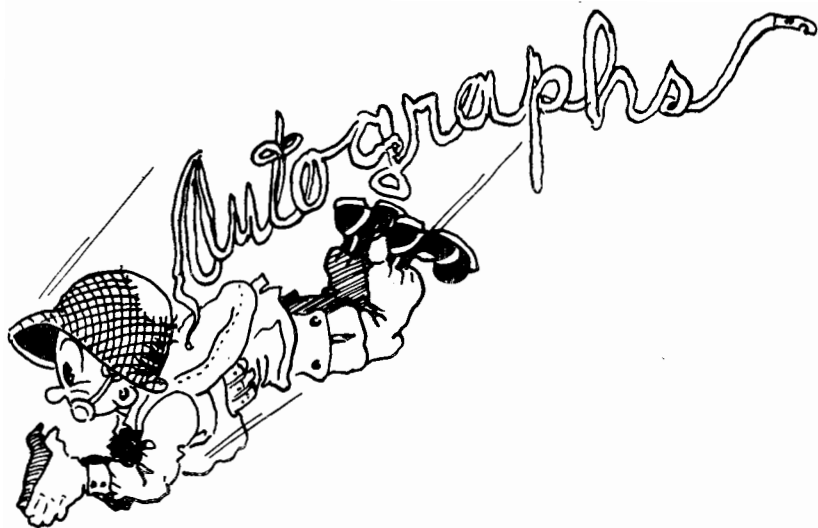




**517**

**PARACHUTE COMBAT TEAM**



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*Passed By Censors For Mailing Home.*

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*The story of the 517th as unfolded on these pages is unique in as much as its battle history to date is that of a separate Regimental Combat Team. However, it has been attached to so many divisions in its short career that the story also has a part of several divisions histories and now starting again with a newly arrived Airborne Division to which it is now assigned.*

*This booklet, I believe, will serve a definite need in several ways. Through these pages the families of the men of the 517th may learn something of the past actions of the regiment and be proud of their sons. New men coming into the regiment may find in its brief pages a short history of the regiment and know what the old timers have already accomplished.*

*It should be remembered, however, that this regiment is probably one of the youngest regiments of the army being overseas less than one year after its activation in March 1945; and, as a young regiment, many additional pages will undoubtedly be added in the near future.*

*Finally, I would like readers to remember the supporting units of the 517th Parachute Combat Team, i.e., the 460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion and the 596th Airborne Engineer Company whose loyal and untiring support enabled these pages to be written.*



*Rupert. D. Graves  
Colonel, 517th Parachute Inf.  
Commanding.*

top villages. The Second Battalion moved upon Montarsio, and took it against disorganized rear guard action on the evening of June 19. The Third Battalion moved to the left of the Second, and by a circuitous route through Montepescali pushed on to take Sticciano. The battalion was welcomed joyously by the populace and given fresh bread and cheese. They spent the night of June 20th below the village consolidating positions against possible counter-attacks.

The following day the combat team moved in rear of the 142nd Infantry to a position east of Follonica. On the morning of the 24th they met stiff opposition. The Second Battalion struck on the left and moved through the northeast section of Follonica where they encountered heavy enemy resistance. Overcoming this stubborn stand, they pushed

on and took the dominating high ground. The Third Battalion, under the command of Lt. Col. Melvin Zais, left the outskirts of Gavarrano before dusk on a historic march that took them through the enemy lines under the cover of darkness. Using "liberated" mules and carts, the men piled equipment on them; anything that rattled was strapped down or discarded. By swift, silent movement they slipped through the lines unobserved, and were on the road to the high ground above the Cornia River Valley. On both sides of the roads the Jerries slept in wheat-fields... unaware of the long column of Troopers that filed silently by. The battalion marched through, and met slight opposition at dawn which was quickly eliminated. They then moved into position west of the 142nd Infantry, while the Second Battalion was pulled out of Follonica and sent to reinforce the Third.



The First Battalion came in at noon and moved through the Third, crossing the Cornia River Valley behind a screen of friendly artillery fire. Their mission was to take and secure the high ground facing the Suvereto River Valley. Under a terrific enemy mortar and artillery barrage, intermingled by sporadic bursts from small arms, they attacked up the slopes of Mt. Peloso. By dusk of that day the First Battalion occupied the hill, after battling for every contour mark on the mountain. All positions were held despite desperate attempts by the enemy to dislodge the Troopers by artillery fire, until the 442nd Combat Team relieved them on the 26th of June.

The Five-Seventeen was pulled back to the area of Frascati, southeast of Rome, to make preparations for the Big Show... the parachute invasion of the soft underbelly of "Hitler's Europa", Southern France.

As a tribute to their fighting ability displayed on the Italian front; the enemy, through a special broadcast by their propaganda "Siren of the Airwaves", Berlin Sal, had this to say :

"You Men of Five-Seventeen are much better than we anticipated. But you are foolhardy... you will lose men!"

On our side of the fence, General Fred L. Walker of the 36th Division commended the combat team for their part "*in inflicting on the Wehrmacht the worst defeat in the history of the German Army!*"

For the 517th this had been the proving grounds. The rugged mountains and countryside of Italy had shown them the way wars must be fought; and over here rain and mud weren't just a discomfort in training, they were part of the messy business of war. They also learned that "Airborne" didn't mean travelling in a big C-47... once on the ground, it was up to the Troopers' own initiative; which in that country meant stray mules, horses, and whatever form of wheeled carts they could acquire.

Italy also further cemented the bonds of respect within the combat team. The doughboys grinned with pride when

numbered and shock-happy prisoners asked to see the "belt-fed artillery" the 460th boys were slamming into their positions.

### *To Rest... And Make Ready*

So the Men of Five-Seventeen passed their battlefield tests "Magna Cum Laude", and were pulled back to the vicinity of Rome to rest... and get ready. Sandwiched in between problems and training were all the little pleasantries possible to help erase a few of the darker memories that go hand in hand with living in the lines.

There were Special Service and USO Shows; PX rations with Coca Cola and cold beer; baseball, boxing, and soccer tournaments; and a constant stream of Troopers touring the Eternal City. The parachute patch on the jaunty cap became omnipresent in all the high spots of the city that was once the "heart of civilization and ruler of the world". Devout 'chutists had audience with Pope Pius XII in the Vatican City, and gazed at Michaelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. Shiny jumpboots strolled along the Corso Umberto, and made their way to the Colosseum, the old Roman Forum, the Victor Emmanuele monument, the Pantheon, and through the Arch of Constantine. They trod the old Appian Way, and viewed the ancient Roman Aqueducts... even had swimming excursions in the cold, crystal-clear waters of Lago Albano, in an old volcano crater south of Rome.

It was a pleasant break from the recent realities of war... and a good cover for the coming events that were taking shape behind closed doors in war rooms, and in heavily guarded sandtables where S-2 men were painstakingly working out minute details to scale, from large maps... marked "Top Secret".

Then, about the second week in August, small groups of men filed into the various guarded war-tents to memorize the terrain of a large, detailed, scale reproduction of the Drop Zone across the Tyrrhenian Sea. They gazed long at the

irregular features of the sandtable reproduction; etching each mountain and valley in the recesses of their minds., and filling in detailed data that might come in handy once on the ground behind enemy lines. Each trail and road was carbon-traced in the memory of each Trooper, and the positions of ravines, hedgerows, towns, woods, and any scrap of information containing the remotest hint of possible usage was marked down by each man; not on overlay paper, but in a mental picture that the eyes of the enemy could not penetrate.

Then came the order to don complete battle gear, and the Men of Five-Seventeen rummaged duffle bags and climbed into jumpsuits, netted steel helmets, and battle webbing. Numerous pistols emerged out of nowhere, and long knives of all descriptions were strapped onto hips or legs. By companies these "Butchers with Big Pockets" made their way over to the Service Company area, where they were sprayed with camouflage hoses until they resembled the very dregs of Satan's Society... straight from the hallowed halls of Hades. Then these motley marauders made their way back to camp, stowed their gear... and waited.

It wasn't a long wait. They were loaded into trucks and delivered to various dispersal airfields scattered along the west side of Italy's boot. The units, upon arrival at these scattered fields, began the all-important task of last minute preparation. There were 'chutes to be fitted; equipment bundles to be packed, racked, and checked; ammunition and emergency rations to be issued; and numerous other small details that go to make up a successful parachute mission.

After tents had been pitched on the hot, dusty fields, curious scraps of paper were passed out to all the men. These scraps carried important phrases in the French language, to be used by the Troopers in the event of an emergency; self-pronounced phrases such as... "I am an American parachutist; I am wounded; I am hungry" and questions on how to allocate the enemy and determine his size and strength.

Then came the escape kits; containing native currency

for essentials, compasses, waterproofed silk maps, and matches to be used by the men if they were cut off from allied troops or lost. Next was the camouflage; which came in tubes of green, sand, and black greasepaint to blend the hands and face with the mottled jumpsuit. This last item of issue caused much hilarity, and brought forth a lot of hidden artistic talents.

Unlike the Hollywood version, no ominous cloud of tension hung over these men. Card games, preparing snacks, swimming, and eternal horseplay rounded out the day. However, one could sense in their thoughtful moments the hint of something big in the air... the last check on already gleaming weapons... testing the edges of their razorkeen jump-knives.

Perhaps you could detect eyes momentarily gazing into space; bright with anticipation or memories... but who could define the thoughts of these airborne warriors on the eve of battle.

Then take-off time, and the big C-47's droned out over the sea with their noses pointed into the misty blackness towards Southern France. The mission of the combat team was to seize and organize positions in order to prevent the enemy from bringing in reinforcements against our beachhead forces, who were to storm the beaches and work inland from the coast. At approximately 0300 hour on the 15th of August, the Pathfinder groups were dropped to guide in the following waves of transport planes. They were dropped too far from the DZ to reach it in time to set up their equipment, however.

### *Spearheading the Invasion*

At about 0430 hours the dark sky became filled with paratroopers spilling out of their winged chariots, some scattered as far as 44 kilometers from their objective. The action throughout the next three days was beyond description. Enemy convoys were attacked, communication lines severed, towns and villages occupied and vacated as assembling Troopers merged towards the focal point of battle. The



**SOLDIERS OF THE SILK**



OOH-LA-LA!



ARE YOU READY?

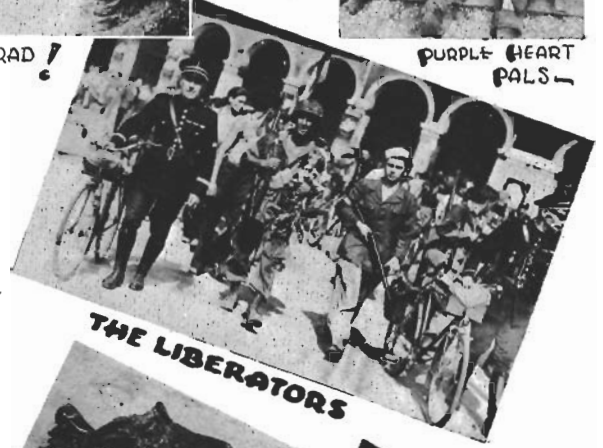
# 517'S CAMERA-MAN



KAMERAD!



PURPLE HEART  
PALS



THE LIBERATORS



TAMED TIGER



BULLSEYE!



SUSPEL BARRIER



PARADE OF HONOR



IT WAS NO  
CHAMPAGNE CAMPAIGN  
FOR THIS MAN



DUSTY  
GUYS



SCRAP METAL



FIRE FOR EFFECT



FOR THE CAUSE OF  
FREEDOM



AIRBORNE!



A GOOD KRAUT!



A CAR FOR THE COLONEL  
BATTLEFIELD REQUISITION



MANHAY NIGHTMARE



HEROES ALL



AMBUSHED!



boys from Service Company opened and maintained a "motor pool" that boasted of every type of battered battle-wagon the German army had to offer, and that the ambush patrols at cross-roads could bring in. Crude white stars were painted on the vehicles, and strips of vari-colored silk adorned them to enable our own troops to recognize a captured vehicle. The men were widely scattered over the landscape, and town names such as Le Muy, La Motte, Les Arcs, and Draguignan will long be remembered.

Part of Col. Zais' Third Battalion assembled and proceeded to Claviers leaving a path of destruction in their wake. The remaining elements of the battalion landed in the hills east of Tourettes and were joined by eighty British paratroopers. This combined force annihilated a large enemy convoy speeding to the besieged cities in the south.

Col. Boyle and forty of his First Battalion men made a gallant stand at Les Arcs against overwhelming odds; refusing to withdraw, knowing it would be extremely costly to have to re-take any lost ground. The Second Battalion pushed through to reinforce them and establish a battle-line. At best, it was a thinly stretched line; because the troopers were determined to hold all the ground they now possessed... and the Germans began massing their troops on the outskirts of Les Arcs, and seeping into the newly formed line to determine just where to strike their main effort. It was then that the Third Battalion arrived on the scene and launched a coordinated attack through the hills and vineyards. Once the combat team was intact, the Germans gave up hope of reaching their own coastal defenses to help repel the landings.

On D plus 4, after reorganization of the combat team near Chateau St. Rosseline, the Second Battalion was charged with the taking of Fayence, and the Third Battalion started into Callian. First Battalion was held in reserve, and other units used in direct support of the split missions. The morning of the 21st found both of these objectives taken, with

numerous prisoners and enemy dead as tangible evidence of success.

The storming of St. Cezaire on the 22nd of August by "G" and "I" companies is now legend. When "G" company became pinned down, company "I" surged up the mountainous slopes under murderous fire, earning the commendation from Major General Robert T. Frederick, Commanding General of the First Airborne Task Force, which proclaimed :

*" The irresistible drive and desire to close with the enemy as shown by the members of the company on this occasion exemplify the fighting spirit of the American infantryman and should be a source of pride to all members of this command. "*

The next two weeks found German citadels falling in rapid succession; St. Vallier, Grasse, Bouyon and La Rocquette. In the attack on La Rocquette "E" Company distinguished itself and earned the commendation of the Commanding General.

Now, the Combat Team's momentum of late summer's victories was stalled at the line of enemy fortifications snaking down from the Maritime Alps of southern France to the sea. The Second Battalion groped out beyond Luceram and first discovered the tenacious intentions of the Germans to maintain their bunkers and French constructed forts surrounding the stronghold city of Sospel. On September 5, "D" Company was given the mission of taking the high ground north of Col de Braus. Completion of this mission under terrific enemy fire drew high praise from Major General Robert T. Fredrick, Commanding General of the 1st Airborne Task Force, who said, *"I wish to commend the officers and enlisted men of this unit for their courage, aggressiveness and devotion to duty in combat during the period 5 September to 7 September 1944."*

On September 9th, the second platoon of "G" Company jumped off to make a bid for Col de Braus itself, an advantageous little stepping stone to the forbidden Sospel valley.

At 1100 hours the little cluster of naked shambles shook with battle violence, and later, on the night of the same day, the remnants of the second platoon staggered back in silent testimony of the enemy's determination to maintain their Alpine toehold on French soil; but the persistence of the men was too doggedly defined to allow themselves to squat within sight of their first set-back. On the 10th of September, "G" and "H" Companies filed boldly into Col de-Braus after a terrific four hour barrage by the 460th. On the same day infantrymen occupied positions to the left of Col de Braus, and to the right, a slow roll of white rocks called "Bloody Stump".

At the same time the First Battalion pressed on into Peira-Cava, bolstered by shrapnel from "A" battery's 75MM guns, and defended against the treachery of mines by sweepers from the 596th Engineers. September 18th was a red letter day in the prolonged history of the "Champagne Campaign". With the artillery guns of the 460th dug in on the heights above the infantry, the Second and Third Battalions charged out from under a curtain of withering support, to seize Mt. Ventebren and Tete de Lavina. The paratroopers apprehended an entire company of goosesteppers, together with scores of German dead sprawled out in the sun or crouching stiffly in the attitudes of sudden death in their bunker havens. They took Tete de Lavina and Mt. Ventabren at the bargain cost of four infantry casualties.

The remainder of September saw riflemen digging in around the hotels at Peira-Cava, the demolitions boys from the bridge-builders and Headquarters Company stringing out booby traps and anti-personnel mines to defend the fifteen mile front so thinly held and so inadequately manned. Artillery observers from the 460th climbed the high ground adjacent to "the little Maginot Line". September died out with attacks on Hill 1098 and the relentless roar of the 75's echoing and re-echoing through the deep chasms of the Maritime Alps. Batteries of German 170MM field guns chewed away at the thinning ranks of the 'troopers while everybody from

Peira-Cava to Tete de Lavina counted the days until the next pass to Nice.

Throughout the seige of Sospel, the "Champagne Campaign" featured passes to Nice, the garden city of the Riviera, where paratroopers came down from the Alpine battle groves to share in the rewards of liberation. They walked with the belles of Cote d'Azur along the broad promenade by the sea to return the next day to the fighting among the trees and white shale of the Maritime Alps.

On the 28th of October enemy mortar and artillery fire continued to strike out at the entrenched First Battalion on Ridge X and Tete de Lavina, but there was widespread belief among the 517th skeptics that all was not well with the enemy troops in Sospel. Patrols from the 517th felt out the defences at Fort Barbounet and Sospel and found both deserted by the Germans. On the morning of October 29th, a large patrol from "F" Company was the first to enter the grim portals of Sospel and later in the day "B" Company entered and pushed on to occupy Mt. Agaisen without opposition.

The "City at the End of the Rainbow" had fallen after fifty one days' seige, the longest stall encountered by the Combat Team in its few combat crowded months overseas. Patrols fanned out aggressively in pursuit of the enemy, some reaching over the Italian border; but the flavor was gone, the southern France campaign was over.

It was called the "Champagne Campaign"... but there was no semblance of gaiety in those long, weary forced marches over the jagged trails of the Maritime Alps carrying backbreaking loads, pursuing the enemy... an enemy that was responsible for those stiff, silent forms of American paratroopers that lay scattered in the hills and along the roads. There was no champagne for those men.

### *Out of the Lines*

On the 16th of November the fighters of the Five-Seventeen were relieved, after a haul of 94 consecutive days in

the lines; and they started the 48 kilometer march back over the mountains and down into the sunny stretches of the Cote d'Azur into a rest area near the heart of the Riviera, and Nice.

It was then that the men were allowed to reap some of the rewards of victory, with pass trucks making daily trips to Cannes and Nice. For close to three weeks the 'troopers toured the Promenade des Anglais and the Avenue de la Victoire, or idled on the Place Massena. Highlighting the nightlife trail of the enlisted men were such pleasure spots as the Queens, Maxim's and Christie's for diversion; with overnight quartering at the Continental Hotel, or the Ker Maria. The jumping artillerymen offered lodging for their men on pass in the Villa of Belgian's monarch, King Leopold; little realizing that Dame fate held a trick card in her hand which would permit the 'troopers to repay this courtesy by pushing the Nazis back out of Belgium.

For the officers it was the Plantation Club, the Cintra, and the Hotel Negresco that formed the nucleus for a galaxy of pleasant memories of life on the Riviera.

### *The trip North*

On the 6th and 7th of December the Combat Team moved from La Colle to entrain at Antibes. The men were crowded with all bags and bedrolls into the small 40 and 8's. The destination was the famous battleground of World War I... Soissons. The trip was uneventful except for the rain and snow storms which the train ploughed steadily through, and the rush for water when the train slowed down.



Finally, the destination was reached before dawn on the morning of the 12th. Packs were shifted, bed-rolls slung and the columns filed through the still sleeping town. For the first time in the long months overseas the welcome sight of barracks caught their eye. The next day they settled down to the routine of garrison life. Gala plans were made for the Christmas holiday season... parties planned, USO shows arranged. Everyone was looking forward to the Christmas turkey with all the trimmings. However, with the first news of Von Rundstedt's breakthrough, the visions of turkey disappeared and the trimmings turned into guns and snow, red with blood... the 517th was returning to action.

After an alert period of two days, the Combat team entrucked and sped northward. On the 22nd of December worried clusters of Belgians stood on street corners in threatened Namur and watched the caravan of 'troopers swish through enroute to the front.

### *Back to War*

Orders received in Namur directed the First Battalion to the Third Armored Division's sector near Soy, Belgium, where the German armor had been jabbing out fiercely for many hours. So fluid was the situation in that sector, that the Third Armored Division was incapable of determining exactly where the front began. Bearing the brunt of Rundstedt's furious attack, the First Battalion not only stopped but slowly turned the German drive in the opposite direction and succeeded in establishing a stable line from Hotten to Soy. Colonel R. L. Howze, Commanding Officer of the 36th Armored Infantry Regiment, in commending the First Battalion said "*They are clearly among the highest type troops of this or any other army*". To this, Major General Maurice Rose, Commanding General of the Third Armored Division added, "*The operation was highly commendable and gained the admiration of the entire division*".

Christmas day broke clear and cold, and artillerymen

from the 460th sat in their fox-holes with a Christmas K ration and watched air armadas clash in the wildest aerial action of the war. Dogfights, screens of flack, and buzz bombs afforded the groundfighters of the 517th Combat Team afront row center at "*the biggest show on earth*". Low flying ME 109's gave machine gunners from the artillery their first crack at enemy planes. One Nazi fighter plane hurtled crazily over "D" batterys position and its pilot fell out to land in the middle of their area.

On December 26, the 517th received one it's most important assignments when ordered by the XVIII Corps (Airborne) to take Manhay at any cost. Manhay had been reclaimed by the 2nd SS Panzers, the Nazi unit responsible for the atrocities at Malmeday earlier in the breakthrough, but it's capture was important for many other reasons. The squat little cluster of Belgian houses at the junction of five roads, commanded the all-important highway through Werbemont to Liege. It was the doormat to the entrance of Liege and was to be utilized by formidable enemy forces as a jump-off for an assault on that key city.

The task of leading the attack into Manhay fell on the capable shoulders of Lt. Col. Paxton's Third Battalion. At 0205 hours, on the chill morning of December 27th, Manhay reeled under a terrific barrage from 15 supporting artillery battalions. During the two periods of preparation fire neutralizing units shattered the village stronghold with a rain of 8600 shells. At 0230 hours the parachute infantrymen from the Third Battalion charged across the snowblanketed approaches to Manhay and entered the town. The enemy counter-attacked with tanks, many of them American Shermans manned by the Huns. However, this attack was smashed and at 0330 hours, Regimental Headquarters and the world was informed that the village had fallen. Prisoners of war asserted that they had been stunned by the violence and speed of the 'troopers attack. Here, in the shell torn hamlet of Manhay, Rundstedt's drive was halted and his hopes for a quick thrust northward were blasted.

On January 3, under the double A of the All-American 82nd Airborne Division, the 517th again struck the enemy. This time across the Salm River, attacking the two villages of Trois Ponts and Basse Bodeaux. In less than three days they overran the two villages although snow, cold and enemy fire made conditions almost unbearable. In this action the Second Battalion killed its own strength in Germans and captured over five hundred Volksgrenadiers; they deserved the tribute paid them by Colonel W. S. Triplet, Commanding Officer of Combat Command A, when he said "*The superior manner in which the Second Battalion executed the plans of this Combat Command reflected the highest standards of proficiency. Their courage and skill is a credit to a fine organization*". To this Brigadier General R. W. Hasbrouck, Commanding General of the 7th Armored Division added, "*I am pleased to forward this commendation and add my personal appreciation for the splendid manner in which your unit assisted this Division in accomplishing its mission during the recent operation*"

January 13th found the Third Battalion attached to the 75th Division smashing across the l'Ambleve river and sweeping on for 5 kilometers against determined enemy mortar and small arms fire. This was affected while units on the right and left were unable to accomplish gains in their respective sectors. Not to be denied a place in the sun, Col. Seitz's indomitable Second Battalion plunged into the much publicized German defenses at St. Vith with elements of the Seventh Armored Division. The fall of that city was significant. When the doughboys of the Second Battalion, attached to the Seventh Armored Division, stormed St. Vith, the enemy was staggered from its last foothold in the salient... the "Bulge" was choked off.

Soon after the victory at St. Vith, the Combat Team billeted down for a brief rest at Stavelot. Out of the foxholes and snowfields for the first time in many weeks, the troopers warmed their toes and slept under roofs. Movies were shown, relaxation and laughter were the order of the

day. Artillerymen from the 460th scrubbed the cooling tubes of the howitzers that had lashed out to answer German guns in every attack. Letters were written and the tired troopers took a little time with life.

On the 4th of February, Col. Graves received orders to proceed from Stavelot to Germany. On the 5th, the changing situation made it necessary for the 517th to be attached to the 78th Division. A few hours later, the Combat Team convoys lumbered past the idle tank traps and tranquil defences of the Siegfried Line into Rotgen and crawled through the Hurtgen Forest enroute to Bergstein.

Dawn of the 6th broke over the mudfields west of the Roer to reveal guns of the 460th frowning on the high ridge across the river, where parachutists of Hitler's crack 1st Parachute Army had devoted six weeks of preparations to retard attacks. The Combat Teams mission was to oust the enemy from this ridge, thus cutting off their escape route from Schmidt, then under attack by the 78th Division.

Obstacles in the path were numerous. The enemy had the advantage of six weeks to prepare and improve his defenses. The span of wild river water between Bergenstein and the ridge was defended by thick ribbons of concrete emplacements. The area of operations was smothered in the largest minefield yet encountered by Allied forces in the European Theater of Operations. A superior number of highly trained and unusually aggressive enemy troops crouched in dug-outs, wits sharpened to a razors' edge in anticipation of the 517th's attack.

At 2400 hours of the 6th, the Second and Third Battalions kicked off from Bergstein, led through quilt patches of minefields by engineers of the 596th. Here at the blasted crossroads of Bergstein, the little band of Engineers earned the gratitude of the Combat Team with it's life's blood. Dulled by four days of nerve shattering shelling the 596th worked heroically to clear the largest minefield ever seen in this war.

By twilight of the second day, the battle for the east bank of the Roer had reached a violent pitch. A division

of supporting artillery vomited sparks and smoke on the ridge above the river, while infantry men groaned in their fox-holes at the scream of incoming rockets. The crossroads that had been an insignificant sector, turned overnight into the hottest acre on the western front.

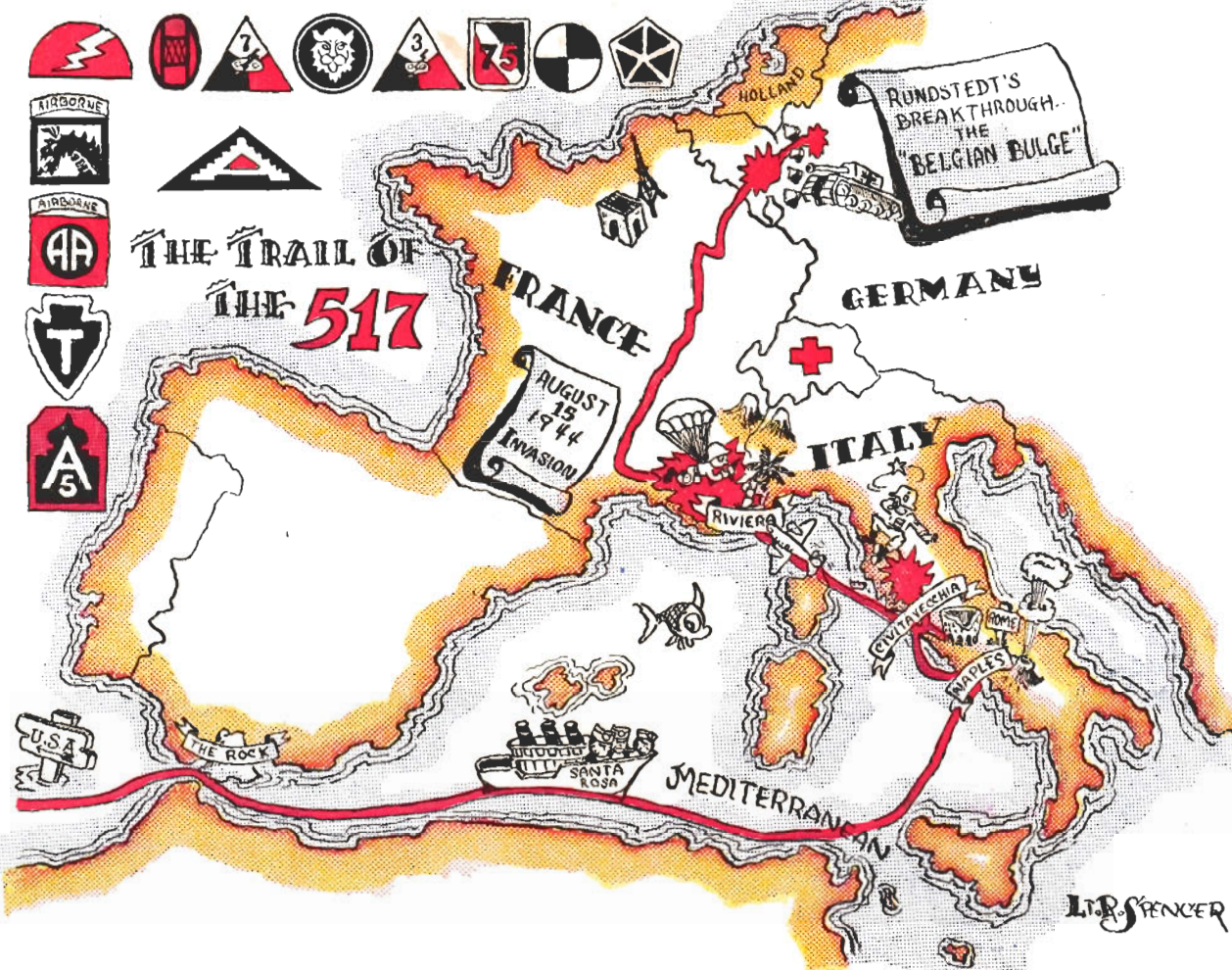
Pinched in by thousands of mines, weighted down by machine gun and mortar fire, engineers and infantrymen continued to hammer away at the pill-boxes and emplacements on all points up and down the Roer. "A" Company, led by Captain Kienlan, staged an assault on Zerkall, while on the 8th, the Second Battalion cut through a network of trip wires to push to within earshot of the river. A hail of bullets and mortar fire cancelled any further attempts that day.

All during the battle for the east shore of the Roer River, the Regiment fulfilled it's slogan "Attack". They attacked on the 6th in direct assault of pill-boxes... they attack again on the 7th, three hours after being repulsed. They continued to attack in spite of every hardship. The Regiment was still attacking when the 508 Parachute Infantry came in to reinforce them on the 8th.

By now Von Rundstedt's all-out effort to turn the breakthrough into a devastating defeat for the allies had backfired in his own face... the Belgian Bulge was now reverted into the Siegfried Sag, the sharp points on the spearheads were reversed and driving back towards the heart of the Rhineland ; the work of the Five-Seventeen was at an end for this action. And so it was that the 'troopers took their turn at a well earned rest and recuperative period "somewhere in France"... where their adoption papers were taken out by an Airborne Division which was eager to write its own chapters in the obituary of the oppressors, and the final page was written off in the history of a separate colorful parachute combat team... by the men of the Five-Seventeen.

**MORE AUTOGRAPHS**





# THE TRAIL OF THE 517

## FRANCE

## GERMANY

## ITALY

AUGUST 15 1944 INVASION

RUNDSTEDT'S BREAKTHROUGH. THE "BELGIAN BULGE"



THE ROCK



## MEDITERRANEAN

L. B. SPENCER