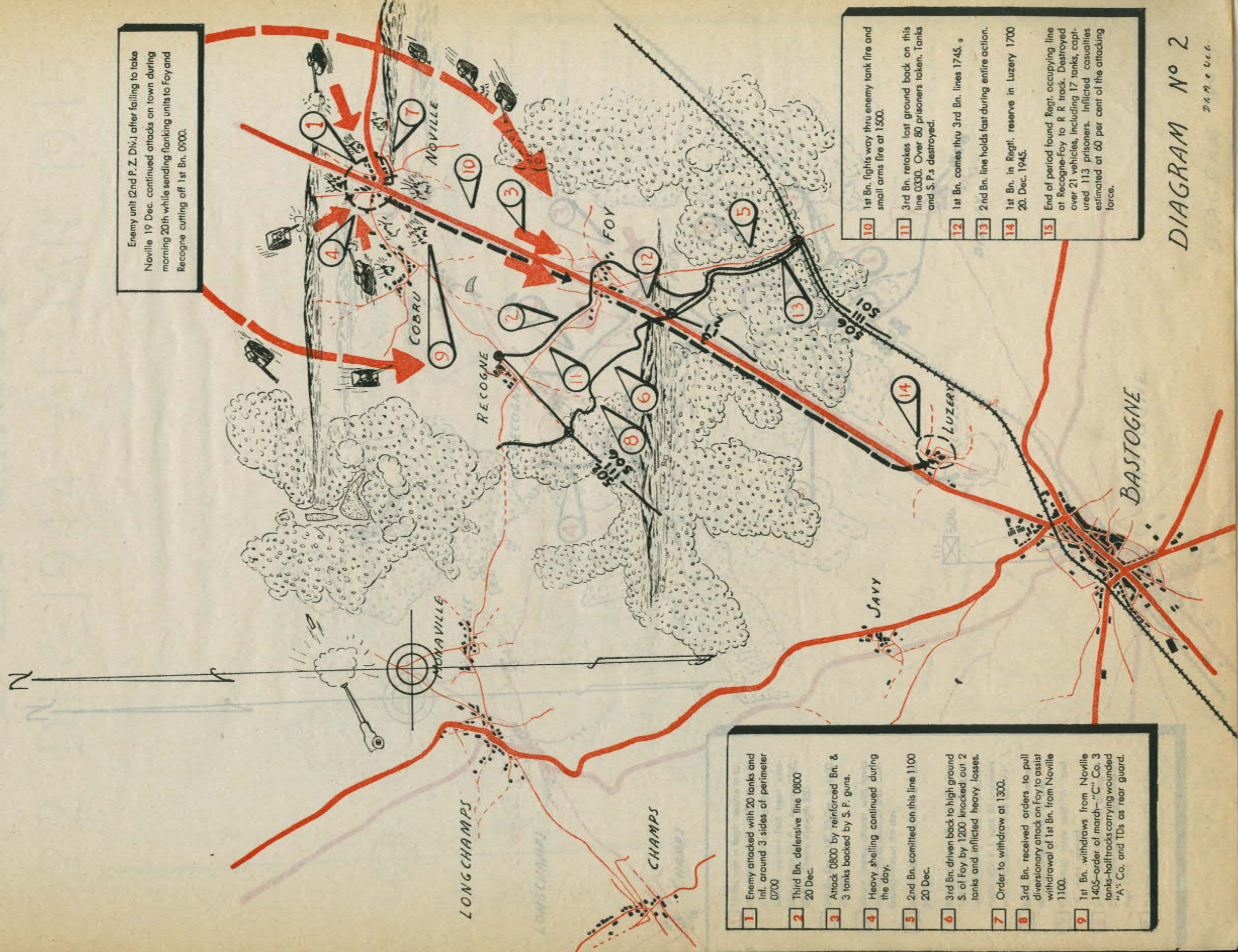


DIAGRAM No 1.



# NOVILLE-FOY

## 20 DECEMBER 1944



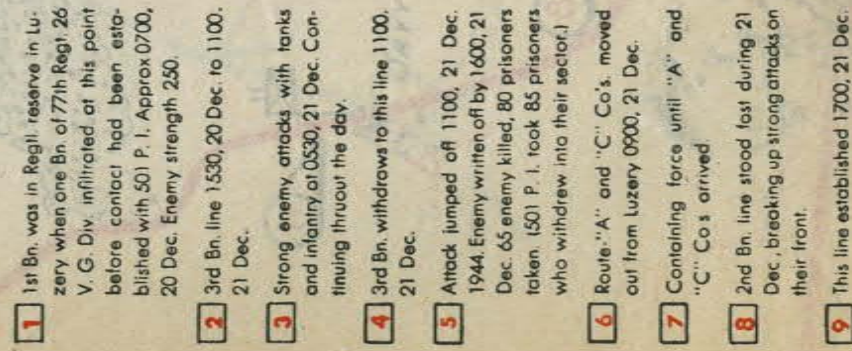
Enemy unit (2nd P. Z. Div.) after failing to take Noyville 19 Dec. continued attacks on town during morning 20th while sending flanking units to Foy and Recogne cutting off 1st Bn. 0900.

- 1 Enemy attacked with 20 tanks and Inf. around 3 sides of perimeter 0700
- 2 Third Bn. defensive line 0800 20 Dec.
- 3 Attack 0800 by reinforced Bn. & 3 tanks backed by S. P. guns.
- 4 Heavy shelling continued during the day.
- 5 2nd Bn. committed on this line 1100 20 Dec.
- 6 3rd Bn. driven back to high ground S. of Foy by 1200 knocked out 2 tanks and inflicted heavy losses.
- 7 Order to withdraw at 1300.
- 8 3rd Bn. received orders to pull diversionary attack on Foy to assist withdrawal of 1st Bn. from Noyville 1100.
- 9 1st Bn. withdraws from Noyville 1405-order of march-"C" Co. 3 tanks-halftracks carrying wounded "A" Co. and TDs as rear guard.

- 10 1st Bn. fights way thru enemy tank fire and small arms fire at 1500.
- 11 3rd Bn. retakes lost ground back on this line 0330. Over 80 prisoners taken. Tanks and S. P.s destroyed.
- 12 1st Bn. comes thru 3rd Bn. lines 1745.
- 13 2nd Bn. line holds fast during entire action.
- 14 1st Bn. in Regt. reserve in Luzery 1700 20. Dec. 1945.
- 15 End of period found Regt. occupying line at Recogne-Foy to R track. Destroyed over 21 vehicles, including 17 tanks, captured 113 prisoners. Inflicted casualties estimated at 60 per cent of the attacking force.



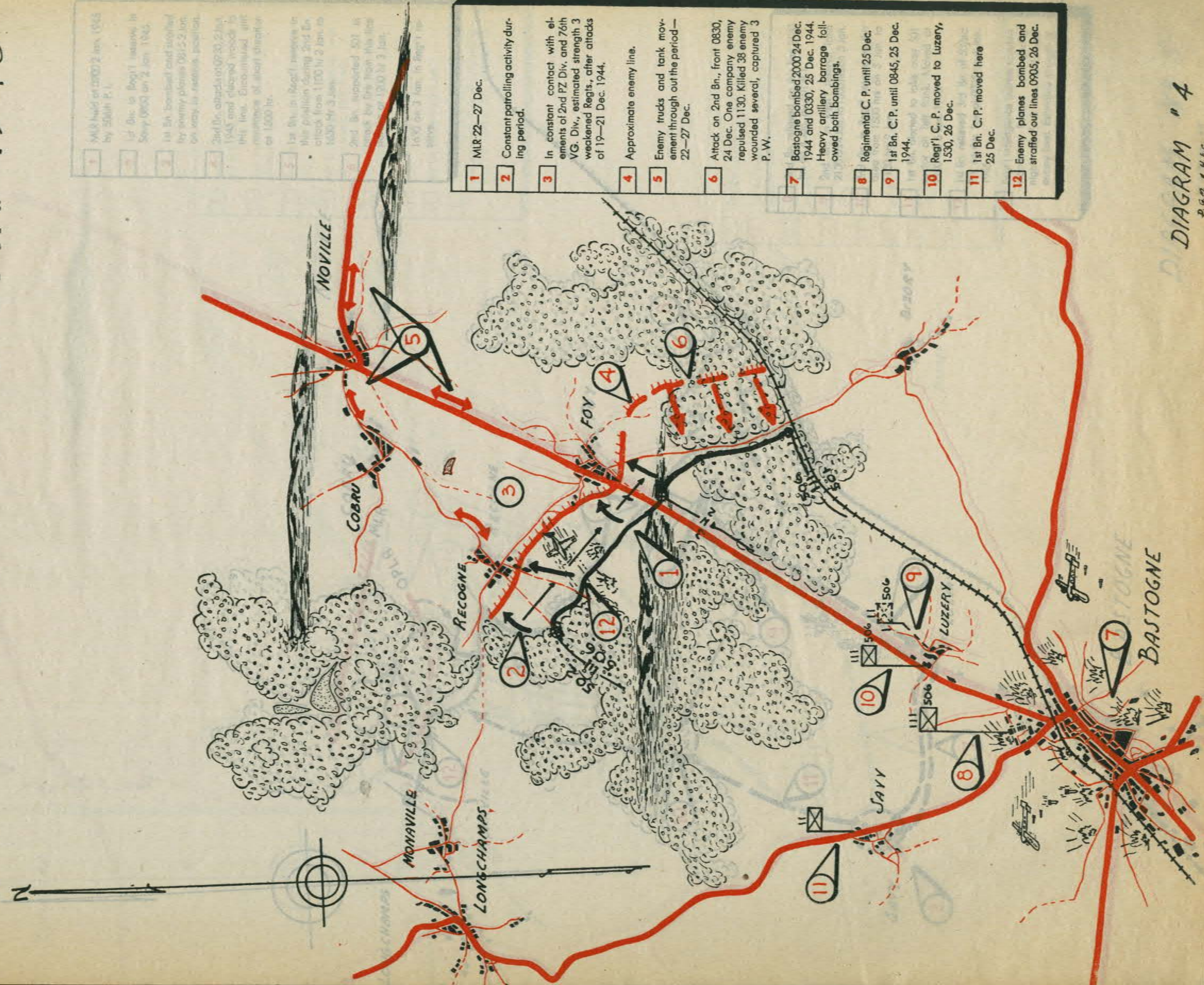
21 DECEMBER 1944





# BASTOGNE DEFENSE

22 DEC 1944 - 4 JAN 1945





# TRANSITION PERIOD

29 JAN - 9 JAN 1945

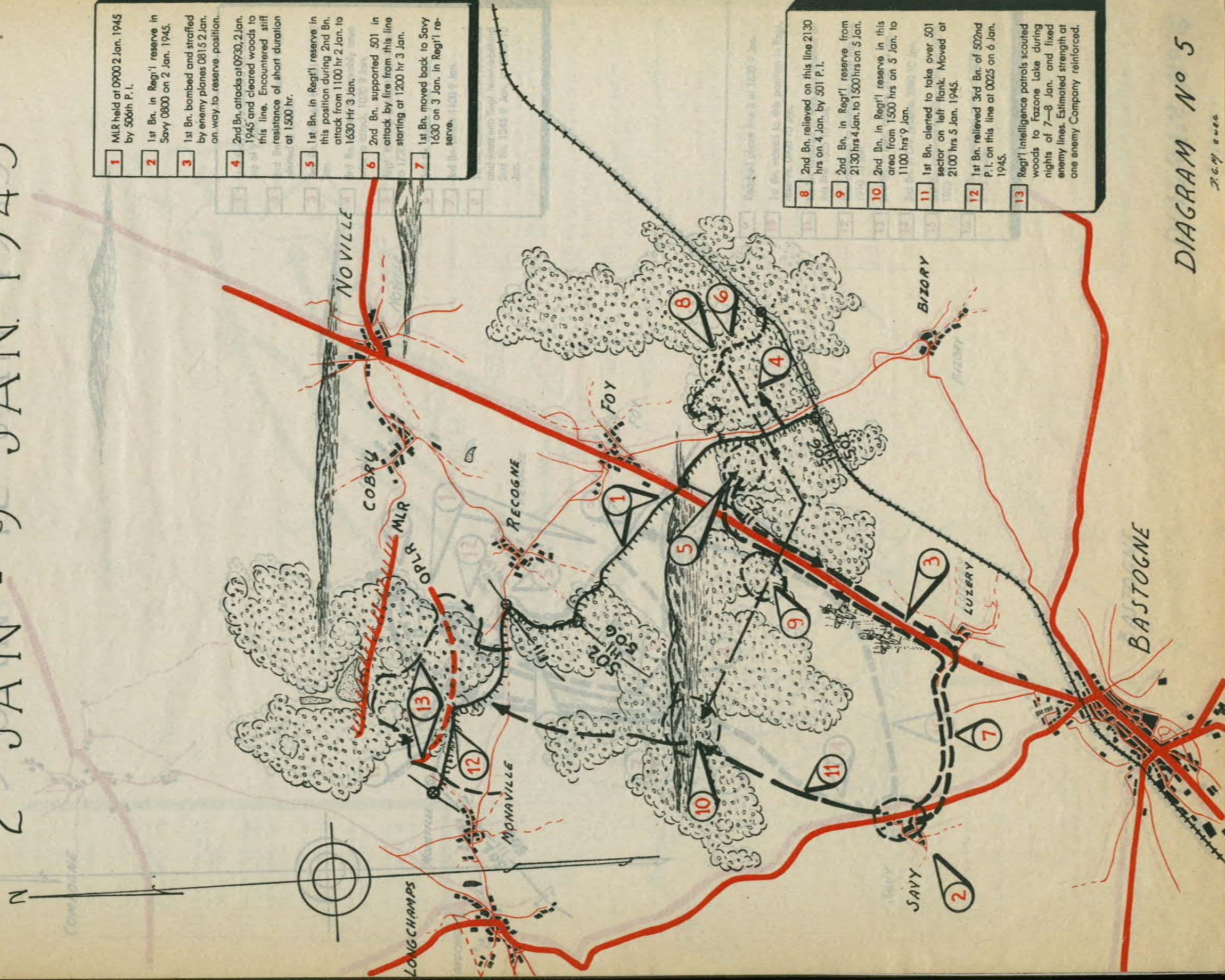


DIAGRAM No 5

P. G. H. 1945

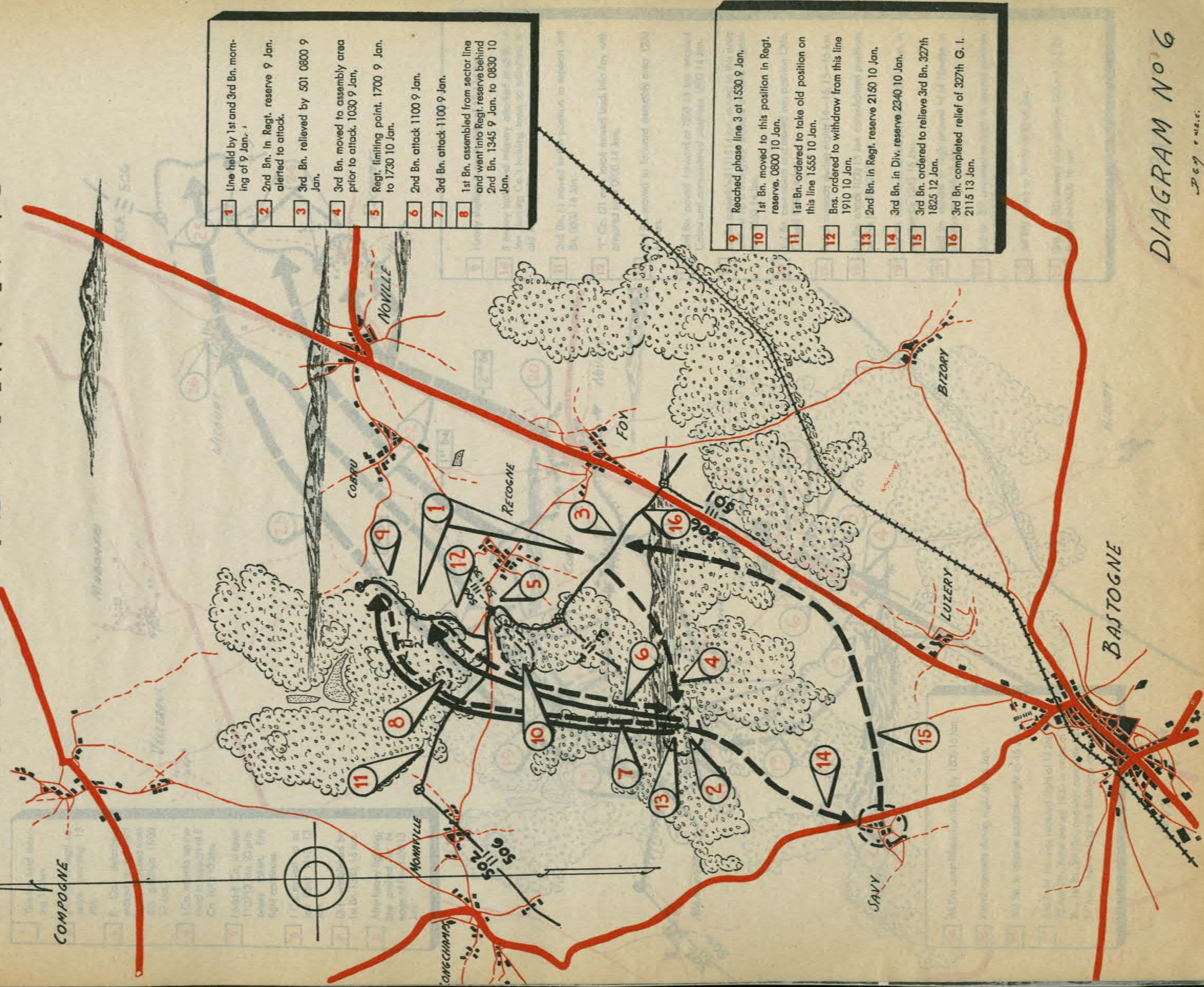


# DIVERSIONARY

# ATTACK

9 JAN - 12 JAN 1945

N



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | Line held by 1st and 3rd Bn. morning of 9 Jan.  |
| 2 | 2nd Bn. in Regt. reserve 9 Jan. alerted to attack.  |
| 3 | 3rd Bn. relieved by 501 0800 9 Jan.   |
| 4 | 3rd Bn. moved to assembly area prior to attack, 1030 9 Jan.   |
| 5 | Regt. limiting point, 1700 9 Jan. to 1730 10 Jan.   |
| 6 | 2nd Bn. attack 1100 9 Jan.  |
| 7 | 3rd Bn. attack 1100 9 Jan.  |
| 8 | 1st Bn. assembled from sector line and went into Regt. reserve behind 2nd Bn. 1345 9 Jan. to 0830 10 Jan. |

- |    |  |
|----|--|
| 9  | Reached phase line 3 at 1530 9 Jan.                            |
| 10 | 1st Bn. moved to this position in Regt. reserve, 0800 10 Jan.  |
| 11 | 1st Bn. ordered to take old position on this line 1555 10 Jan. |
| 12 | Bns. ordered to withdraw from this line 1910 10 Jan.           |
| 13 | 2nd Bn. in Regt. reserve 2150 10 Jan.                          |
| 14 | 3rd Bn. in Div. reserve 2340 10 Jan.                           |
| 15 | 3rd Bn. ordered to relieve 3rd Bn. 327th 1825 12 Jan.          |
| 16 | 3rd Bn. completed relief of 327th G. I. 2115 13 Jan.           |

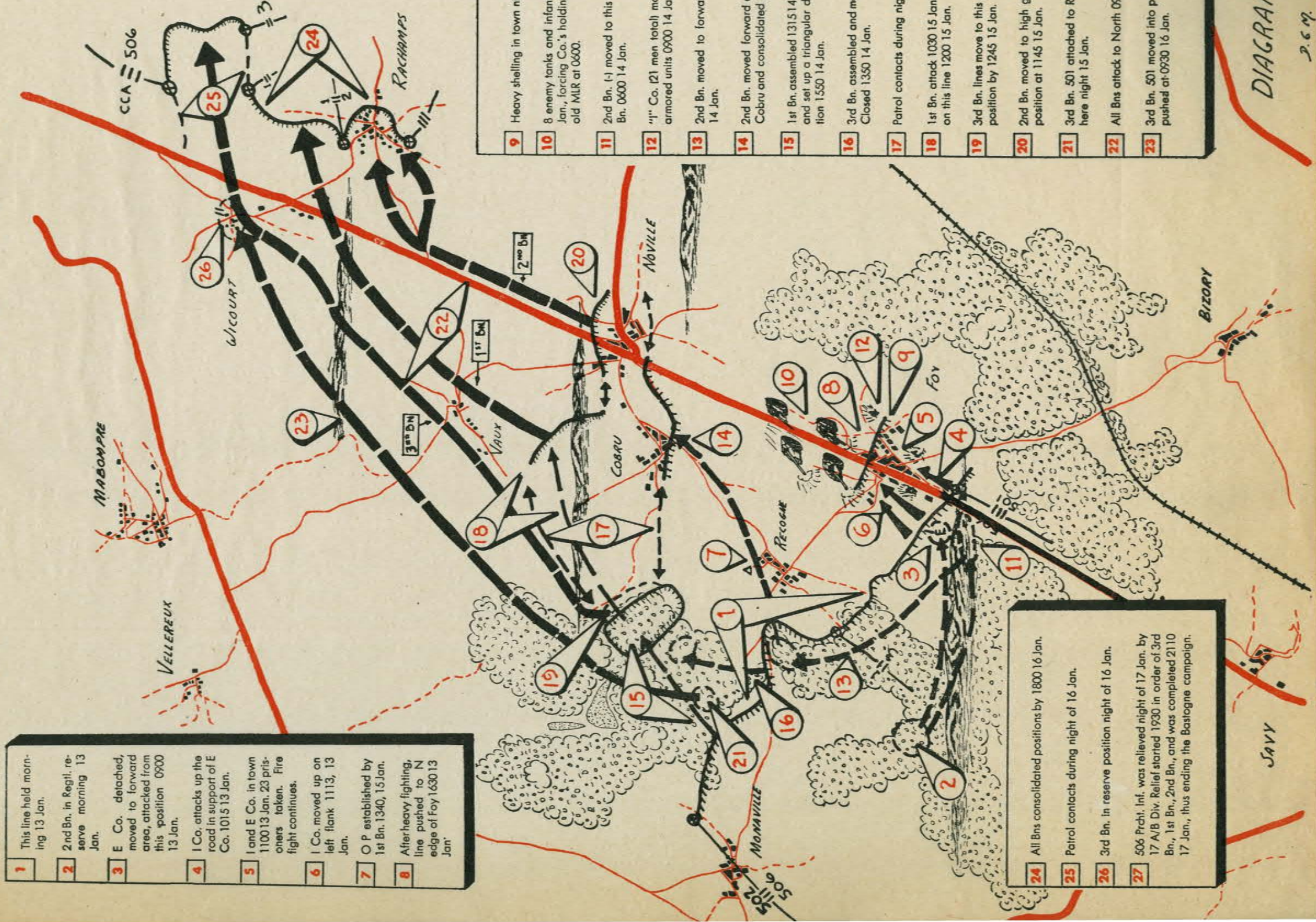
DIAGRAM No 6

Page 100



# PHASE

13 - 17 JAN. 1945

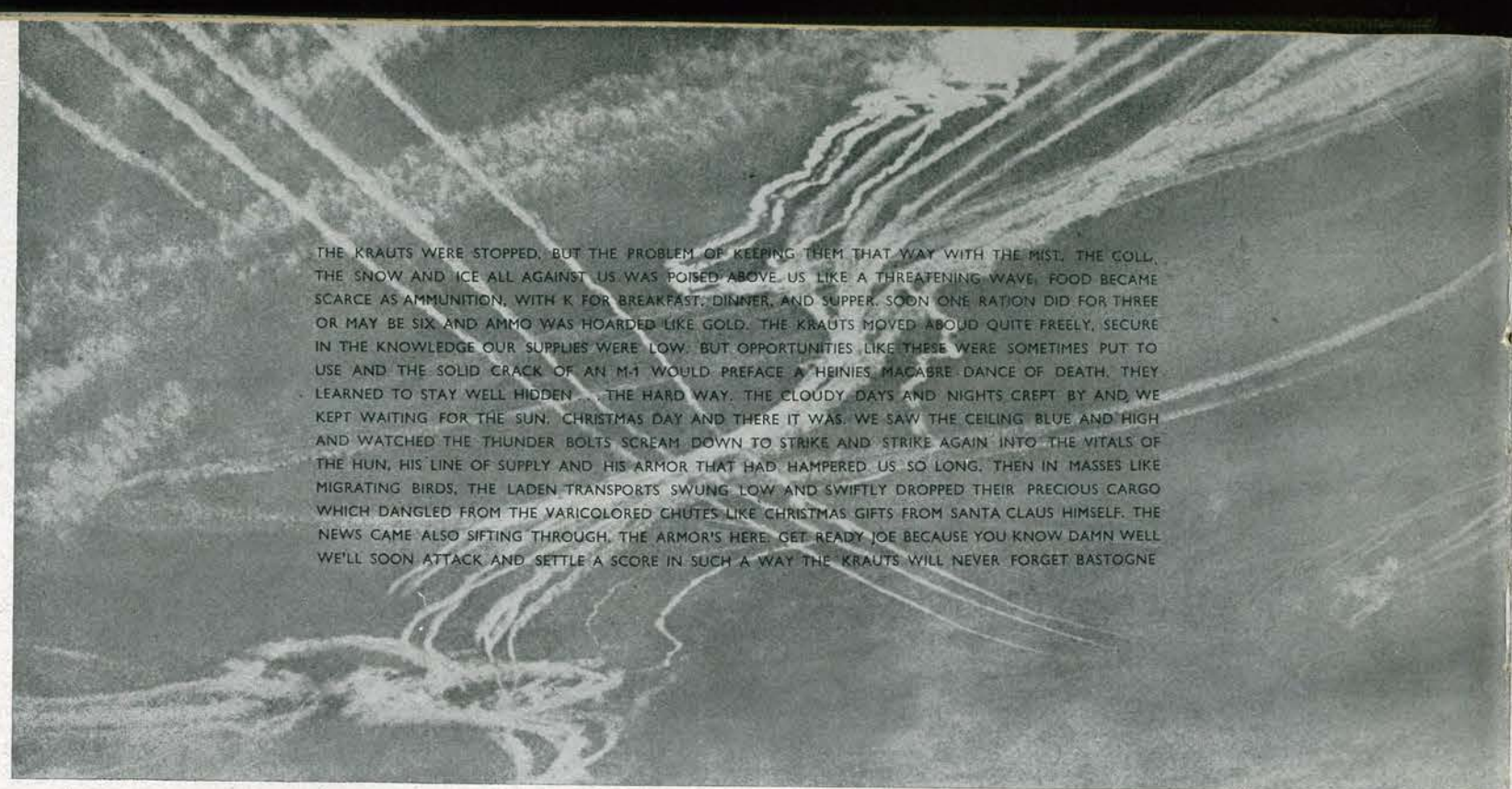


5000

DIAGRAM No 7

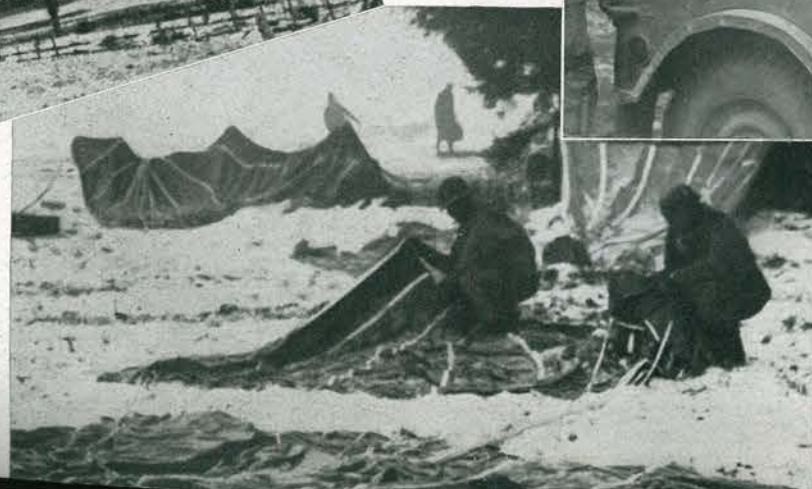
P. 6 M. 1. 11. 12





THE KRAUTS WERE STOPPED, BUT THE PROBLEM OF KEEPING THEM THAT WAY WITH THE MIST, THE GOLL, THE SNOW AND ICE ALL AGAINST US WAS POISED ABOVE US LIKE A THREATENING WAVE. FOOD BECAME SCARCE AS AMMUNITION, WITH K FOR BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND SUPPER. SOON ONE RATION DID FOR THREE OR MAY BE SIX AND AMMO WAS HOARDED LIKE GOLD. THE KRAUTS MOVED ABOUT QUITE FREELY, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE OUR SUPPLIES WERE LOW. BUT OPPORTUNITIES LIKE THESE WERE SOMETIMES PUT TO USE AND THE SOLID CRACK OF AN M-1 WOULD PREFACE A HEINIES MACABRE DANCE OF DEATH. THEY LEARNED TO STAY WELL HIDDEN . . . THE HARD WAY. THE CLOUDY DAYS AND NIGHTS CREPT BY AND WE KEPT WAITING FOR THE SUN. CHRISTMAS DAY AND THERE IT WAS. WE SAW THE CEILING BLUE AND HIGH AND WATCHED THE THUNDER BOLTS SCREAM DOWN TO STRIKE AND STRIKE AGAIN INTO THE VITALS OF THE HUN, HIS LINE OF SUPPLY AND HIS ARMOR THAT HAD HAMPERED US SO LONG. THEN IN MASSES LIKE MIGRATING BIRDS, THE LADEN TRANSPORTS SWUNG LOW AND SWIFTLY DROPPED THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO WHICH DANGLED FROM THE VARICOLORED CHUTES LIKE CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF. THE NEWS CAME ALSO SIFTING THROUGH. THE ARMOR'S HERE. GET READY JOE BECAUSE YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WE'LL SOON ATTACK AND SETTLE A SCORE IN SUCH A WAY THE KRAUTS WILL NEVER FORGET BASTOGNE

"OLD BLOOD 'N GUTS" 'N "NUTS" CHECK THE SITUATION







## SOCIETY NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Miss Champagne Belch, your Society Editor, offers the following tips on where to go for dinner and dancing on your night out:

"The Bastogne Bar and Grill" is featuring a tasty little luncheon consisting mainly of "Ratione de Kay avec Cafe GI". Gerald Kraut and his 88 piece band furnish lively and varied entertainment during the cocktail hour. After sundown, the club occasionally bills Mr. Looft Waffe and his famous "Flare Dance".

"The Blue Boche" up the street furnishes a clever program of native folk dances. The most entertaining of these is the reknowned German War Waltz in which the chorus performs in intricate circles

with hands overhead while singing the hit number of the show, as popularized by the Wehrmacht playboys, entitled, "I'm Forever Shouting Kamerad!".

Perhaps the most popular of the Bastogne Bistros is the invariably crowded "Cellar Club".

(extract from "Para-dice Minor" 25 Dec 1944)

FOY • ABLE CP • OUR LINES • YOU KNOW WHERE

TWO WEEKS YOU SAT ON YOUR HAUNCH IN COLD, FREEZING WEATHER ABSORBING WAVE ON WAVE OF PANZERGRENADIERS, HERMANN GOERING TANKERS, AND ALL THE REST. PINNED DOWN, HALF-STARVED, POUNDED CONSTANTLY BY 88'S AND PHANTOM TANKS... UNABLE TO DO A THING ABOUT IT. NEVER IN YOUR YOUNG LIVES MORE DESPERATE TO LEAVE THOSE MUDDY, FROZEN FOX HOLES, HOOK HIM BLIND WITH YOUR FURIOUS PUNCHES AND THEN GRIND INTO HIM EVERY BIT OF HATE AND REVENGE. HERE WAS YOUR CHANCE, PATTON HAD COME THRU, WEATHER CLEARED, AND PILES OF SUPPLIES WERE POURING IN. ATTACK WAS IN THE AIR, YOU COULD FEEL IT, HEAR IT IN THE MUFFLED ROAR OF THE 11TH ARMOR JOCKEYING FOR TAKE OFF POSITIONS THE COMMANDERS CAME BACK FROM MEETINGS FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH SMILES ON THEIR FACES. DISCARDING YOUR COATS AND EXCESS EQUIPMENT IN STACKS, YOU JUMPED OFF, PUSHING FORWARD DETERMINEDLY THROUGH WAIST DEEP SNOW. LONG RANGE KRAUT ARTILLERY HAD YOU ZEROED IN, SENDING UP GEYSERS OF SNOW AND SHRAPNEL, DOTTING THE COUNTRYSIDE. AND FINALLY, LIKE A SNOWBALL GAINING SIZE AND MOMENTUM, THE ATTACK DEVELOPED INTO AN AVALANCHE OF TANKS AND INFANTRY DEPLOYED ACROSS THE GREAT WHITE FIELDS. LONG FORCED MARCHES SHOWED IN THE THIN RANKS THE SERIOUS LOSSES SUSTAINED EARLIER. SNIPER FIRE, 88'S, SHORT FIERCE FIRE FIGHTS IN HEAVY WOODS... PRISONERS STREAMING BACK YANKS PRESSING CONSTANTLY







Hubert  
by Sgt. Dick Winger  
"Oh — there's — somethin' about a soldier,  
somethin' about a soldier, somethin' about  
a soldier, that is fine, fine, fine . . ."



# Lightning

RARELY STRIKES . .



## MEMORANDUM RECEIPT

### VIII CORPS

DATE 18 JAN. 1945

RECEIVED FROM THE 101ST *A*IRBORNE DIVISION  
THE TOWN OF *B*ASTOGNE, LUXEMBOURG PROVINCE, BELGIUM  
CONDITION: USED BUT SERVICEABLE, KRAUT DISINFECTED

SIGNED *Troy H. Middleton*  
TROY H. MIDDLETON  
MAJ GENERAL USA  
COMMANDING

OR THE POLICE AND PATROL OF HAGENAU • REPLACEMENTS



WELCOMED TO 506 AT WALK CHATEAU, HAGENAU

"ITS BEST NOT TO SPEAK TO  
PARATROOPERS ABOUT SALUTING—  
THEY ALWAYS ASK WHERE YOU  
GOT YOUR JUMP BOOTS"







*"All the elements of battle drama..."*

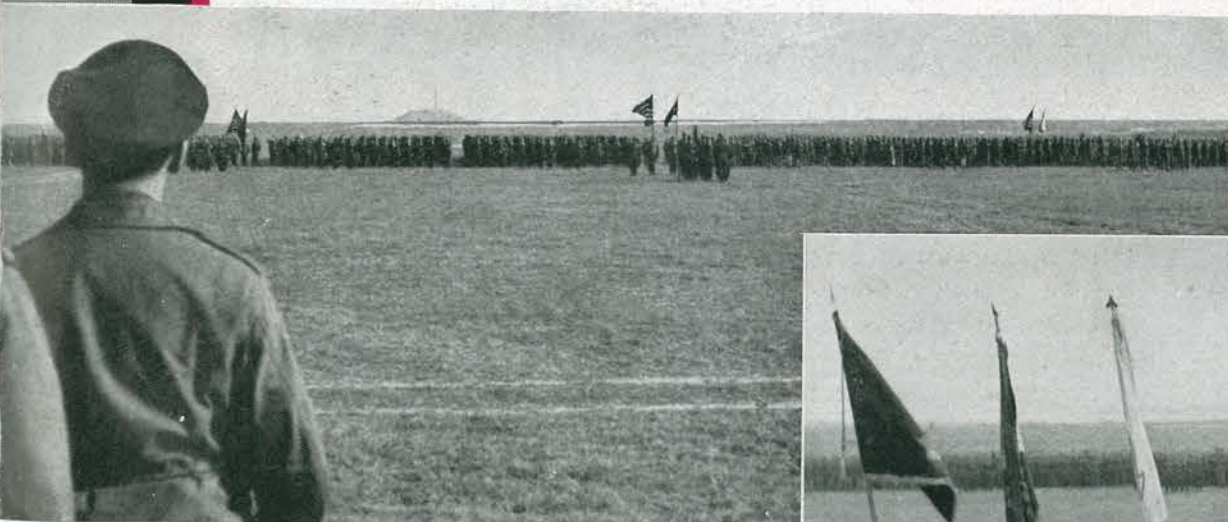
## A SECOND TIME: HOWEVER, UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF SECTION IV...

7 FEBRUARY 1945

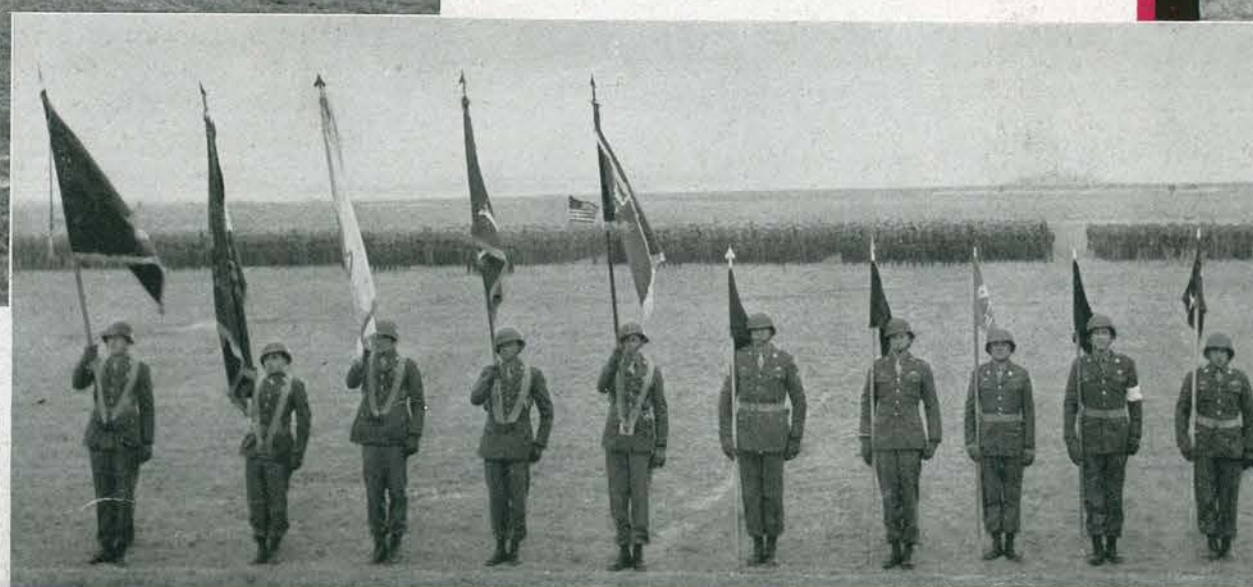
These units distinguished themselves in combat against powerful and aggressive enemy forces composed of elements of 8 German divisions during the period from 18 December to 27 December 1944, by extraordinary heroism and gallantry in defense of the key communications center of Bastogne, Belgium. Essential to a large scale exploitation of his break through into Belgium and northern Luxembourg, the enemy attempted to seize Bastogne by attacking constantly and savagely with the best of his armor and infantry. Without benefit of prepared defenses, facing almost overwhelming odds and with very limited and fast dwindling supplies, these units maintained a high combat morale and an impenetrable defense, despite extremely heavy bombing, intense artillery fire, and constant attacks from infantry and armor on all sides of their completely cut off and encircled position. This masterful and grimly determined defense denied the enemy even momentary success in an operation for which he paid dearly in men, materiel, and eventually morale. The outstanding courage and resourcefulness and undaunted determination of this gallant force is in keeping with the highest traditions of the service.

By command of Lieutenant General PATTON:

HOBART R. GAY,  
Brigadier General, U. S. Army  
Chief of Staff.



IN TWO WEEKS TIME The 101 ST A/B DIVISION, WITH UNITS ATTACHED, MARCHED FORWARD TO RECEIVE OFFICIALLY, ITS TWO PRESIDENTIAL CITATIONS... FIRST FROM LT. GEN. RIDGWAY; AND SECONDLY THE SUPREME COMMANDER, GENERAL OF THE ARMY, DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.



EISENHOWER





# Germany



DÜSSELDORF BRIDGE

VON BERCHLINGEN SCHLOSS, JAGSTHAUSEN, REGTL. CP

## "THIRD DIVISION AREA, DETOUR"



**Berchtesgaden**  
ZELL AM SEE

ONCE AGAIN WE HEADED NORTH ON THAT OLD TRAIL. WE HAD THE KRAUTS ON THE RUN THIS TIME AND OUR MISSION WAS TO CONTAIN THE RUHR POCKET RELIEVING THE 15TH ARMY UNITS WE POSTED THE RHINE AT NIGHT WITHOUT ANY ASSISTANCE—THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT TO GUIDE US IN. NEXT MORNING WE STRAIGHTENED OUT THE LINES AND BRACKETED IN WITH OUR MORTARS AND ARTILLERY.

THINGS BEING WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL DULL, PATROLS WERE ORGANIZED TO TAKE CARE OF THAT AND IT WAS SOON LEARNED THAT KRAUT HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING UP HIS SLEEVE.

THE POCKET WAS DISSOLVED AND WE LOADED INTO BOX CARS AND TRIED TO CATCH UP WITH THE FRONT. A LONG RIDE (WHICH OFFERED PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY FOR FORAYS ON PASSING TOWNS) FINALLY BROUGHT US AGAIN TO THE RHINE RIVER. THIS TIME LUDWIGSHAFEN!

FROM THIS POINT ON IN IT MIGHT BE WELL TO NOTE THE MANY SQUAREHEADS WHICH FELL OR WERE GATHERED BY THE 506:

1/AT GOLLING, AUSTRIA, 7 MAY, THE CG THE 82ND CORPS, GENERAL TOLSDORF SURRENDERED HIS TROOPS.

2/BAD GASTEIN, AUSTRIA, 9 MAY, FIELD MARSHALL KESSELRING, HERMANN GÖRING AND PARTY. (IT MUST BE NOTED FOR PURPOSES OF AUTHENTICITY THAT GÖRING WENT TO A NEIGHBORING UNIT WHO WOULD NOT BE DANDLED). BESIDES KESSELRING

a/MR. FUNK, SECRETARY OF ECONOMICS

b/MR. BORMAN, SECRETARY OF CHANCELLERY

c/DR. BACKE, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

d/MR. ONESORGE, POSTMASTER GENERAL

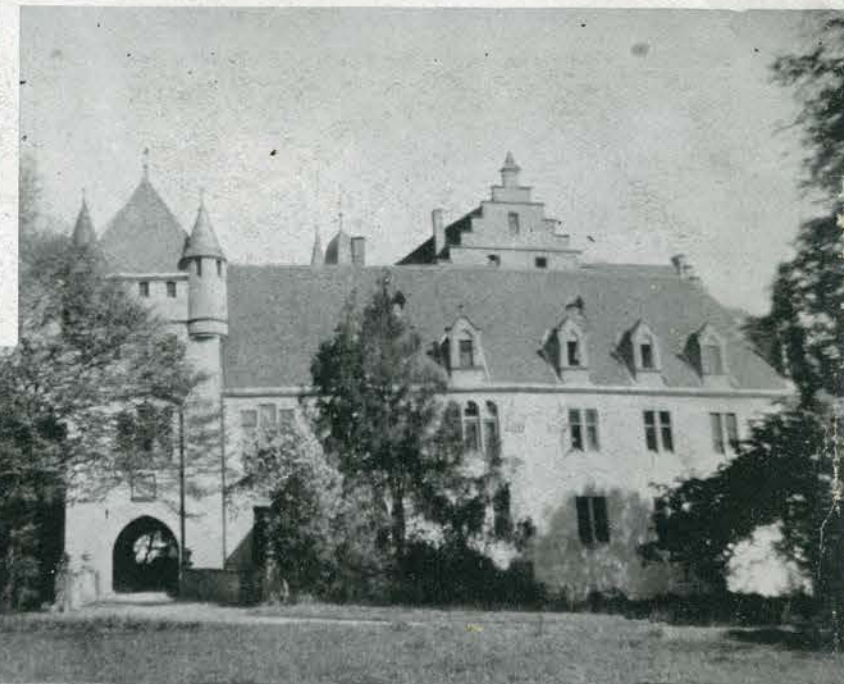
3/AT FISCHHORN SCHLOSS, ZELL AM SEE, NAZI NO. 12, PHILIPP BOUHLER, REICHS-LEITER OF THE INTERIOR (CORRESPONDS TO A CABINET POSITION)

4/AT TUMMERSBACH, ACROSS FROM ZELL AM SEE, NAZI CHIEF OF TREASURY SCHWARTZ

IN ADDITION, OVER 150 ARRESTED, INCLUDING GESTAPO AGENTS, SECRET AGENTS—HIGH RANK STORM TROOPERS, MEMBERS OF "WEREWOLF", AND COUNTLESS DPs WHO MUST BE SCREENED, FED AND WATCHED LIKE THE DEVIL. THIS THEN IS THE JOURNAL OF GERMANY

AND THERE WAS A GENERAL WHO WOULD NOT HAVE US IN BERCHTESGADEN BUT THEN THERE WAS A GENERAL WHO WOULD!

TRUCKS AND DUCKS—ALWAYS YOU SHOULD SEE A 506 CONVOY



CAN I HELP YOU . . . "YES, I'D LIKE SOMETHING IN A NICE BLACK P. 38"



# GENERAL TOLSDORFF SURRENDERS HIS TROOPS AT BAD GASTEIN



BE DAMNED IF I WILL!



WELL, DONT WANT TO...



SIGN HERE!

TIME FILED			MSG CEN NO.		HOW SENT	
MESSAGE (SUBMIT TO MESSAGE CENTER IN DUPLICATE)						
NO.		DATE		CLASSIFICATION		
Kang		10		MAY		
EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY ALL GERMAN TROOPS WILL STAND FAST ON PRESENT POSITIONS. GERMAN ARMY G-2 IN THIS SECTOR HAS SURRENDERED. NO FIRING ON GERMAN UNLESS FIRED UPON. NOTIFY FRENCH UNITS IN VICINITY. FULL DETAILS.						
OFFICIAL DESIGNATION OF SENDER				TIME SIGNED		
AUTHORIZED TO BE SENT IN CLEAR		SIGNATURE OF OFFICER		SIGNATURE AND GRADE OF WRITER		

THIS IS THAT BIG NEWS

ALLES KAPPUT PRISONERS STREAM DOWN OUT OF HILLS TO CAPTIVITY



## HEADQUARTERS 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION Office of the Division Commander

MEMORANDUM:

APO 472, U. S. Army  
8 May 1945

TO : Colonel R. F. Sink, 506th Pzcht Inf Regt.

1. A German Colonel has arrived at Headquarters of 36th Division from Marshal Goering. The Colonel has a letter which he is taking to Generals Devers and Eisenhower. He states that both Goering and Kesselring are present with a small staff at Peller? Coordinates: 820710.

2. I can't find a town of that name on my map but the coordinates I believe accurate. The place was further described as just north of Bruck.

3. Go get them.

*Max*  
MAXWELL D. TAYLOR,  
Major General, USA,  
Commanding.

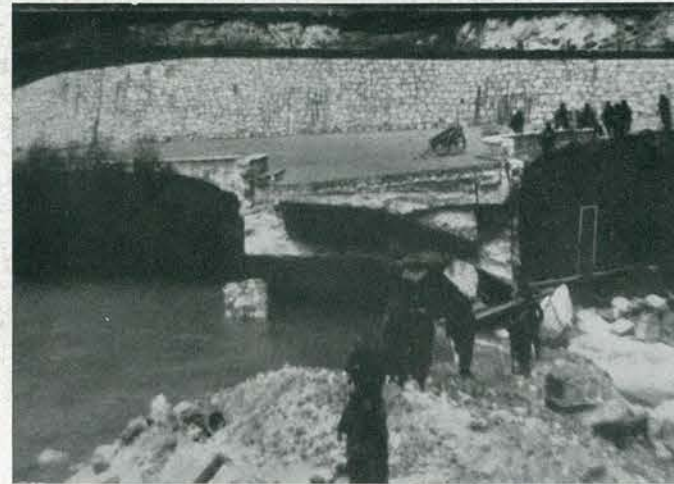
EN ROUTE TO BERCHTESGADEN AND THE NEW REGIMENTAL HDQS.







SPRINGTIME IN BERCHTESGADEN



LAST BRIDGE — LAST SHOT FROM KIDNAP



ABOUT THIS TIME 506 GOES INTO HOTEL BUSINESS



AVAST THERE, PORT YOUR HELM

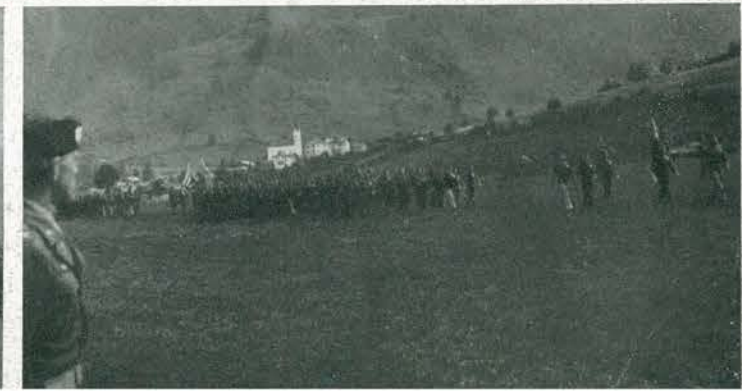


ZELL AM SEE, AUSTRIA

BRONZE STAR FORMATION

506 PARACHUTE CAVALRY

2ND BATTALION ATHLETIC FIELD, KAPRUN







POP WARNERS' STILL LOOKING FOR TEAMS TO BEAT



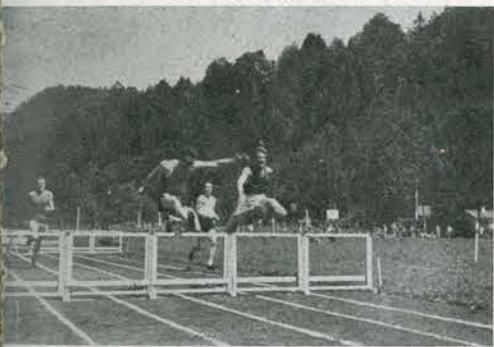
LT. KELLY AND HIS BOXERS



THE BAND

MANY DID NOT KNOW WHETHER THEY SHOULD BE TRAINING WITH THEIR LMG'S AND MORTARS, OR WHETHER TO CUT LOOSE AND GET BACK IN SHAPE FOR CIVILIAN LIFE. TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD IN BERCHTESGADEN. BASEBALL GAMES, BOXING MATCHES, AND SWIMMING BECAME THE THINGS TO DO OR SEE. HIKE ON THE THOSE LOFTY AND BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS WERE A PLEASURE. MANY FOUND THAT BY TAKING A BOOK AND CURLING UP ON A BUNK HE COULD ALMOST FORGET THERE WAS A WAR. HORSES WERE DISCOVERED AND PROVIDED BRIEF, BUT WELCOME DISTRACTION, FROM THE PASTEBOARDS.

POLLY BAKER WENT TO SEE PARIS, DID NOT COME BACK. OTHER PEOPLE GOT TO GO ON PASSES AND FURLONGHS, AND FOUND THERE ACTUALLY WERE PARTS OF EUROPE THAT HAD NOT BEEN DAMAGED! ZELL AM SEE WAS ONE OF THESE, QUIANT, UNDAAGED BUT NO LONGER QUIET AND PEACEFUL. IT WAS THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS 506TH. AND, YES, MEN WERE GOING HOME.

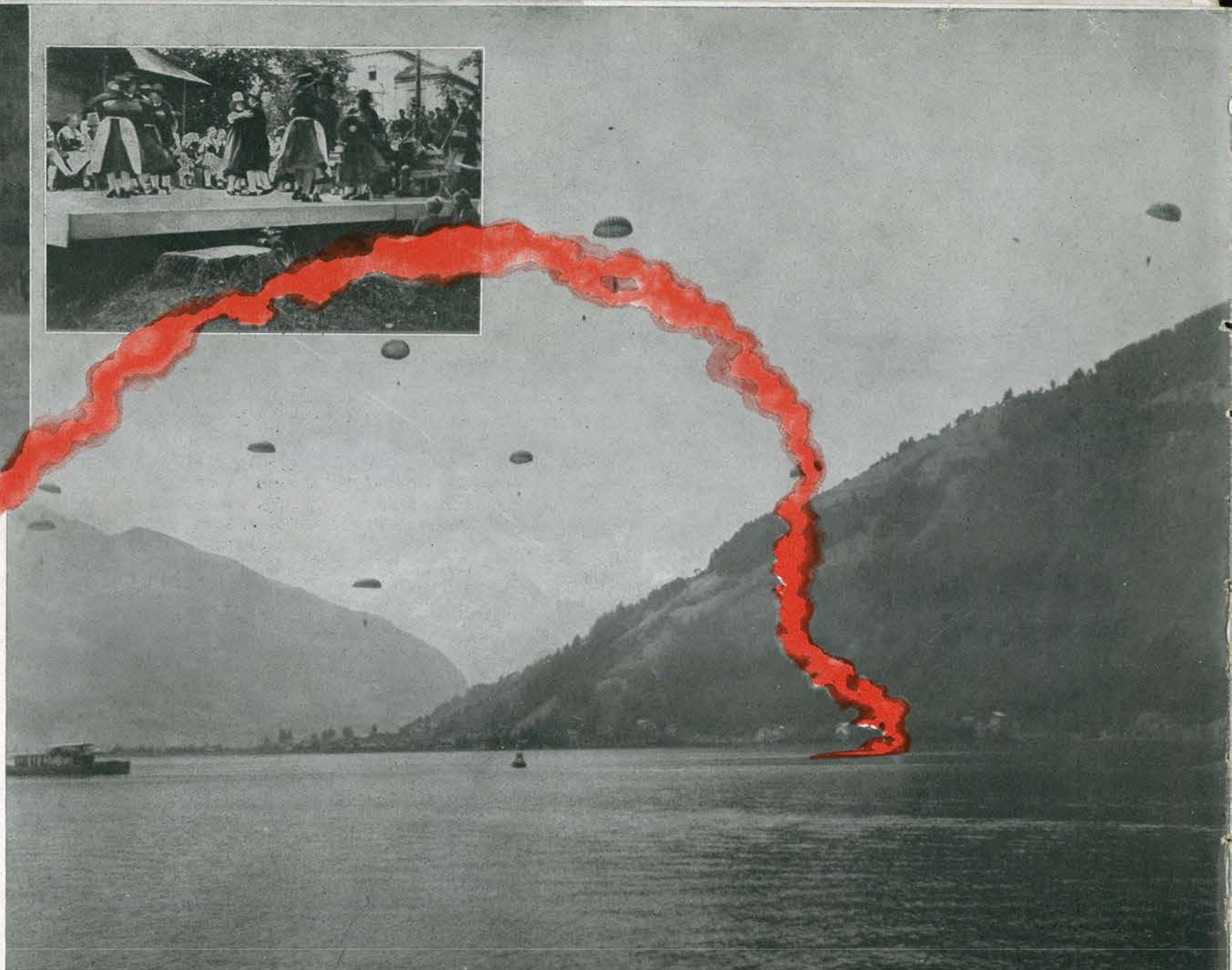


KAY JENSEN, 502<sup>ND</sup> AND POLLY BAKER 506<sup>TH</sup>





STEELE, 502, SACKED AT FIRST BY PUFLETT, 506.



THESE C-47's GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP!



TH JULY 1945





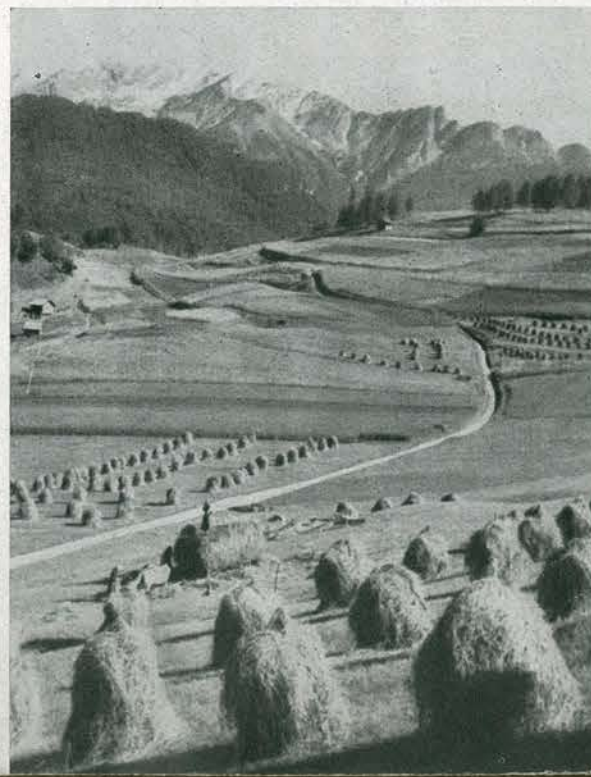


**AY, HORNER?**

"I'LL BET ON THE BAY"



CAN IT BE THESE MEN ARE EXERCISING?



**INDEPENDENCE DAY**

FOR YOU, NOW  
BECAUSE YOU FOUGHT FOR IT





**WELCOME TO 506, OUR NEW BUDDIES**

**"I TOLD YOU PEOPLE TO GET THOSE PRESIDENTIAL  
CITATIONS AND YOU DID. IT WILL BE FOREVER TO  
YOUR CREDIT AND HONOR"**



*"Home Quick"*









