

S. H. A. E. F.

PARACHUTE
EDITION

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Supreme Headquarters

Allied Expeditionary Force

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THE DAILY ORGAN OF SUPREME HEADQUARTERS

FINAL SURRENDER TERMS

END OF WAR MEANS SPEEDUP OF REPATRIATION FOR MILLIONS OF LIBERATED

THE PURPOSE OF THIS PAPER

Designed for the information of displaced persons, "S.H.A.E.F." carries the official instructions of Supreme Headquarters for Allied nationals in Germany. The present issue contains standard instructions to foreign workers' advice on how to organize and co-operate with Allied authorities.

GOERING AND KESSLERING CAPTURED

Capture of Reichs Marshal Herman Goering and Field Marshal Kesselring by the U.S. Seventh Army was announced at S.H.A.E.F. Wednesday.

Goering surrendered to an assistant divisional commander at Radstadt, 35 miles southeast of Salzburg. He was accompanied by his wife and child and several military aides.

The former Luftwaffe chief was reported to have told a story of escaping from Berchtesgaden where he had been under sentence of death for proposing that he take over Hitler's position.

SEYSS INQUART HELD

Seyss Inquart, German Commissioner in Holland, has been arrested and flown to General Crerar's HQ in Holland. He will be held for trial as a war criminal.

RADIO

(in English)

MAIN WAVELENGTHS
BBC—49m, 37m, 1500m.
ABSIE (American Broadcasting Station in Europe)—23m, 49m, 267m, 307m. Radio Luxembourg—1295m.

10.00—10.15 News (BBC).
10.15—10.30 America calling Europe (BBC), 12.00—12.05 News Headlines (Lux), 12.30—12.35 Foreign Workers (Lux), 15.00—15.30 London calling Europe (BBC and Lux), 16.00—16.15 News (BBC), 17.30—17.55 Report to Europe (ABSIE), 21.30—21.45 News (ABSIE), 22.45—23.00 News (BBC), 00.00—00.15 News (Lux), 00.15—00.30 News (ABSIE).

With the end of the European war, the care and repatriation of the millions of displaced persons in Germany is being speeded by Allied Governments, United Nations News Service reported in New York yesterday.

United Nations' organizations, on the basis of previously prepared plans, already are at work in Germany repatriating the displaced. By the middle of April about one million displaced persons had been liberated through advances of the western Allies. Among them were French, Belgians, Dutch, Russians, Poles and peoples from the Balkans.

The dispatch added that the most conservative estimates on the number of displaced persons in Germany range from eighteen to twenty million. Liaison officers of various Governments concerned are assisting the displaced persons branch of S.H.A.E.F. in the task of repatriation. Military commanders in various areas are responsible for displaced persons during the early stages of liberation. As the military phase is completed, such welfare groups as the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration are expected to participate in the repatriation work.

STALIN BROADCASTS SURRENDER TERMS

The Soviet Union will not dismember and exterminate Germany, Marshal Stalin said Wednesday night in an hour long broadcast over Moscow radio in which he told of the terms of unconditional surrender.

He declared that a group of forces in Czechoslovakia had not capitulated but that the Red Army was dealing with them.

The struggle of the Slav nations for their independence has ended in victory, Stalin said, and a long period of peace is starting in Europe.

LAST GERMAN SAYS PORTS

The last German communique was broadcast at 1800 GMT Wednesday by the Flensburg radio.

It said the Atlantic ports held by the Nazis had surrendered and added that since midnight "gangs have been silent on all fronts."

The liberation of Prague at Wednesday was announced

KEITEL AND FRIEBERG SIGN IN BERLIN

THE final signing of the unconditional surrender of all German armed forces took place in the early hours of Wednesday in the great hall of the German Academy of Military Engineering in Berlin.

The terms were signed on behalf of Germany by Field Marshal Keitel, chief of the High Command, Gen. Stumpf, commander of the air fleet, and Gen. Admiral von Friedberg. Present were Marshal Zhukov, representing the Soviet Union, Air Chief-Marshal Tedder, representing the Western Allies, Gen. Spaatz for the U.S. forces and Gen. De Lattre de Tassigny for the French.

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The terms also provide that the military surrender can be superseded without prejudice by any general instrument of surrender imposed by the United Nations and that Allied commands can take such punitive or other action as they see fit in event the German High Command or any of the forces under their control fail to act in accordance with provisions of surrender.

The terms also set forth that Allied troops would take full defensive precautions as difficulties of communication might occasion some delay in surrender orders reaching enemy troops.

The surrender was first signed at Rheims Monday at 0041 GMT by Col-Gen. Alfred Jodl on behalf of the German High Command, Lt-Gen. Walter Bedell Smith for the Western armies and Maj-Gen. Ivan Susloparoff for the Soviet High Command. First official announcement was made simultaneously at 1300 hours Tuesday by heads of the Western Allied governments in Washington and London. The Soviet announcement was broadcast early Wednesday.

Statements, military leaders and rulers of the United Nations exchanged messages hailing the destruction of the Nazi dream of world conquest and issued solemn reminders of the war yet to be won in the Pacific and the last remaining member of the tripartite pact.

QUISLING IN CUSTODY

Vidkun Quisling, Nazi puppet in Norway, gave himself up to the police in Oslo yesterday, and was taken into custody.

COMMUNIQUE SURRENDER

Marshal Stalin in an order of the day Wednesday night to Marshal Koniav.

Earlier, Paris radio had reported that the enemy garrisons at La Rochelle, St. Nazaire and Lorient capitulated and had been wiped.

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FOOD FOR HOLLAND

British merchant vessels have been entering Rotterdam in the last few days with supplies of food and coal for the population of Holland, the British Admiralty announced on Tuesday.

BASICALLY HOW I, - AND ALL OF YOU, BECAME A PARATROOPER

I didn't think the United States Army could do it, but it did. It got Robert J. Hartzell, a native of Tiffin, Ohio, to leave a perfectly good running airplane and descend via parachute without the imprint of the jumpmaster's boot on his butt. That might have been the greatest feat of training of any army in the world. Even today I consider a Ferris Wheel unsafe and a true adventure. The strangest part was when the day came to jump out of an airplane, I did it.

The paratroops were looking for volunteers, and made a pitch at Camp Wolters, Texas where I was undergoing Basic Training. I was twenty years old, no doubt naive, immature and from a picture taken at the end of jump school looked like a cross between an altar boy and a boy scout. Probably not the type of candidate the recruiting team had in mind. The team from Ft. Benning consisted of two Buck Sergeants. They were sharp troops, personable and verbal. They were dressed in jump suits, shiny jump boots and displayed their paratrooper wings with pride. Two things, maybe three, appealed to me: the challenge, the boots and the \$50 extra per month jump pay. I am not at all sure of the priority of those appeals.

At any rate I was accepted and found myself in Ft. Benning, Georgia one bright day in Oct. 1942. It was a Friday and the next day was graduation day for one of the current classes. Our company of trainees was marched to the Drop Zone to observe the jump of the graduating class. The jumpers were trainees but not necessarily completing jump training. They could have been graduating from the demolition course or one of the other airborne courses. Watching the class drop from about 800 feet my thoughts were: If they think they are going to get me to do that, they are crazy! One man pulled his emergency chute but one of the sergeants said it wasn't necessary and could have been serious if it had become entangled with the main chute, which also had deployed.

The first week of Jump School was almost entirely physical training. The school was 'run' crazy and 'push-up' crazy. Even around the barracks area we were expected to double time and if the sergeant in the orderly room or any sergeant, for that matter, saw you walking you would hear "Hit it". Everyone knew what that meant, 15 pushups. If they weren't perfect you did them again.

All in all I did not mind physical training. Basic training at Camp Wolters left me in pretty good shape. However, five mile runs before breakfast left me winded and wishing I had never seen a cigarette. Another exercise that nearly did me in was climbing a rope. It wasn't that far to the top as I recall, perhaps 10 feet. Getting to the top of that rope was evidence that you could steer your chute by pulling the risers to your chest. Actually the chute used in those days, the T7 Model, wasn't all that steerable. I was about half way up the rope and my arms flat gave out. The sergeant down below was yelling, "Go on up". I uttered a pa-

thetic, "I can't" and came back down. The yelling sergeant marched me over to the man in charge and said, "I recommend this man be washed out". The man in charge, a buck sergeant named Greene, didn't follow the recommendation and sent me back to the class. (I was beginning to think the whole parachute school was made up of buck sergeants) That night my buddy and I went down to the ropes and practiced. Whether my technique improved or my arms gained some extra strength, I don't know, but the next day I went to the top. And that's all there was to that!

By the second week we were taught how to execute a PLF (Parachute Landing Fall) from a platform. The idea was to land on the balls of your feet and collapse to your rump and shoulder. (In reality during a jump, many times the PLF was executed with head, ass and heels because of the wind and oscillation.) Actually the PLF training was a piece of cake and a welcome change from the running and pushups, although running and pushups seemed to be the favorite form of recreation all the time I was in the paratroops.

The next event that was really memorable was the tower. This little mock-up of the open door of an airplane was 34 foot high. We were fitted with a parachute harness that was rigged to a cable. You jumped out the door and rode that cable to a saw dust pile about 100 feet away. I thought it was kind of fun. Later on in life I read an article in a psychology book about a study that indicated that if a man went off that tower willingly he was almost certain to jump out of an airplane when the time came.

I think it is probably true. There was one young man who was airborne all the way. He bought a set of parachute wings in the first week of training and if ever there was an enthusiast for jumping he was it. The last time I saw him he was crouching in the corner of that mock-up, holding on to a post and crying. He would not go out the door and after being offered another try, he walked back down the steps and probably the next day was on his way to an infantry outfit. Once you backed down on something in the training you didn't stay around long.

The tower had two objectives. The first was to give us the feeling of leaping into space the second was to give us the feeling of falling. The harness did not catch you until you had fallen perhaps 15 feet. Why the tower measured out to just 34 instead of 35 or 30 I have no idea, although I imagine somebody arrived at that height for very good reasons.

The next eventful thing in the training was the 250-foot tower. Not my favorite event. I was afraid of it. Maybe not afraid but I was surely apprehensive. No, I was afraid! The tower had four arms at the top. At ground level there was a large ring to which a parachute and harness were attached. Ring, parachute and man were hauled to the top by means of a steel cable. At the top something tripped and the parachute and man came back down free and unattached.

What always scared me was not the height but that I might be blown into the steel skeleton of the tower. Each man carried a small piece of paper. At the top of the tower when there was wind the instructor would tell the trainee to throw the piece of paper in the air. If the wind took the paper toward the tower the instructor would determine if the wind was sufficient to cancel the descent. If there was wind, but not sufficient to cancel, the instructor would tell the man at the top to "climb those risers" and steer away from the towers. He didn't have to tell me. I always steered away from them. I don't know how many times we had to make that descent but I'm sure I was afraid each and every time.

THE GOOD LIFE

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we often times made them worse. - For my grandchildren, I'd like better. I'd really like for them to know about hand me down clothes, and homemade ice cream, and leftover meat loaf sandwiches. I really would. I hope you learn humility by being humiliated, and that you learn honesty by being cheated. I hope you learn to make your own bed, and mow the lawn, and wash the car. And I really hope nobody gives you a brand new car when you are sixteen. It will be good if at least one time you can see puppies born, and your old dog put to sleep. I hope you get a black eye fighting for something you believe in, I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother. And it's all right if you have to draw a line down the middle of the room, but when he wants to crawl under the covers with you because he's scared, I hope you let him. When you want to see a movie and your little brother wants to tag along, I hope you'll let him. I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that and that you live in a town where you can do it safely. On rainy days when you have to catch a ride, I hope you don't ask your driver to drop you two blocks away, so you won't be seen riding with someone as uncool as your Mom. If you want a slingshot, I hope your Dad teaches you how to make one instead of buying one. I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books. When you learn to use computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head. I hope you get teased by your friends when you have your first crush on a girl, and when you talk back to your mother that you learn what ivory soap tastes like in your mouth. May you skin your knee climbing a hill, burn your hand on a stove, and stick your tongue on a frozen flagpole. I don't care if you try a beer once, but I hope you don't like it. And if a friend offers you dope or a joint, I hope you realize he is not your friend. I sure hope you make time to sit on a porch with your Grandpa, and go fishing with your Uncle. May you feel sorrow at a funeral, and joy during the holidays. I hope your mother punishes you when you throw a baseball through a neighbor's window, and that she hugs you and kisses you at Christmas time when you give her a plaster mold of your hand. These things I wish for you, - tough times and disappointment, hard work and happiness. This the only way to really appreciate life.

The fourth week was jump week. In those days we packed our own chutes. We jumped in the morning and packed our chutes in the afternoon. After completing the packing we were allowed to go on pass. Some were more anxious than others and were inclined to hurry up. The packing tables were long and slippery so that the parachute would not snag and rip. One man's chute fell to the floor as he hurried through the process and rather than take the time to repack he shoved it into the pack, laced it up and went on pass. For him the 'Sweat Shed', a large Quonset hut, where we anxiously awaited the planes, was well named. The fact that the loud speaker blared the song "And I'm Smoking My Last Cigarette" or some other cheery song in the same vein didn't help. I guess the man who packed his chute after it fell on the floor made it OK as I didn't hear any stories of a chute failing.

The planes used exclusively at the School were the workhorses of the Air Corps, the C47, the civilian DC3. They held approximately 15 jumpers and we exited the plane through the door on the left side of the plane.

HISTORY OF THE 502ND PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT
Taken from the Internet

Radio call sign: "KICKOFF" The 502nd Parachute Infantry under Colonel George Van Horn Moseley was activated as a battalion in 1941. The troops had already undergone significant training when the 101st Division was activated in mid 1942. The 502 or five-oh-deuce, as they became known, were increased in size to a regiment, and made the original TO&E Parachute Infantry Regiment in the 101st Airborne Division. Unlike other early Parachute Battalions, the 502 retained the same unit number and personnel when increased in size. To them for artillery support, was attached the only Parachute Field Artillery (PFA) battalion of the division, the 377th PFA Bn. The 321st was assigned to support the 506th and later, the 501 received support from the 907th, (both Glider Field Artillery battalions.)

When the 101st settled in at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the 502 made many practice jumps, becoming familiar with Maxton and Pope fields, and participating in war games near Evansville, Indiana. The Deuce sailed to England in September, 1943, with most of the divisional sub units. This ill-fated voyage aboard the SS Strathnaver was soon aborted, with the ship setting into port at St. Johns, Newfoundland. There was salt water in the ship's fresh water tanks. On attempting to set sail once again, the Strathnaver struck rocks in the harbor and went to port again. Finally, another ship was arranged, the SS John Erickson, which transported Moseley's regiment the rest of the way to England. The total trip required six weeks. Meanwhile the 506th and much of the 327th GIR had already reached England on another transport.

The 502 settled in around the Chilton-Foliat and Hungerford areas, living in a combination of Nissen huts, tents, and English houses. After seemingly unending training in the cold, bleak English countryside, the Deuce finally received it's orders for the D-Day Invasion. Flying in the first serials to depart from Membury and Greenham Common, the Deuce was primarily responsible for securing the two northerly exits (each of them causeways across swampy ground), behind Utah Beach. These were exits #4 (St. Martin de Varreville), and #3 (Audoville la Hubert). Southwest of St. Martin was a field containing four concrete blockhouses with German artillery pieces sited on the shoreline near Exit #4. Taking this position became the prime concern of the 502 regiment, which was to be aided by the 377th PFA Bn.

On June 6, 1944, the Deuce had landed by parachute in France and discovered their primary objective had already been neutralized by air bombardment. Roadblocks were established to halt enemy traffic along Exit #4, and a makeshift force under LTC Robert Cole, the 3rd Bn. C.O., took Exit #3. The regimental C.O., Colonel Moseley sustained a badly broken leg and would soon be forced to relinquish command. The planned regimental C.P. at Loutres was discarded and a new one at Objective 'W' at St. Martin de Varreville, was opened by Moseley's successor, the erstwhile EXO, Mike Michaelis. As the men of the Deuce assembled, the groups headed past Division HQ at Hiesville and reformed at la Croix Pan andBlosville, along the N-13, north of St Come du Mont. They migrated south and received their toughest mission of the war: to spearhead the drive south along the N-13 Carentan Causeway. This attack, staged on 10-11 June, 1944 caused so many friendly losses that the 502 men dubbed the Carentan Causeway "Purple Heart Lane". Day and night, the Deuce with 2nd Bn. in reserve, fought along the single, elevated road, doggedly advancing even as they were picked off like clay pigeons by Germans firing from the swamps on either side of the road. After crossing the Madeleine River Bridge, known as Bridge #4, LTC Cole ordered all present to fix bayonets and charge the Ingouf farm.

For leading this successful charge, Colonel Cole was later awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. All day fighting raged on 11 June, near the Ingouf farm and south of it, in a cabbage patch, where 1st battalion troops fought the 3rd Bn. of the German 6th Parachute Regiment. The Germans were finally swept away and Cole's surviving men went into reserve. The 2nd Bn. came up on 13 June to aid the 506th near Bloody Gulch SW of Carentan. After pulling security duties near Cherbourg in late June, the 502 sailed back to England on LSTs in July, to await another mission.

On 17 September, 1944, the 502 landed by parachute on the Zon, Holland DZ. Second Bn. was in reserve near Wolfswinkel at first. First Bn. went north to capture and outpost St. Oedenrode. Third Bn. sent patrols through the Zonsche Forest, probing toward the town and bridge at Best. German troops denied U.S. forces the bridge at Best by blowing it up. In fierce fighting just short of the bridge, Pfc Joe Mann was killed when he laid on a German grenade to save comrades who were in the same pit with him. Pfc Mann received the second and only other CMH (both awarded posthumously), in WWII 101st Division. Germans of the 15th Army, migrating east toward the German border, were thrown into the fighting near Best in increasing numbers. LTC Cole was fatally wounded by a sniper in the Zonsche Forest. Second battalion was committed to the fighting there. With help from British armor, the Deuce, minus 1st Bn. turned the tide and captured many hundreds of German troops near the Zonsche Forest. The 3rd Bn. EXO, Major John P. Stopka assumed command of Cole's Battalion. On 22 September, LTC Michaelis was WIA by an artillery shell and command of the 502 passed to erstwhile 2nd Bn. commander, Steve Chappuis. When the 101st migrated north to hold positions on the 'Island', SW of Arnhem, the 502 was in reserve near Dodewaard, where action was limited to patrolling. Some losses were sustained there, mainly from landmines such as the German mercury tilt and Riegle mines.

After a brief rest period at Camp Mourmelon le Grand, France, the 502 rushed north in trucks with the rest of the 101st to hold the crucial road and rail junction of Bastogne, Belgium. Surrounded there, the 502 held positions on the north and northwest portion of the circle. Enemy probes began hitting them after failing elsewhere in the circular defense line. A Christmas morning fight at Champs, Belgium, followed by repulse of an armored attack on the C.P. at Rolle, were memorable events. On 3 January, 1945, a heavy engagement took place above Longchamps, Belgium involving 2nd Battalion of the Deuce. The 19th SS Panzer Grenadier Regiment of the Hohenstauffen division was able to capture almost forty American parachutists there, mostly members of F/502. The following week saw bloody fighting along railroad line running NE through the Bois Jacques forest. During this drive, LTC John Stopka was KIA, and Cecil Simmons became the third and final commander of 3/502. The objective, Bourcy, Belgium, was finally taken. (The railroad line mentioned no longer exists—it was salvaged for steel in 1996).

After Bastogne, the Deuce traveled to the 7th Army (Alsace) front with the rest of the 101st in mid January 1945. After holding a line along the Moder River for over a month, they took 4088 boxcars to Mourmelon le Petit, France. April 1945 saw the Deuce in the vicinity of Dusseldorf, helping to close the Ruhr Pocket along the Rhine River. In May, the Deuce arrived at Berchtesgaden a bit later than the 506th, 327th and 321st who led the division advance into the Obersalzberg area. Members of the Deuce with high points sailed home in the summer of 1945, while others, awaiting discharge were absorbed into the Deuce in the interim. Returning to France, this time the Joigny-Auxerre area, the Deuce made one final 'pay jump' in September 1945. The regiment and the division were deactivated in December, 1945. The unit would be resurrected with the 101st Airborne in 1956.

BOB BURNS HONORED AS COACH WHO SPREAD MIRACLES

For Bob Burns, believing in miracles was only half the battle. The meaningful stuff happened when everyone else got the message.

On Thursday, the message rang loud and clear.

Family, friends and football followers paid loving tribute to the legendary Sioux Falls coach, who died Monday night of heart failure at the age of 79.

"My father had some off-the-wall ideas, but he made people believe they would work. That's when the magic started," said Steve Burns, a former O'Gorman standout who also coached under his father with the Knights.

"He had the unique ability to have his players believe in what he told them."

The remarkable richness of Burns' life - as a World War II hero, Golden Gloves boxer, winning football coach and tireless promoter - was reflected in his death.

Thursday's funeral Mass at St. Mary's Catholic Church, celebrated by Monsignor John McEneaney, included military honors with a gun salute and the mournful melody of "Taps."

Burns, a vocal leader who brought football pride to

Washington and O'Gorman as well

as Augustana College, was recalled by McEneaney as a devout Catholic

who possessed a "strong and quiet determination... which wasn't always that quiet."

"For the present moment," McEneaney told the large gathering, "we have lost an irreplaceable person."

Because of his heroism as a paratrooper during the 1944 Allied offensive in Europe - including D-Day - Burns will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery outside Washington, D.C.

"He was very proud of that," pointed out his grandson, Pat Burns. "He always told me he was going to be buried right behind JFK - about two miles behind him."

Stories like that enhanced the coach's legend - and they poured forth at a "Celebration of Memories" held after the funeral at the Knights of Columbus Hall.

Joe Salem, a former University of South Dakota and University of Minnesota head coach, talked of getting a phone call from Burns when Salem was coaching at Northern Arizona in 1976.

"He said, 'I'm getting back into coaching, and I want to

open my season with you. Have you got room on your schedule?'" recalled Salem, who lives in Sioux Falls.

"Well, this is after he'd been out of football for 14 years, so I asked him where he was going to be coaching. He snapped back, 'Don't worry about that. Do you have something for me or not?'"

As it turned out, Burns was the new coach at O'Gorman.

Salem's father, Nusier, enjoyed a successful career as the longtime football coach at Sioux Falls Cathedral High School.

When Burns arrived at Washington in 1949 - where he would ultimately reel off a 37-game unbeaten streak - the elder Salem wasn't sure what to think.

"On the day of the first game they played, Bob came over to shake my dad's hand, and my dad sort of looked at this new guy and said, 'No, that's not how it works. I'll shake your hand afterwards,'" recalled Salem.

"Well, he beat Burns in that first game, and I don't think he ever beat him again. They were rivals, but they also developed into great friends."

Before Burns later kick-started his career as coach at O'Gorman, he watched his son, Steve, lead the Knights to a mythical state football title in 1969.

"He wasn't really an overbearing parent, as far as football was concerned," said Steve, who played at Iowa State under Johnny

Majors and now lives in Minneapolis.

"I remember I came home one night after we had beat Washington, and he sat me down and said, 'Son, if you play the rest of the season like that, you're going to have Division I coaches crawling all over here trying to recruit you."

"That sounded like because he really hadn't said much until then. So the next week, after we went out and beat Lincoln, I couldn't wait to rush home to hear what he had to say. I came into the house all eager and he looked at me and said, 'You stunk tonight.' And then he went upstairs and went to bed. He always liked to keep you off guard."

Later, as an assistant coach under his father with the Knights, Steve got a chance to truly appreciate a unique coaching mind.

"My dad would literally change the offense each week," he said, still marveling at the notion.

"I'm not talking about a couple of plays - I'm talking about the whole offense. In high school, he never used a playbook, either. He believed in teaching the plays on the field. I used to tell him he was completely out of his mind. And then he'd go out there and make it work."

To the faithful followers who bid farewell Thursday, such miracles have lasting meaning.

"There will be other football seasons, but there will never be another Coach Burns," said grandson Pat Burns.

"He always loved a crowd. But his work here is done."

To Coach Bob Burns

OF ALL THE MEMORIES SO OFTEN RECALLED
CONCERNING OUR AUGUSTANA DAYS,
THE FIRST MEMORY IS ALWAYS YOU.

YOUR INFLUENCE REMAINS-
DISCIPLINE, TOGETHERNESS, LOGIC,
RESPECT, GUTS, LOYALTY, AND, NOT
LEAST OF ALL, FUN.

OUR FOOTBALL EXPERIENCES
WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED,

LIKewise,
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED
AS OUR COACH,

THE BEST DAMN COACH THAT EVER LIVED.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

YOUR BOYS

CELEBRATION OF MEMORIES OF BOB BURNS AFTER THE FUNERAL

I'll never forget the autumn afternoon in 1996 when I picked up the phone and heard an unmistakable, high-pitched voice.

Bob Burns had something to say.

I had just written a profile on the legendary Sioux Falls football coach that spanned four entire pages - surely one of the longest articles the Argus Leader has ever published.

But even with exhaustive coverage of his boxing



STU
WHITNEY

high schools as well as Augustana College, Burns wasn't completely satisfied.

"It was a good write-up," he assured me. "But I've got more stories than that. Maybe you ought to write a book."

Gee, I thought. I basically did.

For Burns, who died Monday night at the age of 79, the stories and tributes have a life of their own.

They will be distributed with loving exaggeration during today's remembrance, beginning with a 5:30 p.m. funeral at St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Monsignor John McEneaney will say the Mass, and the pallbearers will be representatives of the six teams Burns coached - Al Pieper (Yankton), Bob Berguin (Washington),

John Simko (Augustana), Cal Stukel (USD), Ron Lamberty, Jr. (O'Gorman) and Tim Donohue (Walling Chemical junior team).

Some of this man's most lasting images show him being carried off the field after improbable triumph on the shoulders of battle-tested believers. It is fitting that those believers are called upon once more.

"Bob was one of those coaches who knew how to motivate each particular player," explained Simko, who helped Burns build a 37-game unbeaten streak at Washington before following him to Augustana.

"Some people react to praise, and some people react to a swift kick in the butt. Bob understood which was which."

As for the stream of Burns-related stories, they will flow freely at a "Celebration of Memories" in the Knights of Columbus Hall at 8 p.m.

Call it an open-mike night for memories. Call it an Irish wake.

What it is, without a shadow of doubt, is an occasion that the old coach would have loved.

"The whole idea is to celebrate and remember and reminisce and laugh," said Bob Burns Jr., whose father was awarded the Silver Star for heroism as a paratrooper at D-Day and the Allied offensive in western Europe in 1944.

Because of his courage in combat, Burns will be buried with full military honors next week at Arlington

National Cemetery - where his wife, LaVerne, was laid to rest in 1996.

"My father led just an incredibly interesting life," said Burns, Jr. "When we have our Dakota Bowl committee meetings, they seem to always end with former players lingering and laughing over stories about the coach."

Even recently, with his health failing, Burns lived for football. Escorted by daughter Kathy, his frequent care-giver and companion, he attended his final game on Sept 30 at the DakotaDome, seeing O'Gorman suffer a regular-season loss to Yankton.

Returning to the site of one of his greatest triumphs (O'Gorman's 1981 state title win over the Bucks), Burns obviously wasn't pleased with this new outcome.

His hunger for victory, after all, was part of his human touch. Sometimes that touch arrived as an extension of a notoriously torrid temper.

One thing Burns never tolerated was weakness - from himself or his players. That became painfully evident at Augustana in 1957, when the coach played center Bob Vikander on a broken leg.

"He had been hurting, and the doctor took him out of the game," Burns once explained. "We X-rayed him afterwards and the doctor said he just had a bruise. So on Monday the kid asks me, 'What should I do?' I said, 'Get your butt out there and run. That's all I can think of.'"

"Well, after a while he comes out and says, 'I just can't play anymore.' So we take him down and

X-ray him again and it turns out he had a broken leg the whole time. I was planning to start him again."

Because of such episodes, Burns used to tell friends that when he died, former players would approach his coffin and say to him: "Get up! You're not hurt!"

It's more likely that friends, family and football fanatics will remember the humor and conviction of a tough-minded man who inspired them to reach higher.

How can Steve Kueter forget? The current O'Gorman coach will never forget his first game as an assistant under Burns - which resulted in a fabled upset of Fargo Shanley at the first-ever Dakota Bowl in 1978.

Kueter was working the sidelines with fellow assistant Steve Burns, whose famous father was calling in plays from the booth.

"I remember we ran the ball inside the 1-yard line, but Bob thought we had scored a touchdown," said Kueter, who was a young coach fresh off his first season in Webster.

"So I hear Bob say, 'Go ahead and kick it' - meaning the extra point. I tried to explain that we didn't get into the end zone, but he never did hear well with those headphones. So he says, 'I told you to kick it!' - and meanwhile the clock's running, so we send in a dive play to get the touchdown.

"When he sees us line up, Bob starts screaming, 'What are you doing? Going for two? I said to kick it! You're both fired! That first year, I'd say, he fired us both five times a week.'"

Armed with such stories - and there are literally thousands - faithful followers of the fiery coach will pay tribute today.

Each one of them carries memories. Each memory is a page.

With a richly layered life, Burns had nothing to worry about. Every day he wrote the book.

PARACHUTE SOLDIERS

I was that which others did not want to be.
I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.
I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear,
and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moments love.
I have cried, pained, and hoped...but most of all,
I have lived times that others would say were best forgotten.

8

ROBERT B. COLE(son of Col. Robert G. Cole) - 414 E. Hathaway Dr. -
Phone (210) 824-4337 San Antonio, TX 78209

My mother mentioned to me many times how much she enjoyed the Company I Poopsheet. I have come to enjoy it as well. I know of the effort it takes for it's regular publication. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses.

The loyalty of the men of Company I 502 to my father, his legacy, and maintaining comradery to each other which has endured for 57 years.. Amazing. I recently discovered this letter and newspaper article. I am proud to relay his personal thoughts to you.

EXACT TRANSCRIPTION OF A PORTION

of a Letter from Robert
to his Mother, Clara
December 19, 1943

(RETURN ADDRESS

(Lt. Col. Robert G. Cole
(0-22029
(502 PRCHT Inf.
(A.P.O. 472 PM NY NY
(H.Q. Co. 3rd Bn.

I hate to miss a day's duty, not because I feel like I must be present and know and do everything personally, but I've had this outfit so long and been associated with them so intimately that I feel like a no good louse if I can't be with them everyday and do the same things they do. Mom, I've got the best bunch of men the Lord ever gave anybody, just as loyal and hardworking as they can be. It's going to be hard to see some of them go, and it's going to be hard to demobilize them after the war. Of course, there are the usual eight balls, but darn if I don't even love them. I cuss them out and call them everything, and they no doubt cuss me back under their breath and stay eight balls, but they're still a good part of the outfit. I hope someday I can show them the appreciation I have for their work and help to me. For a year it was pretty hard because I never had anybody trained, didn't know too much myself, and was constantly having to tread water to keep my neck above the surface. Now things go on more or less automatically and all I have to do is say yes or no. I feel guilty a good part of the time because I feel I'm not doing enough. I hope I am though."



PHOTO COURTESY OF BRUCE COLE

Gen. Dwight Eisenhower (left), Col. Van Horn Mosely and Lt. Col. Robert George Cole confer about 9 1/2 hours before the paratroopers jumped into France the night before D-Day.

D-DAY HERO RECALLED

San Antonio native's family
has pieced together his
story of bravery.

By SIG CHRISTENSON
EXPRESS-NEWS STAFF WRITER

The C-47 flew low in the night sky over the English Channel, its signal light blinking, the formation of planes changing course.

The Skytrain and its paratroopers, led by Lt. Col. Robert George Cole, was a minute early as it closed on its target in the late hours of June 5, 1944. The big day had come at last.

D-Day

Forty-seven years ago today, Cole and 16 of his men with the 101st Airborne Division were locked in battle, leading the Allied assault on occupied France.

About half the men were napping, heads resting against the C-47's metal frame. Most of the others who were awake remained silent, lost in thought.

A San Antonio native and West Point graduate of the fabled class of '39, Cole waited by an open rear door in the C-47, three hours removed from a historic conversation with the Allied supreme commander and future American president, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"It's cold back here with the wind whipping in," Cole told NBC war correspondent Wright Bryan, who was

along for the ride.

His radio report, filed upon his arrival back in London, recorded the events of the mission for history.

"I had been perspiring in the crew cabin up front," Bryan narrated in his broadcast. "But back where the colored sat, I was glad I wore heavy clothing."

A tape of that broadcast, along with documents and letters collected by Cole's family, pieced together his role in the Allied assault on Europe.

Cole was born at Fort Sam Houston to Col. Clarence L. Cole, an Army physician, and Clara H. Cole, an elementary school teacher.

He joined the Army on July 1, 1934,

after graduating from Thomas Jefferson High School, and was back at Fort Sam as a private.

A year later, he was off to West Point, graduating in 1939, a class U.S. News & World Report two years ago credited with spearheading America's victories in World War II and transforming the U.S. military.

Days after President Franklin D. Roosevelt told the graduates "the lessons you have learned at West Point will be of use in peace, no less in war," the magazine reported, Germany invaded Poland, triggering World War II. Halfway across the channel, the planes turned off their formation lights. Thirty more minutes to the jump.

A slice of beach the troops had studied on maps and photos, and the longer, darkened coast of France was ahead, the planes on target.

"None of us spoke," reported Bryan, who was in the cockpit. "But each looked at the other."

They crossed over land and hit a cloudbank, briefly losing sight of the other planes.

All 18 soldiers stood in the plane, adjusting their heavy packs and hooking their ripcords over the C-47's static line. With that done, each parachute would open automatically.

Seven days later, his battalion came under intense rifle, machine gun, mortar and artillery fire in Carentan, France. Pinned to their positions for an hour in a hopeless situation, Cole ordered his men to fix bayonets.

He led the men forward, a pistol in his hand. Along the way, he picked up a fallen soldier's rifle and bayonet and charged on-



Lt. Col. Robert George Cole's headstone in Holland identifies him as a recipient of his nation's highest award for valor.

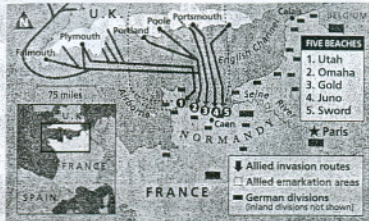
ward, German bullets flying.

The Medal of Honor citation signed by Roosevelt praised Cole, saying, "his heroic and valiant action in so inspiring his men resulted in the complete establishment of our bridgehead."

The citation came too late. A sniper's bullet cut down Cole on Sept. 18, 1944, in Holland.

He became the first member of an airborne unit to receive the medal, and joined William James Bordonel — a 1938 Central Catholic High School graduate and hero of the Nov. 20, 1943, U.S. invasion of Tarawa — as the only native San Antonioans to receive the Medal of Honor.

Today Cole's son, Bruce, sorts through family heirlooms months after the death of his mother, Allie Mae Cole.



D-Day

June 6, 1944

- Term signifying a military operation start date, now identified with the invasion of Europe by U.S. Allied forces on June 6, 1944
- Actual name of invasion was Operation Overlord

- The Nazis believed the invasion would occur at the narrowest spot on the English Channel
- The invasion actually focused on five beaches on the coast of Normandy, France.
- The five beaches were code-named Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno and Swprd

- 176,000 Allied soldiers stormed the beaches, the largest sea-borne invasion in history
- Allied casualties totaled 11,000 (including 2,500 dead)
- Considered the turning point of the War in Europe

Source: World Book, Encyclopedia of Battles

PATRICK ZELLER/STAFF

The elder Cole's old gray West Point uniform and gold chevrons lie on a carpet, as does a long, slim ceremonial sword.

A prized possession is a letter to Cole's widow from Eisenhower. He and Cole served together in the 15th Infantry, just five years before D-Day.

"Only recently I learned that your husband lost his life during our airborne operations last fall," Eisenhower wrote in a typewritten letter. "Although I do not wish to bring afresh to your mind memories of your tragic loss, I admired and liked him so much I feel impelled to send you some expression of my

sympathy and regret."

Robert George Cole, whose name now graces the Fort Sam Houston School District's junior and senior high school, would receive the ultimate compliment from a fellow soldier, British Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery.

"The last time I saw Bob he was in front of his battalion talking to Gen. Montgomery," Maj. Gen. William C. Lee wrote a month after Cole's death. "When Montgomery turned from Bob to me he said, 'What a magnificent officer.'"



1) Corey Shepard, Champ Baker, Edward Augustynowski, Bob Burns, Bob Molsberry, - our Company I officers in Holland 1944. 2) Nelson T. Stephens 1994. 3) Walter Murdock and Davis E. Smith in Oakland, Calif. 1977. 4) Joe Zamblauskis explaining to Woody Cumming why he HAD to shoot that cow in Normandy, Cleveland 1961. 5) Front, Charles Windham, Ivan Hershner, Lou Mete, Bill Purdy, Frank Lillyman, Harry Nivens. Middle, Joe Garcia, Earl Kelly, Dave Bonfiglio, Glen Ferguson, James S. Norris. Back, Bob Hartzell, Jim Howell, John Altomare, Ed Augustynowski, Bill Steadman, John Lachkovic at Hershner's home during the Washington DC Reunion 1969. 6) Bill Purdy, Edwina Shepard, Tommy Grey, Champ Baker, Marjorie Steadman, Astrid Baker at the Houston Reunion 1973. 7) Woody Cumming, Glen Ferguson, Joe Hennessey at the Cincinnati Reunion 1958. 8) Guys, Bill Purdy, Lou Stranzl, Earl Kelly, Bob Hartzell, Tommy Grey. Ladies, Berneice Grey, Virginia Kelly, Ruth Purdy at the Houston Reunion 1973. 9) Alexander Walusik is being visited by Joe Zamblauskis at the Long Beach, Calif. V.A. Hospital in 1965. 10) Jay B. Shenk at the Chicago Reunion 1967.

Gen. Hugh Shelton delivered the following speech at the Fort Benning celebration of the 60th Anniversary of the Airborne.

Today, we come together to mark an auspicious occasion - the 60th anniversary of the Airborne. Today, we salute a tradition of courage, dedication, and esprit de corps and we honor the legacy of those who forged the spirit known as AIRBORNE!

As most of you may know, or have experienced, after you've logged a certain number of jumps, the "spirit" maybe all that's left! Even the best "chute in the world cannot effectively protect a paratrooper from where a plane can drop you sometimes!

Airborne-it is a single word recognized the world over as the best-a single word that strikes fear in the heart of an adversary -a single word that stands for all that is good and great about America.

Two years ago, I was surprised to learn from my Russian counterpart and the head of their Airborne forces, that for years their defense of Moscow included plans to defend against the Airborne, which they were convinced would be dropped on Moscow. When asked how he thought we'd make it through their air defenses, hit tankers in the air for fuel, maintain operational security, he just shrugged. He thought the Airborne could do it. Imagine the difference this made in their plans, even though we never had thought to attempt that.

But his story confirmed Benjamin Franklin's statement that no prince can afford to defend his country against 10,000 men descending from the clouds. This type of power comes from the spirit of the Airborne! A spirit born here at Fort Benning, Georgia, with the very first Airborne Soldiers. The first official parachute jump took place here in 1940 on August 16th and that day has been proclaimed "National Airborne Day" by the President.

These first Airborne soldiers, and thank God a few are here today, pioneered a brand new form of warfare, fought by a new breed of Soldier-a warrior trained and focused on defeating tyranny in the greatest conflict the world had ever seen. These Soldiers were all volunteers, just like every one who has followed them, and they were attracted to the Airborne because they wanted to be part of an elite unit. They had the "Right Stuff." They sought out this opportunity to be on the cutting edge; understanding



that the mission to jump behind enemy lines to seize key terrain would be perilous. Their combat records are the stuff of legend.

From the first combat jump in North Africa, paratroopers fought with courage, determination, and drive. Theirs is a roll call of sacrifice and courage: Oran, Sicily, New Guinea, Normandy, Southern France, Holland, Bastogne, Luzon and Corregidor. In these and countless other places, they set the standard for all who have followed and established the spirit of the Airborne; forged in the fire of combat and honed in the heat of battle.

Often dropped far from the planned DZ, separated from the rest of their units, little groups or bands of paratroopers would set about to carry out the mission designed for much larger units. Their ingenuity, grit, determination, innovation and fortitude always proved to be too much for the adversary—they were the decisive factor! That spirit has been carried forward by new generations in Korea and Vietnam, Grenada and Panama, Iraq and Somalia. And today, that spirit resides in the young Soldiers standing here.

It is a spirit built on physical and mental toughness, high standards, courage and commitment, reflected in everything from personal appearance to realistic, challenging training. It is a spirit of high standards that come from knowing you must always be ready; realizing you are the first to go and facing the possibility that you may be the first to die. It is the spirit of team work-of never, ever giving up or giving in. The spirit of esprit de corps that comes from the legends of the past and the tough training and pride in the unit today combined with the knowledge that you are part of a group dedicated to something great; usually with an extraordinarily tough mission.

It is this spirit of dedication, the drive to be the best and to meet any challenge head-on, to overcome the impossible that is the heart, soul, and marrow of the Airborne. It is the spirit of commitment to country, unit, mission, and to Airborne buddies.

As you look around today, you can see the familiar symbols of the Airborne. These berets, patches, boots, and badges are important reminders of who we are, but they are merely symbols, not the actual spirit of the Airborne. No, the spirit of the Airborne is not found on the uniforms we wear; it is found in the heart of Soldiers who have served and who continue to serve. Our tradition is found in each and every one of you.

As I heard one of our great Airborne leaders comment one day, "I don't like jumping out of airplanes, but I sure like being around people who do!"

That is the spirit of the Airborne, a level of spirit that can only exist in a fighting force as motivated, as trained, and as committed as the Airborne and that spirit continues today. A spirit that represents the best of our Nation and a spirit that for sixty years has set the standard for others in our Army and armies around the world to emulate.

Thank God for each of you Airborne troopers, past, present, and future. Thank you for what you have done, continue to do, and for what you will do for our great country.