considered necessary. On the night of June 5, 1944, at seven minutes after midnight, Remington landed in Normandy with the 1st Battalion of the 501st Parachute Infantry, 101st Airborne Division. He came down through machine-gun fire that tore his canopy and made seven bullet holes in his uniform; he was unhurt, but he had a "bad drop," landing in a small garden at the back of a German barracks. He threw a hand grenade, scaled the garden wall, escaped in the dark along a canal, and rejoined his unit, which fought eight days behind the German lines until it was relieved by our airborne troops.

After that, Remington returned to his Field Artillery battalion. In the Cherbourg campaign and in the drive across France and Belgium, he served as a forward observer, until October 13, 1944, when he was killed in action near Aachen. His commanding officer wrote afterwards: "He was with a forward platoon of infantry when it was surrounded by a surprise attack of the enemy. He and his party were immediately under fire. He ordered his men to withdraw, while he, without regard for his own danger, tried to recover his radio, to prevent it from falling into enemy hands and thereby compromising the entire radio net of his battalion. Although he could not reach the radio, he was successful in destroying it by firing into it with his pistol. In so doing, he lost his life. Words cannot express what his loss has meant, but his memory will always be an inspiration to the men and officers of this battalion."

Note: Passages from letters of Guy Remington are printed on pages 13-15 and 18-20 of this book. The first describes the landing of airborne troops in Normandy and the second his entry into newly-liberated Paris.
well as by his keenness as an outdoor observer. Yet his old interests continued: he made a collection of French plum seeds and sent it home; as he had done with a fine old Florentine ship's figurehead he found in the wreckage at Bizerte; he stuffed and mounted three small barn owls that had been killed in a bombardment. Of them he wrote, with characteristic humor: "I carry them with me as I go about my business much as an old lady does her knitting."

In October, 1944, Birckhead had reached Northeastern France, which he described as "a country of pale magenta autumn crocuses, plum orchards, small vineyards of wine grapes, flat-roofed plaster houses: all run together, moderately wooded and rolling, with mountains, Canskill type, to be seen on clear days, to the east: wild bear and roebuck common in the woods."

At about this time he wrote:

"This starlight night I pass in slow review
Some twenty-five long months in retrospect
Of service overseas, and I reflect
How often orchards sheltered us from view!

Though while in England our battalion's crew
Them and their gear in order to protect
From the wet winter weather would elect
To lodge in some cantonment old or new,

Cactus and olives served in Africa,
Olive and almond groves in Sicily;
Two summer months have passed in France of war
Among the apple trees of Normandy
And now plum orchards serve our purpose far
And what may we expect in Germany?"

On November 13, 1944, in the town of Montigny in the Vosges Mountains, Hugh Birckhead was killed in action.