

From about a block and a half away I could see an American tank, which was easily identified, even at that distance by the big star on its side. Wilson and I and several others took the yellow identification cloths out of our helmets and started waving them so that hopefully we would not be fired upon. When we were abreast of the tank an armored lieutenant with a big smile on his face said, "you sure wanted us to see you, waving those rags like that". I informed him they were identification panels. His response was "Oh". We knew what they were but no one in our army had bothered to notify units we might meet.

We found where the 501st was located and stopped enroute to be debriefed by an intelligence unit. We informed them on what we had learned of military significance and told them of Jacques Capiten's underground group. They already had Capiten's name on some list. We then split off to our various units. I bid a fond farewell to "Charpy" Charpentier and joined Headquarters Company and was assigned to the depleted Machine Gun Platoon. The 501st was located between Baupte and Carentan # 5 Map "Normandy Activity"

During the approximately ten days we operated on our own we generally cussed our pilot for the messed up drop. When we found out what happened to the other sticks we were most happy with the pilots error. At least all the men in our plane were still alive up to that time. I sought out "Poochy Weagley, "The Bear" Hathaway, "Little Beavaer" Maitland, Garver and others. Too many were missing. Bill Love, a very happy go-lucky-guy was killed attacking a machine gun nest in the first days. He had been a great morale factor in our platoon. He was a husky kid who held on to his civilian status no matter how hard the army tried to change him. We had another fellow we called "Godfrey" for obvious reasons. He probably never should have been in the paratroops but he tried harder than anyone else. In a stroke of brilliance one time on maneuvers I made Love a Pfc and assigned "Godfrey" to him. When I needed a runner or some chore done and it was about Godfrey's" turn, I'd call out "Love, send me a man". Love would act very officious and bark at Godfrey to report to me at once. Both Love & Godfrey enjoyed the game as did most of the platoon.

Godfrey hero worshipped Love. After Love was killed the heart went out of Godfrey. Poochy told me that Godfrey had been in a perpetual daze ever since. One day after I re-joined the platoon a shell lit on top of the hedgerow Godfrey had dug his foxhole partially under. Godfrey received no wounds but was out on his feet. Someone took him back to the aide station and they sent him to the field hospital that had been set up in Carentan. The hospital sent him back up to us and said he had nothing wrong with him. He still was not with it so we sent him back and the hospital started him back to us again. Finally the medics concluded something was wrong when Godfrey was found wandering around Carentan with his pants over his arm. We never did see "Our man Godfrey" again and he was missed by all of us.