

# AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A NON-PROFIT PUBLIC BENEFIT CORPORATION

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*Courtesy of Nelda Payton Slaughter*

*Springfield Family reunion at the home of A.L. and Lula Springfield in Van Alstyne, TX  
August, 1945*

## EXCERPTS FROM MAY 23, 1998 INTERVIEW WITH RUBY REYNOLDS

*On May 23, 1998, Sue Gossett interviewed Ruby Springfield Reynolds and her son Jim Reynolds who had traveled to Greenville, TX for the Audie Murphy Day Celebration. Ruby Reynolds is Beatrice "Pete" Springfield's sister and a daughter of A.L. and Lula Springfield.*

We all thought an awful lot of Audie. My mother [Lula Springfield] raised thirteen children, but she thought of Audie as one of her own. He called her "mother" and he appreciated her. He was a very loving person.

I first met Audie at our family reunion. This had to be in 1940. He was working for my father, picking cotton. He was about sixteen but he was so small I thought he was much younger.

I was married and we lived in Carlsbad, New Mexico. But we came back here for the family celebration. We

had a large family and there weren't enough beds for everyone, so Audie and another man who was working for my father slept in the cotton wagon.

Audie would visit my mother and father and my sister Beatrice—he called her "Pete"—quite often. Audie and Pete hunted squirrels together. She was a good shot. Pete was about ten years older than Audie but they were real close. They wrote to each other a lot during the war. In his letters he called her "Pal" and signed them "Shorty."

The first thing he did when he got back from the service was to visit my family when they were living in Van Alstyne. I didn't get to come to that reunion, but I have pictures of Audie with the family. Just before he was killed he called and told Pete that he'd be by to visit in a few days, but, of course, he never did get back. It was quite a tragedy for all of us. It was just heartbreaking.

# AUDIE MURPHY'S OWN STORY OF WAR AND WESTERNS

See Pages 4-5

# TV *this week*

COMPLETE PROGRAMS — 15¢  
February 8 - 14, 1958

AUDIE  
MURPHY

**TAB HUNTER  
AS HANS BRINKER**

See Page 7

**PART 3—A to Z  
PROGRAM FINDER**

See Pages 44-45-46



KGO 7 SAN FRANCISCO KSBW 8 SALINAS-MONTEREY

for Today	La Hora Mexico "Angestia"
Christopher	
the Life	The Big Picture
thalic Heritage	Christophers
"like	This Is the Life
on Science	The Last Word
ool Workers	Kitty Carlisle
Medicine	Face the Nation
"	World News Roundup
ite MacDonald	Marykaill Pathers
if Young	College News Conference
r Report	Sinclair Weeks
anship Bowling	Meet the Press
rwalls vs.	Maj. Gen. Madaris
r Bomer	Mission at Midcentury
g Stars	Suprise Theatre
Finchell	Today in America
ire's Dogs	Don Smoot
if Texas Rangers	Rin Tin Tin
k Eyes of Texas"	—Lee Aaker
langer	Trackdown
andy Theatre	Twentieth Century
y Hardy Gets	"D-Day: Attack"
ig Fever"	Red Skelton
y Rooney	Jack Kirkwood
Stone	Silent Service
ick	Jack Benny
Savage Hills"	"Jack Goes to Races"
Kelly	Ed Sullivan
Brewster	Gina Lollobrigida
land Adventure	Jack Carter
Trainer's Experiment"	Sally Ann Howes

## COMPLETE LOCAL TV LOGS — HIGHLIGHTS — NEWS — PICTURES

Time	Program	Program	Program
9:00	Dinah Shore (Color) Aen Blyth Steve Allen Marge and Gower Champion	G.E. Theatre "Incident" Audie Murphy Alfred Hitchcock "The Equalizer"	Sid Caesar —Imogene Coca —Cari Reiner You Asked For It —Jack Smith
9:30	Loretta Young "Dear Milkmen"	\$64,000 Challenge —Ralph Story	Scotland Yard "Blazing Caravan"
10:00	City Detective —Rod Cameron	What's My Line —John Daly	MGM Presents "Manhattan Melodrama"
11:00	Giant Movie "Man with a Million" Gregory Peck	Big Hit Movie "The Sea Around Us" (Documentary)	Clark Gable William Powell Myrna Loy
12:15	Owl Theatre		
12:30	"Man Came to Dinner"	Headline News	12:00 Sign Off
			Final Edition 11:05 Program Préviews

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**GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO TV THIS WEEK  
THE IDEAL GIFT ANYTIME**

# WAR AND WESTERNS

## *America's Most Decorated Soldier-Turned-Actor Tells How Fear And Bravery Go Together*

by AUDIE MURPHY

[From "TV this week": February 8-14, 1958]

*Editor's Note: Audie Murphy can qualify as an authority on the subjects of war and westerns. He has been one of the leading western stars of the screen for the past six years; previous to being in motion pictures, he served in the army with the distinction of being America's most decorated soldier.*

A leading man can commit acts in a war story that are reserved for villains only, in western pictures.

This came strongly to my attention while making "Incident" for General Electric Theatre. The young leading man is played by Darryl Hickman. He has the audience's sympathy all the way—then I kill him; yet I'm sure no one will hate me for it.

After I finished "To Hell and Back," I promised myself I'd never do another war story. But I came to realize this is as foolish as saying I'd never do another western—just because I had already done one.

I feel there are an unlimited number of good stories that can be portrayed against the background of war, whereas under any other circumstances they would not be believable. I do admit, however, no one wants war stories for a



steady diet. It's something we all want to forget but people can be shocked into stark, quick reality when brought face to face with men in battle.

War stories can also be much more honest than the average western. If a western hero ever showed signs of fright he would be laughed off the screen, even though he comes up against a life-and-death matter. He can be tense—but not scared. However, put the same leading man in a uniform, transfer him from a western street to the Western Front—give him a rifle instead of a six-shooter—and if he shows fear the audience understands him; they sympathize and he can do everything up to running away without losing a fan.

Maybe this comes about because war, at one time or another, has been so close to most of our population today. There are few men who face battle who won't admit they have experienced fear, and they know, in true life, the line between being a hero or a coward is a fine one.

Perhaps some of the most "adult"

westerns will be brave enough someday to show the hero turn coward—without losing his audience. Some are progressing in this direction, and I was pretty tickled a few weeks back when I saw big Matt Dillon knock a fellow down, then haul off and kick him for good measure. I do admit they made the poor fellow thoroughly despicable by having had him previously do the same thing to poor Matt. And to make sure you hate him, he also kicked his girl friend. But this is the first time I ever saw a TV western hero give complete vent to his feelings.

Maybe fear can be more acceptably presented in a war story because people realize few men are fighting because they want to, whereas in everything except prison pictures, men are there because they came of their own accord.

We didn't have to abide by any rules of society while making "Incident." It was just one Union soldier against a Southern soldier—one life against another. There's understanding for both and pity for them. I'm sure you'll understand because that's how it was—and human beings were just as afraid and brave during the Civil War as they were afraid and brave in every war since.

*Audie Murphy — 1958*





Audie Murphy Research Foundation

*Already hypnotized, waiting for the light.*

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I remember seeing “Incident.” I was six years old. Television was still a relatively new, but major part of American life.

I understood how movies worked. Dad would go to the studio very early in the morning for several weeks, or go on location for a month or two, and next year he’d be in a movie playing at a local theater.

But TV was different. It was a piece of furniture in the home (see above photo); the pictures came into the home, somehow, from out there, somewhere. And it had immediacy: there were news broadcasts and some of the shows were “live” and others seemed “live” because, well, they were on TV. And they were there every day. It was sort of like the movies but it felt different.

Anyway, Dad had been gone all day. That evening I was watching TV upstairs in the bedroom. “Incident” was on. Dad was a Rebel soldier who was stalking a Yankee soldier in a private, isolated

war. I was enjoying the show.

Commercial. I go downstairs and on the way to the kitchen I see Dad. He is in the living room, reading the newspaper. We hadn’t heard him come home and, anyway, how could he be home when he was on TV *right now*? I went back upstairs—there he was. I ran back downstairs—there he was.

OK, maybe I wasn’t a *bright* six-year-old. But this was new stuff then and this little lesson did effectively demonstrate the difference between reality and TV for me. No mean feat, really.

Unfortunately, “Incident” is not available on video. Universal has the negative, as well as the negatives of all of the “Whispering Smith” episodes which the studio offered to make available to the Audie Murphy Research Foundation at their costs. However, even their costs for striking prints and transferring to video run well over \$10,000, which is prohibitively expensive for the Foundation. Maybe someday.

TM



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

“I remember him driving up to the big family gathering in Sheridan in that car. I couldn’t tell you exactly what it was, but it was very fancy compared to all the other cars. I remember most of the cars were painted black and I thought *all* cars were painted black until he showed up.”

Jim Reynolds—1998

## JIM REYNOLDS

EXCERPTS FROM MAY 23, 1998 INTERVIEW WITH SUE GOSSETT

Audie bought me my first pair of cowboy boots. I was five years old and I remember him taking me downtown to the boot store during the family gathering in Sheridan. The boots in the picture are definitely the ones he bought for me because I did not have another pair until much later.

I tried those boots on in the store. I didn’t have socks on, but I wouldn’t take those boots off. I wore huge blisters on the sides of my ankles that are still calloused. Contributing to the problem was the fact that I didn’t want to ever take them off. It lent a new dimension to my mother’s problems with getting me into the bath tub!

He also gave me his own personal knife. He used it in the movies and it had his initials on it. I don’t know what happened to the knife. In moving I suppose we lost it. I sure wish I still had it.

My Aunt Beatrice (Pete) Springfield was the real beacon for Audie and I didn’t realize at the time just what he had been through. Pete kept a scrapbook of pictures and other mementoes that my cousin Nelda [Payton Slaughter] ended up with after Pete and her mother passed away. I’m not sure if Nelda has the movie film, but Pete had some 8mm of Audie visiting Van Alstyne, TX with his friend Sgt. Everett Brandon, a Highway Patrolman, during the early 50s, which was the last time I saw him.

Pete and Shorty—as we called Audie—were great friends and Pete kept in close contact with him all

through the war and for several years after. Most of us just remember him like another member of the family. It was only after reading several bios that I realized how unique he really was.



*Courtesy of Nelda Payton Slaughter*

*Lula Springfield, Audie and Jim Reynolds (wearing his new boots)—1950*

# THE PERFECT PASSPORT

by Audie Murphy

[Audie Murphy wrote this article for The 1957 FILM SHOW ANNUAL.]

Our American Navy has a recruiting slogan used to lure young, able-bodied men into joining up for a hitch or two. On posters throughout almost every city in every state, you can see it: "JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD."

Hollywood could well adopt this slogan from the Navy, though, for picture-making has become a global affair during the years since World War II ended, and almost any actor can now see the world just by pursuing his career.

I know. I've seen a good part of it just within in the past year or two. For instance, I was in Tokyo for several months when we were making JOE BUT-

TERFLY for my home studio of Universal-International. I'd scarcely arrived back and unpacked my bags in my home in the San Fernando Valley when Academy Award-winning director Joe Mankiewicz called me and asked if I'd be interested in appearing in a picture he was then preparing, called THE QUIET AMERICAN.

At that time I hadn't yet read the book by Graham Greene from which the picture was to be made, but I felt that anything Mr. Mankiewicz would do would be good, so I said yes. I didn't realize that by saying yes I would have to pack my bags once again, kiss my wife Pam and two boys, Terry and Skipper, good-bye, and plane out for a five months' journey in Europe that would eventually cover Saigon, Hong Kong, Rome and Paris.

But pack my bags I did, and off I went. Our first location was in Saigon, where we were scheduled to remain for almost eight weeks. I'd never been there before, and I found the people to be reserved, unobtrusive and understanding. Naturally, they'd heard that a movie company was arranging to make pictures there, and consequently there were quite a few at the airport when we disembarked. They followed us to our hotel and would congregate out there and in the lobby during the days, waiting to look, but they wouldn't bother us. Very polite.

I remember one day I didn't have to work, so I remained in my hotel room at the Majestic. About three in the afternoon a room clerk called to politely inquire when I was going out. I didn't plan to come down for dinner until about



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*Photo taken by Audie Murphy of the Basilica of Santa Maria della Salute from the Grand Canal  
Venice, Italy — 1957*



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*Photo taken by Audie Murphy of his wife, Pamela, sightseeing in Venice, Italy — 1957*

seven. He murmured something on the phone and hung up. When I did arrive in the lobby, there were several hundred people waiting there. I found out later they'd been there since three.

Another funny thing was that many of them had passport-size photos of me. I discovered that there was a vendor outside who'd set up shop. This means he'd gotten some photos when he'd learned we were to location there, spread a handkerchief on a curb, and was in business.

I remember one evening I was in my hotel room, lying in bed, just about to drop off to sleep. My attention was divided between the book in my hand and the ceiling where I was watching three lizards snapping up mosquitoes. Suddenly I snapped full awake. One of the lizards fell, bookmark fashion, onto the page of the book I held. My first reaction was that I was glad I'm not one of those fellows who sleeps on his back with his mouth open.

It wasn't too many days after this incident that I was told I wouldn't be needed for a few days for the film, so I decided to fly to Hong Kong and do a little shopping for my wife. I was doing just fine with my souvenir buying, but not so good in the health department. I kept feeling ill, so just before flying back to Saigon, I stopped by a doctor's for a pill or something. A few hours later I

was in the Matilda War and Memorial Hospital, having my appendix out. Although I had excellent care there, I did wish at the time that I was home in the San Fernando Valley with Pam and the kids.

When I called Pam to tell her about the operation, she was ready to fly to my bedside but I told her, "Nothing doing. You're not going to use my illness as an excuse to go shopping in Hong Kong." Actually, I'd been asking her to come over for quite a while, but I didn't

want her there when I was sick. Pam had never been to Europe before so I wanted to be well enough to show her a good time when she arrived.

It was a little rough, though. I didn't have time to recuperate fully from the operation because Mr. Mankiewicz and the rest of the troupe were waiting back in Saigon for me so they could continue shooting the picture. I returned there two weeks after the operation and went to work. The damp tropical climate made the cut heal slowly. Actually, it wasn't until weeks later in Rome that it finally healed completely.

When we finished up filming in Saigon and went to Rome to shoot the interiors for the picture, Pam joined us. In fact, we celebrated our seventh wedding anniversary there. Pam and I bypassed the regular tourist spots in Rome and rented a car so that we could spend a day driving through the countryside. I think you can get a better feeling about a country by getting out of the cities and roaming through the small towns and villages.

Travelling is a wonderful and exciting part of movie-making now, but I think I've had enough of "seeing the world"—for a while, at least. I want to spend the next few months seeing the San Fernando Valley.

*Audie Murphy—1957*



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*Photo of Pam taken by Audie while riding in a gondola past the Ca' d'Oro on the Grand Canal in Venice, Italy — 1957*



*Courtesy of Richard H. Wood*

*Left to right: "Lucky" Caldwell, Lun Chin, Bill Boyd and Kansas Bob Roebuck  
Austria—July 1945*

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## EXCERPTS FROM SEPTEMBER 9, 1997 INTERVIEW WITH LUN CHIN

I was drafted in November of 1943 and took my basic training in Louisiana—Fort Polk and Camp Claiborne. They gave us training on the "Mark": that's the Pacific Line railroad. Then we were sent overseas to the replacement depot in Casablanca where I was assigned to the Railroad Battalion as a locomotive fireman. What a rip-off!

From Casablanca I went to Oran. We stayed there for a couple of weeks. I remember that Christmas Eve. Some GIs who had been wounded were going home. They were being sent back to the states in a B-24. It hit the mountain. At that time we were having supper. We ran up the hill — OHHHH what a mess that was! Everybody was killed.

They finally took us over to Italy on a boat. We went to a town called Pozzuoli, just outside of Naples. There's a race track there. We were in a replacement depot there for a couple of weeks. I was one of about half a dozen Chinese guys in the replacement depot. When General Truscott got promoted they put him in the 6th Corps. They gave us

Chinese "unfortunates" a so-called "special platoon." In the army they call them "dog robbers." We took care of the colonels and other officers. We were the officers' valets. I didn't like that at all. I wanted to be an infantryman. Anyway, I got thrown out of division headquarters.

They sent me to the 3rd Division replacement depot at Epinal, France. They picked me and some other guys out and sent us to Nancy on March 15th, 1945. That's where I met Audie Murphy. He was a second lieutenant. A fragile looking little guy. I don't think he weighed 105, 110 pounds. I wasn't very big. I weighed 130 myself, but he was a little skinny guy and very friendly.

He looked at me, he looked at the list, and says, "Ohhhh, you're really a GFU." I'll always remember that. He said, "Hey, Chin! You had a nice cush job at division headquarters. You really ARE a GFU!" I said, "What's so good about being a valet?"

He was a skinny little guy, you know what I mean. He got the promo-

tions from his actions, but, you know, he was just a regular guy. He told me, he said, "Chin, I'll give you a good job. You can carry the radio." I said, "The hell with that. I don't want it. I want to stay with the riflemen."

Murphy says, "OK."

So, this kid who just came over from the states, John Ziemba, gets the job. He was a nice kid. They sent us up to the Siegfried Line and that night our own artillery fell short a couple of hundred feet right on top of us. We got hit by our own artillery and Ziemba was killed. We couldn't stop the artillery so we finally shot a flare. When they shot the flare the artillery shut down, but by then quite a few of our guys were dead. I don't know how many, but there were quite a few.

Ziemba was a nice kid. He got killed because he was running around with the radio instead of being under cover. Murphy had wanted to give me the job and I said, "The hell with you. I'm gonna take my chances with my rifle, my M-1." He said, "Oh, well, OK. I was

just trying to give you a good job.” I said, “No, no the heck with it.” If I’d taken it I would be the one pushing up daisies in Germany instead of poor Ziemba.

Even so, I was one of those unlucky guys that got hurt on the Siegfried Line. What happened was that we were at the Siegfried Line and a couple shells fell on the bunker and killed a couple guys.

Murphy was on the Siegfried Line with us, I remember. When we first got there, we bivouacked at night. I guess about four or five o’clock, just when you see the light, we had a smoke screen all over the place. The first thing we are looking at are rows and rows of the dragon’s teeth and then we look in the distance, about a couple hundred yards away from us, there’s one of those big tanks with a blade. They were bulldoz-

ing, you know. And this second lieutenant that we had, not Murphy, he said “Hey, Chin. You carry—” I can’t remember what it’s called but it’s like a pole with TNT. [bangalore torpedo] The Germans were shooting everyone and I said I wasn’t going to carry that down there. I’m not a coward but I was smart enough to stay under cover. And I hid behind a rock for a while until it calmed down. When it calmed down, we finally went into those dragon’s teeth. It was quite an experience.

One thing that Audie did. He was able to take us off the line at Nurnberg for some R and R. He put Cannon Company in our place and those poor kids in Cannon Company really got shot up.

After the war Audie tried to get me a job as a movie actor or something. He had Lloyd Nolan and Jimmy Gleason and a couple of fellas come down to try

to negotiate something. But it didn’t work out. He sent me a movie picture of him with a horse. I wish I could find it. My wife put it away somewhere. He wrote, “Best wishes to Chin from Audie,” on it. When my wife saw it she said, “Why are you getting pictures of movie cowboys?” I said, “Hey, that’s my CO.”

I saw him when he was in Boston for the premiere of TO HELL AND BACK. He said, “There’s an awful lot of phonies in this business, you know.” I said a lot of people think I’m a phony when I say I know Audie Murphy. They look at me like, why would a guy like him know a guy like you?

Well, I did. I was with Baker Company from March 15th, 1945 to the end of the war.

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## HOW AUDIE MURPHY WON HIS MEDALS

By David “Spec” McClure

### PART VII

On the day after the machine-gun incident, Murphy had a new grievance. A German, shooting from the slope, killed two members of Company B. Murphy, who had previously advised Colonel Paulick to stay off the hill, now asked Captain Harris for permission to go up himself and look for the sniper. He was granted permission on the condition that he take three men with him. Audie started out with the three, but, as was his custom, he soon put them under cover and proceeded alone.

“It was simply safer that way,” he explained. “With four men threshing through the underbrush, that sniper would have been sure to spot one of us and perhaps kill us all. I knew he would be using a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight. He would also be camouflaged and looking for targets through binoculars. That was how snipers operated. Nevertheless, I had to take this one on alone, or not at all.”

Murphy guessed the approximate position of the sniper by studying the angle from which his men had been shot and the terrain over which the bullets

had come. “He had to be in a certain spot to get clearances to our lines through the heavy underbrush,” said Audie, “but I knew he had moved. Snipers always moved after making a kill. Finding his new position before he spotted me was my problem. This is the loneliest game on earth: two men stalking each other with powerful guns; two men trained to kill in split seconds; two men without an atom of mercy toward each other.”

Before beginning the stalk, Audie shed all of his unessential equipment, including his helmet. For the deadly hunt he had chosen several hand grenades and a carbine. He always favored the short, light carbine for fighting in forests and brush. Slithering and crawling carefully so that he would not snap a twig, he inched up the slope, depending upon the dense underbrush for cover.

On a hunch he headed for the huge boulder which had sheltered the machine-gun crew on the previous day. There were firepaths for shooting downhill at this spot. But the sniper would be too canny to use the exact position

of the machine-gun crew. However, he might be lurking somewhere close-by. Audie reached the boulder, stood up, and began to inch his way around, using his left hand for support on the rock.

“I sensed the presence of that sniper,” says Murphy, “and he must have sensed mine.” Some twigs began to move slowly upward in a clump of brush twenty yards away. Audie did not dare move. With his right hand, he brought up the carbine and aimed it at what proved to be a camouflaged German helmet. Suddenly the sniper jerked his head to one side and looked directly at Murphy, reacting with startled surprise. A second later he was dead. Audie, firing twice, had gone for the brain. “Call it instinct or a sense of presence,” he says. “Mine worked about ten seconds faster than his. And that made the difference between my life or his.”

Murphy made a report on his mission to Captain Harris and recommended that regular patrols cover the near slope to discourage snipers and infiltrators. The officer sent a first patrol up to frisk the dead man of items that might be use-



*James Laughead Photography*

*Audie showing his sister Nadene the rifle that belonged to the German sniper Audie killed, which the Army allowed him to keep—July, 1945*

ful to intelligence. Among other things, the men brought back the sniper's rifle and telescopic sight for study.

The Cleurie rock quarry was finally recognized for the tough spot that it was. 105mm assault guns were brought up to pour five hundred rounds of ammunition directly into the fortress. The wall blocking the eastern end of the quarry was blown up by engineers. The western entrance was opened by tanks firing at point blank. Units were sent out to flank the enemy, destroying one machine-gun nest after the other. On the morning of October 5th, the 1st Battalion moved up to knock out remaining German positions. A creeping mortar barrage blasted a path for the attackers.

Beyond the quarry, the Germans still fought a determined delaying action. Rain had set in and visibility was poor. The 1st Battalion was stopped again by a peculiar defensive set-up.

Machine guns on a slope were fixed for firing uphill. In the flatland beneath, the enemy infantrymen waited in foxholes covered by crisscrosses of trees. Getting at them with rifles was virtually impossible.

Murphy, leading the 3rd Platoon of Company B, moved down to investigate. The twenty-eight men, having scant cover, advanced cautiously through the murky light and eerie stillness. A sniper rifle cracked. An American chest was torn open. The wounded man screamed and dropped a case of machine-gun ammunition. The metallic box clanged against a rock and the noise, together with the scream, telegraphed the platoon position to the waiting Germans.

The area was immediately swept by enemy machine-gun fire. Six more men were wounded before the platoon could get sufficient cover. Audie, instantly sizing up the situation, decided that it was bad. He resorted to his old theory: No matter how dangerous the situation, keep moving forward. Grabbing a 536 radio of the walkie-talkie type, he crawled under the slashing fire for fifty yards to a vantage observation point. Deciding to dig out the entrenched Germans with 4.2 chemical mortar shells, he radioed his plan to battalion headquarters and gave the map coordinates for the enemy positions. The records say that he maintained his forward outpost for an hour to correct the deadly mortar fire. Murphy says the time was more likely thirty or forty minutes. He was too busy to think of clocks.

The Germans discovered his position and tried to kill him with a concentration of rifle and machine-gun fire. The citation states that bullets were hitting within a foot of his body. "I doubt that too," says Audie. "It was hardly time for taking measurements. Several Germans were trying to close in on me and I had to fight them off with a carbine. I remember killing two at close range. They raised their heads too slowly from behind a log, allowing me to get a bead on their helmets. I just waited and fired when the foreheads came into view."

After the smoke cleared, fifteen Germans were dead and thirty-five more wounded, according to records. For this action, Audie was awarded a second Silver Star. The citation reads in part: ". . . His courage, audacity and accuracy enabled his company to advance and attain its objective."

On October 14, 1944 Murphy was called to the rear long enough to be commissioned a second lieutenant. He took the promotion on the condition that he be allowed to remain with Company B. He never had discipline problems. "If a goof-off was put under my command," he says, "I immediately had him transferred out. A single goof-off could imperil the whole company when we went into combat." I saved the post-war letter written to Murphy by a former enlisted man with Company B. "You were never an officer to us," the man stated. "You may remember that it was your own 'doggies' who put you up for the Medal of Honor. I know that you personally saved many lives, including mine."

SOUTHERN FRANCE  
THUR. AUG 31-1948

Dear Pat.

Just a line to say hello. hope  
you are all. O.K. I am fine  
so far. I sure do like it.  
Over here in France. the people  
are nice and clean. not  
at all like Italy.

Pete I dont have time to  
write much right now but  
I promise to write you  
a long letter later on  
regards to all. write often.

Love Shorty

Courtesy of Nelda Payton Slaughter

“Pete was about ten years older than Audie but they were real close. They wrote to each other a lot during the war. In his letters he called her ‘Pal’ and signed them ‘Shorty.’”

Ruby Reynolds Springfield—1998

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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.

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*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*Director Joe Mankiewicz and Audie Murphy in Saigon, Vietnam during the filming of THE QUIET AMERICAN—1957*