

“KNEES IN THE BREEZE”



“Airborne All The Way”



What U.S. airborne operations are remaining for 2018?

Greatest Show on Turf
Geneseo, NY
July 13-15

1018 National Airborne Day
Fort Benning, GA
August 16

CAF Wings Over Dallas
Oct 26-28

Other 2018 events

Operation Market Garden
Holland, Netherlands
Sep 20-23

Veteran Affairs Trip to Bastogne
Dec 13-19

2018 Basic Airborne Course

It was yet another wonderful time with new and old friends. Karl, yet again, accomplished a very successful and safe course schedule and the weather permitted us to do more than we could have asked for.



Our graduates this year were top notch! We are looking forward to our 2019 Basic Airborne Course and Refresher already!

Congratulations to all that graduated!

Airborne All The Way!

From the



Modified Improved Reserve Parachute System (MIRPS) Soft Loop Center Pull (SLCP) Parachute Nomenclature Part 2

This month we will begin to tackle the subject of proper nomenclature in regard to the MIRPS reserve parachute.

The Modified Improved Reserve Parachute System (MIRPS) Soft Loop Center Pull (SLCP) since it's discontinued use by the US Department of Defense due to implementation of the T11 system, has become the standard reserve parachute for most round canopy jumpers. Internally, it utilizes the standard 24 foot diameter reserve canopy, but it's DAD (Deployment Assistance Device) is a 3 foot compressed spring, on top of which sits a folded drogue parachute, which in turn is connected to the apex of the main parachute. When the rip cord grip is activated, the energy stored in the compressed spring is released, throwing the drogue parachute into the slipstream, thus rapidly deploying the reserve canopy.



Proper nomenclature important because using the proper terminology is key to quickly identifying possible errors in packing or donning. It is the proper language of the Jumpmaster, the Rigger and the Jumper. Also, the Liberty Jump Team strives to be professional in all that we do. If all team members begin to speak utilizing the proper nomenclature, we will show the public (not to mention the military when we jump at Ft. Benning) that we take our business seriously. Finally, the nomenclature provided here IS the proper naming for the equipment. This information comes from the United States Army Jumpmaster School, the gold standard for how we operate our round parachutes.



Jim Micko, Senior FAA Rigger / US Army, retired

Each year, during our school, we are honored to visit the family of Mr. Leonard Riley, SSG, 506th PIR, 101st Airborne Division, 1944. It will be important to never forget those before us. Here's his story.

It was Corporal Leonard Riley's first trip to Europe. He was the second man in the stick, and standing in the door of the C-47 he could see the red streaks of the tracers climbing up from the German flak batteries along the coast as if they were reaching out for the airplane, his airplane. When the jump light flashed from red to green, the twenty-year-old machine gunner stepped into the open doorway, grasped the edges of the doorframe the way he had been taught back at Fort Benning, and jumped into the night. Was it really worth the extra fifty dollars a month?

Up and Down the Mountain

"I was born on a farm outside Brookston, Indiana. Brookston is a little north of Lafayette, where Purdue University is. I grew up on a farm," said Leonard Riley of Denison. He speaks softly. You have to listen closely to what he says. In his eighties, he is tall, straight and courtly. Yes, "courtly" is a good way to describe this man.

"I was born in a log house, not a log cabin, but a house made out of logs, but I don't remember much about that, but I do remember the farm." The Riley family lived and farmed on several homesteads in Northern Indiana, and Leonard graduated from the high school in Chalmers in the spring of 1941.

That fall, he took a few classes at Purdue, but did not continue. Instead, he came home to help on the farm and work with his brother Ralph, older by two years, who was a carpenter. Ralph came home late on the first Sunday in December with the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the brothers stayed up talking about what had happened and what was going to happen.

Ralph Riley was drafted in the spring of 1942. "He was trained in Missouri and sent overseas," said Leonard. "He never did get a furlough to come home before he went to North Africa." Leonard Riley enlisted a few months later in Lafayette on September 23, 1942.

"I went to Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. They were looking for volunteers for the paratroopers, and I wanted the extra fifty dollars. For somebody who had been working for a dollar a day, that didn't sound too bad." (Enlisted men in the paratroops drew fifty dollars a month jump pay; officers got one hundred dollars.) "There was another guy there from Lafayette, and I talked him into doing it too. He made it through too."

Joining the paratroopers and being a paratrooper were not the same thing, as Riley and his friend soon found out. The Russians, Germans, and French had developed the concept of parachute troops during the 1930s, but it was not until the success of German parachutists in Holland and Belgium that the American army organized a volunteer test platoon. They made their first jump in August 1940. Two years later, on August 15, the reactivated 82nd Infantry Division became the **82nd Airborne Division**.

On the same day, the War Department activated a brand-new division, the **101st Airborne**, at Camp Chase, Louisiana. The first division commander, **Major General William C. Lee**, told the first recruits that the division "has no history, but it has a rendezvous with destiny."

The combat arm of the 101st would have three parachute infantry regiments, the 501st, 502nd, and 506th, supported by two regiments of glider infantry, two parachute and two glider field artillery battalions, as well as antiaircraft, medical, engineer, maintenance, signal, and counter intelligence units. Riley was assigned to the 506th.



The United States Army had never created an airborne division from scratch before, so every idea, every approach was new. **Colonel Robert F. Sink**, West Point class of 1927, commander of the 506th from its inception through the end of the war in Europe, was a career soldier who had been with airborne from the beginning of the experiments two years earlier. He determined that the “Screaming Eagles,” for that was the division’s newly adopted nickname, would be the toughest, most physically fit troops in the army, anybody’s army.

To that end, he selected a post named for Confederate **General Robert Toombs**, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of northeast Georgia near the little town of Toccoa as the regiment’s basic training site. Camp Toombs was on Route 13, which went past the Toccoa Casket Factory, and that was a bit much, even for a hard charger like Sink, so Camp Toombs became Camp Toccoa.

It was an isolated place whose most prominent physical feature was 1,740-foot Currahee Mountain. “Currahee” comes from gurahiya, a Cherokee word for “standing alone.”

The 506th came to life on that mountain, and “Currahee” became the regiment’s battle cry and their nickname. “We were a sort of a test idea,” said Riley. “We were formed out of all these raw recruits, and we were the only regiment in the camp. The camp wasn’t even completed. The barracks weren’t finished. That’s where we ran up and down the hill.”

“Three miles up, three miles down” became the regiment’s rallying cry as the Currahees ran up and down the steep, twisting trail to the top of the mountain, again and again and again. For rifle practice, the troopers had to leg it thirty miles over the mountains to a firing range at Clemson Agricultural College in South Carolina.

“Five thousand enlisted men came to Toccoa, and two thousand lasted,” Riley said, in a matter of fact sort of way. “What did you feel about it?” he was asked. “Did you think you might not make it?” In that same matter-of-fact tone, he replied, “I don’t remember thinking anything about it. You just did it.”

After thirteen weeks of basic, the men of the 506th went to Fort Benning, Georgia for jump school. “When we left Toccoa, we marched to Atlanta,” Riley recalled. Col. Sink had read a Reader’s Digest article about the marching prowess of the Japanese soldier and was confident his men could do better, so Leonard Riley’s Second Battalion marched the 118 miles to Atlanta, rather than take the train. The front page of the Atlanta Journal brought America pictures of the paratroopers swinging down Peachtree Street to the railroad station.

“Our first battalion preceded us to jump school. They were set up to spend the first week in physical training. Well, they were so fit they ran the instructors ragged, so when we got there, we didn’t have to go through all that,” said Riley. “The first time I jumped, I had butterflies, but I didn’t have any problem with it. The second one was worse than the first one, because we half knew what to expect.

“I think it was on the second jump I managed to get my leg caught in a suspension line when the chute opened, and I started coming down upside down. I managed to get straight before I hit the ground though.” Riley made two jumps that day, and on the second one another paratrooper swung into him, the two chutes became entangled and the pair of troopers came down together. “He had a machine gun, and I was afraid he was going to land on top of me. We made five jumps altogether to qualify as a paratrooper.”



After Benning, the second battalion joined the first battalion at Camp McCall, North Carolina—“It was named for the first paratrooper killed in North Africa,” Riley said—and then participated in the “Tennessee Maneuvers,” where they made two more jumps under combat conditions. The training was constant. The troopers, civilians less than a year before, learned to move under fire, to patrol, to attack a defended position. War is not a haphazard affair. At least, it is not supposed to be.

While at Camp McCall, Riley learned that his brother Ralph had been killed in North Africa. “We grew up together,” he said, and after a long pause, “We did everything together.”

England

By September the regiment had concentrated at Camp Shanks, New York, in preparation for embarkation to England. Riley, now attached to Headquarters Company of the second battalion, crossed on the S.S. Samaria, a Cunard Line transport ill-suited to her assigned job. “A lot of the soldiers had to be down in the hold,” Riley said. “I was lucky. I got to stay on deck.” The crossing took ten days.

The regiment was billeted in thirteen small villages in Southeastern England. Riley was in Aldbourne. The training picked up where it had left off in the states, but with a new urgency and a new twist. “After they decided where the invasion was going to be, we started running through some of the same situations they expected there. Although of course we didn’t know where it would be.”

Some situations could not be anticipated, however. “We made a practice night jump and got mixed up with a group of German bombers that had come over, but we jumped anyway,” said Riley. “After you jump, you always look up to see if you’ve blown any panels, the smaller sections that make up the parachute. I was looking up when something hit me in the face. I thought that somebody had swung into me.”

That somebody was Mother Earth. Riley had come down faster than anticipated. “I had looked down and thought I saw some trees, but I guess I didn’t. I had fallen over and was flat on the ground. Anyway, I got up and took off for where I was supposed to go, and all of a sudden I missed my carbine. I don’t know how far I went, but I turned around in the dark, and walked straight back to it.”

In late May 1944, the regiment was restricted to their staging areas in preparation for the invasion. The paratroopers were packed and ready to go on the night of June 4, but the weather over the channel was bad, and plans were postponed. If the invasion were delayed again, it would be three weeks to a month before the tides were right for another try.

The next day, with the weathermen forecasting a short break, **General Dwight Eisenhower** uttered some of the most important words of the war. “We’ll go,” he said, and Operation Overlord was on.



Two of Leonard Riley’s buddies sit waiting for the “ready” light in an transport over Europe.

Leonard Riley’s recollection was not so dramatic. “About eleven o’clock on the night of June 5, we got on the planes and took off. They gave us some airsickness pills. The first time in all the jumps we made that they gave us airsickness pills. I think they were just to calm us down.”

Normandy

“I jumped at 01:15. When I landed, I was all alone. Everybody was scattered. We were four miles from where we should have been. To assemble, the first men to jump were supposed to follow the line of flight and the last out were to go in the opposite direction.

“During training, the British had come up with a leg bag. You tied it to your leg with a jump rope, and it had a little rip cord. The idea was after your parachute opened, you’d reach down and pull the ripcord and let the bag down on the rope so you didn’t land with it. My bag had a machine gun in it, and it was so heavy and pulling down, so that I could not reach the ripcord, so I landed with it. It could have broken my leg, but it didn’t.

“It was very dark. I don’t remember moonlight. I crossed a little farm road and fell into a ditch full of water. I was alone, in the dark, and I was wet.” The Germans had flooded the field behind the Normandy beaches, and many paratroopers drowned in the dark.

Riley got out of the ditch and went back to his landing spot. There he met one of the men in his squad. "He was supposed to have a machine gun, but he had lost all his equipment except for a machete." The two troopers moved down a road for a couple of hours, bumping into more equally lost Americans. In time, one of the company officers had collected about two hundred men, and the ad hoc unit started toward the coast to carry out their mission.

"We were supposed to secure exits one and two from Utah Beach," Riley said. "We were all day getting down there, and we lost a few people. It was a week before we got most of the battalion together." In the meantime, division commander **Major General Maxwell D. Taylor**, who also had landed by himself, had rounded up some of his paratroopers and taken the beach exits.

"After the beach was secured, we headed inland towards Carentan. That had to be taken to join up Omaha Beach and Utah Beach. After Carentan, we ended up in Cherbourg, and we eased off. A few days later, we went back to England on an LST."

Riley passed over the actions after D-Day quickly, but it was more complicated, and more dangerous than that. The 101st took Carentan on June 12 and held against a heavy counter attack the next day by German infantry and armor. The 501st and the 502nd launched an attack early that morning and ran into a German attack going the other way. Columns of the 506th got underway, only to see German columns moving the opposite direction.

Two of the regiment's light tanks were knocked out quickly, and it was tight. But help was on the way. By mid morning, P-47s were working the Germans over from the air, and American tanks of the 2nd Armored Division were up in support of the troopers. By July, most of the division was in a quiet sector near Cherbourg, and on July 13, they disembarked in Liverpool. The division had sustained 4,670 casualties during their action in France.

Market Garden

While the division was training back at their old billets in Britain, General Bernard Montgomery was arguing for a daring plan that he thought would end the war before Christmas. Instead of slugging it out with the Germans all the way across France, he proposed to use three airborne divisions, the American 82nd and 101st and the British 1st, augmented by a Polish brigade, to capture three essential river crossings in Holland and open Highway 69 from the Belgian border to the Rhine for a dash by the British XXX Corps around the German flank.

The 101st drew the first of the three crossings, bridges over the Wilhemina Canal and the Dommel River just north of Eindhoven. But the paratroopers in England knew nothing of these plans and were expecting to jump into France again to support the push by George Patton's Third Army.

We didn't know what was coming next," Riley recalled. "Twice we loaded up and got to the airport before it was called off. Patton was moving fast, and we weren't needed." While waiting, Riley got in some leave time. "I went to Scotland, to Edinburg, and spent a day or two."

Market Garden was the biggest airborne assault in history. By parachutes and in gliders, 34,600 men descended on German-occupied Holland on Sunday, September 17. "It was a beautiful drop. Can you imagine a whole regiment, two thousand of us, landing on a bright, mild day in one field? In thirty minutes, we were formed up and going, headed to a bridge over the canal at Zon, which the Germans blew up as we got there. I remember sleeping in the rain, propped up against a tree with a rain coat over my head. We went into Eindhoven the next day."

The Royal Engineers came up and put a Bailey bridge across the canal, but it was the next day before XXX Corps, bivouacked in Eindhoven, got on the road north again. The operation had just started, and it was two days behind schedule. The object of the 101st had been relatively easy.

The job of the 82nd, to take the bridge over the Waal River at Nijmegen proved more difficult. It was successful, but only after an assault across the river by paratroopers in canvas boats.

It was the Rhine crossing at Arnhem that proved the operation's downfall. The British took one end of the bridge and the town but were stopped by German armor and cut off. Arnhem was the "Bridge too Far" that cost the British 1st more than 13,000 killed, wounded, and captured.

Leonard Riley did not know what was happening north of his regiment, and he was too busy with running fights with the German troops in the area around Eindhoven to much care. "Some of us, I guess one section of machine guns, were sent to Uden, which is quite a ways up north. I remember riding on the back of a little Volkswagen with a machine gun mounted on top."

They arrived in Uden about eleven in the morning and found that the Germans had cut the road behind them. Headquarters Company plus one platoon spent the next twenty-six hours defending the town. They fired and moved and tried to convince the Germans that there were a lot more Americans in Uden than there really were. It worked, and the enemy never mounted an attack with their overwhelming numbers.

When the rest of the 506th came up, the regiment moved into space between the Waal and the Lower Rhine, the river which ran through Arnhem. "It was called the 'Island'," Riley said. "The British had jumped at Arnhem and got clobbered, and the Polish brigade had jumped where we ended up, and they got clobbered. There was a group of British soldiers, about 110 of them, with four American pilots trapped on the Arnhem side of the river."



When the German's began a new push into Belgium, Riley's 101st Airborne Division was ordered to Bastogne.

There was also a working telephone line from the entrapped Tommies to the G.I.s on the other side, and after communication, the Americans arranged a rescue. “Lieutenant Heyliger of E Company got some boats and went after them. I don’t know how I got to go. Maybe Heyliger just picked me,” Riley said. “We didn’t cross the river. We set up on the south side of the river, on the flank, to provide cover.”

The 506th held a position on the Island until mid November—“We did have some pretty decent battles,” said Riley, a significant understatement when compared with the account recorded in the 101st Division history. As winter came to the low country, the division was pulled out, unit by unit, and sent to an old French artillery garrison twenty miles from Reims, in the Champagne region.

Once Camp Mourmelon was put in shape, the soldiers got some rest. There was a Red Cross club, sports, and leaves. And then came the early morning of December 16, in the cold and misty forests of the Ardennes, where three German armies had smashed into four American infantry divisions, the 2nd, 28th, 99th, and the 106th. The Germans were driving hard for the vital road center in the Belgian town of Bastogne. The G.I.s, sent to the sector for rest, were sent reeling, but they fought where they could, fell back and fought again, buying time in a desperate situation where time was essential.

Bastogne

“We thought we had it made,” Riley said. “We were going to spend the winter in Mourmelon. We had turned our machine guns in for new ones and were having our equipment repaired, and then the Germans broke through, and they needed somebody, so it was us.”

One the morning of December 17, Supreme Headquarters (SHAFE) ordered the 82nd to Werbomont on the northern flank of the growing bulge in the Allied line, and the 101st to Bastogne. The 101st had men scattered about France on leave. Gen. Taylor was in England for a meeting, so the command fell to the deputy division commander, **Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe**. The division loaded onto trucks and headed north around noon on the eighteenth.

The story of the defense of Bastogne and Gen. McAuliffe’s reply of “Nuts” to the German demand for surrender has been told time and again, in books and movies and in the ten-part television series, *Band of Brothers*, which focused on E Company of Riley’s 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment. Here are his memories of that time in a cold hell.

I was supposed to go to Paris on a pass, but instead of going to Paris, I got on a truck for Bastogne. We didn’t know what was going on. I guess Gen. McAuliffe knew, but we didn’t. “We got up there overnight, and they ran with the headlights on, which was unusual. I got a new machine gun covered in cosmoline (a thick grease used to prevent rust), and had to clean it on the way up there.

We went through Bastogne the next morning towards a little town called Foy. We turned off to the right into the woods and set up next to E Company. The First Battalion went to Novillé, the next town down the road, and got pretty clobbered there. We finally got to pull back to the main line. We were back there in the woods, cold and snowy. It was not too pleasant.

“The first night we dug a foxhole, straight down, so we could stand behind the gun. It was so cold. We had our overcoats, and we’d buckle them together to try and keep warm, but we never did get warm. Later we moved and dug a slit trench. We decided to put a top on it, so we chopped down some logs, made a top and covered it with dirt. The very next morning a German bomber came over and dropped anti-personnel bombs, one of which landed on one of our logs and slid off down the bank before it went off.

“We had a bottle of Cognac sitting by the gun, and a bomb broke the bottle. We had a guy named **‘Pappy’ Warren**—he wasn’t much older than we were—and he scooped up the dirt, strained the liquid through a handkerchief and drank it.”

“I did a lot of stupid things when I was young, I guess. I saw some rabbit traps and thought, ‘Boy that would taste good.’ So I went around and around through the woods looking for that rabbit. I never found the rabbit.

“They talk about how we were rescued by Third Army. We weren’t rescued; they just finally got up to where the fighting was. The 101st wasn’t relieved until late in January, and we went back on the offensive early in January. That’s when I was wounded.”

“It was January 4. They lobbed in a mortar round. I was getting ready to set up for the night, and the shrapnel got me and another guy. It would have killed me if it hadn’t gone through my helmet first. I walked back a little ways, but I don’t remember after that. I remember walking back to our old position, but not how I got to the aid station. I remember being in the aid station, and all the way back to Paris. I was operated on in Paris and then sent to England to the hospital. In the meantime, the 101st was relieved and sent to Haguenau.” (Haguenau was in Alsace, along the Rhine River.)

“I don’t remember exactly how long I was in the hospital, but when I got out, I didn’t go back to my unit, but to a repo depo (replacement depot) at our base camp in Mourmelon. I had only been there for a day or so when the rest of the division came in.

The 101st came back to Mourmelon around the first of March, so Riley must have spent about two months recovering from his wound. On March 15, the division went on parade to receive the first Distinguished Unit Citation ever awarded to an entire division.

Berchtesgaden

“From Mourmelon, we went to Düsseldorf, Germany, in the Ruhr pocket. We didn’t have much fighting there. We were on one side of the Rhine and they were on the other and about at the end of their rope. That’s where we were when Roosevelt died.

“From there, we headed toward Berchtesgaden. There were four of us from different companies in the battalion with a lieutenant, in a jeep, and our job was to go ahead and arrange billets for the rest of the outfit. We threw people out of their houses and then moved on and did it again. It was fun. We gathered up all the liquor we could find and put it in a big wooden water tank to keep cool. I was in Berchtesgaden several days, but I never did go up to the Eagle’s Nest (Hitler’s mountain retreat).”

When the war ended, Sgt. Leonard Riley was in Kaprun, in the Austrian Alps. “I don’t recall when I found out,” Riley said. “Of course we knew it was over. Germans were surrendering by the thousands, and there were displaced persons, DPs, everywhere. Kaprun was the end of the

chowline, so we didn't have all that much, but we'd leave a little bit of food on our plates and a DP would stand at the end of the line and take what was left."

In the back of the mind of every American soldier in Europe was the idea that his next job might be the invasion of Japan. The 101st was back in France when word came of victory in the far Pacific. "I guess I was relieved," Riley said in the same matter-of-fact way he described all his experiences.

Going home

Everyone was counting points, the system the military was using to decide who went home. Riley had the points, but the 101st was staying in Europe, so he was transferred to the 77th Division for the trip back to the States. "Were supposed to sail out of Le Havre, but the longshoremen were on strike in New York, and we had to wait a month. I've hated unions ever since."

Leonard Riley was discharged from the United States Army on November 30, 1945. Since that night in June, when he had stepped into the night over occupied France, he and the 101st Airborne had fought in three of the biggest, most desperate battles of the European war, and in uncountable little ones. He had left his home on an Indiana farm, at eighteen, not knowing what he really wanted to do. He had come home at twenty-two, not really knowing what he wanted to. There was not much call for experienced machine gunners in civilian life.

"I was lost," he said. "I did some carpenter work and then delivered Studebaker trucks out of South Bend. Then I started delivering mobile homes." The trailers came from the DeRose plant in Bonham, Texas, and eventually Riley moved there as a traveling trailer repair man. When he retired from DeRose, he was general manager of the plant. He married a Bonham woman and raised two step-children. In 1977, he moved to Denison and became a building contractor.

Before his passing, Leonard Riley was a retired plant manager, a building contractor, and a machine gunner who jumped out of perfectly good airplanes. He was active in the Texoma Chapter of the Military Order of the Purple Heart.

Provided by Peter Plank, Liberty Jump Team, Director of Veteran Affairs.

Each year, Evelyn, Leonard's wife provides team members with the poem he wrote:

FOUR GRAVES

Planes fore and aft and left and right
Across the sea we flew that night
Then to the sight of green light glow
We jumped into the hell below.

Thru the night and into day
We crept and crawled and fought our way
The second sun was going round
When in a clearing there I found

Four rude crosses, neatly spaced
Upon each cross, a helmet placed
Two like the one upon my head
Two others like the foe's instead.

O'er each grave amongst the hedge
Tucked softly in around the edge
Four and two, and one and three
Mottled silk for a canopy.

Whose sons were these, who lay here dead
The Norman earth their lasting bed
What gentle hands with loving care
Had dug those graves and tucked them there?

They rest in peace, their spirits fled
Leaving but the body dead
As brothers now there side by side
For what cause have these four died?

That we who live, to God I pray,
Might know the peace of four who lay
Amongst the hedges, four abreast
At peace with all, their souls at rest.

*World War Two
June 1944, the Normandy Invasion
Leonard Riley
Staff Sergeant, 506 Parachute Infantry, 101st Airborne
(Corporal in Normandy)*

Normandy 2018

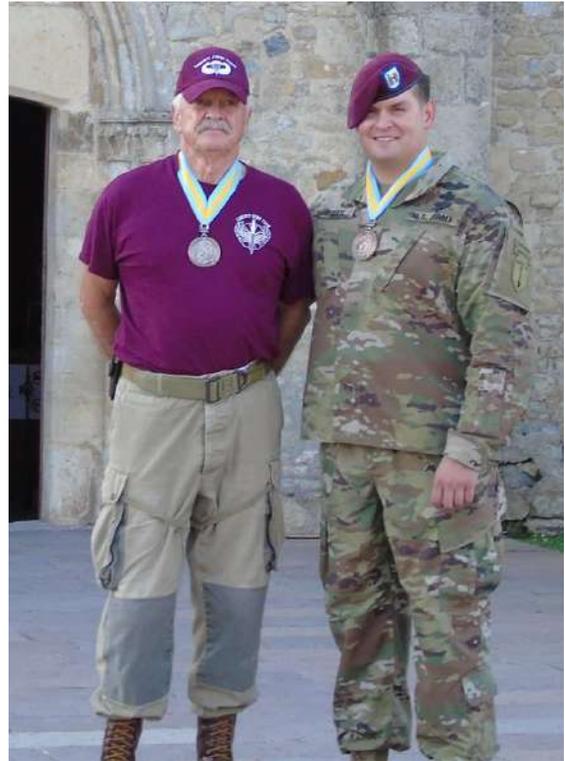
Another great year for the Liberty Jump Team in Normandy, France. As we celebrated the 74th Anniversary of D-Day, we all reflected on the largest invasion by air, land, and sea in history. On social media one could see countless spots, in France, that members went and visited and reflected. Knowing that over 5,000 ships, 11,000 aircraft, and over 150,000 soldiers stormed the Nazi occupied French beaches of Normandy, it was wonderful to see so many take our journey so seriously.



Our airborne operations went well too. Of course the weather does what it wants to in France. We were highly successful in 2 of the 4 operations we conducted. Angville au Plain and La Fiere went off flawlessly (except for some wet paratroopers)!



We were able to award the U.S. Army National Infantry Association Order of Saint Maurice to two of our team members. The Order of Saint Maurice is awarded to those individuals which have served the Infantry community with distinction; must have demonstrated a significant contribution in support of the Infantry; and must represent the highest standards of integrity, moral character, professional competence, and dedication to duty. Congratulations to Captain Darren Cinatl and our Senior Jump Master, Butch Garner!



Our Veterans Affairs team was instrumental in getting 3 World War II veterans back to the Normandy, France area as well. We are so happy to be able to conduct airborne operations but even more so to get these heroes of “Our Greatest Generation” back to this part of the world – some of them for the first time since 1944. This year was special.



Each of our WWII veterans had a significant role in the DDay invasion (Operation Overlord) on June 6, 1944. Frank Parkinson flew two missions over the beach as a machine gunner on a B24 bomber aircraft. Wes Athey came onto the beach in the 3rd wave as a rifleman with the 35th Infantry Division. Jack Hamlin was with the US Coast Guard saving the lives of wounded soldiers floating in the waters off of the beach. Peter was truly honored to be there, on the beaches of Normandy, with these heroes.

Want to keep up with us and all the events we are so fortunate to do? Follow us on our website or on Facebook!!! It's easy and we post almost minute by minute details of our operations!



2018 Schedule

March 18-21	LJT Basic Airborne Course and Refresher	North Texas Regional Airport, Denison, TX
April 18-21	82nd Airborne Awards Festival	Fryar DZ, Fort Benning, GA
April 28	Hops and Props	Fort Worth Aviation Museum
May 26	National WASP World War II Museum	Sweetwater, TX
June 2-7	74th Normandy D-Day Anniversary	Normandy, France
Jul 13-15	Greatest Show On Turf	Geneseo, NY
August 14-16	National Airborne Day	Fort Benning, GZ
September 20-23	Operation Market Garden	Holland
October 26-28	Commemorative Air Force Wings Over Dallas	Dallas Executive Airport
December 13-19	Veteran Affairs Europe Trip	Bastogne, Belgium



Your Board of Directors will attend the International Convention of Airshows again December 3-6, 2018. We look forward to sharing the airshow information, as we have the last few years, after this wonderful event.



SHOUT OUTS and CONGRATULATIONS!



The Liberty Jump Team congratulates team member Brennon Magee on attaining his 35th static line jump. Brennon is now ready to join the ranks of team members at airshows! Great job!

Congratulations to our Board of Directors Secretary, Brad Krewench for the awarding of the Canadian Armed Forces Sovereigns Medal for Volunteers. Congratulations Captain Krewench!



Congratulations to Tracy Huff, LJT President-USA for attaining the award of the Eagle Rare Life award. Tracy donated the \$5,000 award to his favorite non-profit organization – the Liberty Jump Team!

We have had a few questions and wanted to try and answer some here. If you have questions over the next few months, please ask away! We will do what we can to answer.

Q: What is the Liberty Jump Teams vision for the future? Is there a 5-10-15 year plan?

A. The founding members of the Liberty Jump Team had a vision, to have a team of commemorative jumpers, who would honor not only the brave men and women of World War II, but veterans of all conflicts, by performing military static line parachute operations. Liberty Jump Team wanted to be a team that could professionally jump into the most difficult of drop zones with accuracy and safety.



**PERPETUATING AND
PRESERVING THE
MEMORY OF OUR
VETERANS OF ALL
WARS... AND
REMEMBERING THE
SACRIFICE OF THOSE
WHO NEVER RETURNED.**

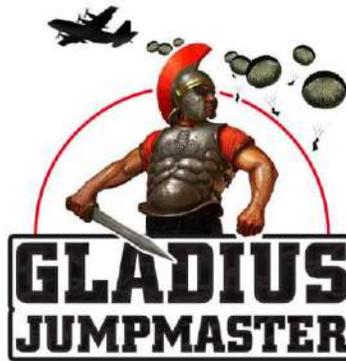
Our 5-10-15 year plan will not change from within our vision. Every year history must continue to be told. The one thing we have been able to accomplish, very recently, is to obtain an ongoing quarterly donor. This donation will help us in maintaining and living our vision.

Q: There seems to be a focus on the 75th Anniversary of DDay in Normandy. What about the 80th? The 85th?

A. Your senior LJT staff members have been working, already on the 80th anniversary. Discussions have been held on an ongoing basis. Dominique Launay, our ETO President, is in constant communication with many on this topic and as our vision states, our history telling has no end in sight.

Q: There have been some communication gaps during airshows. Is there an enhancement for this?

A. Our U.S. airshow circuit is one that has many challenges. Most run off the precept that an airshow runs off sequence solely. The time of each event is set, but NOT an absolute. Because it is so fluid, we have to be prepared to "be on time" even though that time may change immediately. We are working on a phone app to assist the "white board". More to come in the coming couple of months.



I was able to finally accomplish the "3 Miles Up - 3 Miles Down" at Camp Tocca, GA this year. The completion time is highly classified but it was accomplished and I had a great time seeing the new buildings and construction under way to get this piece of history back to where it should be.



For more information on the restoration of this campus go to:
<https://www.camptoccoaatcurrahee.org>

Butch Garner, Senior Jump Master
AKA ZButch



Our friends at Parachute Group Holland have been members of the Liberty Jump Team and have jumped, not only in Europe, but many have made the trip to the United States and jumped here. We encourage you to contact the staff at PGH and accomplish a piece of history there as well. Please find some additional information on the website <http://www.paragroupholland.nl>



If you are an active team member, Jil has already contacted you, for our 2019 75th D-Day Anniversary airborne operations. We are excited about what we have been able to accomplish already and look forward to our airborne and veteran affairs operations in June 2019. If you haven't already – FIND A PLACE TO STAY! They are being gobbled up already and it will become increasingly more difficult to find close to Ste. Mere Englise.

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