First Battalion Off To Benning

Walsh Tradition Shows Quality of Indestructability

By Stan N. Hookup

First editions of regimental newspapers usually carry a front page dare of eye-wash, labeled "Meet the Colonel," which would be about as welcome and instructive to the readers of these columns as the Post Theater's film on national service life insurance.

Colonel No Stranger

The men of this Regiment knew their Colonel. And they knew him well. They've seen him on the ranges, on the obstacle courses, in bivouac, at exercises, in the pits, on the range, at schools, on marches, or suddenly appearing out of nowhere during a night problem. He's one of those who gets around much any more, albeit that his tireless paratroopers are dedicated to the regimental orbit.

But get around he does and on an indefatigable schedule that keeps him in motion about eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. Indeed the Walshian "Batt! Batt! What do you do between midnight and 6 A.M.1" is as well known barrackswide as is the familiar figure of the Colonel himself, resident in his "walking out" uniform, to

---Continued on Page Three---

Will Rejoin Rest Of Regiment Later At Camp Mackall

With this, its first issue, the Thunderbolt will say here and forever to Camp Toccoa. As we go to press, movement plans are already underway to take the First Battalion to Ft. Benning for jump training. The Third Battalion to follow closely, while the Second Battalion, with Headquarters and Service Companies, starts the way for the Regiment's eventual reunion at Camp Mackall.

Jump training for the men of the First Battalion means reaching an important milestone. It means they have won withstood the rigors of the 13 weeks of the regiment's basic training in the Army's box. It also means that in three weeks they'll be full-fledged qualified jumpers, "booted and winged," and ready to tackle the more specialized phases of paratrooper training.

As the men of the First Battalion successfully complete jump school they will rejoin the Regiment at Mackall. Actual presentation of their coveted "wings" will be made at that time. Certain of their number will remain at Benning, however, for specified periods to attend either communications, or

---Continued on Page 8---

Inspiration Corner

Mary Reynolds, Chicago, is the one who keeps Pfc. Bill Edwards, Regimental Headquarters Co., "on de ball."
Those Exercises! Or How To Become A Superman

By Pvt. Jim McWilliams

"Remove your fatigue jackets and assemble for calisthenics." After all, it's still the first bracket with no chance of getting out. Just jab all the time, because you have a job happy lieutenant. Of course there are the usual 25 push-ups for cutting in ranks, but that's just a body builder. One day you are elevated to the second rank and more is expected of you. You remember that day on K. P. when you were promoted to the ranks of the police? Now that's the job stuff for this lieutenant. His manner is sweet. He won’t make you like him. Well anyway, you assemble to the right, uncover and all that stuff. "This exercise is good for the arms and it's so simple a Boy Scout could do it," roars the exercise master, discriminating small circles with his arms extended. "I've allowed myself to get flabby and weak and I hope to really build up my arms. I am ashamed of myself. Ready, exercise-HUP.

Nothing matters now. You don't know whether you are winning or unwinning. "Don't feel this good. It must be hereditary. But next words are all you can stand. 'Is everybody happy?'

Eventually you are allowed to bring your arms down in six counts. Then the lieutenant, once again, comes with remorse, speaks, "Oh, I'm sorry fellows. I didn't know that you took this understandable yesterday. If I had known I wouldn't have done this. Ha, Ha."

Oh well.

Legacy

By Pvt. F. E. Conner

No hearts beat faster than our own, We soldiers of the line, Who dream of home and things we love, The men we left behind. We know not when the hour comes. Our days, this life, will flee, And to our Maker homeward fly For all Eternity. We do not fear an earthly thing The devil we confound, We do not fear to fight or die. Upon the field for Freedom, We all fight for the same cause. We, who live and who die. A new world, we give birth. That love them and we care. May live in Peace on Earth.

As The Chaplain Sees It

Charles L. Brown, 1st Lt. Regimental Chaplain

As Regimental Chaplain, I want to welcome the new men who have joined the 517th Freedom. Among these who have joined the 517th Freedom are several who are known to us as "jumpers" are proud of the Regiment—and of you. We shall be watching your progress with keen interest, "sweating it out" with you and proud of the way you can take it.

The Chaplain's week-day office is Huiment 874, beside Regimental Headquarters. This office is there at all times for consultation or advice.

President Roosevelt in his "Four Freedoms" reminds us of one of the things we are fighting for. "Freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, anywhere in the world." That is a hard-earned freedom. Answer to this reminder you of your opportunity?

SUNDAY SERVICES

Protestant Worship 9:30 a.m. Cathohle Mass 7:15 - 10:15 a.m. (All services in the Post Chapel)

"See the chaplain" is the old army name of passing the buck. But this time the Chaplin has charge. We need musicians for our chapel services, you know.

Beeuf Unrationed

By Parachute Pots

I am lying down during a break, and I am thinking I am getting some sleep—that is what I am thinking. All of a sudden I am barely seeing some shiny bars. My reflexes are beginning to function. I am remembering the leaping seat position consequently I am jumping to attention and the two bars are telling me dress up/fouled off formatt. With turfsenill to make a fleein' which evidently refers to the law of gleensbblem in the second edition of dreegovl mat at the Special Service Office. 

So here am thinking of something to write. Why I am using this kind of talk I am not knowing so I am casing.

This paragraph is for the benefit of the poetry lovers of the 517th. Lovers, you have read that I am reading poems of Jake Leivers (Spurrid named): Get Out Of Thim Thresher Mother, You're Going Against Thim Girl, hmmm?

Please, Please someone tell me the newly born Pfa's that as yet they do not care a sahree. They are all good kids though—but who likes kids?

Thanks to the really marvelous reorganization of the Ist. Bn. mess hall, bayonets and trench knives will no longer be worn to show.

The 2nd. Bn. has started basic canteen training. "Basic Training" in the Parachute is Polyglotism for: "You take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll wear my legs to a stump before you."

Maybe you don't know it but if you are ever caught around the post without anything to do you will be counted a laisser faire. The post is for impressing an officer.

I'm going to school now. Ah yea, school. We have contests every day—to see who can stay awake the longest. I'm very unpopular in school, I wake every one up with my snoring.

If you ever should run into some paratroopers in fatigues on your furlough, please give them the back aninith to camp. Those eight compass courses do one of two things for the AVERAGE soldier: 1. They help him catch up on his sleep. 2. He sees parts of Georgia (the peach state, harrassed) that even Sherman missed.

Regimental Intelligence School is using a new cope obstacle course from tree to tree. I didn't have to go over it—I took so much like an ape already. My native instincts told me to go over it anyway. I fell out of a tree. That's no use one at all.

Just before seeing stars: Be there a paratrooper with a soul so dead no one who ever himself hath said: "I wonder how I can get marked'quarters."

The local chamber of commerce has at least one advantage over California. They say if you don't like our weather, just wait a minute!

There is some advice for the paratrooper on furlough, (I can dream, can't I?)

1. Watch your table manners. Don't knock your dear mother under the table when she reaches for the beard.

2. Don't eat too fast as there probably won't be a line waiting for you. (Unless your relatives are home)

3. Don’t count cadences while you are eating, you will be counted for impressing an officer. If she can't keep in step with you, give her push-ups.

4. Don’t wash the show to wash your boots.

Post Library

The Post Library is open daily, including Sunday from 9:00 to 2200 hours. Some of the newer books on the racks include:

Lee's Loyalists Freeman Freeman and the Fort in the Hill Get Tough Get Tough Miss Mad Gin Belly Ribber Path Under Fire Path Britted and the Plow Taylor The Tragedy of Y Queen Anny

Among the many important booklets from the Military Publishing Dept. are the following:

Tactics and Techniques of Infantry Combat Intelligence Techniques and Methods of Intelligence by Administration Bliz French Officers' Guide Map and Aerial Photograph Reading Engineers in Battle Military Law
Hubbub In Hdqts. 1st.

By Pvt. Frank Steggar

Joy reigns once more in happy Hdqts. Ist! Those wonderful nights of dry-firing, trigger squeeze, and correct sight picture, are over at last. For Sunday, June 19th, the remainder of the Company qualified one hundred percent on the marksmanship course, with a majority of the firers in the expert and sharpshooter class. The military bit, presented by Lt. L. Lynch to the best shot in his communications platoon, was won by Pvt. Marion Crocker with a near possible score of 156.

After their compass problem of the other night the fellows con- tended that they're all ready for jump school. So many men fell into so-called defilated positions that they figure they've already won their wings. Towers can hold no terror for men who have lived through a night march in the pitch- black surrounding country, in country fit for neither man nor squad leader. Or so the machine- gun and morter men claim.

Here's A Break, Girls

Now that they are finally out of protective custody, the troopers of hut 665 are quietly whispering their way into the feminine hearts of the belles. I refer in particular to Pvt. "Bars" Davenport, the original cowboy from Texas, and Pvt. "Juniper" Campbell, with his lady friend Ethel. However, he is still faithful to his beauty of the pestilential type, and it's certain that hers will be unceas- ing.

Credit for the continued nan- cy of the code men in communications school, belongs entirely to "Eight Ball" Dunson, the only paratrooper in captivity who can pronounce the phonetics with a Charleston accent.

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Walsh’s Luck Richly Endows Regiment

—Continued From Front Page

Walsh, and his Executive Officer, Lt. Col. George R. Walton, West Point classmates, turn on the charm for their first pose together.

Col. William Thomas Walsh, at the NCOs' breakfast, revealed that he was not too optimistic about the situation. "We're not going to have an easy time," he said. "But we'll do our best." He added that he was looking forward to the challenge.

Walsh's Luck Richly Endows Regiment

Louise Anthony, of Plainfield, to carve out a future for themselves among Uncle Sam's fighting forces. The use of "them selves" is made

Army's Youngest

How well the Walches succeeded can be attested by the fact that seriously nine years later, at ripe old age of 31, Lt. Walsh of the 27th Inf., since becomes Captain Walsh of the 89th Infantry, Major Walsh of the 56th Parachute Infantery, Lt. Col. Walsh, Air- borne Command's observer in the South Pacific, its since become Colonel Walsh commanding 51st—probably the youngest regimental commander in the Army.

No Bromides

"Blood and Guts," Spitz and Polish," "Old Troopers"—so such names have ever been appropriate- ly tagged on the Commanding Off- ficer of this Regiment. Rather are they products of the scant re- sourcesfulness of reporters desiring to lend character to an otherwise colorless soldier. The Walsh says service owns its identity.

People first meeting the Army's youngest Old Man notice his con- versational manner, the care with which he tests the weight of each expression, and his spirited but de- tenninated. But if-time's elapse and he happens to be in a re- mitten mood he might tell you of certain experiences, all of which serves the processes of developing a better description of the man. It was "Mary's Sound"

He might tell you about the time his plane "ran out of air" and crashed the trees tops at a 150-mph-an-hour clip over near Ft. Bragg. That was when the plane's occupants, including the Colonel, were strewn across 600 yards of forest fastness, to lie helpless for four interminable hours. When help did come they tied a loose bag around his neck and labeled "Walt about thirty," so completely was he smashed up no further recognition was possible. Indeed, the immediate need for identification or any other success was far from apparent. Only the Colonel's scarcely audible gargles, unconscionable murmurs of an in- deminable determination, got him off the morrow delivery, into a hospital, and on the way to eventual survival of his 37 frac- tures, abrasions, and general over- all mangled mutilations.

Bouvard Durant

Or he might tell you about the time he, Major Selts and Lt. Col. Ward Ryan of Airborne Command had to bring him back home. The terrain was so rough that he had to be flown on a makeshift stretcher. The Colonel had given him a false in the face, dresses him in a blood bath that made him look for all the world as though he's been smashed with a meat cleaver. Walsh was certain the pilot was a goner.

New Aerial Delivery

Carefully the Colonel organized an abandonment ship plan having a sequence something like this. Major Selts, who had done the steering past and leap. Then the Colonel would sit in the door holding the unconscious pilot in his arms, depending on a shove from

Ryan to get them out. Once out the pilot crashed in the pilot's field, slashing the cockpit with roof, blinds, and a shower of broken glass, and rescuing the whole interior with torrential wind blast. The impact of this extra- ordinary misadventure knocked the pilot as cold as a cucumber. His body slumped forward against the wheel, and sent the speeding ship into a dive, straight for oblivion.

Quickerly, Selts grabbed the wheel and instinctively pulled back, rpping the top of the field. They cut the tent of the wind blast, just as expertly as though he had done it before.

Bouvard Durant

Knocked back into the plane and dazed at first the Colonel quickly came to, turned complimentary to the pilot and methodically G'd'em home. Here they were three of them roaring along under a group of fliers that could fly with the pilot uncons- cious, seemingly miraculously warded. The bomber had caught him full in the face, drenching him in a blood bath that made him look for all the world as though he's been smashed with a meat cleaver. Walsh was certain the pilot was a goner.

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13 Weeks and a Lifetime of Memories

The G.I. Way

"One Thousand, Two Th..."

Prize Weapon

Machine gunners of the First Battalion participating in the combat problem.

"Why 'Mess' In Such Large Letters?"


First Parade

Perfect position is executed as this soldier hopes to demonstrate.

The First Battalion's first parade was stopped off with the appearance of rearward.

This Ain't The Navy

The canvas net develops speed, saves footsteps and bigger blooms.

Charmers Two

Assistant Divisional Commander, General White with his companion with Frances Langford in the defendant's box. This was an unscripted visit by General White.

The Final Lap

Before the last lap up the hill, the men crawl through a wire fence on obstacles course.
Bob Hope Lives Routine Grind With Hot Performance

Colonel, Langford, Romano, Vague Help Keep Rookies Riling In Alps
The rookie left his barracks and marched down to the theater. This sight was to be his. Something different was coming into his sheltered Panzertruppe's life. Why? Bob Hope was coming tonight. The rookie would get his mind off the battle course. That run up Mt. Corbess could be forgotten—at least until tomorrow. What if his rifle wasn't clean. The sergeant wouldn't see it—but he was at the show.

Lt. Schmitt Leads Songs
So what happens? He walks into the theater and after nearly an hour's wait during which Lt. Schmitt led the boys in a lull song, the one and only Bob Hope walked out on the stage. They are going to put the new roof on the movie house any day now, but that is not the important thing. Do you know what Hope did the very first thing. That's right—he got down and did push-ups. Of course his size played out but he stood there and he caused his dark and he collapsed after the fourth one, but that's not the point. The memories of the day's work were brought back to mind.

However, it is doubtful that any one thought of anything but the fugitive from a toothpaste ad for the next hour and a half as he gave the boys all he had for the rest of the evening. Beside Hope there was Francesco Langford who probably would have drawn the boys out of the rest of the cast. Tony Romano slipped in some soothing guitar music to counter Miss Langford's swingy tunes.

Vera Vague Steals Show
Then came the fun. First there was Vera Vague. Her shoo-fly cracks about herself seemed very strange to the boys who were seeing her in person for the first time. She is far from the Brenda and Co- bonus type that she makes herself out on the radio.

Then came the pay-off. The rookies of the second world war were taken back to the Spanish American fracas as a pair of hand bars crossed the stage under the nose of one Jerry Colonna. Those men whose sides were still intact went the limits with their laughs as he sang in his own inimitable way, bellowing out the first eight or ten words in one big yell then taking over. It was a contended crowd of soldiers—that is, paratroopers—who never before saw a show and then rose at $5.45, but it didn't matter that they were up 'til the night was over. After the show, Hope was made honorary member of the officers' mess and presented with a leather cigarette case.

Bob Hope Livens Routine Grind With Hot Performance (1943)
C Notes

By Pvt. Reeves Moran

The word furlough brings a variety of thoughts from different people. To some it means a happy word and one that brings sweet dreams and indefinite planning. The old jump boots, polished like a new dime, pants pressed, wings bright and hat tilted at an angle, representing the main street of our home town. Won’t the folks be proud and wait “til the girl friend sees me.”

Let’s take a glance at C Company and one where our buddies are going to spend these precious 30 days.

Vince Vienchowski is heading for Jersey as fast as he can. Seems there is a little girl, Clare Gipstine, there and she figures on ringing a wedding bell or two.

Pvt. Chapin, Daigle is heading in the opposite direction but he has the same idea. Betty Schumair out California way is practicing but “I don’t” and when Red gets there he figures on getting tied.

Mae McCall and his beautiful wife, who is residing in Tooele, plan on visiting his folks during their brief sojourn.

Pvt. Corey and Maddevrir will be found double timing to the “Wild West” any time you would like to change her game to his. Mildred Benefield—that does sound pretty smooth.

Pvt. Joe Parrott will have a new house to live in when he goes home. His grandmother lives in another one and started to do something about it—so I said I had not seen a new house yet. His wedding anniversary will be due about that time also.

"California here I come" sings Ernie Gonzales. "I want to get my own house and raise a daughter" he one evening and started to do something about it—so I said I had not seen a new house yet. His wedding anniversary will be due about that time also.

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According to Oscar Benefiel, there will be a lot of changes next week when he gets home. For some reason he thinks Mildred DeLorenzo of Tooele will be the one who would like to change his game to his. Mildred Benefield—that does sound pretty smooth.

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A for Airborne

By Pvt. Don Gagnon

Pvt. Jim Marshall and Pvt. Dick Eaton have acquired the name of "Boots" and it doesn’t look like they were impounded by Lt. Brophy with their boots on.

Captain H. M. Hewitt was relieved of his duty of company commander July 3, to go to school at Fort Renoing. Captains H. S. and B. Steffenew now have command of Company C.

Could there be a special reason for the shine on Lt. Robert Voll’s eyes last week? Pvt. Bob Nodro tells me to find out more about that from Pvt. Rad.

Lt. William Young seems to be having a bit of difficulty in finding a way to get home when furloughs come up. He is now trying to get an Oklahoma card. I wonder what that is.

A certain girl in Gainesville has found a new name. Pvt. Robert McGowan has promised to find out more about that from Pvt. Rad.

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We now have a barber of our own in company A. Pvt. Lanting seems to be having the time of his life cutting the boys’ hair. Ask Pvt. Bob Nodro. He saves a lot of time when you have no hair to comb.

We have found at least one boy in C Co. A, who is true to the home front. This person happens to be Pvt. Hohbein. He doesn’t seem to care for the Georgia peaches.

We wonder why Pvt. Harland Warren has been walking around with his chest out since he shot the wrong way and because of this reason he shot battlefront high with the score of 106.

Pvt. Bill Gallagher seems to be having quite a time with Pvt. Ralph Dickson since he got his girl friend’s picture. He insists on paying his respects to Shirley everyday.

Wedding Bells


Pvt. A. R. Johnson of the Medics and Northern Division, Morrisville, Pa., Ill., were married in the post chapel on July 2.

Regimental Dance Orchestra

Organized, Ready for Action

Improving with each performance, the new regimental dance orchestra is doing an own and ready to take on any and all experts who wish to match them with the best. Pvt. John Drath, ex-professional brain man who has played with the better bands of the country before enter the paratroops, leads the men who, for the most part, are of high school caliber. With the little time that they have for practice, what with the busy schedule of basic training, musicians have molded their unit into a band worthy of the 517.

These who compose the orchestra include: Privates Danhearty, Markert, and McCash, Also: Privates Davenport and Aus- trim, Tenor; Privates Draith, Selig, and Hugger, Trombone; Privates Busch, Fisher and Molder, Trumpet; Privates Teederam, Kibert, Lancer, Rythm.

A for Airborne

Pioneer Paratrooper

By Maj. Malcolm Zals

General Miley Head Man Of Thunderbolt Division

"If there is any dangerous experiment or testing to be done in this Army, I’ll do it first," said General Wm. M. Miley, then a Major General, commanding the 517th Parachute Battalion.

One week later Major Miley was in the hospital with a broken collar bone. A man of his word and a true leader of men, Major Miley had attempted to jump from a plane at 15,000 feet using a light machine gun. This example only one of the many fine qualities of our jumping general.

Commanded First Paratroops

Major Miley on the basis of his physical stamina and the military background he had been selected by the War Department to organize and command the original 517th Parachute Battalion activated at Fort Benning, October 1, 1940. The proof of his success lies in the existence of thousands of Parachute troops with the U. S. Army, and his own meteoric rise to the head of this spirited, hard-hitting, hard-fighting group.

While commanding the 507th Parachute Regiment, Major Miley was promoted to the grade of Lt. Colonel. Later he commanded the 507th Parachute Regiment, known as "The Thunderbolt Division.

Men Go To England

Gen. Miley’s leadership and ability were immediately reflected in the performance of the regiment and one of his battalions was selected to sail for England and was later engaged in the First American Parachute combat mission in North Africa. The grade of General was the next step forward and Miley took it with others as those whom he observed and worked under.

This was only the ground work for greater things yet to come. In August, 1942, the General was promoted to the grade of Brigadier General and assumed command of the 507th Airborne Division as Assistant Division Commander.

General Miley served as Division Commander of the 507th Airborne Division until January, 1943, at which time he was in- structed by the War Department that he would command the 17th Airborne Division to be activated April 15, 1943.

Now a Major General and still one of the youngest men to be an Army general, every man in the 507th Paratroop Battalion swore by him and for him. It was an honor to lead his Division to feats of valor on the battlefield.

Steal Hand In Velvet Glove

The general of whom we do not know him, General Miley is a modest, unassuming, soft-spoken reticent man, who doesn’t parade and who permeates throughout his command. He is a real example of the "stated man" who pays his men.

To men, we in the 517th Parachute Regiment, speak with pride of a man of confidence as when we say "General Miley is our Division Commander."

Wedding Bells

Cpl. Robert M. Fessler, Service Co. and Miss Elizabeth Steele were married in the post chapel on May 12.
Motor Pool Ready 
To Give Top Flight 
Service; Cars New

Through the hazards of basic training and organization of the company itself, the Service Company Motor Pool has carried on and now is ready to give out with top line service. Now that the men are nearly through with their basic training, a more definite schedule can be worked out so that the drivers will know when their regular duty hours are.

All of the drivers have had considerable experience in the handling of vehicles so they are capable of giving the kind of service that will be a credit to the 517. Besides getting the men lined up in order, the vehicles themselves are all ready for use. Most of the cars are new and means should be ready for a long and successful service.

Lt. Fred Ornstein heads the men of the motor pool. Now the pool is run by Service Company, Capt. William P. Hixman, commanding.

First Battalion—
Continued from Front Page demobilization or camouflage specialist's schools, and those will receive their wings on completion of jump training. Major Boyle is confident that his men will make the best showing record in the jump school.

Major Zale plans to fill the remaining gaps in the Third Battalion while at Benning and to take the whole unit through jump school before rejoining the Regiment at Camp Mackall. In their place the Third should not be far ahead of the Second Battalion which Major Seitz has now led well into its basic schedule.

The 10 weeks rounded out by the First Battalion at Camp Toccoa have included ground in all arms, anti-aircraft, antitank, light machine gun, mortars, bayonet, grenade, anti-tank bazooka, and tommy gun. Close and extended order drill, company platoon and battalion combat problems, defense against gas, and specialist schools for combat intelligence, communications, and demolitions sections, both with combat reaction courses and night tactical problems.

And Then There's the Binion Derby

By Pvt. Denis Gagnon

Well, most of you in the First Battalion know that what five mile course is and probably the Second Battalion has heard of it. Now let's go back to Company A on its march over the course, the time was 48 minutes.

Capt. Bowlby who always sets the pace (and what a wicked pace, he can set) was in the lead with the first platoon. Then came the third—and the second. They started out at a good clip. At the hill they started a little double time. Now double time isn't bad for fifteen men... but a machine gunner—well, that's a different story. The heavy weapons boys in the platoon have to carry machine guns and thus start to bounce up and down on your shoulder you really know you've carried something heavy.

They beat down on you 'til you think you are about to break an ankle. During the first two miles right off the highway, the boys seem to take it. E. B. but how do you begin to dream then? Don't you see him go along? They just throw them out and they come down but it really is harder than it looks. Your shoulders feel like they are breaking into a thousand pieces but you are a Para-Trooper and they are supposed to be super men, so you keep going.

The three mile mark looms in sight and you think you can't go any farther, but it looks as if you hear Lt. Voll yell out, "Get back in line soldier." You know, Lt. Voll always brings up the rear for just such occasions because he can take one step to your three. But don't think the officers don't hurt. If you don't believe me ask Lt. Broady. The boys are near the last mile and things look dark, but about that time Pvt. Camacho starts to sing the Airborne song, and every one is happy. By the time they finish singing, the boys are on the road and oh how they go then. Every one asks "How long did it take us?" Then comes the welcome news of 48 minutes and every one marches back to his barracks with

Go. does it

By Pvt. Cohen

Who was that little corporal who during the middle of the night, while feeling "De Beau," marched a zoko all over the camp areas? Please Corporal McKeeon, no offense.

Say fellows, just watch that unpleasant smile of Sgt. Gullet when he sees the post cemetery girls.

The other day I picked up a little dope and here's the way it goes:

A man was poled in the doorway of our ever so popular and famous mock tower. With the greatest of form he leaped into the air. After that familiar jerk he glided gently to the ground. After being scooped out the officer casually paced away. Suddenly a voice from a rookie who had just completed his first jump, softly said, "Hey soldier you better double time back there or that (furred) will sue and raise hell with you." So Lt. Robbins, grinning to himself, noseingly started away.

Twelve weeks of hard work and tough grueling brought Pvt. Sortill in line for his first pass in town. So Sortill comes five minutes late for a special battalion problem. We wish you were coming in town with us, Sortill.

Seems as though a certain Pvt. while standing in these formation had a little misunderstanding with a corporal. After quite a discussion the Pvt. was ordered to do 75 push-ups. You'll really have shoulders, Thompson, old chappie. Not, "so long... ." "Airborne." the memory of a very good day's work.