

AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A NON-PROFIT PUBLIC BENEFIT CORPORATION

President

Terry M. Murphy

Vice President

Chris J. Glazier

Executive Director

Larryann C. Willis, Esq.



PO Box 1804

Orinda, CA 94563

Toll Free Phone/Fax: (888) 314-AMRF

Email: audiemurphy@juno.com

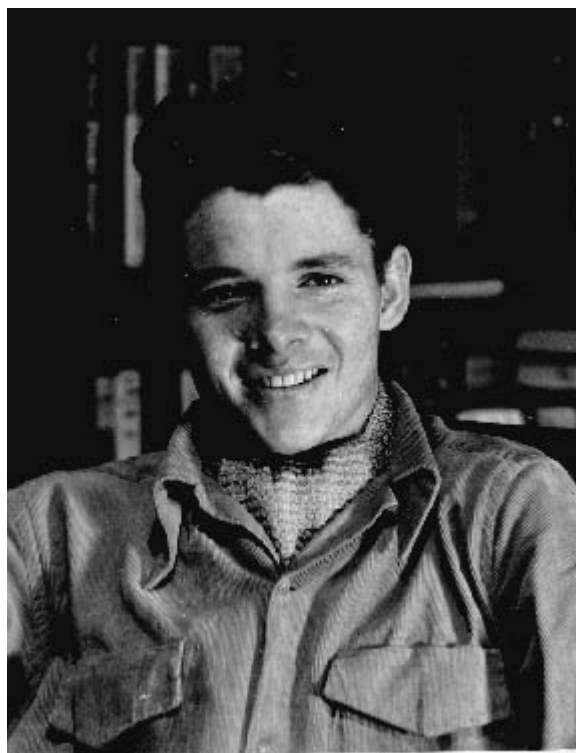
THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1945

Heroes Honored By Thousands At San Antonio Fete

***By WILLIAM C. BARNARD
San Antonio, June 14 (AP).-

Lieut. Murphy was a big hit, his youth, pleasant personality and bashful modesty drew people around him wherever he went. There were chuckles at a press conference when the freckled lieutenant shrank from telling a girl reporter details of how he won the Congressional Medal of Honor in France.

"Oh, no, not that," Murphy groaned.



Courtesy of Bill Bowen

A month after the press conference referred to in the above press clipping, Dad's story appeared in the Dallas Times Herald.

He was in a tough position. He wanted to be polite and answer questions, yet he didn't want to talk about his medals; he wanted to help the army (and this would require public appearances), yet he desperately wanted — needed — privacy. I think he was hoping this series of articles for International News Service would satisfy everybody.

The language is simple and trenchant. Many details, some of them brutal, are vivid to him; however, a larger and more emotionally charged incident is still somewhat obscured:

The citation for the Distinguished Service Cross, my only way of knowing exactly what happened, says: . . .

This action involved the death of his close friend (and father figure), Lattie Tipton. It would take more time for the riot of sights and sounds and feelings to quiet down and become orderly. He would remember all of it when he could handle all of it.

When I first read this material, I was pinned by the last sentence: it was so hopeful and so plaintive. It was so innocent.

I know what he had gone through, and I know what he would yet go through, so that last sentence pins me every time. That last sentence kills me.

Terry Murphy



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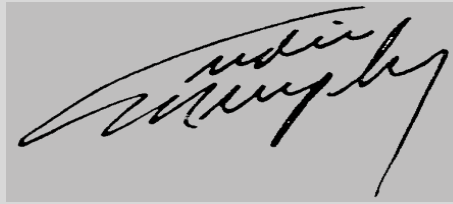
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I'd rather return to the Colmar Pocket in France than face another "welcome home" or review another parade. That's what I wrote my commanding officer, Col. H. D. Edson, shortly after I returned from France, and after 30 days of leave and with a 30-day extension ahead of me, it still goes.

But you can't say "no" to people who are honoring you, and I appreciate all that has been done for me. It's just that I have so little time to myself.

I was awarded every combat medal an infantryman can win. There were jobs for my unit to do, and it was easier for me to do them than to ask for volunteers and take a chance on some of them getting killed.

Anyway, I'm lucky. Even our mess sergeant was wounded three times before I got a scratch, and you know how far behind the lines he'd be. My luck was running out, though. In the six months before VE-Day, I was wounded three times. My right hip still bothers me, but my right heel and left leg are O.K.

My medals are the Bronze Star, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster, the Legion of Merit, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters. There are seven campaign stars on my European Theater of Operations Ribbon, and there are two French medals, the Croix de Guerre with



SAN ANTONIO, June 13 - (AP) - "I SURE WOULDN'T WANT TO ASK THE GENERAL to pose for any picture with me," said Lieut. Audie Murphy, embarrassed holder of the congressional medal of honor and every other decoration on the list. But someone else did ask the general, and the general - Lieut. Gen. Ira C. Eaker - grabbed the Farmersville, Texas, boy's hand and said, "This is a real pleasure." Eaker is at right, Murphy at left. -A.P. Wirephoto.

Palm, a unit citation, and the Croix de Guerre with Silver Star, an individual citation.

The ribbons representing those medals make a nice color combination on my chest, and I'm proud of them. I wouldn't part with any one of them for anything. But in spite of that, they weren't worth what I went through. My birth certificate says I'm 21 years old, but I'm actually much older. You'll understand when you know more about the last few years of my life.

I enlisted in Greenville, Tex., June

30, 1942. That was 10 days after my 18th birthday. I had quit school at the end of the eighth grade and worked in a radio repair shop and other jobs for four years before that.

After basic and advanced training, I landed in Casablanca in February, 1943, as a private in a bunch of replacements for the 15th Regiment of the Third Infantry Division. We were moving up to the front for action when the Afrika Corps gave up. After amphibious training, I landed with the first wave on Sicily on D-Day, July 10, 1943. In that cam-

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Texas' Most Decorated Hero Skips San Antonio Banquet

By Associated Press.

San Antonio, June 14.—Two Texas stars of San Antonio's war hero celebration, Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker, chief of air staff, and Lt. Audie Murphy, one of the nation's two most decorated men, left today for celebrations in their home areas.

Murphy Is Big Hit.

Lieutenant Murphy was a big hit. His youth, pleasant personality and bashful modesty drew a crowd around him wherever he went. There were chuckles at a press conference when the freckled lieutenant shrank from telling a girl reporter details of how he won the Congressional Medal of Honor in France.

Someone else told her how the officer single-handedly manned the machine gun on a burning tank destroyer to kill or wound 50 Germans and wreck an attack by six tanks and 200 infantrymen.

"Will there be a parade for you at Farmersville?" another reporter wanted to know.

"I don't see why there should be," Murphy replied.

Winner of three Purple Hearts, Murphy was bothered by an old hip wound and didn't participate in the whole celebration. He was in the parade but he wasn't spotted in a later gondola parade on the San Antonio river and he didn't show up at a reception and banquet. The generals were introduced at the banquet and spoke briefly and then the toastmaster said he had a big treat for the audience - a look at the man who won every medal in the book. Then he shouted the name of Audie Murphy and commanded Murphy to stand up. Murphy probably had figured something like that might happen. Anyway, he wasn't there.

Receptions Scare Him.

As for Farmersville's plans for him, the mere thought of a big reception has him "scared to death."



Courtesy of Bill Bowen

paign I was promoted to corporal.

Then we moved on to Salerno in Italy, after the 36th Division had established a foothold. During the advance toward Cassino, I was promoted to sergeant. We were pulled out of the line again and given more special training for the landing at Anzio.

I was in the hospital with malaria and my new staff sergeant stripes when my outfit landed at Anzio Jan. 22, 1944. Five days later I recovered and returned to action — just before hell broke loose.

We tried four attacks. All were stopped with heavy casualties. So we dug in, determined to hold. I've never seen so much rain and mud. Our fox-holes were half full of mud and the other half full of water. To forget the monotony of the rain, some of us volunteered for patrol duty our off hours.

The night of March 2, I was leading

six other guys on patrol along the front. We spotted a German tank that had been damaged. Because I thought some of the Krauts might have slipped up to repair the tank in the dark, I left my men in a ditch 200 yards from it and crawled slowly through the mud toward the tank.

I was afraid to make any noise. No, that's not right. I was just plain afraid. Anyone who tells you he isn't scared in a spot like that is a liar. I was wishing my shirt didn't have any buttons so I could get closer to the ground.

When I was within 15 or 20 yards of the tank, I set up a grenade launcher, fired and scored six hits. The Nazis didn't like that. They opened fire from all directions, converging on the tank and its immediate vicinity. I could see tracers criss-crossing a few inches from the ground and not nearly far enough away.

I didn't worry about making noise

then. I jumped up and got out of there — probably the fastest 200-yard dash in history.

As soon as my men and I had returned to safety — as safe as anyone could be at Anzio, that is — we had a lot of laughs over the whole thing. But for the half hour I was crawling toward that tank and firing at it, there wasn't anything funny about it.

That was how I got the Bronze Star. "Valorous conduct in action," the citation calls it. I think I was lucky.

"The perfect landing," military officials call the invasion of Southern France. Maybe it was, strategically, but there was nothing perfect about it where I was.

After we broke through from the Anzio beachhead and chased the Krauts to Rome, the Third Division was moved back to Naples for more amphibious

training for the Southern France invasion.

Company B, my outfit, landed near Ramatuelle, on the Riviera, at 8 a.m. August 15, 1944, with the first wave of the assault. Since I've been home I've heard a lot of people say the landings in Southern France were soft. That's not true. We had plenty of trouble and the fighting was tough, at least until we had established a hold.

As my rifle platoon and I moved inland from the beach, we were halted by machine gun fire from a rocky ridge ahead of us. We dropped to the ground and crawled quickly to cover.

There was only one thing to do, and I couldn't ask any of my men to do it. I made another dash — this one for 40 yards with bullets whizzing all around me — to a ditch, and returned to the beach. There I found a machine gun squad and borrowed one of their weapons. Another trip through the ditch and another 40-yard dash, the longest 40 yards I've ever run.

I told my men I was going to crawl ahead of the platoon and see what I could do about that Kraut installation.

"I'm going too," Pfc. Lattie Tipton, 33, of Erwin, Tenn., said.

Lattie and I had shared foxholes ever since the invasion of Sicily. He had turned down a sergeant's rating so he could stay with me as my runner. That day he had been shot through the left ear, and was bleeding a lot. But when I ordered him back to the beach for medical treatment, he refused. I knew he wouldn't pay any attention if I told him to stay with the platoon now. I should have made him stay.

"OK Lattie," I said. "Let's go." We crawled out of the ditch and inched our way 75 yards up the side of the hill. There we found another ditch, and set up the machine gun.

As we prepared to fire, the Krauts let up in their shooting, and we saw a white flag waving at the top of the ridge.

"This looks funny," Lattie said, "but I'm going up and get them. Keep me covered."

He crawled out of the ditch and stood up. There was a burst of machine gun fire, and Lattie fell back into the ditch on top of me.

He was dead.

I must have gone crazy then. I don't remember much of what happened after that. I remember using a German machine pistol I picked up somewhere, maybe from the Kraut whose lower jaw had been shot to bits and every time he tried to scream a stream of blood spurted out. I wish I didn't remember that.

The citation for the Distinguished Service Cross, my only way of knowing exactly what happened, says:

"In the duel which ensued, Sergeant Murphy silenced the enemy weapon, killed two of the crew and wounded a third. As he proceeded, two Germans advanced toward him. Quickly destroying both of them, he dashed alone toward the enemy strong point, disregarding bullets which glanced off rocks around him and hand grenades which exploded so close as 15 yards away. Closing in, he wounded two Germans with carbine fire, killed two more in a fierce, brief fire-fight, and forced the remaining five to surrender.

"His extraordinary heroism resulted in the capture of a fiercely contested enemy-held hill and the annihilation or

capture of the entire enemy garrison."

About those five who were "forced to surrender" — we didn't take any prisoners except those wounded men. Don't let anyone tell you the American soldier is soft. When he gets mad he is as rough as any of them. I figured every Kraut I killed put me a mile or so nearer Texas.

After the hill was taken, I was tired and mad and sad. I couldn't forget Lattie's 12-year-old daughter. He had read me parts of nearly every letter he had received from her.

After the break-through near Ramatuelle, France, it was mostly a matter of marching. The Germans didn't have time to establish a line of defense — just delaying action and road blocks while they fled to the Belfort Gap.

Near Montelimar, the First Battalion of the 15th Infantry received a unit citation from President Roosevelt, for being "mainly responsible for destroying German resistance south of the Drome and east of the Rhone Rivers," to quote the citation.

My part in that action was small. As we approached Montelimar, we caught the German artillery by surprise. We were within 400 yards of them before they noticed us, and 200 yards before they could get their guns ready. Then we were safer going ahead than retreat-

CELEBRATION SET FOR BEMEDALED TEXAN

Farmersville Afraid Its Hero Will Slip in Back Door to Avoid Welcome

FARMERSVILLE, June 8 (AP).- Lt. Audie Murphy, one of the two most decorated men in the U. S. Army, is supposed to be on his way home from Europe and conversationally speaking, the big onion crop hereabouts doesn't rate a smell.

In the words of Mayor R. B. Beaver, 20-year-old Audie is going to get the biggest reception any Farmersville boy ever got, "whether he likes it or not."

But leaders of this agricultural community are nervous as a mouse at a cat convention for fear Audie, who carries every medal a foot soldier can win, will "sneak in the back door" as he promised.

Mayor Beaver scratched worriedly at his chin whiskers. "It would be just like that little rascal

to try to get past our welcoming committee," he said. "He's terribly modest and quiet, you know - doesn't go at all for the sort of thing we're preparing for him.

"We'll make it just as easy on him as possible. We figure on roping off the square and building a big platform. It'll be strictly a local celebration, not counting the band from Ashburn General Hospital over at McKinney. W. H. Jouett, cashier at the First National Bank, will have a few words to say and there'll be other speakers. The program isn't worked out yet."

Many of his relatives will be in the crowd the day this community celebrates. His sister, Mrs. Corrine Burns of Farmersville, will be there and his brother, Joe Preston,

10, and his sisters, Nadine and Billie, from the Boles Orphans Home at Greenville.

And there will be a lot of respect for Audie Murphy in the audience that day because, as Mayor Beaver said, "That boy never had a thing handed him on a silver platter - he left home when he was 12 and he's made his own way ever since."

And Poland Burns, the lieutenant's brother-in-law, commented: "Audie's whole life has been plenty tough and he's the gamest little fellow I ever knew. About the only fun he ever had was hunting. He used a slingshot and actually killed rabbits and birds with it. What he was able to do with a machine gun didn't surprise me at all."

Home Front Is Tougher Than War for Bashful Texas Hero

BY WILLIAM C. BARNARD

FARMERSVILLE, JUNE 15 (AP). Lt. Audie Murphy, one of the two most decorated men in the U. S. Army, Friday was convinced that wartime life in the United States is as rough as a jeep with square wheels.

The biggest ax hanging over the wavy-haired head of the 20-year-old "one-man army" was the fact that he starts Friday at his own homecoming. To the bashful little officer, this prospect was about as enjoyable as bobbing for apples in boiling oil.

"I'm as shaking as Hirohito's dreams," he declared.

These things happened to Murphy:

1. His new shoes don't fit so he innocently decided to purchase a larger pair in Dallas. He was told he would need a shoe stamp. Murphy thought a shoe stamp was something that stamped out shoes. He is still wearing that tight pair.

2. He saw his first gasoline coupon and realized with sudden shock that money, indeed, isn't everything. He postponed plans for purchasing an automobile.

3. He wanted to buy a small can of meat. He was told he would need red points. So he had to be content with a can of chicken a la king. He spilled a gob of a la king on his trousers and every one of his 728 freckles paled as he stated: "If it takes points for pants, I'm a gone goose."

4. Shortly after he arrived here Thursday from San Antonio, his sister, Mrs. Corrine Burns of Farmersville said: "Congressional Medal of Honor or no, I'm still the boss."



Audie Murphy Research Foundation

Audie's sister Corinne Burns welcomes him home to Farmersville — June 15, 1945

ing because they couldn't deflect their guns low enough to fire at us.

I fired my bazooka at them eight times before I scored a hit in the ammunition dump. Explosions and fire broke out all over, scaring the Germans and causing the installation—about 150 men—to surrender.

Later, while we were searching the houses of Montelimar, several of us entered a big mansion that must have been Nazi headquarters. The place appeared to be empty, but we weren't taking any chances.

I found one room with a closed door, readied my Tommy gun and pushed the door open. Across the room stood someone with a Tommy gun pointed at me. I fired — and shot the hell out of a full-length mirror. The fellows kidded me a lot about a Texan beating himself to the draw after that.

We drove on to near Vesoul. It was Sept. 15, 1944. We were marching along

a road when we came upon a German road block. The Krauts opened up. A mortar shell hit near me, killing two and wounding six men, including me. But my luck held out.

A fragment of shell struck my right heel, tearing off the heel of my boot and cutting a deep gash across my heel and ankle. It was only a slight wound, but I got the Purple Heart and spent two weeks in evacuation and convalescent hospitals before rejoining my outfit late in September.

October 2, we were entrenched on a hill overlooking Cleurie. The Germans were putting up a battle for that town and casualties had been heavy. We had taken off from the top of the hill so often the fellows were thinking of applying for flight pay. Each time we were driven back.

Col. Mike Paulick, Col. Keith L. Ware and Capt. Paul G. Harris, our company commander, several other men and

myself were on reconnaissance when a German machine gun opened up on us from the rear. The Krauts must have been asleep when we walked by, because they were between us and our lines when they started firing.

Two members of our patrol were wounded. The machine gun was only 35 yards away. We dropped and crawled to cover. The only way we could ever get out of there was to silence that gun, so I began working toward it.

When I was about 15 yards away I stood up so I could do the job right. The machine gunner swung his weapon around and fired. But the gun caught in a bush as it was turned, and the Kraut missed me. My luck was still good.

Meanwhile, I had thrown two hand grenades into the position. The grenades killed four Germans and wounded three. One short, fat Kraut lived through the explosions. He jumped up and started running toward our lines. He ran like Donald Duck. Someone fired and down he went.

For "destroying the position" I was awarded the Silver Star.

That was some of the hardest fighting I ever saw. We were in the Vosges Mountains. The ground was rough, rocky and wooded. You might go into a patch of woods with 30 men and come out with only 15. It took us three days to advance two and a half miles.

It wasn't anything spectacular to the folks back home — just constant fighting for each inch of ground. But the foot soldiers who did it will never forget it.

Three days later we had advanced only two and a half miles beyond Cleurie, France, in the Vosges Mountains. We came upon our first experience with a change of tactics instituted by the Germans. A machine gun installation was dug into a ditch on the downward slope of a hill, instead of on the upward slope as they usually had been.

The machine gunners didn't see us and we were pretty close to them when a sniper spotted us. He hit the man behind me in the chest. He screamed and dropped the ammunition he was carry-



Farmersville, TX — June 15, 1945

Audie Murphy Research Foundation

ing. That alerted the machine gunners and they hit six or seven of my 27 men before we could drop to the ground.

It was rainy and dark, and the Krauts were camouflaged and hard to locate. So I grabbed a 536 radio and began crawling to find a spot where I could direct artillery fire at the position.

I kept so low I must have dug a ditch down the side of the hill. I was cold and wet and scared and my teeth chattered so loud I was afraid I'd give myself away. I must have crawled 50 yards before I decided I could direct the artillery O.K. I called for 4.2 mortar fire, and it came.

For an hour I lay there wishing I was a mole. Rifle and machine gun bullets hit as close as a foot from me, but the Nazis couldn't quite get me.

Finally the opposition stopped. I didn't count the damage personally, but official records say the artillery fire had killed 15 Germans and inflicted 35 other casualties.

"Courage, audacity and accuracy," the officer said before giving me an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star I had won only three days before. As far as I was concerned, it was just that I wanted to get back to Texas as soon as possible.

A few days later I was called back to my regiment. There I was discharged

from the army — a civilian for three whole hours — then commissioned a second lieutenant (but still a civilian at heart). I had no time to worry about uniforms, even if they had been available, for I was rushed back to my platoon.

Oct. 26 we were advancing toward St. Die. My radio operator had been

killed and I was directing my platoon by hand as we went up a hill. A sniper spotted me and shot. The bullet hit me in the right hip. I fell and rolled into a ditch. The wound didn't hurt. It just made me mad. My helmet had fallen off before I rolled into the ditch and the sniper kept firing bullets into it. I was glad I wasn't wearing it.



-News Staff Photo.

Lt. Audie Murphy, 20, this war's most decorated infantryman, sits tensely at the ceremony given him in Farmersville Friday. Beside him is Col. James B. Anderson, commanding officer of Ashburn General Hospital, McKinney. Behind him (left) is Baptist Preacher L. A. West, pioneer. At the right is Banker W. H. Jouett.

Lt. Audie Murphy Forced to Fall Back As Bobby Soxers Charge

GREENVILLE, June 28 (AP) - Lt. Audie Murphy Thursday could sympathize with Frank Sinatra.

The 21-year-old officer, who holds every U. S. Army combat decoration, was mobbed by a good-natured crowd of bobby soxers after an appearance here Wednesday.

One girl emerged from the tight crowd crying "I got it, I got it." She opened a copy of "Forever Amber" and there was the Lieutenant's name on the flyleaf.

Mary Lee of Floyd, a student at the East Texas State Teachers College, Commerce, and Murphy's girl friend, stood on the fringe of the crowd and said, smiling: "I sure do have rivals."

Eventually state police made their way to the youthful hero and escorted him to an automobile. A little later, with the help of state police and the chamber of Commerce, Mary Lee also got to the car and climbed in.

The mob scene occurred after Murphy, a former resident of Greenville and a native of Hunt County, told an audience of thousands that "it's really great to be back among a real and sincere people again."

The lieutenant was guest at a Rotary luncheon, then rode in a parade down Greenville's flag-becked Main Street. The Chamber

of Commerce estimated the crowd at more than 10,000.

At a meeting on the courthouse steps after the parade, W. C. Poole Jr., of the Greenville Morning Herald, commander of the American Legion, presented Murphy with a check for \$1,000, contributed by citizens of Greenville.



Audie Murphy Research Foundation

I ordered my platoon to go on under the command of a sergeant, and lay there waiting for aid. Finally, Capt. Paul G. Harris, commander of the company, who later was killed, found me and took me back to an aid station.

The bullet had torn away a lot of hip muscle. As the shock wore off, the pain became intense and I blacked out. When I came to in an evacuation hospital I was told infection had developed and it had been necessary to cut away a lot of my hip. Then I was removed to a general hospital and given penicillin 18 days. The penicillin apparently fixed my hip, but I sure hated those injections.

I still walk with a slight limp from that wound, but army physicians have told me it will clear up eventually. The injury added an Oak Leaf cluster to my Purple Heart.

If you wonder how much good the army nurse corps is doing, your worries are over. They worked harder than anyone else over there — on the job all hours of the day and night and always eager to keep the patients comfortable and

happy. I still write to two nurses in Europe who were so good to me while I was wounded.

I spent last Christmas in a convalescent hospital and rejoined my regiment late in January, after three months of lying around. My hip had healed and I felt

great.

At that time our outfit was under the command of the First French Army in the Colmar sector. The Germans were putting up the stiffest resistance we had run into. We attacked Holtzwihr for three days without gaining an inch.

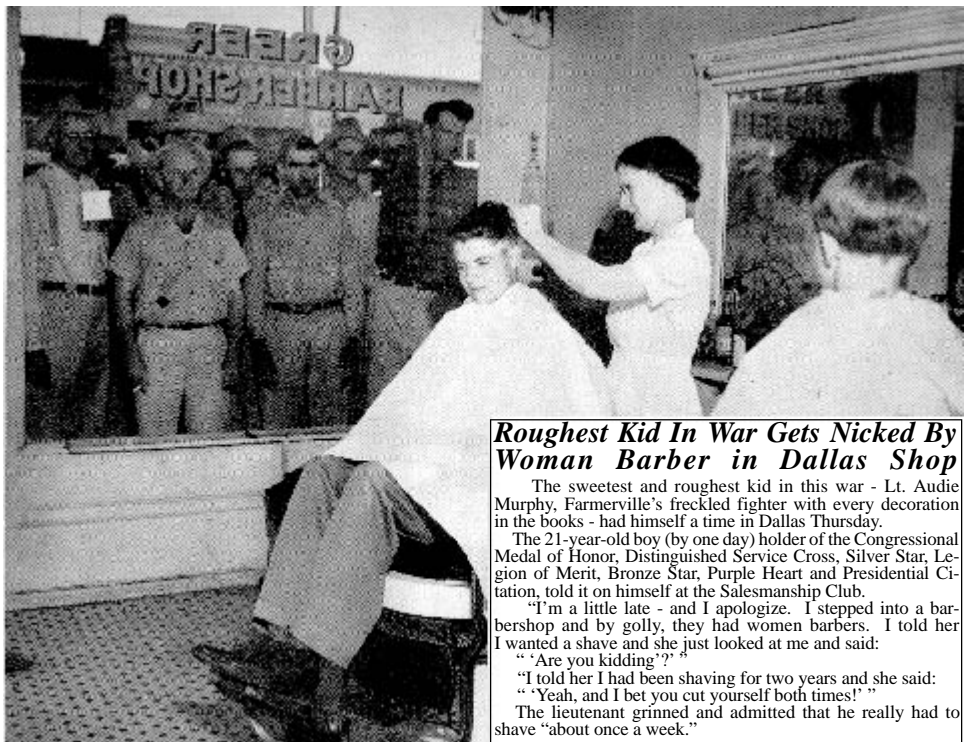
We had started the siege with 90 men and six officers. By the morning of Jan. 26, I was the only officer remaining, and the enlisted men numbered about 32.

I was placed in command of the company by orders received over a field telephone, and began organizing the fellows to attack Holtzwihr.

The snow was knee deep and we were miserable and cold. I had my men mark time and keep moving to keep their feet from freezing while we awaited ammunition and orders to attack. Neither arrived. At 10 a.m. the Krauts attacked.

Six tanks moved toward us from the direction of Holtzwihr. They were supported by about 250 infantrymen.

I knew we couldn't hold our position against that opposition because casualties were high and our two tank destroyers had been knocked out. So I ordered my men to go back 500 to 600 yards to take cover and prepare to make a stand.



Roughest Kid In War Gets Nicked By Woman Barber in Dallas Shop

The sweetest and roughest kid in this war - Lt. Audie Murphy, Farmerville's freckled fighter with every decoration in the books - had himself a time in Dallas Thursday.

The 21-year-old boy (by one day) holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, Purple Heart and Presidential Citation, told it on himself at the Salesmanship Club.

"I'm a little late - and I apologize. I stepped into a barber shop and by golly, they had women barbers. I told her I wanted a shave and she just looked at me and said:

" 'Are you kidding?' "

"I told her I had been shaving for two years and she said:

" 'Yeah, and I bet you cut yourself both times!' "

The lieutenant grinned and admitted that he really had to shave "about once a week."

James Laughead Photography

Modest Hero Relaxes Among Wounded

BY LOIS SAGER,
Staff Correspondent of the News.

McKINNEY, Texas, June 19.- Lt. Audie Murphy, freckled-face Farmersville hero, came to Ashburn General Hospital Tuesday to visit some of the men he thinks the most of-the other soldiers wounded in this war.

It was one of the first things he wanted to do.

Thinking of the other fellow comes natural to this 20-year-old infantryman. Citations he holds for actions that saved the lives of 3d Division men in his 15th Regiment prove that.

Lieutenant Murphy was wounded

in three actions in France with the Seventh Army - Veuxaulle, St. Die and Holtzwihr. An attack of malaria at Anzio, Italy, set him to the hospital there. His more than four months in evacuation and general hospitals overseas left him knowing what a break in the routine of long hours in bed means.

Genial Col. James B. Anderson, commanding officer of the 2,500-bed hospital, welcomed him. The look on the faces of the men he got to see showed their appreciation too.

Down the broad, quarter-mile-long hallways that connect the more than 100 yellow brick buildings, Lieutenant Murphy walked with Colonel Anderson. In the passageways he met convalescent veterans of the European and Pacific operations.

They had replaced their uniforms, campaign ribbons and decorations with maroon robes. But to many of them the star-studded ribbons for action in Africa, Sicily, Italy and France which Lieutenant Murphy wore were common property.

And these wounded men can appreciate most the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star and Cluster, the Bronze Star and the Legion of Merit he wore. Over his left shoulder was looped the Fourragere, a French unit citation.

As he walked down the polished hall Lieutenant Murphy spoke a friendly greeting to each man he met. To a moustached corporal the young officer called "Hello, friend."

Feels More at Home.

Inside the crowded fountain room of the hospital post exchange the loud conversation of GIs rose to a noisy pitch. Lieutenant Murphy, who shared the spotlight with thirteen Generals at San Antonio last Wednesday was given a ceremony of his own at Farmersville Friday, has taken his honors uneasily. But at Ashburn Hospital he was relaxed.

"I could talk to hundreds of soldiers all day long," he grinned. "But I just didn't know what to say to all those civilians."



Audie Murphy Research Foundation

I was scared. I didn't think there was a chance of my getting out of there alive, but for some reason I didn't give a damn.

I had a field telephone to use to direct artillery fire. I'd leave it in a hole, crawl out to see where the Krauts were, and every time the phone rang before I could get a bearing.

"Where are they now?" a liaison officer would ask.

Finally I was disgusted.

"Wait a minute," I told him, "and I'll let you talk to them."

One of our tank destroyers was not far from me. It was burning and there was danger that the gasoline and ammunition would explode any minute. But the Germans were getting so close there was only one thing to do to give my men time to get set.

I climbed onto the tank turret. I pushed aside the bodies of a lieutenant

and his gunner who had been killed when the tank was hit, and began firing the machine gun.

I was pretty well hidden by the turret. The flames made it hot, but that felt good after being cold for so long. I had a good supply of ammunition and kept firing. I was scared but too busy to worry.

The Nazis must have been poor marksmen. They hit the tank only twice. I didn't know it until later but several shell fragments from one of the hits struck me in the back of my leg above the knee.

I had the field telephone with me, and for some reason it was still operating. A sergeant called me from the position my men had taken.

"Are you still alive, lieutenant?" he asked.

"Momentarily, sergeant," I replied.

"What are your postwar plans?"

I didn't get to his plans because just then the phone was knocked out.

By that time the artillery was going good. Most of the German infantrymen had been killed or wounded, and the tanks began to fall back.

I had been on the tank turret for an hour, and my ammunition was gone. So I dropped over the side and sat down in the snow. I was puzzled: How come I'm not dead?

After a few minutes of wondering I returned to my company and began reorganizing it for an attack. We succeeded in clearing the woods and taking the position.

While we were pausing for breath, I discovered the leg wound.

"Well, another Purple Heart Cluster," I thought on the way back to have the leg treated. One fragment is still in

my leg, but it doesn't bother me. As soon as it was treated I returned to action.

For merely performing my duty on my first day as company commander, I received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Guys who watched the fight say I killed or wounded at least 100 Krauts, some of them after they had come within 10 yards of the tank.

I still don't know how the Krauts missed me.

After we had taken Holtzwihr and moved across the Rhine, we were relieved by French troops and sent back for training to crack the Siegfried Line.

I never returned to combat. I do not want to.

When I was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor, I was withdrawn from my outfit and made a liaison officer behind the lines. There were times when that was worse than fighting.

Feb. 22, I was promoted to first lieutenant.

On the day of the German surrender I was on the way to Cannes for a rest on the Riviera. June 2, I returned to Salzburg, Austria, where I received the Congressional Medal and the Legion of Merit.

Lieut. Gen. Alexander M. Patch, Seventh Army commander, presented the awards.

"I wonder if you are as nervous as I am," General Patch asked as he pinned on the medals.

"I'm afraid I'm more so, sir," I replied, and he laughed.

The Legion of Merit award was based on "exceptionally meritorious conduct" and "outstanding services" in France and Italy, from Jan. 22, 1944 to Feb. 18, 1945, they told me.

"Lieutenant Murphy's personal bravery," the general continued, "his skill in imparting his own knowledge of enemy tactics to his men, and his voluntary assumption of hazardous patrols and missions have benefited his unit to an immeasurable degree."

That makes me sound like Superman, but there are a lot of things that can make a man brave. Wanting to go back to Texas, lack of sleep, anger, disgust, discomfort and hate — those things won me my medals, and they've won many other medals for many other guys.

June 10, I left Paris by plane, and June 14, I reached San Antonio. They gave us a great reception there, and there was another big one in Farmersville the next day. I've been to many dinners, receptions, military reviews and other events since then.

I've even had a birthday since I got home. That was June 20. Now I'm old enough to vote.

All I want to do is loaf and fish and

sleep and see my friends for the next 30 days. I have a lot of public appearances scheduled, but I don't mind if I think I'm really helping someone. Just so I get some time to do what I want to do before reporting at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., Aug. 15.

I don't know what I'll do then. I have 146 points toward a discharge, but if the army has something for me to do that will help them, the army comes first. I won't be sent into combat again unless I request it. And I won't.

I'm not a fighting man. From here on, I want to like everybody.

Audie Murphy
July, 1945



Hero Audie Murphy Arrives In Hollywood

Hollywood-Reticent freckle-faced and hopeful, hero Audie L. Murphy, 20 year old Army Lieutenant from Farmersville, Texas, arrived Friday night in the film capital where, with Actor Jimmy Cagneys' aid, he hopes to crash the fickle gates of film-dom.

Murphy, holder of the Medal of Honor, and practically every other American decoration for valor, stepped from an airliner to be greeted by Cagney, in whose home he'll be a guest while here.

Audie Murphy Research Foundation

Audie Murphy leaves Love Field, Dallas for Hollywood — September 20, 1945

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S REPORT

I am pleased to report that your contributions have made it possible for us to publish our second quarterly newsletter on time. Special thanks to those who signed on as monthly sponsors. We are now a quarter of the way toward achieving our monthly sponsorship goal of \$1,000. This sponsorship is of critical importance in allowing us to continue this research, because without it, we could not cover the regular costs of postage, copying, photographic reproductions, long distance telephone calls and all the other necessary expenses.

The Foundation has been very successful in obtaining movie memorabilia. We now have posters, lobby cards or stills from every movie in which Audie Murphy appeared. Eva Dano is currently designing a CD ROM of these materials, which we will soon be making available.

In addition, several artists have generously donated portraits to the Foundation. Artist Richard Krause is doing a series of splendid oil paintings, the first of which — “Just Another Nightwatch” — was unveiled during the Greenville Audie Murphy Day Celebration and is currently on display at the American Cotton Museum in Greenville, TX. Mr. Krause has just completed the second in the series: “By The Dawn’s Early Light.”

We have received so many requests from readers who are interested in acquiring collectable items relating to Audie Murphy, that we have begun putting together a catalog through which such items can be purchased.

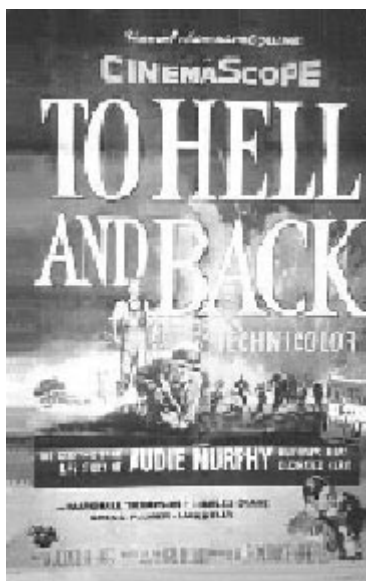
If you would like to receive a catalog, please fill out the return envelope flap and check the appropriate box.

Larryann Willis



“By The Dawn’s Early Light”

By Richard S. Krause





Welcome Lt. Murphy
**A GREAT FIGHTING TEXAN. THE NUMBER ONE
HERO OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.**

We are proud to welcome you as our guest and fellow citizen back to Farmersville. You have brought glory to yourself, your country, your state. We the people of Farmersville are highly honored to have one of the greatest of all fighting Texans in our midst.

In appreciation of what you and thousands upon thousands of other fighting Texans and Americans are doing to win this war, we the people of Farmersville pledge our bit by buying all the War Bonds we can to back you up. Its the least we can do. We owe it to our fighting men. We owe it to ourselves.

Let's Put Our Might Behind The Mighty 7th War Loan.
Our Quota \$126,000 — Subscribed to Date \$200,000.
But our community is still short of its quota on E Bonds
\$40,000.00

July 7th is the last day to make good on E Bonds. If you have not done your part we appeal to you to do it now.

J. B. DONAKIS, LEE ATKINS, O. E. CARLSLE, Vice Chairman,
R. O. BAKER, N. O. WRIGHT, Captains, P. L. MILLER, Chairman.

Special Thanks To:

Dashlink

**PO Box 11029; Killeen, TX 76547; info@dashlink.com
for sponsoring the internet address dedicated exclusively to the
Audie L. Murphy Memorial Website
www.audiemurphy.com**

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Terry M. Murphy

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Executive Director

Larryann C. Willis, Esq.



PO BOX 1804

Orinda, CA 94563

Toll Free Phone (888) 314-AMRF

Fax: (925) 253-0504

Email: Audiemurphy@juno.com

To receive email notices that a new Audie Murphy Research Foundation Newsletter has been posted on our website www.audiemurphy.com, please log on to www.audiemurphy.com/amrf.htm and sign up.

We need people who would be willing to print and mail copies of the new newsletter to at least one person who does not have Internet access. If you can help please indicate on the sign-up sheet.

If you do not have someone who can print out the newsletters for you or access to a public library or a Kinkos with Internet capability please fill out this form and mail it back to us at the above address. We will work to match you up with a volunteer who can print and mail a copy of the newsletter to you.

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We hope that this less expensive way of delivering the newsletter will enable us to reach more people and send out more frequent newsletters.

But even if we are successful at reducing mailing expenses, we still need your continued financial support to help cover the costs of interviewing people and collecting and preserving photos, newspaper and magazine articles and artifacts — as well as maintaining the website and making educational materials available to schools.

We hope you can continue to help. We appreciate your gift of:

() \$20 () \$50 () \$100 () other _____

Please make checks payable to the Audie Murphy Research Foundation. We can also accept VISA and MasterCard contributions:

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I would like to be a monthly sponsor. Please bill the above amount to my credit card the fifth day of each month until I notify the Foundation otherwise.

Signature: _____

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*Thank
You!*