

Briand N. Beaudin
Veteran

3rd Battalion
508th Parachute Infantry Regiment
82nd Airborne Division

Interview
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Herkimer Fulton County Historical Society

Part 1 Normandy

My name is Briand Beaudin and I was born on July 21, 1917 in West Warwick, Rhode Island, a small town south of Providence. I was called to active duty on August 13, 1943. I had already been to medical school at Georgetown Medical School and graduated and had a year of internship. I was ready to go active because I was already in the Reserved Officers Training Corps (ROTC). I now have twenty-nine years in the ROTC. When I was called I didn't like the orders. I was being sent to Camp Lewis in Washington, which meant I was going to fight in the Pacific, which I didn't want.

About a week after being called to active duty, I went to the Medical Field Service School where there were 1600 doctors. A parachute medical officer came to our classes looking for volunteers. Anyone interested was told to go to the gymnasium that evening where he would show us a film and give us information. Out of the 1600 doctors, 400 came to the meeting. After the film, there were about 100 doctors left. After he showed us all of the paraphernalia for jumping, there were twelve doctors still interested. Out of those twelve, four were chosen. Because I went to the gymnasium that night, my orders were changed completely and I was sent to parachute school at Fort Benning, Georgia, where I trained for four weeks. From there, I was sent to the 508th Parachute Infantry at Camp Mackall, North Carolina. We went through regular training. Since we were slated to go overseas to Europe, I spoke to the "old boys" who had been on Tennessee maneuvers. [Maneuvers were practiced in Tennessee because the terrain was similar to France, Belgium and Germany] In fact, when I got to the camp at four o'clock in the morning, they issued me an old bag that was covered in mud from a Tennessee maneuver! [Laughing] I didn't like that too much.

In December, we were called up. We traveled to Camp Shanks, New York, and on Christmas Eve, we were allowed to go downtown but were told not to wear our army uniforms. Soon, we went by boat to Staten Island where we took a ferry to Weehawken, New Jersey, and then a boat to go overseas. Nine days later, we arrived in Belfast, Ireland. From Belfast we went to Fort Stewart in Northern

Island via Portrush and were stationed there for about six months prior to going to England. We went to England by boat and were stationed at Nottingham, very close to Sherwood Forest, where we trained for another six months.

We had two training jumps, both at night, preparing us for D-Day. When we went to the field for the first training jump, it was raining so during our delay we ate C-Rations. I felt sick as a dog and when we got up in the plane, I threw up in a can and lay down on my back. [Laughing] A GI hit me when it was time to jump. I usually jumped as the number two man. This time I was the about the number thirteen man! When I went out my legs were all over the place. Usually as you count to three, the parachute should open since you descend about seventy feet per second. I landed pretty hard and right away had pain in my calves. I found another guy and we started walking but all of a sudden he disappeared. He fell down in a hole because the field they dropped us in was a bombing range. I got him out of the hole and a few minutes later I got bounced on my back because I walked hard into a wire fence. We met more airmen and I took care of the men who had been injured. Soon we met a tall fellow with a first lieutenant's bar on his uniform. He asked me how we made out. I bluntly expressed my concern that we had been dropped into an area that was a trap for a broken leg. He had a phosphorescent necklace on, looking like a referee, but he was accommodating. I told him what I thought and then he disappeared. I saw him again at about 5:30 in the morning but he didn't see me. I realized he was Brigadier General Gavin, known as the "jumping general," later to be titled Lieutenant General Gavin.

The second jump wasn't bad at all.

When D-Day came, June 6, 1944, we were sent to Folkingham Airfield in central England. Everyone prepared by putting black on their faces and loading the plane. After our preparations, at 11:00 at night, we flew south to the Guernsey and Jersey Islands, off the northern coast of France and saw a submarine light. We turned left, eastward, and flew over the Normandy Peninsula and were dropped at about 2:00 in the morning. The problem is, we were one of the later units dropped. The earlier units dropped unexpected but by the time we dropped, we were expected and we got hit by everything except the kitchen sink. You can't imagine the maelstrom of activity when you are dropping out of a plane about 500 feet at 70 feet per second and you don't know where you are but you see planes crashing down, and you hear the staccato rhythm of the canons. I wasn't afraid—I was just apprehensive. I could see these blue and tan bullets come by and I was moving my feet to avoid them. I went right through the branches of an apple tree and had a lousy landing on my feet, my rear end, and my hip. I couldn't get up and get out of my chute because my grommets were so tight. I had put a knife in a small pocket of my jacket so I took it out, opened it, and sawed my way out. I was in the hedgerow. It was dark as could be with just a quarter moon. I wasn't sure what to do so I got my compass, got my bearings,

and went in one direction along the edge of the hedgerow. We had been told not to fire our guns, but I did have a dagger. Because of the moon's location, nothing could be seen in my direction but I could see a man coming towards me slowly with his rifle. I knew if I didn't protect myself or kill him, he would have killed me, and there were many people depending on me. So I put my knife down in my boot and waited for him to get there. When I spoke the password, he started to back up so slowly that I nearly came up on him. He was a new replacement and I could tell he was nervous. So I told him to follow where he was going and I would take care of myself. Next, I went through a big gully, like where cows would fall in. I couldn't see where I was so I backed out of there and went down the other side of the hedgerow. Suddenly, I heard a sound like heavy boots coming. I got my knife. I said "Flash" and waited to hear the responding password, which was "Thunder." I got no answer. I hid out and said nothing. To this day I think I was challenging a cow and the cow was so nervous he couldn't move! [Laughing vigorously]

Soon after that, I had joined a group of aid-man, infantrymen, and we got challenged [Required to respond to a code word with a corresponding password] by the fellow who had gone on ahead of me, 2nd Lt. Paul Lehman. As we mingled, he explained to us that if we have fixed bayonets and we are suddenly shot at, we should make sure there is plenty of space around us when we hit the ground. Well, we did get shot at, and when we hit the ground, one guy went down and his gun hit the Lt. Lehman in the neck and cut a facial artery. The injury caused blood loss so we bandage him, but that didn't do the job. Next, we put a clamp on the artery, but the two part clamp broke apart and we lost the parts. We had to give him plasma so I stood holding the plasma bag up above him until I became a target for a German at the top of a building. I quickly got down on my haunches, to avoid the bullets, holding the plasma up in the air and hoping the bullets didn't hit my arm. One of our infantrymen shot the enemy. We then walked to an area where we found a farmhouse with a barn where we put the wounded. We were giving the wounded plasma when I looked out of the barn door and saw Germans a few hundred feet from us. Before they came into the barn, they shot rapid fire at the opening with a [Schnellfeuer], a small machine gun. I took off my hat with the Red Cross symbols and put it on a pitchfork and stuck it out the door. They shot again and then stopped. They said "Hande Hoch." [Hands up in German]. All they took from me was my razor. They then went to the farmhouse, knocked on the door, and when no-one answered, they threw a potato masher [Stick hand grenade] into the home, killing the two women inside.

After the farmhouse exploded, they took us to a German collecting station and as we got there, As soon as we got there and one of the Germans who saw me said "Freunde, Rotes Kreuz" (Friends, Red Cross). Then they brought us to a field hospital in Orglandes and put us in a wooden barracks with forty or fifty double

bunks with double bunks with straw mats. I had three medics with me. Then the casualties started arriving. I worked for three days and two nights without stopping. Carrying litters, and taking care of the wounded. I lay down at four in the morning and they woke me up at two in the afternoon because so many casualties were coming in and I was the only doctor. The other doctor was from my regiment but he had wounded his hip and he couldn't help at all. I tried to get up but I couldn't hold my head up. I had to roll off the bunk and grab the end of the bunk to pull myself up. I treated many soldiers but I really needed a German surgeon from the nearby hospital to help do triage. When the German surgeon, a captain, "hauptmann," arrived, I told him about the different injuries—men with chest wounds and lung wounds, a captain from the 82nd Airborne whose legs were blue. The surgeon was helpful with many injuries and even helped sewing up the Lehman's neck wound. [Some portions left out]

On about the third day that I was there, I wanted to check on some of my men who were operated on, so I approached the chateau where the surgeries were, about one hundred feet away and I thought I heard a shell coming. The shell exploded and I dove behind a sheltered wall but a German medical officer nearby was killed. [Showing a photo from a newspaper article of himself wearing a German officer's cap, his friend 2nd Lt. Paul Lehman holding a German flag] How I got the German's cap, I don't remember, but I took it and have since donated it with a number of other things to the museum at Fort Bragg in North Carolina.

The chateau had at least three floors so I told two of my aid-men to go one at a time as high as they could in the chateau to observe any American activity around the camp. They reported to me that they could see a soldier with a (unclear) radio so we knew we were being surrounded by Allies. In the meantime, the Germans saw their camp was being surrounded so they were trying to evacuate us to Germany. They had an ambulance that could fit ten men sitting but only four on litters. So I sent out my medics to find pieces of wood we could strap on one leg of each of our wounded so that instead of the ambulance evacuating ten men at a time, they could only evacuate four at a time. I sent four officers out at first because they really needed extensive surgery that they couldn't get at the camp. After that, I made splits for the injured so that the Germans could continue only evacuating four at a time. That left me more and more able-bodied men that the Germans didn't know about.

I wanted to let the Americans know, and particularly the 82nd Airborne, that we were at this POW medical installation. So I collected sheets from the hospital with the help of a German medic of mine, Frank Ruby, and we went out 200 yards south of the hospital into a field. We set up the sheets to form two A's, then we formed a cross out of bricks, and then placed another two A's signifying "American Troops 82nd Airborne Medical Installation." Believe it or not, a plane

came by, a P-38, and we waved at it and he dipped his wings to let us know they identified our message. Three years later, I was back in the states and out of the army and I met with a lawyer about business. As we spoke, I learned he had been a flyer so I asked him if he had ever heard of soldiers being rescued from a German POW camp because of the message made with sheets. He said, "That was me! I saw that, I am the pilot who dipped the wings!" I think he is still alive.

The following day, a German field officer told me to speak on an American field telephone to tell the American troops to stop sending shells toward the medical installation. I refused. I was cocky then but I couldn't have done it anyway because I didn't know how to use the telephones. I told the field officer that there is only one reason why the Americans are shelling the installation. "You have a battery of combat machinery outside the perimeter of the hospital. You are getting counter battery fire from them. Move those out of there and you won't get any more shells." Maybe five or six hours later they were gone.

By about 8:00 the following morning, most of the German officers were gone. There were maybe fifty or sixty aides and one German medical officer left. I went to the remaining medical officer and asked him to surrender. I informed him that the installation was being surrounded by American troops and it would be to his advantage to surrender now. He refused. There was so much evidence later on that we were being surrounded that I went to him again and told him to surrender. He did, and he gave me his gun. His aide-de-camp gave me his gun also. What they didn't know is that the American prisoners had as many guns as the Germans had. American prisoners had been aids to the German doctors who were taking care of the wounded German soldiers. In doing so, the aids would slip the German's guns into their own pockets. The next morning we saw some American soldiers coming. It was the 4th Infantry Division coming from the beach. We actually were not relieved by the 4th Division because we were already in charge of the installation by then, but they were coming anyways. From there we got in a white jeep, about seven men in a jeep and were headed to Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, which was about three miles away. Before we got there, we were strafed. We saw American planes flying over us and suddenly one of the planes detached itself and dive-bombed our truck. We all jumped out of there. How we all got out in one piece, I'll never know. But it was a German who somehow got into our formation. I'm sure he didn't live through that day.

As we went back, we were stopped and Acme News Photos took the photos I have shown you. [Shows photos of himself in the German cap and Lt Lehman holding a German flag, as well as a photo of AA + AA and the freed Americans] We then reported to our units [unclear]. After that, we were sent across the River Douve in rubber boats. We were glad to get across because rubber boats don't hold up very well under fire. We set up camp and a couple of hours later an L-5 spotter plane flew over. Unfortunately, a friend of mine had just told the 81mm mortar

squad to send up some mortar shells and they happened to hit the spotter plane. The plane was hit, went down and landed so close to the camp that I ran to it and found the two men dead. Three or four years after that I went to a funeral in Fall River, [Massachusetts] and was telling my cousin who was a veteran in the air-corp about this incident. He said he was the man who had ordered that L-5 spotter plane up. Two coincidences already.

Following that episode, we went into a town called Pretot [Probably Pretot-Saint-Suzanne] and I had a bunch of men in the gutters alongside the road going to the town and we were getting shot at. General Gavin went by with his rifle upside down on his shoulder. He waved as he went by. Nobody shot at him. Every time I got on the road I got shot at and I was wondering why. A major came down the road and went by my unit and asked what we were doing down in the gutter. I told him to put my helmet on and see why. He put my helmet on and he was fired at. The Germans saw the red cross on my helmet and had been told to fire at all the medics, disabling anyone capable of treating the wounded.

The day after that we went towards a place called Hill 131, which is where 2nd Lieutenant Paul Lehman was killed finally later. [Another source says Lehman died at Hill 95 which was nearby] I was called to have some aid men there because they were getting so many casualties. It was a very difficult place to assault. I went and asked where this certain officer had been shot and was waiting for me. I went down this road and then into a field and I was crouching and running and crouching and running. Finally I found myself between the Americans and the Germans. I was in an untenable position and I had to get out. So I threw myself to the ground and started to crawl back to where I came from. Believe it or not, I could see the blades of grass falling as they were cut by (unclear).

I was afraid that my rear end was the biggest part of me and that I would get hit. Just as I came out of the field, a soldier was moving by with blood all over his head from a bloody but superficial wound. I hit him head-on and knocked him off his feet which wasn't what he expected from a medic but I didn't want him to get shot again. Again that day we were advancing a bit further, too fast in fact, because the Germans were raining canon shots on us and the Americans were dropping shells also. We had with us a 1st Lieutenant and a sergeant on his field radio with big batteries. The lieutenant called back to field headquarters, "Lift your fire!" We are ahead of the troops that should be with us. Unfortunately the Germans were listening and they now knew where we were. An 88mm shell dropped among us and I went flat on my stomach trying to dig under myself. Right after the shell exploded, I looked up and I saw a head and helmet going up into the air and into the next field. It was the sergeant. The lieutenant was dead. A good friend of mine, Captain Branon was saying "How can I live with my guts hanging out?" I crawled over to him, examined him and saw he was spurting blood from his left thigh so I bandaged it tightly. I looked at his abdomen and

saw it was all contused from a big battery that hit him. His guts were not hanging out. We got him out of there.

The following day, July 4, 1944, was a very sad day for me because I lost a man I had a good friendship with, [Shows the photo with his friend] 2nd Lieutenant Paul Lehman. He was hit by shrapnel, and dropped to the ground. Colonel Mandez picked him up and put him over his shoulder and was trying to get him out of the way when a sniper shot Lehman on the colonel's shoulder. [Shows distress]

[To see the photo and read more about Beaudin and Lehman, go to:
<https://www.facebook.com/393166910813107/photos/medic-1t-briand-n-beaudin-west-warwick-rhode-island-and-2lt-paul-e-lehman-washin/700291426767319/>]

Part 2 Holland

I have told you about my experience in Normandy and would now like to take you to Holland. Part 2 will be about General Montgomery's grandiose effort to turn back the Germans by going to [directly east of Rotterdam, not far from the German border] and down to the Ruhr River Valley to destroy the Germans there. It was a failure because when the British landed in Arnhem which is right above Nijmegen or [unclear] they were right among two SS German divisions which began to decimate them. These British were some of the best troops, all heroes, real fighters, who killed an impressive number of Germans but they never could liberate the bridge so that the British forces coming up from the Eindhoven area could come up to Nijmegen, take that bridge and keep moving. So the British and Polish had no hope, and that is why the whole thing failed. Out of the 10,000 British soldiers, only 2,323 survived. I met a few of them and (unclear)

Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands was also in the army but, in spite of that, he was never asked for his advice on the battle plan which would have given the Allies a better chance of success.

So at 1330 hours on September 17, 1944 on a beautiful day with a lot of flak but a very nice trip which took about three and a half hours, the 508th Parachute Regiment was one of the first ones of the 82nd Airborne Division to go down. As my chute opened, and I was able to see where I was coming down, I noticed a big flak battery surrounded by wire down below me. There were three of them grouped together. I don't remember if I heard them fire but when I was getting ready to land, they weren't firing. I maneuvered my chute to land right outside of the wire. As I landed, I stood up and I touched the wire and about five guys approached me surrendering. They were surrendering all over the place. They

could see they would be decimated or captured so they had to give up. One of our officers, Lt. Mitchell, had a very sad experience. He was shot but the bullet entered his phosphorus grenade in his belt. The phosphorus began to come out and he died an awful death.

We walked from there about two miles to a place called Berg-En-Dal, a resort area for the people from Nijmegen, and I found a very nice house there with trees all around, a good place for an aide station. I was greeted by the man who lived there, a banker, Van Gorp, whose oldest son was in the Dutch underground. After I got my gear out and was ready to receive casualties, I mentioned to him that I had no transportation. He said there might be some cars around that people had left behind. He got on his motorcycle and I got on behind him and we went down the road looking for a car. Sure enough, within twenty minutes, a few miles down the road, we found a late model four door Oldsmobile. He fiddled around, crossing two wires under the dashboard and started the car. With that car, we were able to pick up some wounded that the aid men had brought to the road. [some parts not transcribed]

I was with Lt. Schools, my assistant surgeon, and he wanted to drive that day so we went from the Beek, the Dutch area where the nurses were, and as we drove down the road, I suddenly noticed we went past our last outpost and were in Germany. I said "Turn around!" so he turned up an embankment and the car stalled and rolled backwards. We tried frantically to cross the wires to start the car, but we were so nervous and alarmed we couldn't do it very quickly. We finally got out of there.

The night prior to the next attack, we were walking through the woods in the darkness and we saw white robed people walking towards us. We found out they were from an insane asylum! They had gotten out and were wandering around. That really scared us!

We had a collecting jeep with a driver and we were driving on a raised dyke and preparing to turn onto the next dyke which was at a sharp angle with a house right on the corner. As we made the turn, we came face to face with a German tank. The gun started rising. Our driver put the jeep in reverse so fast! He backed into the driveway and sped back to where we had come from. That driver was so scared that he never drove again.

During battles, as a medic, I always traveled a distance behind the battle. Depending on the fluidity of the battle, I might be half a mile or a couple of miles behind. A few days after the jeep incident with the German tank, I was walking a distance behind the battle, searching for soldiers who needed aid. As I got closer, I noticed that things were flying around me so I was hugging the ground and crawling around. On the last crawl, I looked up and was staring under a tank.

There were two British soldiers having tea! I crawled a bit further and came upon my 3rd Battalion commanding officer and discussed the situation with him and then I returned. Quite a bit later, after we had taken the bridge, we went to a town called Bommel, and were then attached to the 50th British Division. I settled my aid station in a barn which had six or seven feet of potatoes piled at an angle where I had slept the night before. A British officer came in swinging a stick and said he was taking over the barn. My insignia wasn't showing because of my cold weather clothing so he ordered me around. I spoke back to him and he berated me, "Don't talk to me like that, I am 1st Lt. Guthrie." I said to him "I am Captain Beaudin. Get out of here!" That was the last I saw of him.

Holland was entirely different from Normandy. When I talk about The Battle of the Bulge, that was *extremely* different.

Q: How many GI's were in each aircraft when you jumped?

BB: There were twelve in jump school and about eighteen in battle. Forty-two planes went together and each dropped eighteen GI's and gliders too. [Engineless planes carrying troops and equipment into battle] That's quite a few, especially if you are lifting with gliders.

Q: Did you experience the Germans shooting up at you?

BB: Before we got to Holland, we were being buzzed with flak like bees. Quite a few planes went down, though not as many as in Normandy.

Part 3 The Battle of the Bulge, at the Ardennes

The 82nd Airborne had been back a very short time, about 6 weeks after furlough, but on the 17th of December at 2000 hours, we were told to report to headquarters immediately. We were informed that on the previous day, the Germans had counterattacked the whole line which was very thinly held by the 106th Infantry Division and the 28th Infantry Division and the 7th Army, and the Germans went right through the line with twelve German divisions attacking. Since we called to get there quickly, we were packed like sardines in these big trailer trucks. We were packed so tightly that we had to stand for nineteen hours which was exhausting. There was no room at all to sit. At one place called [Houffalize?] in Belgium, one of our men fell asleep standing up and as he did, it was so tight that his grenade flew off. One GI trapped it in mid air and closed it and another guy and I picked him up and put him over the side so he could throw it off in the woods. The 101st Airborne were following us, crowded onto a truck just like we were.

We went from there to a Werbomont, way over in the hills. It was very cold. One of my first aid stations in Belgium was at [Garon?] and it was snowing heavily which made it very difficult to take care of casualties which was getting deeper. I

had a German medic helping me and at about nine at night, there was a knock at the door. I said, "Fritz, answer the door." There was a guy standing there with a submachine gun. He lifted it up and I said, "Hold it!" I said "Who are you looking for?" He said "Captain Beaudin." I identified myself and he explained that he had been on leave in West Warwick, Rhode Island, and he had met my father in a clothing store where my father had been working for years. My father had told him to look me up. Imagine that! [Laughing] Three years later I met him for the second time coming out of a bank in West Warwick. He said "Beaudin?" I couldn't remember his name except that it was Italian. That was something.

On the 24th of December, the whole 82nd Division got word that we were too far forward and the other division couldn't keep up. In that position, we were a threat so we had to withdraw. It was difficult because we had to leave a platoon from each battalion to watch out to make sure the Germans didn't infiltrate us. It worked out very well but we had to walk for a number of miles in the extreme cold. We set up in a place called [Villette] and [Eeria] up on a hill where we waited for the Germans. It is very difficult in subzero weather to dig holes but the men did the best they could laying mines, waiting for the Germans to come. On Christmas day, there was a battle going on nearby and we got some casualties. We had captured a German ambulance and we had our own jeep. We picked up the injured and brought them to an aid station in a house with a wood stove. That day, for Christmas, the men were getting fresh eggs from the chickens in the barn, and a few other things that made it a real feast for them.

On January 7, the 3rd Battalion advanced against very tough German troops. They got through with the help of Staff Sergeant Frank [Serovika?] from Gloversville, New York. He was killed that day but received the Distinguished Service Cross. They had been fighting all day and still had enough gumption to overcome the Germans, largely due to this one man.

In Holzheim, about three or four miles away, we got word that they needed medics. We were stuck in two feet of snow and no way to get a jeep there. We (went in?? followed?) a tank with a snow plow for awhile and then we walked. We had an aid man with a 45mm, a German prisoner carrying a litter and supplies, another aid man with a 45mm, another prisoner carrying another litter with supplies and then me following behind them with my bowie knife. We walked for five miles. We were really exhausted and fell over on our faces. They needed us very badly though. If you let the men lay there in the cold, they freeze within a matter of moments. The cold slows down bleeding but they die from hypothermia.

About a month later, in the February mud, not far from Aachen, [Germany] the smell was awful because so many cows and horses were dead, lying on their backs

with ruptured abdomens. At this town, we had a barn with a protected cellar and a window where but put logs at an angle to deflect the shrapnel. The barn was attached to the house, which is always off of the kitchen in the house. In this spot we could look down into Germany and could see the spire of the Cologne Cathedral. Outside the barn was a john. I heard some 88's coming, pop, pop, and went down into the cellar. When I came back up, the john was gone. It had gotten a direct hit. [both laughing]

Soon after we were sent to a place called Dreux [France] for training for missions. The training was rather difficult because we had to always be ready to jump on a prisoner of war camp and there we're several of them. Every time we got ready to go to a POW camp, Patton got there before us. If we had gone on one of them before Patton, we would have been decimated because so many German troops were there.

We kept busy with athletic training too. We played football, which consisted of a man putting another man down on his back. The ball was a white handkerchief. The guy with the ball had to try to get through. I have a picture of us playing one day, and I know I'm in the picture but all 165 pounds of me are covered by the man on top of me. We also played baseball that day and I threw a baseball to the colonel who fell and hurt his hand. I sent him to the nearby airforce hospital.

That was the end of our combat.

Soon, we went to SHAEF Headquarters, Supreme Headquarters for the Allied Expedition Force in Frankfurt, Germany on the River Main. There must have been about 180 generals and as many colonels, a lot of brass. They had a mess for with a mess for the captains and lieutenants, and a mess for the just the generals. One day they had a big party that I went to with Joe Palladino and I was on my third drink and came to a doorway and saw a WAC talking to an officer with five stars. I turned to Joe and said, "Joe, five stars!" The man looked up and I saw it was General Eisenhower! [laughing] That's about the end of it.

Q: You mentioned something about training after The Bulge. Were you training for other missions?

BB: We were training to go to Prisoner of War Camps. We never knew when the command would come but we had to be ready. At that time I was the only medical officer with the 3rd Battalion and I had to be prepared with supplies at all times. I had all kinds of supplies—about one hundred cans of DDT [to protect from mosquitos], two jeeps, two wagons to haul supplies. I had medics to help but no other officers to help plan everything in advance.

Q: Is there anything else you can remember about the experiences.

BB: That's most of my stories.

Q: Were you at a mess hall when you saw General Eisenhower?

BB: No, no. We were at an officers club, a two story building right behind the IG Farben Building. [Considered the European Pentagon] It was all spit and polished in those days.

Then I received word that they were sending men home because of the number of points they had mounted up. I already had seventy points. So I was sent to Camp Lucky Strike in Normandy and then I took the boat back.

Captain Briand N. Beaudin was discharged from active duty on March 24, 1946.

Other missing information gathered from 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment—www.508pir.org:

Captain Briand Beaudin was attached to the medial detachment, 517th PIR for sea transportation back to the U.S. They left from Camp Home Run in Le Havre, France and set sail from Marseilles, France aboard the USAT Madawaska Victory, arriving in New York City harbor on 25 August 1945.

He was a Prisoner of War for about ten days and regained his freedom on 2 June 45.

He received numerous citations and decorations, including the Bronze Star Medal and combat medic badge awards. Beaudin continued to serve as a colonel in the Army Reserve for many years and established a pediatric practice in Warwick, Rhode Island.