

Strong, inspiring leadership wins wars, and business --- and is always keenly appreciated and enjoyed by a bunch of red-blooded Americans --- whether they are the leaders themselves or the led.

So we felt you gentlemen would like a Back-stage "listen" at a speech old "Blood and Guts" Patton made to his fighting men the other day. Here's the way the document read as it reached us at the NBC offices in New York.

## A GENERAL TALKS TO HIS ARMY

The big camp buzzed with tension. For the hundreds of ETO rookies, newly arrived from the States, it was a great day in their lives. This day marked their first taste of "the real thing". For now, they were not puppets in brown going through the motions of soldiering, with 3,000 miles of water between them and English soil, but actually in the heart of Britain itself, awaiting the coming of that legendary figure, Lt Gen George S. Patton, "Old Blood and Guts" himself, about whom many a colorful chapter will be written for the schoolboys of tomorrow. Patton, of the brisk, purposeful stride, the harsh compelling voice, the lurid vocabulary, the grim, indomitable spirit that carried him and his army to glory in Africa and Sicily. "America's fightingest general, they called him. He was not a "Desk Commando" but the man who was sent for when the going got rough and a fighter was needed. The most hated and feared American of all on the part of the German Army. Patton was coming and the stage was set. He would address a move that might have a far-reaching effect on the global war, that at the moment was a secret in the files at Washington.

The new men saw the camp turn out en masse for the first time in full uniform. Today their marching was not lackadaisical. It was serious, and the men felt the difference. From the lieutenants in charge of the companies on down. In long columns they marched down the hill from the barracks, counting cadence, turned left, up the rise, and so down the roped off field where the General was to speak. Gold braid and stripes were everywhere. Soon company by company the hillside was a solid mass of brown. It was a beautiful, fresh, English morning, the tall trees lining the road swaying gently in the breeze. Across

a field a British farmer calmly tilled the soil. High upon a hill nearby, a group of English soldiers huddled together awaiting the coming of the General. MPs in white leggings, belts and helmets were everywhere; brisk and grim. Twittering of birds could be heard above the dull murmur of the crowd and soft white clouds floated lazily overhead, as the men settled themselves, and lit cigarettes. On the special platform stood General Patton's guard of honor, especially chosen men. At their right was the band, playing rousing marches, while the crowd waited, and on the platform a nervous sergeant repeatedly tested the loudspeaker. The moment drew nearer, and the necks craned to view the thinly-winding road that led to Stourport on Severn.

A Captain stepped to the microphone --- "when the General arrives", he said sonorously, "the band will play the General's march and you will all stand at attention".

By now the rumor had gotten around that Lt Gen Simpson, commanding the Fourth Army, was to be with General Patton. The men stirred expectantly; two of the big boys in one day! At last the long black car, shining resplendently in the bright sun, roared up the road preceded by a jeep full of MPs. A dead hush fell over the hillside. There he came! Impeccably dressed with high tan boots and grim helmet, Patton strode down the incline and straight to the stiff backed guard of honor. He looked them up and down, peered intently into their faces, surveyed their backs. He moved thru the ranks of the statuesque band and apparently satisfied mounted the platform with Lt Gen Simpson and Major Gen Cook, Corps commander at his side.

The Corps Chaplain gave the invocation, asking divine guidance of the

great Third Army and that they might help speed victory to an enslaved Europe. Major Gen Cook then introduced Lt Gen Simpson, whose Army was still in America, preparing for their own part in the war.

"We are here", said Gen Simpson, "to listen to the words of a great man. A man who will lead you all into whatever you may face with heroism, ability, and foresight. A man who has proved himself amid shot and shell. My greatest hope is that some day soon I will have my own great army fighting with him, side by side."

General Patton arose and strode swiftly to the microphone. The men snapped to their feet and stood silently. Patton surveyed them grimly --- "Be seated"! The words were not a request but a command. The General's voice rose high and clear: "Men, this stuff we hear about America wanting to stay out of the war, not wanting to fight, is a lot of bull shit! Americans love to fight --- traditionally, all real Americans love the sting and clash of battle. When you were kids you all admired the champion marble player, the fastest runner, the big league ball player, the toughest boxers. Americans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser. Americans despise a coward. Americans play to win --- all of the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for the man who lost and laughs. That's why Americans have never lost, nor will ever lose a war, for the very thought of losing is hateful to Americans."

He paused and looked over the silent crowd --- "you are not all going to die. Only two percent of you here, in a major battle, would die. Death must not be feared. Every man is frightened in his first battle if he says he isn't he is a God damn liar. Some men are cowards, but

they fight just the same, or get the hell shamed out of them watching the men who do fight, who are just as scared. The real hero is the man who fights even though he is scared. Some get over their fright in a minute under fire, some take an hour, for some it takes days; but the real men never let fear of death overpower their honor, their sense of duty to their country, and their innate manhood. All through your army career you men have bitched about what you call 'this chicken-shit drilling'. That's all for a purpose --- drilling and discipline must be maintained in an army if only for one reason --- INSTANT OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS AND TO GREATER CONSTANT ALERTNESS. I do not give a damn for a man who is not always on his toes. You men are veterans, or you wouldn't be here. You are ready. A man, to continue breathing must be alert at all times. If not, some German son-of-a-bitch will sneak up behind him and beat him to death with a sockful of shit".

The men roared! Patton's grim expression did not change. "There are 400 neatly marked graves somewhere in Sicily", he roared, "all because One Man went to sleep on his job". He paused and the men grew silent. "But they are GERMAN graves," he said softly, "for we caught the bastard asleep before they did".

"We have the best food, the finest equipment, the best men in the world", Patton bellowed. He lowered his head and shook it pensively. Suddenly he snapped his head up, facing the men belligerently. "Why, by God", he thundered, "I actually pity those poor sons-of-bitches we're going up against. By God, I do!" The men clapped and howled delightedly. There would be many a barracks tale about the old man's choice of phrases. This would become a part and parcel of Third Army history.

"My men don't surrender," Patton continued, "I don't want to hear of any soldier under my command being captured unless he is hit. Even if you are hit, you can still fight. The kind of men I want under me is the lieutenant in Lybia who with a Luger against his chest, jerked off his helmet, swept the gun aside with one hand and busted hell out of the Boche with his helmet. Then he jumped on the gun and went out and killed another German! All that time this man has a bullet through his lung! That is a man for you!"

He halted and the crowd waited. "All the real heroes are not story-book combat fighters, either," he went on, "every single man in the army plays a vital part. Every little job is essential to the whole scheme. What if every truck driver suddenly decided he did not like the whine of those shells and turned yellow and jumped headlong into the ditch? He could say to himself --- they won't miss me --- just one guy out of thousands. What if every man said that? Where in hell would we be now? No, thank God, Americans don't say that. Every man does his job. Every man serves the whole. Every department, every unit, is important in the vast scheme of things. The ordnance man in the mess hall, even the one who heats the water to keep us from getting diarrhea has a job to do. Even the Chaplain is important for if we get killed and he is not there to bury us we'd all go to hell! Each man must not want to think of himself but of his buddy fighting beside him. We don't want yellow cowards in this army. They should be killed off like flies. If not, they will go back home after the war and breed more cowards. The brave men will breed more brave men. Kill off the God damn cowards and we'll have a nation of brave men. One of the bravest men I saw in the African campaign was a fellow I

saw on top of a telegraph pole in the midst of furious fire while we were plowing toward Tunis. I stopped and asked him "what the hell he was doing up there at that time. He answered "fixing the wire, Sir". Isn't it a little unhealthy right now," I asked? "Yes sir, but this God damn wire's gotta be fixed". There was a real soldier. He was a man who devoted his all to his duty no matter how great the odds, no matter how seemingly insignificant his duty might have seemed at the time. You should have seen those trucks on the road to Gabes; the drivers were magnificent! All day they crawled along those sons-of-a-bitchin' roads, never stopping, never deviating from their course, with shells bursting all around them. We got through on good old American guts. Many of the men drove over 40 consecutive hours."

The General pauses, staring challengingly out over the silent sea of faces. You could have heard a pin drop anywhere on that vast hillside. The only sound was the breeze stirring the leaves and the animated chirping of birds in the branches on the General's left.

"Don't forget", Patton barked, "you don't know I'm here at all. No word of that fact is to be mentioned in any letters. The world is not supposed to know what the hell they did with me. I'm not supposed to be commanding this army --- I'm not even supposed to be in England. LET THE FIRST BASTARDS TO FIND OUT BE THE GODDAM GERMANS. Some day I want them to raise up on their hind legs and howl --- JESUS CHRIST, IT'S THE GODDAM THIRD ARMY AND THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH PATTON, AGAIN".

The men roared approval and cheered delightedly. This statement has real significance behind it --- much more than met the eye, and the men instinctively sensed the fact, and the telling mark they would

elay in world history because of it --- and they were being told as much right now. Deep sincerity and seriousness lay behind the General's colorful words, and well, the men knew it, they loved the way he put it, as only he could do it..

"We want to get the hell over there", Patton yelled, "we want to get over there and clean the goddam thing up --- and then we'll have to take a little jaunt against the purple pissin' Japanese and clean their nest out too, before the Marines get all the goddam credit."

The crowd laughed and Patton continued more quietly. "Sure, we all want to get home, we want this thing over with, but you can't win a war lying down. The quickest way to get it over with is to get the bastards. The quicker they are whipped the quicker you can go home. The shortest way home is thru Berlin. When a man is lying in a shell hole, if he just stays there all day the Boche will get him eventually, and probably get him first! The hell with taking it! Give it to him first! There is no such thing as a foxhole war anymore. Foxholes only slow up an offensive. Keep moving. We'll win this war, but we'll win it only by fighting and showing our guts". He paused and his eagle-like eyes swept over the hillside. "There's one thing you men will be able to say when you go home. You may all thank God for it. Thank God that you at least, thirty years from now, when you are sitting around the fireside with your grandson on your knee, and he asks what you did in the great World War II, you don't have to say, 'I shoveled shit in Louisiana!'"