Dear Doc. Post,

Myron and sessions, Herman Addison and I have been on the continent since 10 days at 4 minus five hours and we weren’t early either. Jumped in Normandy at 1:31 AM June 6, 10 day. The reception in which was guests was really to ride. They threw everything at me including the kitchen sink. The sky was lit up as bright as day, ack, ack, ack bursts, streams of red, green...
and white tracers converged on us and showered bursts of flares outlined us in the sky as we neared our drop zone. I was no man waiting to push the equipment bundles out on the “go” signal. As soon as we sighted the French coast we stood up and hooked up. The flak was coming in the door and I could hear it clattering against the fuselage beneath me! The “go” signal came and the bundles were cumbersome to get out because
we trying to avoid jack ass by fishtail-
ing and sliding after
the bundles cleared
the plane the men
began to get out at
double time. As I left
the plane my arm
was hooked in the
door and I was
hung up with my
arm inside and
body outside, finally
slipped free when I
straightened my arm.
we were at about
500 feet then and going
about 135 mph, couldn't
slow down cause we
would be an easier
target. We were getting
enough fuel at the time anyway. Luckily I wasn't shot at all. My wristwatch came off and is probably in the possession of the crew chief now. I came running on a field which was patterned by canals. I didn't get over even though my chute reinflated and I was being pulled toward a canal. I cut the suspension line in time. I couldn't get out of my harness because I had too much equipment on. Couldn't even get my weapon out. Finally had to cut my way
out all organized and raised where they
and enemy lines till the airborne troops
reached us. Gliders came in about a mile
started on Hitler's SS men and General
Dratt was killed as it struck an anti-airborne
obstacle not far from where we
were. The gliders were
duck soup for those
nazi machine gunners
as they came in at
about 100 feet. You
can't conceive of the
magnitude of this
airborne invasion,
it was really gigantic
Since our arrival on French soil I have had some close brushes with Hitler's Stukas and came out the lucky one thus far. One can't be too cautious at any moment or during any movement.

It seems that every French farm house has a small cellar with several five-gallon casks of about $500 capacity full of cider, even some hard stuff has been uncovered. The fruit in the orchards are getting ripe and the summer storms are frequent. A lot of this fighting has been from...
hedge row its hedge row, no picnic.

Received the new edition of the News Letter which was a dilly, really enjoyed it and passed it on. Dotta go now.

Sincerely
Tom Rice