

THE THUNDERBOLT



Published By The Men Of The 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment

Volume 1

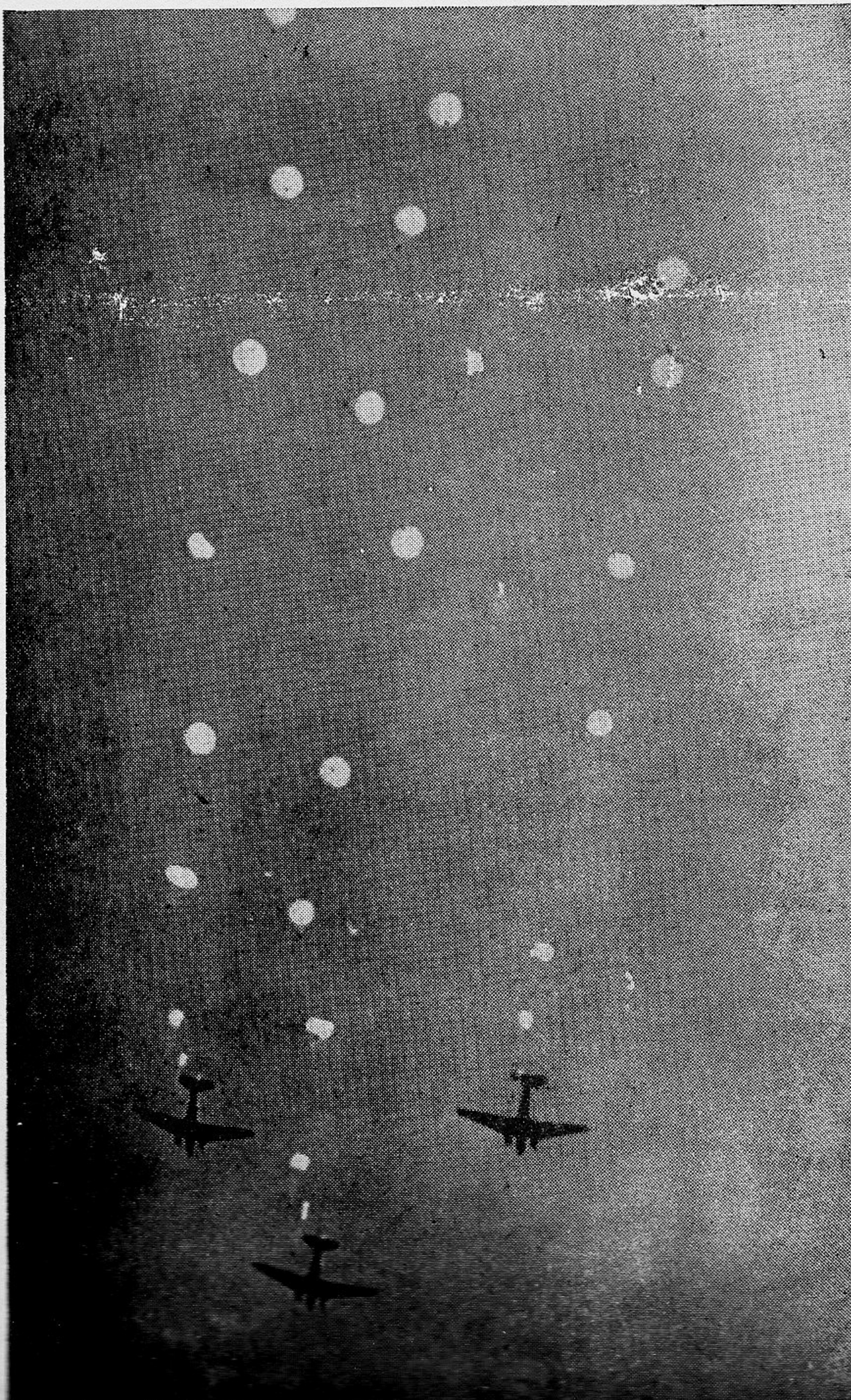
Camp Toccoa, Georgia, August, 1948

Number 1

First Battalion Off To Benning

Basic Training Finished; Boots, Wings Await Men Who Finish Jump School

Big Moment For Boyle's Men



Walsh Tradition Shows Quality of Indestructibility

By Stan N. Hookup

First editions of regimental newspapers usually carry a front page dose of eyewash 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 know their Colonel. And they know him well. They've seen him on the ranges, on the obstacle course, in bivouac, at reveille runs, in the pits, on the cargo net, 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 peregrinations are delimited 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 "Busy! Well what do you do between midnight and six A. M.?" is as well known hereabouts as is the familiar figure of the Colonel himself, resplendent 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 hale and farewell 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, leads 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 well withstood the rigors of the 13 weeks of the ruggedest basic training in the Army's book. 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 re-join 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,

—Continued on Page 8

Inspiration Corner



Mary Reynolds, Chicago, is the one who keeps Pfc. Bill Edwards, Regimental Headquarters Co., "on de ball."

The First Battalion is now ready for this after 13 weeks of dreams, hopes and most of all work.

The Thunderbolt

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Sky Terriers

By Berton Braley

They're the jumping jacks of the Army, they're a kind of a mixture of The guys who plod on the solid sod and the fliers who cruise above. They're butterflies suddenly darting down on gossamer wings of silk, But butterflies loaded with TNT and nourished on panther milk. They're flying squirrels and kangaroos and weasels who work by dark And their general fighting temperament is that of the tiger-shark.

For they are the Paratroopers,
Who give the enemy qualms;
A bevy of hawklike swoopers,
A cluster of human bombs.
Their visits are swift and fleeting,
They come and they go like shades,
And their regular form of greeting
Is bundles of hand grenades.

So, if you're the species of maniac who's anxious to volunteer
To flutter into an enemy camp from a flak-filled atmosphere,
If you like to pounce where the shell-bursts bounce
and the red hot fragments spread,
If you can handle a tommy-gun while standing upon your head,
If you have a yen for a melee when you're still in a dizzy spin,
You're the typical type for the Paratroops—providing they'll let you in!

They're fussy—the Paratroopers—
As snooty as Persian cats;
They're looking for super-dupers,
Star actors and acrobats.
Guys with the eyes of eagles,
Guys who are swift as snakes,
With a kayo punch—when you join that bunch
You gotta have what it takes!

They're trained to be quick as a trigger-click and strong as the well-known ox,

To carry the load of an Army truck with the speed of a prairie fox;
They're the ruggedest individualists the Army has ever known,
For, once they've shouted "Geronimo!", they're strictly upon their own.
They're a long, long way from G.H.Q. and the regular fighting front,
And war is their personal problem, and battle their personal stunt.

For they are the Paratroopers
Who haven't a parallel,
Hell-divers and loop-the-loopers,
And infantrymen as well.
In fact, they're a sort of medley
Of every combat corps
—These desperate, gay and deadly
And versatile Men of War!

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. Those of us who are already "jumpers" are proud of the Regiment—and of you. We shall be watching you as you train, "sweating it out" with you and proud of the way you can take it.

The Chaplain's week-day office is Hutment 674, beside Regimental Headquarters. I am available at all times for consultation or advice.

President Roosevelt in his "Four Freedoms" reminds us that one of the things we are fighting for is "freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world." That is a hard-won freedom. And we remind you of your opportunity:

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

"See the chaplain" is the old Army game of passing the buck. But this time the Chaplain has trouble. We need musicians for our chapel services. If you can

sing, or play, by all means see the chaplain!

A General Speaks His Mind. I came across a bit of history the other day which deserves to be quoted: "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked habit of profane swearing and cursing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it. It is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." Signed George Washington, General.

The Easiest Prayer to remember I ever heard is the one old Jacob Astley gave his men before the battle of Edgehill: Lord, Thou knowest how busy we must be today. If we forget Thee, do not Thou forget us. Amen. Captain Leach, commanding "H.M.S. Prince of Wales," had it read to his men before the battle against the "Bismarck." To this famous list of busy but devout soldiers, I would like for history to add the name of the 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment.

Those Exercises! Or How To Become A Superman

By Pvt. Jim McWilliams

"Remove your fatigue jackets and assemble for calisthenics." After all we are still in the first bracket with no chance of getting out. Just jab all the time, because you have a jab happy lieutenant. Of course there are the usual 25 push-ups for cutting up in ranks, but that's just a body builder. One day you are elevated to the second rank and you get that proud feeling. You remember that day on K. P. when you were promoted from the pots to the pans.

None of that jab stuff for this lieutenant. His manner is sweet. He wants to 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, describing 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—Hut—tew—eee—orrr."

Nothing matters now. You don't know whether you are winding or unwinding. "Doesn't this feel good?" says he exuberantly. But his 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, overcome with remorse, speaks, "Oh, I'm sorry fellows. I didn't know that you took typhoid shots yesterday. If I had known I wouldn't have done this. Ha, Ha." Oh well.

Legacy

By Pvt. F. L. Cooney

No hearts beat faster than our own,
We soldiers of the line,
Who dream of home and things we love,
The ones we left behind.

We know not when the hour comes,
Our soul, 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 battle-ground.

For, we who live and we who die,
A new world, we give birth,
That those we love and theirs to come,
May live in Peace on Earth.

Post Library

The Post Library is open daily, including Sunday from 900 to 2200 hours. Some of the newer books on the racks include:

Lee's Lieutenants Freeman
Forest and the Fort Allen
Get Tough Fairbairn
Mississippi Belle Ripley
Faith Under Fire Coleman
Mr. England Manning
The Wabash Wilson
Saddle and the Plow Taylor
The Tragedy of Y Queen
King's Row Belaman

Among the more important booklets from the Military Publishing Co., are:

Tactics and Technique of Infantry
Combat Intelligence
Company Administration
Blitz French
Officers' Guide
Map and Aerial Photograph Reading
Engineers in Battle
Military Law

Beef Unrationed

By Parachute Pete

I am lying down during a break, 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 leaning rest position consequently I am jumping to attention and the two bars are telling me: dreelspail fornstaff with turfenfoil to make a fledderis which obviously refers to the law of glugobbles in the second edition of dreespail tonight at the Special Service Office.

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

This paragraph is for the benefit of the poetry lovers of the 517th. Lovers, have you read that heartstirring poem of Jake Dievers Esquire named: Get Out Of The Thresher Mother, You're Going Against The Grain, hummmm?

Please, Please someone tell the newly born Pfc's that as yet they do not rate a salute. They're all good kids though—but who likes kids?

Thanks to the really marvelous reorganization of the 1st. Bn. mess hall, bayonets and trench knives will no longer be worn to chow.

The 2nd. Bn. has started basic training. "Basic Training" in the Paratroops is Polynesian 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 courtmarshalled for impersonating an officer.

I'm going to school now. Ah yes, 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 azimuth to camp. Those night 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, hrrrrmph) that even Sherman missed.

Regimental Intelligence School is using a new rope obstacle course from tree to tree. I didn't have to go over it—I look so much like an ape already. My native instincts told me to go over it anyway. I fell out of a tree. That's me all over!

Just before seeing stars: Be there a paratrooper with a soul so dead who never to 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 bread.

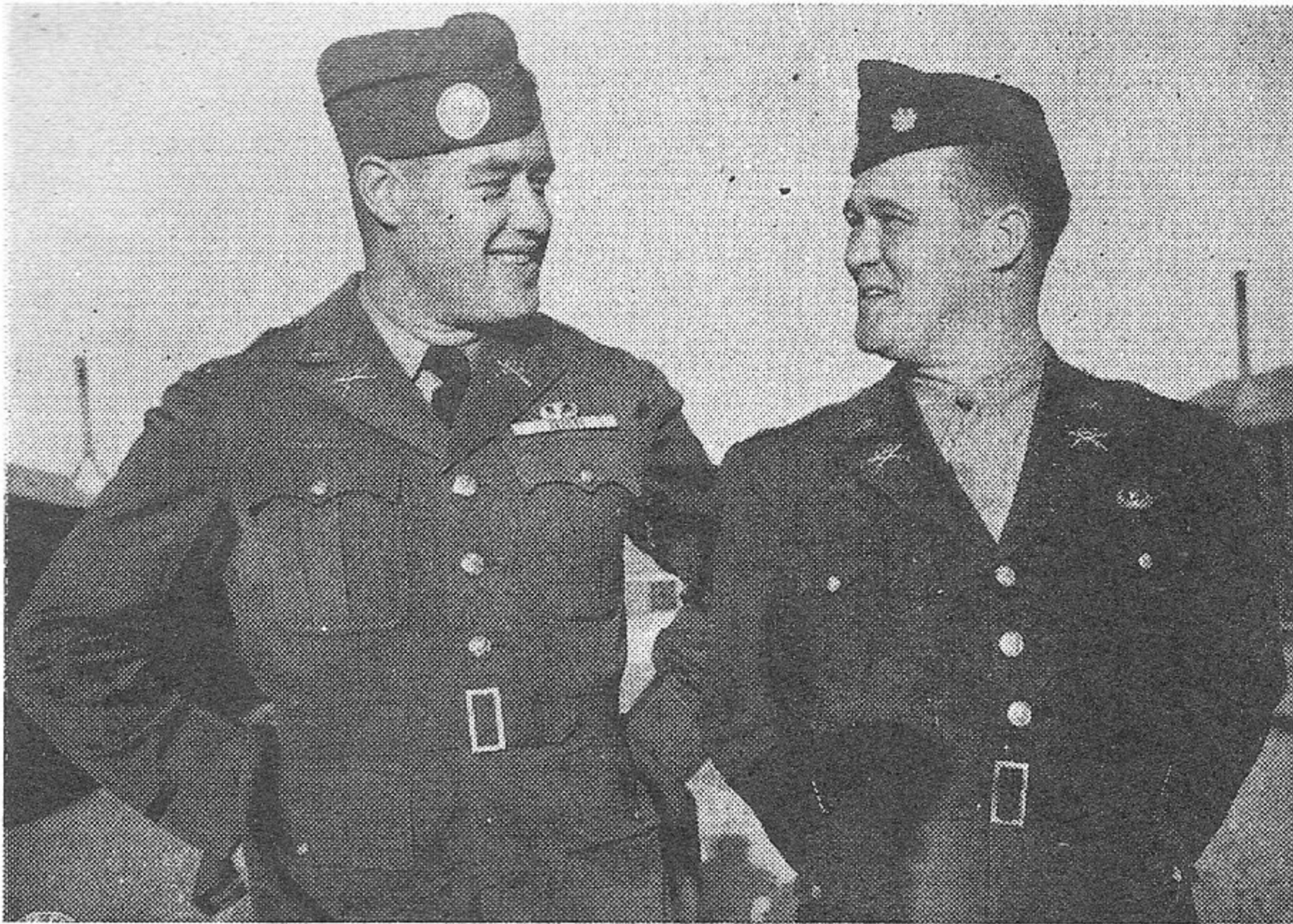
2. Don't eat too fast as there probably won't be a line waiting for seconds. (Unless your relatives are home)

3. Don't count cadence while you walk with your girl to the show. If she can't keep in step with you, give her push-ups.

4. Don't use the shower to wash your boots.



"We Give You the Class of '34"



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

Hubbub In Hdqts. 1st.

By Pvt. Frank Steggart

Joy reigns once more in happy Hdqts. 1st! Those wonderful nights of dry-firing, trigger squeeze, and correct sight pictures, are over at last. For Sunday, June 27th, the remainder of the Company qualified one hundred percent on the carbine course, with the majority of the firers in the expert and sharpshooter class. The military kit, presented by Lt. R. L. Lynch to the best shot in his communications platoon, was won by Pvt. Marion Croker with a near possible score of 156.

After their compass problem of the other night the fellows contend that they're all ready for jump school. So many men fell into so-called defiladed 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 inky jungles surrounding Camp Toccoa, in country fit for neither man nor squad leader. Or so the machine-gun and mortar men claim.

Here's A Break, Girls

Now that they are finally out of protective custody, the troopers of hut 665 are quickly winning their way into the feminine hearts of the Georgia belles. I refer in particular to Pvt. "Ears" Davenport, the original cowboy from Texas, and Pvt. "Merry" Camplin, with his lady known Lil. However, he is still faithful to his beauty of the bayous, now that he's certain that she's single.

Not to be outdone by the blustering boys of Co. B, our men have already started a movement to collect a genuine Georgia chigger to serve as mascot. So far the principal candidate for caretaker is Pvt. "Earborne" Del Carlo. It's practically certain that his nomination will be uncontested.

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

Walsh's Luck Richly Endows Regiment

—Continued from Front Page

wit, one helmet, one pair of trunks, and one pair of boots.

No Dub Flubs

Just as familiar to Five Sevens is the broad grin that begins at the corners of his eyes and slowly unravels all over his face. And the resonant tenor of his voice, explaining, urging, encouraging, not infrequently with an added cheer for good performance. There's a goodly number too who know the Old Man can get het up, good and het up, if he has an idea someone is flubbing the dub. While those who know say the Colonel never has been what you'd call a spooney soldier, woe be to him who gives this business absent treatments, who looks, walks, talks, or acts sloppy in this man's outfit—just as whoa has been to many him who've been a little deficient in the "can do" columns.

Forward of Front

It wouldn't be entirely right to say the Colonel's military career has been that of the typical Regular Army officer. It may have followed a familiar pattern—Honolulu, Ft. Warren, Ft. Benning—but the capacity for great toil, propelled by healthy ambition, has carried the Walsh tradition somewhere in the forward echelons of more orthodox contemporary careers. In 1934, after creditably acquitting himself in the academic and athletic trials of that green swarded bastion above the Hudson, Second Lieutenant Walsh set out with his beauteous blond bride,

Louise Anthony, of Plainfield, to carve out a future for themselves among Uncle Sam's fighting forces. The use of "themselves" is made advisedly here; one comes quickly to think of the Colonel and his Lady as the ideal inseparables. Certainly her eyes betray more classic devotion in even her casual glance at him than any Bernhard's most emotive last gasps of "Camille."

Army's Youngest

How well the Walshes succeeded can be attested by the fact that scarcely nine years later, at ripe old age of 31, Lt. Walsh of the 27th Inf., since become Captain Walsh of the 29th Infantry, Major Walsh of the 503 Parachute Infantry, Lt. Colonel Walsh, Airborne Command's observer in the South Pacific has since become Colonel Walsh commanding 517,—probably the youngest regimental commander in the Army.

No Bromides

"Blood and Guts," Spit and Polish," "Old Ironpants"—no such names have ever been appropriately tagged on the Commanding Officer of this Regiment. Rather are they products of the scant resourcefulness of reporters desiring to lend character to an otherwise colorless soldier. The Walsh saga deserves its own identity.

Persons first meeting the Army's youngest Old Man notice his conversational parries, the care with which he tests the weight of each expression, and his spritely double-entendres. But if time's aplenty and he happens to be in a re-

miniscent mood he might tell you of certain experiences, all of which serves the processes of devising a better description of the man.

Morgue Bound

He might tell you about the time his plane "ran out of air" and crashed the tree tops at a 150-mile-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 morgue tag around his neck labeled "Male about thirty," so completely was he smashed up no further recognition was possible. Indeed, the immediate need for identification or any, other succor was far from apparent. Only the Colonel's scarcely audible gasps, subconscious murmurs of an indomitable determination, got him off the morgue delivery, into a hospital, and on the way to eventual survival of his 37 fractures, abrasions, and general overall mangled mutilations.

Buzzard Burst

Or he might tell you about the time he, Major Seitz and Lt. Col. Ward Ryan of Airborne Command were making a reconnaissance flight. The co-pilot failed to show up at takeoff time, and for the trip that seat was occupied by Major Seitz. As this fantastic scene opens the Colonel was standing behind the pilot's seat, leaning forward to examine the instrument panel. Suddenly, with a splintering crash a giant turkey

buzzard flew against the windshield and burst into the plane, crashing full into the pilot's face, splattering the cockpit with gore, blood, feathers and a shower of broken glass, and rending the whole interior with torrential wind blast. The impact of this extraordinary 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.

Seitz Saves It

Quickly, Seitz grabbed the wheel and instinctively pulled back, levelling off the plane in the teeth of the wind blast, just as expertly as though he had done it before. Which he hadn't.

Knocked back into the plane and dazed at first the Colonel quickly took command of the situation and methodically G-2'd it. Here they were three of them roaring along in a plane which none of them could fly with the pilot unconscious, seemingly mortally wounded. The buzzard had caught him full in the face, drenching him in a blood bath that made him look for all the world as though he'd been smashed with a meat cleaver. Walsh was certain the pilot was a goner.

New Aerial Delivery

Carefully the Colonel organized an abandon ship plan having a sequence something like this. Major Seitz was to lash the steering post 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 and his own chute open Walsh was to cast off the pilot, jerking his rip cord for him as he let him drop. Ryan would then leap independently. Just as that solution was being worked out the pilot luckily regained consciousness, mopped the gore from his face, found he was more or less intact, then proceeded to bring the ship in in good order. Except that all hands aged appreciably during those rather tenuous moments, no lasting damage was done. Once more the Walsh luck held.

Round Three

Then there's the tale of another near miss—being nearly missed by the Old Fellow with Scythe and Glass. That was last summer on Guadalcanal when the Colonel went along on a routine reconnaissance flight over Jap bases. Quite unexpectedly ack-ack came up pretty thick at one point, a fortuitous shell burst carrying away the landing gear. They belly-busted the runways that time. And once again without casualties.

Then there was the flight over Lawson field

Better Name

Well never mind. You get the idea. Four near-tragic airplane accidents, once tagged for the marble slab, pistol dueling it out with a Jap airman (who had to be totally convinced before the Colonel could strip off those parachute harness rings that decorate the Regimental Prop Blast Cup)—these and other near catastrophes

—Continued on Page Six

Male Call



Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Flank Coverage



A Long Way Down



The last look before showing off—

"One Thousand, Two Th..."



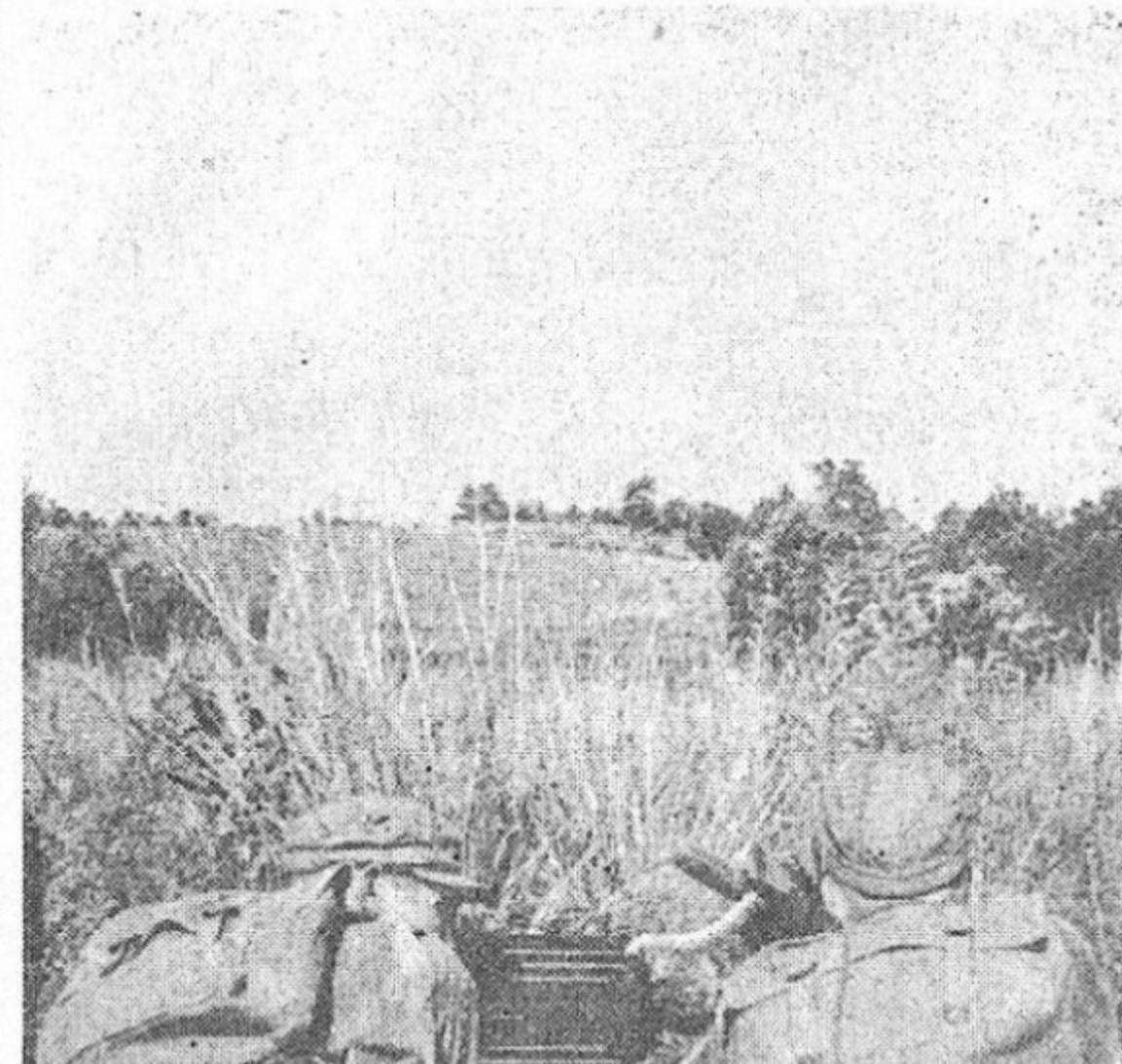
Perfect position is executed as this soldier begins his downward journey.

The G. I. Way



Now he rides easily to the ground.

Prize Weapon



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

"Why 'Mess' In Such Large Letters?"

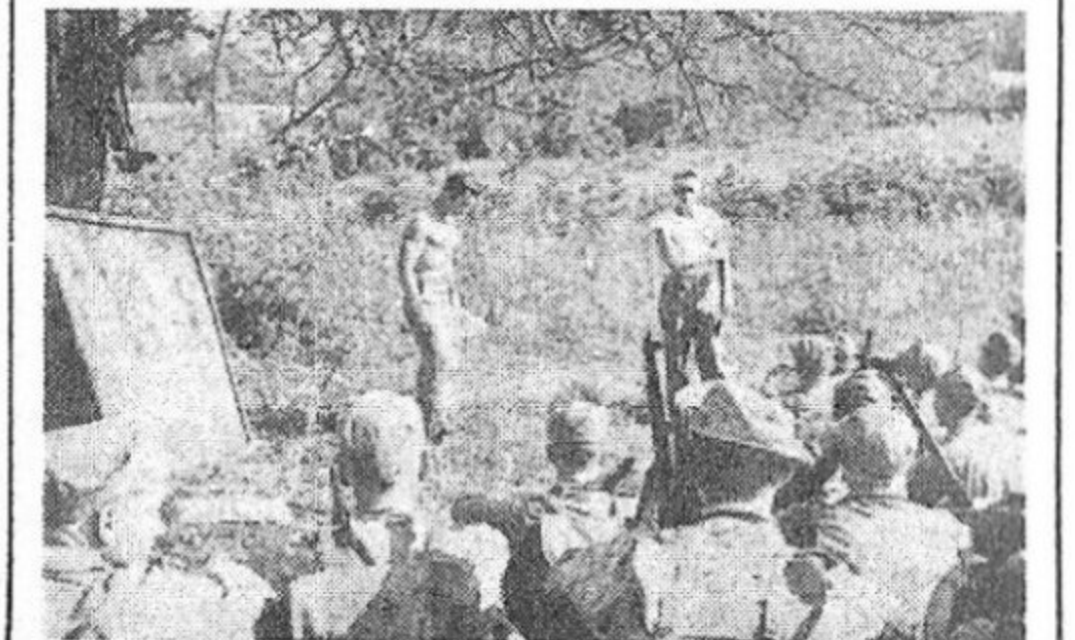


asked Bob Hope reading the inscription on a leather cigarette case given him by Col. Walsh. Hope was designed the first honorary member of 517's Officers' Mess. S/Sgt. Oliver smiling from behind.

Home On The Range

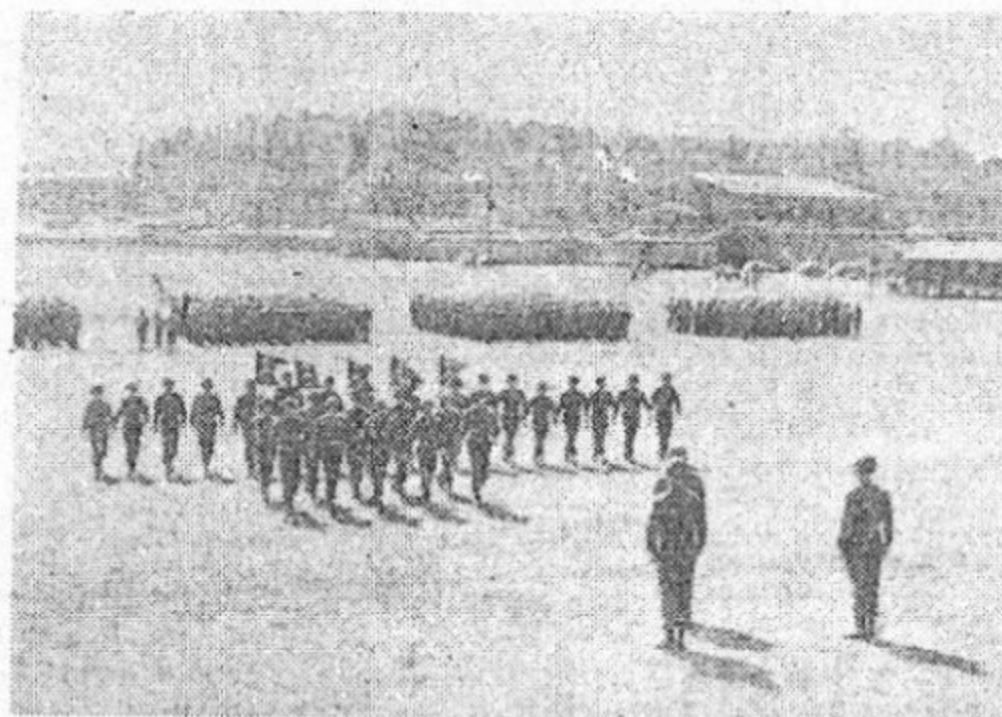


Tedious drills of sighting and aiming prove their value here.



Lt. Ehley, Third Battalion, explains a tactical problem.

First Parade



The First Battalion's first parade was stepped off with the smartness of veterans.

This Ain't The Navy



The cargo net develops speed, sure footedness and bigger biceps.



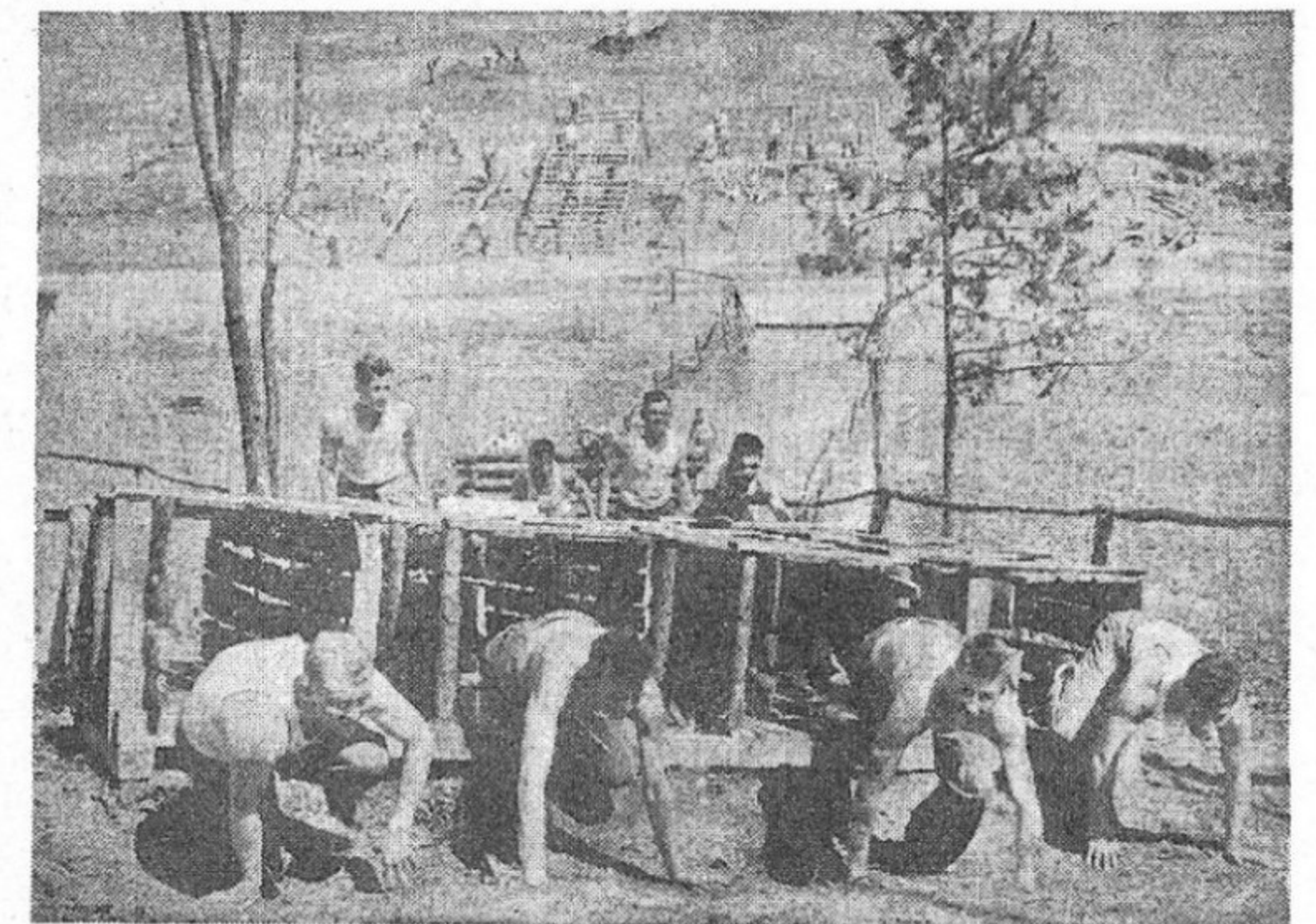
After many days of dry firing and practicing the men took the range firing in their stride.

Charmers Two



Assisted Divisional Commander, General Whitlaw, compares notes with Frances Langford in the Officers' Mess. That man eavesdropping is Lt. Frank Stone.

The Final Lap



Before the last lap up the hill, the men crawl through cracker boxes on obstacle course.



PREPARATION for the successful accomplishment of our combat mission is our sole excuse for being. To that end each member of this Regiment is a carefully selected volunteer.

RESULTS are the standard by which our success is measured. Numerous inspections by this and higher headquarters fully justify the care in selection of personnel, and the long hard hours of training. The proficiency in basic military subjects, the superb physical condition, the cooperation of all ranks, the evidence of team play, discipline and military courtesy, and the spirit of "Can Do" as reflected in the 1st Battalion and those men of Headquarters and Service Companies who are about to take up Parachute Training set a goal for us all to shoot at! Those units that follow are aiming high and doing well.

IF, in this period of basic training, each man and officer has fully realized the need for absolute perfection as the best form of life insurance, and the only means by which success in battle can be achieved, we've "got the show on the road" toward victory.

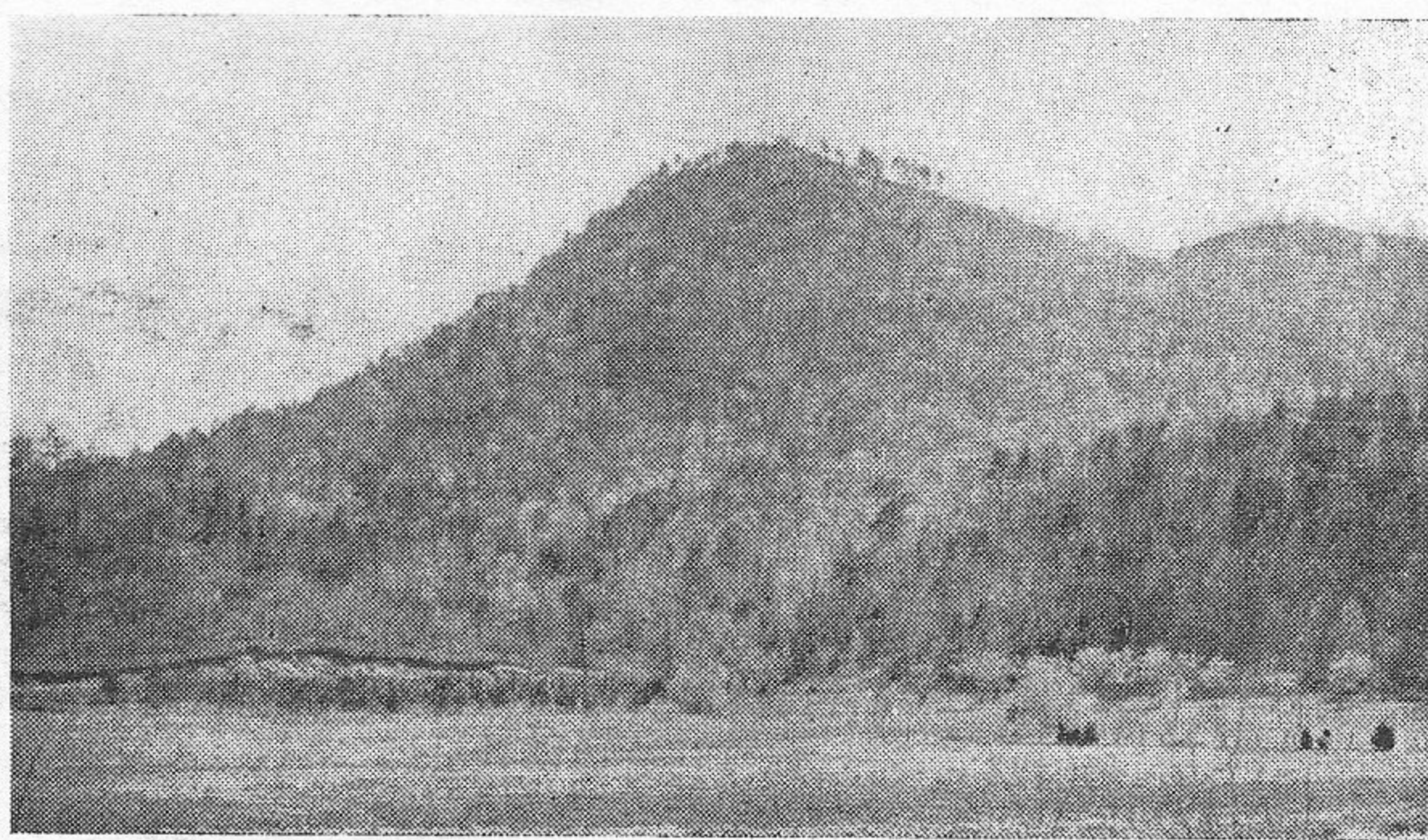
DURING the coming months we have much to accomplish. The thrill of joining the ranks of the qualified parachutists will mark the achievement of our first goal. Thereafter we must learn to live and fight as a unit to take up our rightful place in the vanguard of the 17th Airborne Division.

EACH of us must understand and be bound by the word PRIDE. Neither vanity nor arrogance can qualify. The physical accomplishments in marches and endurance that we have achieved are only what is to be expected of such a select group. Each of us, before our God must remain forever humble. The PRIDE of which we speak must be pride in our ability to do that which we set up as a goal. We must expect that at times the going will be rough—it is then that pride in ourselves; in our abilities as soldiers;—in the cause for which we fight, will serve us well. Remember that when you salute—it is the exchange of greetings between warriors!

L. A. Walsh

Colonel, Infantry
Commanding

Remember This?



Who Could Forget It? Mt. Currahee, Favorite Promenade Of 517ers

Bob Hope Livens Routine Grind With Hot Performance

Colona, Langford, Romano, Vague Help Keep Rookies Rolling In Aisles

The rookie left his barracks and marched down to the theatre. This night was to be his. Something different was coming into his sheltered Paratrooper's life. Why? Bob Hope was coming tonight. The Rookie would get his mind off the obstacle course. That run up Mt. Currahee could be forgotten—at least until tomorrow. What if his rifle wasn't clean. The sarge wouldn't see it—he was at the show.

Lt. Schmitz Leads Songs

So what happens? He walks into the theatre and after nearly an hour's wait during which Lt. Schmitz led the boys in a little song fest, the one and only Bob Hope walks 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 that Hope did the very first thing. That's right—he got down and did push-ups. Of course his nice plaid coat got a little dusty 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 tooth paste ad for the next hour and a half as he

gave the boys all he and his cast had for the rest of the evening. Besides Hope there was Frances Langford who probably would have drawn the boys out without 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 slanderous 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 Cobina 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 handle bars crossed the stage under the nose of one Jerry Colona. Those men whose sides were still intact went the limit with their laughs as he sang in his own inimitable way, bellowing out the first eight or ten words in one big yell then settling down to real nonsense.

It was a contented crowd of soldiers—that is, paratroopers—who filed back to their bunks. Yes, they rose at 5:45, but it didn't matter that they were up 'til 12 the night before.

After the show, Hope was made honorary member of the officers' mess and presented with a leather cigarette case.

E for Excellence

By Pvt. D. K. Brooks

Our heart goes out to Lt. Schmitz whose little chow pup is now in the hospital in Atlanta. It seems poor li'l Scrappy came down with a case of Distemper. Take note Chaplain Brown and let's hope every thing came out o. k.

The Second Battalion is happy at last. The basic training is finally under way. Now begins the process of counting the days before Benning. That will bring us one step closer to the real goal... whipping the pants off the Japs.

Congratulations to three of the men of Co. E, upon their recent marriages. The husbands of the lucky women are S-Sgt. Craig, Sgt. Lovens, and Pvt. Dougherty.

Co. E was sorry to lose Cpl. Emmons to Regimental H. Q. Co. Their gain is our loss. By the way, he is a sergeant now. Now, Sarge, maybe you can tell us about that National Life Insurance.

Who could have sent that book entitled "Married Love" to Cpl. O'Connell? He's not married.

You can easily see Pvt. Dave Hines is a wrestler. Just watch him throw a half-Nelson on his pillow when he's dreaming of Dorisse.

Anybody want about 50 push-ups? Just walk up to Lt. Quigley and say "You've gotta be rugged, right?"

Lt. Brooks made an appropriate comment while we were on bivouac, referring to the M-1 paratrooper, whom he describes as airborne, mud fed, and water cooled.

Congratulations are in order to all the men who made good scores on the rifle range. Especially worthy of comment are the five high scoring men, Pvt. Bowers, 191; S-Sgt. Craig, 191; Pvt. Roy Stabb, 190; Pvt. Chester Steward, 189; and Pvt. J. R. Robertson, 187.

Although some of the men have yet to fire on the transition range, the three high scorers from Company E are Pvt. Stabb and Revis with 42 and yours truly with 44 out of a possible 48.

We're sorry to hear that Pvt. Merrifield's ankle was sprained badly enough to have him hospitalized.

Bugs, Rain, Noise All Cause Trouble On Night Problems

By Pvt. N. B. Cohen

With a right face, forward march, and a column right, we were on our way into the Georgia woods. And how we do love Georgia. We tramped down the camp streets until we reached our so called "Highway into the Woods."

Then the rains came. But of course we didn't mind because it was cooling and refreshing. By the time we reached our destination, the firing range, we got the opportunity to slog and slide to our assigned company areas. We were truly satisfied on having our wish granted for rain. Now we had enough rain and wanted it to stop. It did... for a few minutes.

Finally our orders came to pitch tents. Obediently we wrung the water out of our shelter halves and pitched tents. What a truly good job we had done. Our next task was to drain the interior of our most gratifying homestead. The reason for this of course was because we decided it was better to have a bed in our home rather than a bath tub.

My buddy and I were fortunate enough to have a pup tent that didn't leak... for the first few minutes. Then a drop and a drip more drops and more drips in fact, we ourselves were dripping drops. It wasn't long until it was raining more inside than it was out. Sure... we really started with a bang.

We had a most enjoyable time that night. The reason for this was because we were not alone... We had chiggers... wood ticks... and scorpions, who would bite and crawl on us to remind us of their presence. When we awoke from our non slumberous night, we had no worry of obtaining a place to wash because we were fortunate enough to have what we thought was the Chattahoochee River running along side us. It ran down the left side of our bivouac. After a hearty breakfast (don't laugh) we took our first few steps and slid the rest of the way to the rifle range.

After being pushed around by the M-1 for an entire day, we slid back to our bivouac area and then slushed to chow. They told us to wash our eating utensils I didn't know why at first, but I found out later... the hard way.

Things were pretty much the same during the entire bivouac except for the different depths of mud. The best part of the whole trip was the march back to camp. We took three steps forward and fell two steps back.

When we finally reached camp, the rains stopped. That night we all decided there was only one explanation for all our troubles... "Things are tough all over."

Walsh's Luck—

—Continued from Page Three

have all served to make the Walsh chin a little tougher, the jaw a little squarer, a condition produced only by having them repeatedly smacked without losing the capacity to stick 'em back for more.

Indestructable

Indestructable! That's what he is. And maybe his outfit are claimants to part of his fabulous tradition. You can be sure he'd have it that way. But you can be a sight surer that he'll first make certain that every mother's son gets everything possible from his own experiences, the book, and from the hard trials of training. Then if there's really anything to the proverbial Luck o' the Irish (and one begins to suspect) the Walshmen are indeed logical successors to an abundant heritage.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"AWRIGHTAWRIGHT! So the birds n' th' bees n' th' flowers is kid talk. But do you gotta be so blunt?"

C Notes

By Pvt. Reeves Moran

The word furlough brings a variety of thoughts from different people. Everyone agrees it is 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 we go strutting down the 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 see where our buddies are going to spend those precious 10 days.

Vince Vienchowski is heading for Jersey as fast as he can. Seems there is a little gal, Clare Gigante, there and they figure on ringing a wedding bell or two.

Pvt. Chas. Daigh is heading in the opposite direction but he has the same idea. Betty Schnurr out California way is practicing her "I do's" and when Red gets there they figure on gettin' tied.

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

Pvts. Corey and MacDevitt will be found double timing to the 'Wild West' any time after jump school. Corey wants to get to Wyoming in time for the fall round-up.

According to Oscar Benefield there'll be some changes made when he gets home. For some reason he thinks Mildred De Lorenzo of New Jersey would like to change her game to his. Mildred Benefield—that does sound pretty smooth.

Pvt. Joe Parrot will have a new house to live in when he goes home. His little daughter got cold one evening and started to do something about it—as I said he has a new house now. Joseph's wedding anniversary will be due about that time also.

"California here I come" sings Ernie Gonzales. "I want to get my sun tan back. It has suffered something terrible since I've been in this cool climate. I'm not acclimatized to this damp weather, it never rains in California you know."

Pvt. H. H. Marks has the real deal. His girl is coming down from Pennsylvania to see him. That's real cooperation I call it.

Radioman Frank Hassey plans on taking over WAC enshrined Fort Oglethorpe on his way home to Youngstown, Ohio. Frank knows a couple of auxiliaries, and they're first class too!

WEDDING BELLS

Lt. Glenn M. Stanley, of the Field Artillery and Miss Virginia Ruth Goldsmith were married in the post chapel on June 12.

Lt. Robert A. Voll, Co. A, and Miss Dorothy Schmitt, Pittsburg, Pa., were married in the post chapel on May 29.

Lt. Fred W. Mills, Jr., married Miss Lois Mae Byer, Ridgely, W. Va., in the post chapel on June 5.

Regimental Dance Orchestra Organized, Ready for Action

Improving with each performance, the new regimental dance orchestra is now on its own and ready to take on any and all experts who wish to match them with the best. Pvt. John Draith, ex-professional brass man who has played with the better bands of the country before entering the paratroops, leads the men who, for the most part, are of high school experience. 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.

Those who compose the orchestra include: Privates Daugherty, Markewitz, and McCash, Alto; Privates Davenport and Antrim, Tenor; Privates Draith, Seele, and Hughes, Trombone; Privates Berrena, Jenchi, Posey and Molitor, Trumpet; Privates Teiderman, Ebert, Lansom, Rythm.

A for Airborne

By Pvt. Don Gagnon

Pvt. Jim Marshall and Pvt. Dick Eaton have acquired the name of "Boots" It couldn't be that they were caught in town by Lt. Broudy with their boots on.

Captain H. M. Bowlby was relieved of his duty of company commander July 3, to go to school at Fort Benning. Captain Captain H. B. Stoffregen now has command of Company.

Could there be a special reason for the shine on Lt. Robert Voll's boots lately? We could find out more about that from Pvt. Rudd.

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 gas card. I wonder what that is.

A certain girl in Gainesville has found a new name for Pvt. Baker. What do you boys think it is? The name is Joy from now on. Cute isn't it?

We now have a barber of our own in company "A." Sgt. Lansing seems to be having the time of his life cutting the boys' hair. Ask Pvt. Bob Noldre. It saves a lot of time when you have no hair to comb.

We have found at least one boy in Co. A who is true to the home front. This person happens to be Pvt. Hohlesberger. 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 carbine. It wouldn't be because he shot battalion high with the score of 186.

Pvt. Bill Gallagher seems to be having quite a time with Pvt. Ralph Bickford since he got his girl friend's picture. He insists on paying his respects to Shirley every day.

Wedding Bells

Pvt. Edward H. Lippy, Co. I, and Ruth Darling, Pitt., Pa., were married in the post chapel July 3.

Pvt. A. E. Johnson of the Medics and Normadine Prose, Morrisonville, Ill., were married in the post chapel on July 2.

General Miley Head Man Of Thunderbolt Division

Pioneer Paratrooper



Maj. Gen. William M. Miley, commanding the "Thunderbolts" awaits the go signal.

Lead First Chute Battalion; Inspires Men to Heights

By Maj. Melvin Zais

"If there is any dangerous experimenting or testing to be done in this Army, I'll do it first," said General Wm. M. Miley, then a Major commanding the 501st 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 from the word go, Major Miley had attempted to jump from a C-39 carrying a light machine gun. This exemplifies 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 had been selected by the War Department to organize and command the original 501st 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 501st Battalion, Major Miley was promoted to the grade of Lt. Colonel. Later he commanded the 503rd Parachute Regiment.

Men Go To England

Gen. Miley's leadership and ability were immediately reflected in the performance of this regiment and one of his battalions was selected to sail for England and later to engage in the first American Parachute combat mission in North Africa. The grade of Colonel was the next step forward and Miley took it in stride as those who observed him and worked with him knew he would.

This was only the ground work for greater things yet to come. In August, 1942, he was promoted to the grade of Brigadier General and assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division as Assistant Division Commander.

General Miley served as Division Commander of the 82nd Airborne Division until January, 1943, at which time he was informed by the War Department that he would command the 17th Airborne Division to be activated April 15, 1943.

Now a Major General and still unchanged from the days when every man in the 501st Parachute Battalion swore by him and for him, he is destined to lead his Division to feats of valor on the battlefield.

Steel Hand In Velvet Glove

For those who do not know him, General Miley is a modest, unassuming, soft-spoken reticent man, whose influence and personality permeate throughout his command. He is a real example of the "steel hand in the velvet glove."

To man, we in the 517th Parachute Regiment, speak with pride and a feeling of utmost confidence when we say "General Miley is my Division Commander."

Wedding Bells

Cpl. Robert M. Fessler, Service Co. and Miss Elizabeth Steele were married in the post chapel on May 13.

Regimental Rewrites

They call them the brain trusters. Some are, some could be, then there's the rest. Anyhow, Regimental Headquarters company is the one that gets the second hand music from the Officers' club across the street. It's small, but a lot of things happen there . . . I mean in Headquarters company.

When Capt. H. E. Dickerson yells it is time for a ten minute break in the middle of a hard day's work, the boys usually appreciate it. But when guys like Pvt. Marsh go around the barracks at night, waking up each man saying sweetly, "It's time to take ten, wake up," the project is going a bit too far. At least some of the more pessimistic men believe so. But the last straw comes when he returns to inform the boys that their break is over, to go back to sleep. It has come to the point where a regimental man feels cheated out of an hour's sleep if he doesn't get at least one break during the night.

The demolition men are already hard at work on their booby traps. The topper come last Saturday night when the boys in 555 set up a most scientific gadget over the door so that some innocent soul could get the full benefit. Everything was O. K. until the men fell asleep and Cpl. Allison came home from his trip to town. He wasn't exactly interested in the fact that the guys were merely doing their home work. It really didn't matter cause he had to send his clothes to the laundry anyhow.

Congrats to Pvt. Farlow. It seems he has become a pop for the second time. I wonder where he'll spend his furlough. He lives in Texas.

The regimental reville formation is much larger now that the men from Second Battalion are added to the company. They are rookies, but you can bet they will receive all the cooperation they need from the men just finishing basic and the non coms, whom the older men were fortunate enough to work with.

The feuds between the demolition and the intelligence schools go on and on. The latest is the statement put out by the demolitions men. "The intelligence school is training to release the WAC's for combat."

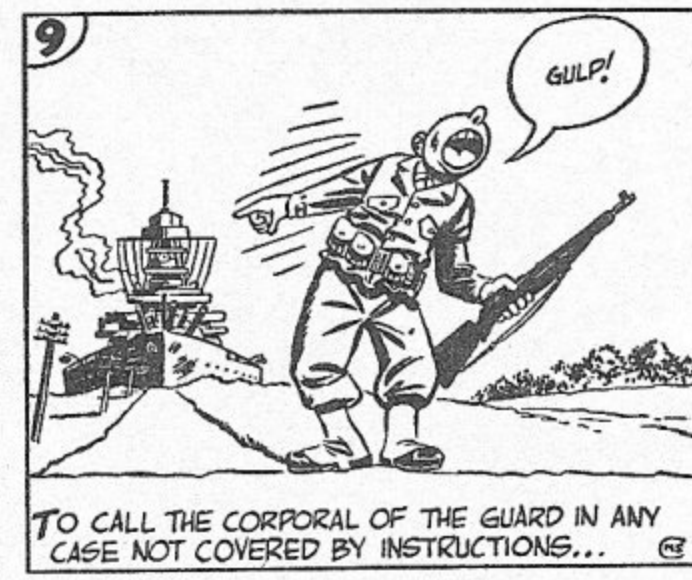
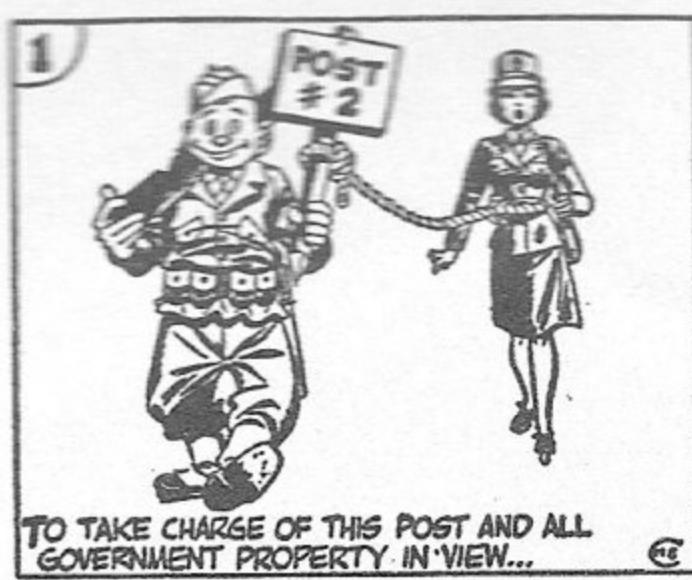
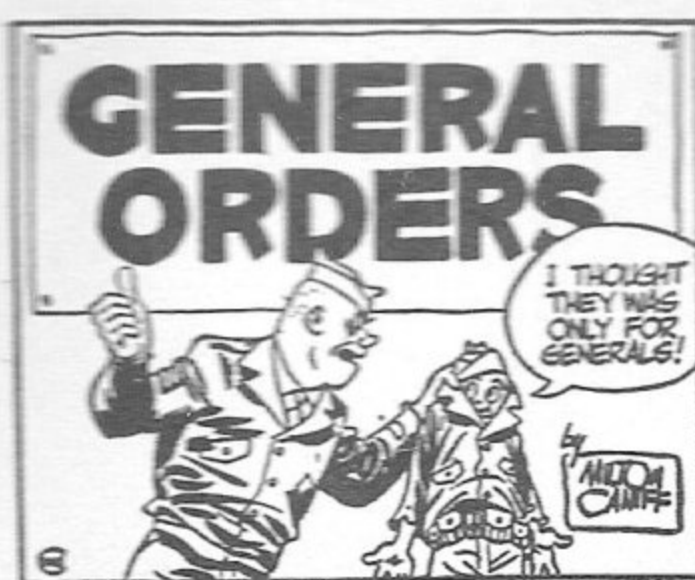
We are wondering who this wonderful woman is that fixes Pfc. Bill Edwards up with all these chicken dinners. Guess we'll have to go to Cornelia to find out.

Then there's the feud of the era between Pvts. McAvoy and Molitor. They also like Cornelia, but it happens to be the same girl.

Poor Sgt. Demmel has his troubles deciding which girl to visit during his week ends off. By the way Sarge, how was that trip to Birmingham?

Wedding Bells

Sgt. Paul V. McClanahan, Co. I, was married to Miss Glee Morgan, Grundy, Va., on May 1. Sgt. and Mrs. George Correa were the witnesses.



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 which means they should be ready for long and successful service.

Lt. Fred Ortmann leads the men of the motor pool. The pool is run by Service Company, Capt. William P. Hickman, commanding.

First Battalion—

—Continued from Front Page
demolitions or camouflage specialists' schools, and these 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 Zais 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 these plans the Third should not be far ahead of the Second Battalion which Major Seitz now has launched well into its basis schedule.

The 13 weeks rounded out by the First Battalion at Camp Toccoa have included grounding in all infantry arms, the M-1, carbine, 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, together with combat reaction courses and night tactical problems,

have all been taken in their confident stride. To these are added the physical hardening processes, well enough done to win for them Assistant Divisional Commander, General Whitelaw's comment "They're Magnificent!"

Other columns in this issue mention various activities associated with Currahee runs, five mile full-pack marches, and some of the other fonder memories.

Training isn't finished with the end of 13 weeks basic, reminded Colonel Walsh.

"The only thing that's finished is 13 weeks basic. Training, increasingly difficult and more comprehensive will continue, unrelenting, until we step off against the enemy. The most I can promise you is that unit and combined arms training may prove more interesting, a better opportunity for the individual soldier to exhibit qualities of independent action and leadership," Colonel Walsh added.

"Many parachute troops are prone to think that when they complete jump school they're qualified paratroopers, instead of being merely qualified jumpers. There is a vast difference. How well they've learned basic procedure and how well they learn to fight as a combat team will determine whether they become qualified paratroopers."

At Benning the first week for the First Battalion will begin in "B" stage with ground training, control of parachutes during descent, and a preliminary course in parachute packing. Mock tower jumps, already familiar, will be embellished with at least one opportunity to take off on the high cable at night. The second week, "C" stage, means towers, the controlled towers and free descents from the 250 foot free towers to perfect landing technique as well as control of the parachute during descent. Further packing instruction takes half of each day there as well.

"Jumping from an airplane in flight" is the language used to describe officially what Major Boyle's men will occupy themselves during their third Benning week.

At Camp Mackall other components of the 17th Airborne Division, the "Thunderbolt Division," have already put out the welcome sign

And Then There's The Bunion Derby

By Pvt. Don Gagnon

Well, most of you boys in the First Battalion know what that five mile course is and probably the Second Battalion has heard of it. Now let's go with Company A on its march over the course, when 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 timing. Now double timing isn't bad for riflemen . . . but a machine gunner—well, that's a different story: The heavy weapons boys in the platoon have to carry machine guns and mortars and when they start to bounce up and down on your shoulder you really know you're carrying something.

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 o. k. but oh how the feet begin to drag as they go along. They just throw them out and they come down but it really is harder than it looks. Your shins 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 about that time 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. Broudy. The boys are now at 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

Co. Does Is

By Pvt. Cohen

Who was that little corporal who during the middle of the night, while feeling on "De Ball," marched a rook all over the camp area? Please Corporal McKeon, no offense.

Say fellows, just watch that peepsodent smile of Sgt. Gullat when he woos the post cafeteria girls.

The other day I picked up a little dope and here's the way it goes . . . A man was poised 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 unhooked 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 (censored) will sure raise hell with you." So Lt. Robbins, grinning to himself, nonchalantly trotted away.

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

Seems as though a certain Pvt. while standing in chow 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.

