

**Once  
An  
Eagle**

**Favorite Scenes from the  
Classic Television Miniseries**

**Tom Hebert**

*OAE Enterprises  
East Windsor, CT*

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*OAE*

*Once An Eagle: Favorite Scenes from the Classic Television Miniseries*

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*Preface*  
*By*  
*Tom Hebert*

*Once An Eagle*, the enduring military novel by Anton Myrer, was published in 1968. Despite the fact that the increasingly unpopular Vietnam War was then experiencing its bloodiest year, Myrer's epic became an instant best-seller and was immediately proclaimed a literary classic.

Myrer, who had served as an enlisted Marine in the South Pacific in World War II, crafted a riveting tale of good-versus-evil, embodying these opposing characteristics in the ongoing conflict between Sam Damon, a soldier's soldier, and Courtney Massengale, a ruthless achiever. The novel was set against a backdrop of America's twentieth-century wars, from World War I to Vietnam.

In the mid-1970s, the novel's ongoing popularity prompted the National Broadcasting Company to adapt the story for a television miniseries. NBC selected Universal Television to produce the series. William Sackheim, a veteran television producer, was named executive producer, and Peter S. Fischer, an acclaimed television writer and producer, was selected to develop the screenplay. However, the number of screen hours allotted the latter was insufficient to transcribe the novel in its entirety, thereby necessitating a significant abridgement of the story. Fischer, by most accounts, did an outstanding job; one result was that, in the miniseries, unlike the novel, good triumphs over evil.

Sackheim and Fischer (who also served as producer) recruited two highly accomplished directors (Richard Michaels and E. W. Swackheimer) and assembled a remarkably talented cast that blended veteran actors (including Glenn Ford, Ralph Bellamy, and William Windom) with relative newcomers (including Sam Elliott, Cliff Potts, Darleen Carr, Amy Irving, and Melanie Griffith). The impressive ensemble combined to create a realistic and moving portrayal of American soldiers and their families serving their country through two world wars, as well as during the intervening peacetime years.

After airing in 1976, the miniseries remained on the shelf for more than thirty years, at which point I, with the assistance of a sizeable cult following (*Damon's Demons*), helped NBC Universal recognize the film treasure that resided in the recesses of its studio vault. The miniseries was released on DVD in the summer of 2010, and the response from fans, both old and new, has been both remarkable and gratifying.

My objective in creating this book has been to enable fans to enjoy this classic film's most memorable moments over and over again. I sincerely hope you enjoy the succinct, yet meaningful, dialogue and the dramatic, and often poignant, images of *Once An Eagle: Favorite Scenes from the Classic Television Miniseries*.

*In 1944, somewhere in the South Pacific, General Sam Damon has written a letter to his wife and asked his Assistant Division Commander to deliver it to her if something should happen to him . . .*

**PETE**

*Nothing's going to happen, Sam.*

**SAM**

*It's been thirty years, Pete. Thirty years I've been waiting,  
wondering where it's all gonna end.*

**PETE**

*Not here.*

**SAM**

*No? . . . Why not? It's gotta end somewhere.  
That's what it's all about.*

*. . . Sam reflects back to his days as a private before World War I . . .*



*. . . including an encounter, in 1917, with his high school sweetheart while home on leave . . .*

**CELE**

*Oh, Sam, I love you.*

**SAM**

*I love you, Cele . . . Always have. But, honey, I'm not gonna stay.  
I'm not gonna let you wait.*

**CELE**

*Please, Sam. Have I changed so much? . . . Have I?*

**SAM**

*No . . . No . . . It's me. Honey, I've changed. It's the army. Cele, I like it. I mean, I really like it.  
I been playin' at it or dreamin' about being a soldier ever since I was a kid. It's like, if I was  
ever going to do anything with my life, the place I was going to do it was the army.  
Maybe it's this war coming. I don't know, but I do know that I belong there.*

*. . . despite her pleas and desperate efforts to make him stay, Sam turns and leaves.*



*In 1917, in England, Lieutenant Courtney Massengale, a general's aide, is introduced to an unabashed Emily Pawlfrey, the niece of a powerful United States Senator . . .*

**EMILY**

*. . . I mean, it has a sort of elegance. Courtney Massengale . . . Emily Massengale. I'm awful, aren't I? But it's the nature of the beast. I'm terribly rich and terribly spoiled, and I always get what I want . . . Worried?*

**COURTNEY**

*Surprised.*

**EMILY**

*Liar! I saw the way you were watching me that weekend at Brighton.*

**COURTNEY**

*Reflex action of a chronic fortune hunter.*

**EMILY**

*Oh, dear! Are you really?*

**COURTNEY**

*Absolutely! . . . Worried?*

**EMILY**

*Terrified.*





*In 1917, in France, Sam, now a sergeant, is stranded behind enemy lines. He has rescued fellow soldiers who had been taken prisoner and then single-handedly captured an enemy position. One of the men Sam rescued, a witness to Sam's actions, reports to Major George Caldwell, whose unit happens on the scene . . .*

**RAEBYRNE**

*Hell's fire, Major . . . Old Sarge, he done it hisself. He just busted right on in there and shot it out with a whole passel of Prussians just like a hangtown drawfighter.*

**MAJOR CALDWELL (TO SAM)**

*You had no orders?*

**SAM**

*No, sir.*

**MAJOR CALDWELL**

*So instead of reporting back to your regiment, you decided to endanger your men's lives by attacking a German machine gun post. Is that right?*

**SAM**

*Begging the Major's pardon, but me and the boys were already in some difficulty when we got here. Figured the Krauts were going to cash our chips, we'd raise the stakes a bit and make it worth something. Besides, our map indicated this was a Kraut position. Sooner or later, somebody was going to have to take it.*

**MAJOR CALDWELL**

*Damon, I'm making you a brevit lieutenant, pending your return to the rear area. I'm going to recommend that you be promoted to second lieutenant.*



*Back in the rear, Sam and Dev meet two young French girls, Michelle and Denise, who invite them back to their farmhouse . . .*



*... where Denise sings a melancholy French ballad and Dev falls in love.*



*Sam narrates a letter to his mother, describing his unit's hardships and camaraderie . . .*

### **SAM'S VOICE**

*It's really bogged down now, Mom. Advance a few hundred yards and lose it a week later. It's hard and it's tough, but we're still together, Dev and Brewster, Kraz and Fergy and Reb. Somehow we're going to get through this. I can't explain it, but there's something about doin' what's asked of you, of doin' it well, of fightin' harder than ever when you think you're gonna drop, 'cuz you're doin' what's right, doin' what's gotta be done.*

*. . . Reb Ræbyrne is seriously wounded.*



*Sam visits Raebyrne in the hospital, and finding that Reb's leg has been amputated, vents his frustration on the duty nurse, Tommy Caldwell...*

**SAM**

*I wanna see the doctor that did that.*

**NURSE CALDWELL**

*Did what, Captain? Saved his life?*

**SAM**

*You know what I mean, damn it, cut off his leg!*

**NURSE CALDWELL**

*What was left of that leg was shattered bone and infected flesh.  
If it hadn't been amputated, he'd be dead by now!*

**SAM**

*Would he?! Did anyone try?! Or did some cut-happy surgeon just reach for his saw because it was quick and easy?! Never mind he's going to spend the rest of his life a cripple!*

**NURSE CALDWELL**

*Captain, if you think Private Raebyrne is better off dead than alive with one leg,  
then you just go and tell him, but don't tell me and don't tell the doctor.  
We didn't send him out into those trenches. You can take full credit for that.*





*Near the end of the war, when the German military refuses to negotiate peace terms, Captain Courtney Massengale shares with Colonel Sheffield how he would get them to surrender . . .*

**CAPTAIN MASSENGALE**

*Perhaps we should send in a division or two. Teach them a lesson in humility.*

**COLONEL SHEFFIELD**

*Congratulations! You and the general staff seem to think as one.*

**CAPTAIN MASSENGALE**

*I've always thought we should take a stiffer offensive stature.*

**COLONEL SHEFFIELD**

*Have you? Well, that's wonderful, Court. Very brave . . . seeing as how you won't have to be one of the hundreds of casualties we'll suffer.*

**CAPTAIN MASSENGALE**

*Sir, I only meant that when there's an objective . . .*

**COLONEL SHEFFIELD**

*I know exactly what you meant. Look, son . . . this war isn't being fought for your personal gratification. Those men aren't dying so you can make major. Try to be patient. You have all the qualities to get to the top . . . all the qualities. I just feel sorry for anyone who gets in your way.*



*The recently promoted Colonel Caldwell informs Sam that the regiment is going on the offensive and that Sam's company will be on the front line . . .*

**SAM**

*Colonel, my company's only seventy percent effective and half of those boys are green troops from stateside! I'm short on non-coms! . . . I'm short on weapons! . . . Colonel, my boys have had it!*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Well, you're the best I have. And, I'm sorry, Sam.*

**SAM**

*I can't ask them to do it . . .*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*We're not taking a vote on this, Sam! Now, I need a crack company . . . on the line . . . no later than eighteen-hundred, this evening.*

**SAM**

*Well, it won't be mine, sir. I can't do it . . . not any more.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*. . . stop bellyaching! This is your command! This is your responsibility! Those bars that you're wearing make it your responsibility . . . whether you like it or not!*

*I want to tell you . . . now . . . you and I . . . we give orders . . . right? Alright . . . you and I have to take orders . . . That's the way it is.*



*Before the offensive, Sam goes in search of Dev, who has gone AWOL, and finds him back at the farm with Michelle . . .*

**DEV**

*I'm not going back. I'm through.*

**SAM**

*I know how you feel, Dev.*

**DEV**

*Do you?! Do you really?!*

**SAM**

*I don't wanna go back up on that line any more than you do.*

**DEV**

*Oh, but you do! . . . You see, Sam, maybe you can fool yourself, but not me. That's the way it is for you . . . up there . . . fighting . . . and killing. It's not just what you do! It's how you do it! I . . . I don't mean to condemn you for it. You are what you are. I just ain't got it in me anymore.*



*Sam convinces Dev to go back with him, and when he leaves to pack, Sam tries to comfort Michelle . . .*

**SAM**

*He'll be back, Michelle. I promise you that.*

**MICHELLE**

*You could not turn your back? . . . You could not let us be? . . .*

*I hope that you are killed, Captain!*

*I pray that you will be wounded horribly . . .!*

*. . . that you will suffer . . . and that your death will come slowly.*





*While on the attack, Dev is mortally wounded. Sam drags him to cover, where they have this final exchange . . .*

**SAM**

*Medic's comin', Dev! Hang on!*

**DEV**

*Forget it, Sam. Don't try to kid a Mick. I've bought it.*

**SAM**

*No!*

**DEV**

*Sam, write to my Ma . . . tell her . . . I was thinking of her . . . I was thinking of her a lot.*

**SAM**

*Aw, Dev! I didn't think any one of us'd ever get hit! I thought if we stuck close together, everything was gonna be alright!*

**DEV**

*You're that kind of guy, Sam. You see a thing and that's the only way it can be. You pull people right along, because you're so sure. But you're wrong, Sam. What good is it? What good is any of it? They're going to roll me in a poncho and shovel me under. And who's better off for it? Anybody? Oh, Jesus, I don't wanna die!*

**SAM**

*. . . Dev! Dev!*



*Sam is later wounded, and the end of the war finds him recovering in the hospital, where he is visited by Colonel Caldwell and his daughter . . .*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Doctor, I heard Sam had been wounded, but I thought it was superficial . . . something about his leg.*

**DOCTOR**

*It's not his leg, Colonel. It's something inside him. His best friend died in his arms only a few hours before the armistice was signed.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*I know.*

**DOCTOR**

*He's feeling a terrible guilt. It's as if he were personally responsible. Even his promotion to major didn't help. If anything, it made it worse.*



*Colonel Caldwell introduces his daughter to Sam, and finding that they had already met under unfortunate circumstances, he mends the relationship and extends an invitation . . .*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Now, Sam, you know some of us are taking places down the coast to kind of . . . uh . . . unwind before we all scatter to the winds. And, Tommy and I would like you to join us there.*

**SAM**

*Uh, thank you, sir, thank you both . . . uh . . . I can't.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Why? You have some plans or something? Is that it?*

**SAM**

*No, sir.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Well, I'm afraid that we can't take 'I can't' for an answer. Now, the doctor says you'll be able to travel by the end of the week, so I'll pick you up on Friday.*

**SAM**

*Sir, I really . . .*

**TOMMY CALDWELL**

*Better be careful, Major, or he'll make it an order.*

**SAM**

*Yes, ma'am. In that case, I'll volunteer with pleasure.*



*Near the end of their stay in Cannes, France, Colonel Caldwell shocks Sam and makes a case for Sam's staying in the army . . .*

**SAM**

*Well . . . they don't need soldiers anymore. It's over.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Over! Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh. Oh, man, you've been marchin' in too many parades.*

**SAM**

*Sir, they're whipped.*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Oh, we whipped 'em alright . . . Yes, they were humiliated . . . dishonored . . . and we took away everything from them . . . even their pride. You know . . . if you whip a man, and you then reach down and take his hand and lift him to his feet, you know what can happen? . . . He can be your friend. But, if you whip a man, and then hit him and keep hitting him and keeping him down . . . chances are you're going to end up fighting again.*

**SAM**

*Are you saying it was all for nothing? All those boys . . . my boys . . . they had to die for something! Toward the end there . . . I even forgot why it was we were fighting. I grew up thinking it was gonna be something else. I hated it, Colonel, I hated all of it!*

**COLONEL CALDWELL**

*Not all of it, Sam . . . Not all. Aw, look, let's not kid ourselves. I mean, war is a grimy business. Maybe nobody wins. But somebody has to reach those kids, and God help us if we leave it to the goldbricks and the incompetent . . . or even worse . . . to the killers . . . like Merrick. Think about it.*





*Emily and Courtney are also in Cannes. Fresh from a swim, they flirt with taking their relationship to the next step until . . .*

**EMILY**

*You cooled off.*

**COURT**

*Just trying to keep the cork in the old bottle.*

**EMILY**

*Look, if I've suddenly sprouted a mustache or something, tell me, but don't avoid me.*

**COURT**

*I'm not avoiding you. It's just that . . .*

**EMILY**

*'Just that' what? I mean, was all that outside . . . just a game?*

**COURT**

*We were having a little fun. You took me by surprise,  
that's all . . . Emily, I was just thinking of you.*

**EMILY**

*Of me, Court? The real me? Or maybe . . . what really interests you in Emily Pawlfrey  
isn't really Emily Pawlfrey. Or maybe . . . you're just a little bit afraid . . .*

*Court, what is it? What did I say?*

*. . . resulting in Court grabbing Emily by the arm and then storming out of the house.*



*On the night of Courtney and Emily's engagement party, Sam asks Tommy on a date . . .*

**TOMMY**

*Sam, you've been mumbling to yourself for the last two hours. I don't know what it is you're trying to say, but whatever it is, I wish you'd say it and be done with it.*

**SAM**

*How'd you feel about marrying me? . . .*

*. . . We've known each other what . . . uh . . . four weeks now? I figure if two people love each other that . . . well . . . you don't measure that with a pocket watch . . .*

*. . . There's something we gotta talk out. I'm not going back to the farm.*

**TOMMY**

*Is that it?*

**SAM**

*Well, yeah, seeing as how you feel about the army and all, fact is, I'm thinking of staying in.*

**TOMMY**

*Well, I knew that weeks ago . . . even if you didn't.*

**SAM**

*You don't mind?*

**TOMMY**

*Shut up and kiss me.*



*After Sam and Tommy marry, Sam narrates a letter to his mother, discussing Devlin and his decision to stay in the army . . .*

### **SAM'S VOICE**

*It took me a while to face up to what happened to Dev. And I'm gonna carry a piece of that with me wherever I go. I'm not sure why he died, why any of 'em died, but the colonel's right. It's coming again and it's scary. That's why I'm staying in, to help make sure we're ready. The next time we've got to be ready.*



PVT. [unclear]

PVT. AC. VIEUX

CPT. J.M. [unclear]

CPL. F.K. NOWAK

P.L. PETERS

PVT. K.M. BEERY

PVT. R.N. KEYSER

SGT. JR. DEVLIN

CPL. C.D. GOLDBERG

PVT. [unclear]

*On arriving at their first stateside duty station, Sam and Tommy are assigned horribly dilapidated quarters . . .*

**TOMMY**

*They're not gonna treat us like this! You don't know, Sam Damon! I know! I didn't spend my life kicking around army camps without learning something, you know . . . If you think you're gonna humor me into living in this dump . . .*

**SAM**

*Hey, I've got a terrific idea. First, we'll unpack the Lizzie. Then, we'll go down to the PX. We'll buy a mop . . . and a bucket . . . and some soap . . . and a broom . . . and a bed . . .*

**TOMMY**

*. . . A bed?*

**SAM**

*That's right. Then we'll come back here and we'll vote on which one to use first.*

**TOMMY**

*You don't play fair.*

**SAM**

*Lady, if I played fair, I'd never win.*





*After the birth of their first child, a boy, Tommy has some disturbing news for Sam when he suggests that maybe next time they would have a girl . . .*

**TOMMY**

*I don't think so, Sam.*

**SAM**

*Whadya mean? Twiggy said everything . . .*

**TOMMY**

*Twiggy said what I asked him to say. There were a few complications. They . . . uh . . . they had to rearrange my insides a little. I'm gonna be fine, but . . . well . . . the cupboard's bare, Sam. That was it . . . the one and only model.*

**SAM**

*Oh, Tommy!*

**TOMMY**

*But he doesn't come with any lifetime guarantee, so we have to take very good care of him.*

**SAM**

*Oh, we will, honey. I promise you.*



*Sam and Tommy narrate letters to their parents, each letter describing the difficulties of army garrison life in the mid-1920s . . .*

### **SAM'S VOICE**

*Things have been discouraging the last few months, Mom. Congress cut back on appropriations again, so that means no promotion for the fourth straight year. Christmas was a little lonesome ...*

### **TOMMY'S VOICE**

*The worse part is never knowing where you stand. Sam's up every night, studying, trying everything he knows how, to make his captaincy. I'm not really complaining, Dad. I guess I'm just feeling a little blue over a note I got from Emily. Seems Court's move to Washington paid off for him. His colonel made general and Court made captain. God, how I envy them.*



*The reality of life for the monied and well-positioned, but romantically estranged, Massengales is far different than the life Tommy pictures. Court has just caught Emily having an affair . . .*

**EMILY**

*I mean, what am I supposed to do? . . . Play tennis for the rest of my life?*

**COURT**

*All I wanted from you was a little patience.*

**EMILY**

*Oh God, for three years . . .!*

**COURT**

*I thought you understood.*

*Later, after Emily threatens to file for divorce, she takes a tack that she immediately regrets . . .*

**EMILY (SUGGESTING WHAT OTHERS MIGHT SAY ABOUT THEIR DIVORCE)**

*I heard it was something a little deeper than that. I heard he was . . . you know . . . “unable.”*

*I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it! I’m sorry, Court! I’m sorry!*

**COURT**

*It’s alright . . . It’s alright . . . We’ll figure something out, Emily. We have to, Emily.*



*Unable to “figure anything out,” the Massengales’ relationship continues to deteriorate, and, one day, Court is summoned to an emergency room after a failed suicide attempt by Emily . . .*

**COURT**

*You know, Emily. It’s not that I mind you sleeping around so much, but do you have to be so damn careless . . . you started to babble in the ambulance.*

*Emily, why didn’t you tell me you were going to be a mother?  
I would have broken out some champagne. We could have had a little toast,  
you, the baby, and the father, of course . . . if you know who he is!*

**EMILY**

*Stop it! I’m not afraid of you anymore, Court. I guess it took something like this morning to make me realize just how far down I’ve gone . . . and I was willing to kill myself and my baby rather than face you. It won’t happen again. In a few days I’m leaving for Connecticut. I’ll tell the folks some story which they may or may not believe. Dad will arrange for a lawyer . . . and that will be that.*

**COURT**

*Oh, no, darling. That will not be that!*

*. . . Courtney threatens, cajoles, and ultimately convinces Emily to keep the child and raise it as their own.*





*In the late 1920s, Tommy's frustration with army life boils to the surface . . .*

**TOMMY**

*My God, no wonder the army's so full of misfits, neurotics, and losers!*

**SAM**

*What category am I in?*

**TOMMY**

*Oh, Sam. You're in a class all by yourself . . . the knight-errant of the drill field . . . a misguided dreamer who can't tell the difference between topsoil and plain old manure . . .*

*. . . That's right. Just run away. For once, just once, can't you stay and face it? You made a mistake, Sam, a big . . . long . . . nine-year mistake. Have the guts to admit it . . . if not to me, at least to yourself.*

**SAM**

*Maybe you're the one that made the mistake, Tommy . . . Maybe we both did.*



*Not long after, several events cause Tommy to tell Sam that she and Donny are going away for an extended visit to her uncle's home in Erie, Pennsylvania . . .*

**SAM**

*You knew what I was when you married me.*

**TOMMY**

*But I never thought you'd stay in! Sam, don't you understand? I can't live with it anymore. I can't even try. Nine years ago, maybe we had something. Maybe a chance at something. Or maybe we were just kidding each other.*

**SAM**

*I'm not gonna let you go, Tommy . . . unless you're telling me flat out that you don't love me anymore?*

**TOMMY**

*I'm not saying that, Sam.*

**SAM**

*Then we can work it out.*

**TOMMY**

*Oh, stop kidding yourself, Sam! Stop trying to kid me! This damn army's sucking the life out of both of us, not just me, but you! What's happened to your dream, Sam? Where's the nobility of it? Show me something! Anything! Look, I'm not trying to hurt you, but I remember what you were. I know what you can be . . .*

**SAM**

*Yeah, well, I am what I am . . . a soldier.*



*Later, Sam proposes that he take sixty days leave and accompany her and Donny to Erie . . .*

**SAM**

*Listen, lady! I've got nine years and one little boy  
tied up in you! You're not gonna get away that easy!*

**TOMMY**

*Alright, Sam. But no promises . . .*

**SAM**

*No promises from me either, Tommy.*



*Their stay in Erie is an enormous success. Sam and Tommy rediscover what they had lost. Sam helps out at Uncle Ed's factory, where he proves to be an enormous asset and is asked to stay on . . .*

**SAM**

*Yeah, I guess he offered me just about everything, Tommy. Money, this house, promotions . . . maybe one day, even the whole factory.*

**TOMMY**

*And? . . . You turned him down. May I ask why?*

**SAM**

*'Cuz I just don't belong here. I could stay around here and . . . uh . . . go through the motions. I would do pretty good at it too . . . make some money . . . but that's just not me, Tommy. I know that now. I really know it. I'm a soldier . . . not a shipping clerk . . . not a banker . . . a soldier.*

**TOMMY**

*Making me the soldier's wife.*

**SAM**

*You always have been. Honey, it's not even a matter of wanting to go back . . .*

**TOMMY**

*Oh, Sam, spare me. Duty, honor, country . . . I know the litany by heart.  
Can't you admit you like it . . . you really like it?*

**SAM**

*Yeah, I like it.*





*Sam and Tommy continue their discussion by the moonlit lake . . .*

**TOMMY**

*Better, Sam. How much do you like it? Come on, Sam. This is the hour of honesty. Let's hear it, flat out. Do you love it, Sam? I want an answer . . . now!*

**SAM**

*Yes . . . yes . . . I love it! If that makes me some kind of fool, I can't help it!*

**TOMMY**

*What do you love? . . . War?! . . . Killing?!*

**SAM**

*No! You know better than that. Tommy, listen to me. You know what's going on out there. It's building up like 1914 all over again and it just can't happen. Maybe if we're ready this time, I mean, really prepared, nobody'll have the guts to start it. That's the only chance we've got, honey, because it's comin' unless we're strong enough to put a lid on it. That's why I want to go back, why I have to go back. Honey, I just couldn't sit around here and watch the whole thing fall apart and not try to do somethin' about it.*

**TOMMY**

*Okay. I can live with that . . . Don't look so puzzled, Sam. If you were going back there half-hearted, knowing how I felt, that wouldn't say much for how you felt about me . . . would it? If that were the case, I couldn't go back. You've got two loves, Sam, and there's nothing I can do about it . . . short of making you choose, and I won't do that.*



*In 1938, while stationed in the Philippines, Sam takes up the defense of Joe Brand, an enlisted man accused of attacking his superior officer, Lieutenant McClain. Court, at the behest of the camp commander, seeks to sway Sam from his honor-bound duty. Sam explains his position . . .*

**SAM**

*He's not guilty, Court*

**COURT**

*Sam, of course he's guilty . . . guilty of being an enlisted man . . . guilty of associating with the wrong person at the wrong time . . . guilty of being a Negro. I feel sorry for Brand. Maybe it's not justice, but it is reality. He's going to be convicted and you can't stop it, but you could drag yourself down with him.*

**SAM**

*I could. That's my problem.*

**COURT**

*What the hell is the matter with you?! Don't you know who you're fighting?!*

**SAM**

*Damn it, Court! It doesn't make a difference!*

**COURT**

*That's why you're a captain with eight years in grade  
and I'm a major, a year away from light colonel!*

**SAM**

*Well, if you make colonel and Joe is acquitted, we'll both get what we want. So go back and tell Colonel Patterson that your old buddy, Sam Damon, isn't gonna roll over and play dead.*

GI



*Sam insists on divulging the name of the young lady who is at the center of the Brand/McClain feud. That she is the daughter of the post commander, causes the judge to adjourn the proceedings to a private meeting with Sam and the prosecutor . . .*

**JUDGE**

*Perhaps Lieutenant McClain may have overstepped himself.  
In that case, we might consider a reduction in charges.*

**SAM**

*No. I'm sorry, sir. I can't accept that.*

*An officer has a duty to protect his men . . . to instill in them a sense of honor and responsibility. Lieutenant McClain violated that duty.*

*Private Brand should not have to pay the penalty.*

*And, neither should Miss Patterson.*



*As American participation in another world war appears likely, Court approaches Sam about working together and asks about his ambitions . . .*

**SAM**

*I'd like to go to the War College . . . make colonel if I can . . . head up a regiment.*

**COURT**

*That's fine, as far as it goes, but you'll still be just another piece on the chessboard.  
I can make you one of the players, one of the real players ...*

*. . . If the war comes, I have a chance of making brigadier very quickly. I'm going to need men around me . . . not fawning manipulators . . . Lord knows, I can find enough of those . . . men who can think and act decisively. In short, a team I can depend on. You can be the key member on that team.*

**SAM**

*Thanks, Court, but I'm not staff material. I'm here for one reason . . . to fight if I have to . . . to train others to fight and survive, that's all. When the war comes, I'm gonna be out in the field, not sitting behind some desk ordering a bunch of faceless names into combat.*

**COURT**

*Sam, the war will be won from behind those desks.*

**SAM**

*Maybe so, but I won't be sitting at one of them.*

**COURT**

*It's too bad, we would have made a great team . . . we would have made a great team . . .*

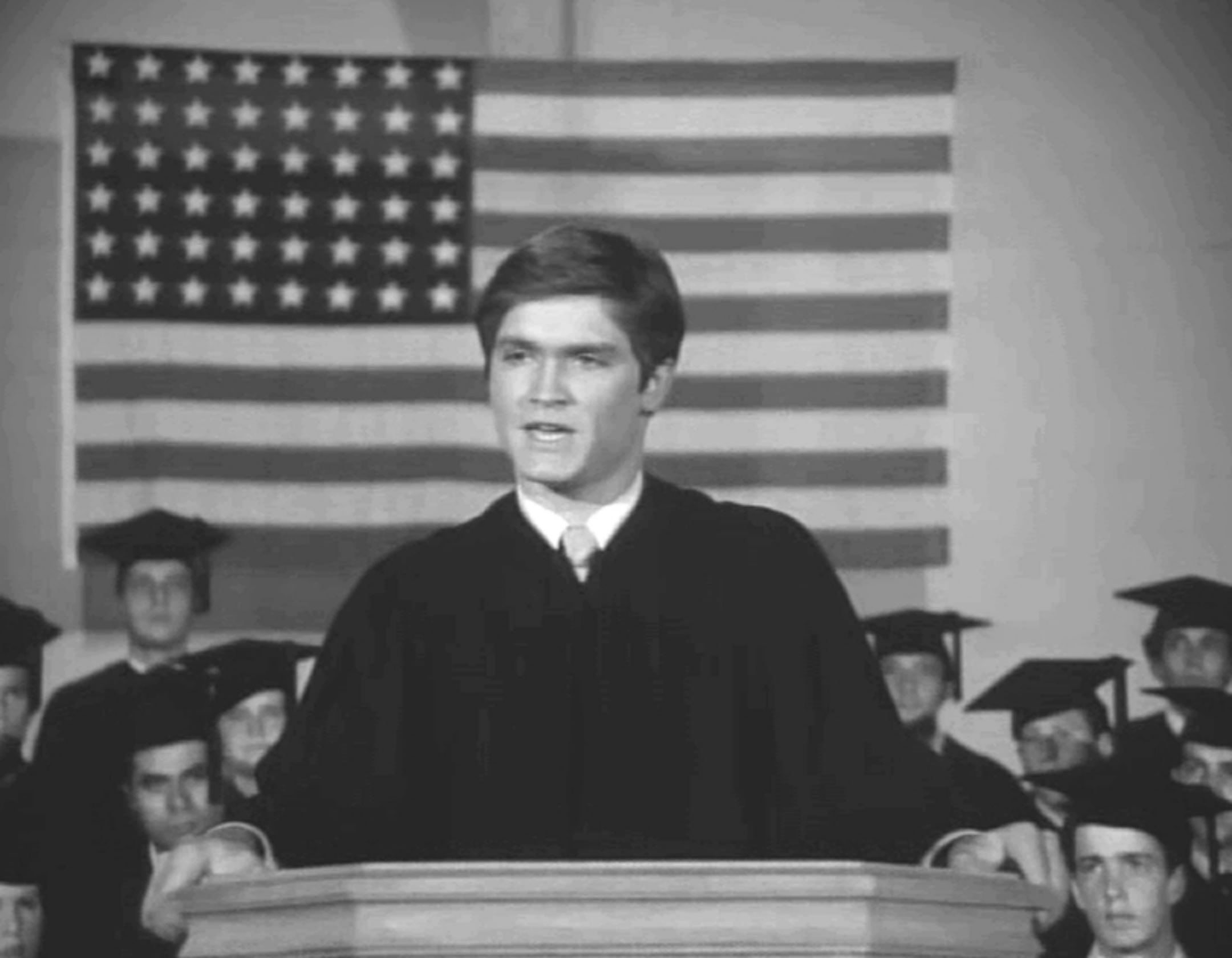




*Donny delivers his high school valedictorian speech in front of a largely military audience . . .*

### **DONNY'S VOICE**

*It is with a feeling of pride and accomplishment and with some misgivings that we, the class of 1939, leave this school behind. Ahead looms the threat of war. But maybe instead, we ought to think of it as a challenge to make and keep the peace. A very wise and honest man has taught me to never run from a fight, but fighting isn't always the answer. One answer, yes, but not the only one. Sure, we're proud of our military tradition and rightfully so. When force of arms has been required, we have never hesitated to use it, but only as the ultimate response to the endangerment of our liberty. Before that first American soldier falls on the field of battle, other responses must be explored and exhausted so we can truly say we had no choice. I don't believe we must always destroy to rebuild, kill in order to give new life. The armor and aircraft and weapons of the mechanized army will not only decimate the vanquished, but the victors. No, let us not run from a fight, if fight we must, but let us first try to find every other possible means to preserve the peace.*



*Still in the Philippines, Tommy is not happy with Sam's new orders . . .*

**TOMMY**  
*China?*

**SAM**  
*Oh, honey, I'm not gonna be fightin' . . . I'm goin' over there strictly as a volunteer observer. It's something Court worked out with General Jacklyn.*

**TOMMY**  
*Remind me to thank them both.*

**SAM**  
*Drinking's not gonna solve anything.*

**TOMMY**  
*Maybe not, but it sure puts a warm glow on the problem. I mean why wait until we're in it when you can get the jump on everyone! Sam Damon! First to fight!*  
*No doubt you remember Donny leaves for Princeton at the end of next month.*

**SAM**  
*Honey, you're not exactly gonna be alone here. You got our friends. You . . .*

**TOMMY**  
*Oh! . . . Everything a woman could want. A husband at one end of the globe and a son at the other!*



*Ben learns that Massengale had Sam's orders to the War College canceled and that Massegale was now going in his place . . .*

**BEN**

*What you gonna do about it?*

**SAM**

*I'm goin' to China.*

**BEN**

*Aw, Sam, are you nuts? Now listen . . . do something. If it were me . . .*

**SAM**

*Now, Ben, forget about it.*

**BEN**

*Sam, would you... ?*

**SAM**

*I said, forget it! Courtney's going where he wants to go and I'm going to learn to fight Japs. All things considered, I think I got the best of it.*



*One evening, after arriving home from a social event, Court is unusually open about his feelings . . .*

**COURT**

*Can't we ever have a conversation?*

**EMILY**

*I'm doing my part, Court. The major's lady . . . suitably charming and well-mannered. That's all you really want from me.*

**COURT**

*Are you so sure?*

**EMILY**

*Really, Court? Something more? What? Certainly nothing physical.*

**COURT**

*No, nothing like that, obviously.*

**EMILY**

*Well, what then?*

**COURT**

*Do we have to make each other so lonely?*

**EMILY**

*Relationships are built on giving, Court. I gave it all years ago. You've never had anything to give . . . not to me or anyone. I'm sorry, Court. I really am. I mean, it's no fun for me either . . .*





*While in China, Lin Tso han, a guerilla leader, speaks of his post-war aspirations and gives Sam some advice . . .*

**LIN**

*But you, T'san T'san, are a professional soldier . . .  
What can you dream of except a war to follow a war?*

**SAM**

*That's not my dream, Lin.*

**LIN**

*A hero's death in battle then . . . the alternatives are few.*

*In an old fable, it is told that "once an eagle, stricken with an arrow, said, when he saw the fashion of its shaft, 'By our own feathers, not by another's hands, are we smitten.'"*

*Be careful, T'san T'san. Be careful that you do not learn to love war too well.*



*At an Officers' Club costume party in the Philippines, Massengale tries to ingratiate himself to Ben, who is ordering drinks for their table . . .*

**BEN (TO THE BARTENDER)**

*All the way around for table four, please, my man.*

**MASSENGALE**

*Let me catch this one.*

**BEN**

*I got it.*

**MASSENGALE**

*No, please, put it on my tab.*

**BEN**

*I've got it!*

**MASSENGALE**

*Look, Ben, I recommended Sam for that China mission because . . .*

**BEN**

*Hey, Major, knock it off, eh? Plant your sweet rosy, kisses on somebody else's backside! I don't like you! You don't like me! Let's leave it like that, huh?*



*After the party, Court saves Tommy from the clutches of Merrick and, at night's end, they find themselves alone and lonely in Court's automobile . . .*

**TOMMY**

*We still have a week before you fly away. Shall we make the most of it?  
One mad, romantic fling. Start here . . . end there . . . and no regrets?*

**COURTNEY**

*Tempting . . .*

**TOMMY**

*Oh, c'mon, Court. You've been propositioned. At least you could kiss me or something!*

**COURTNEY**

*Tommy, no!*

**TOMMY**

*Oh, oh, please, Court. I need someone, now!*

*Oh, Court, do I have to beg?!*

**COURTNEY**

*Damn it! I can't! . . . I can't do it to Sam.*

**TOMMY**

*You can't. You really can't! Emily said once ... she was drunk. I thought it was a joke.  
She . . . Oh . . . Oh, Court . . . I didn't know . . . I'm sorry! . . . I'm so sorry!*



*The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor, and George Caldwell and Sam are preparing to leave for their duty stations. Tommy is upset that she cannot get in touch with Donny. She is afraid that he will get caught up in the patriotic fervor that is sweeping the nation – and volunteer before she can stop him . . .*

**TOMMY (TO SAM)**

*Well, I'll make you a promise. Our son is not going off to fight in your war. I'll see to that!*

**GEORGE**

*Now, just who in the hell do you think you are?! Now, let me tell you something, Tommy! We're in this one, ready or not! And, you're along for the ride, whether you like it or not! Now, maybe Sam is reluctant to say this to you, but I'm not . . .*

*. . . I'm sick of your bellyaching and I'm sick of you trying to blame me and Sam or anybody else who tries to hold this country together!*

**TOMMY**

*I'm not blaming you!*

**GEORGE**

*Good! Because, now we have just two choices. Either we stand and we fight or else we throw down our guns and start to redecorate the White House to suit the Japanese emperor. Now, which is it to be? Now, you make up your mind.*

**TOMMY**

*But, he's only nineteen!*

**GEORGE**

*They're all only nineteen! That's the hell of it!*





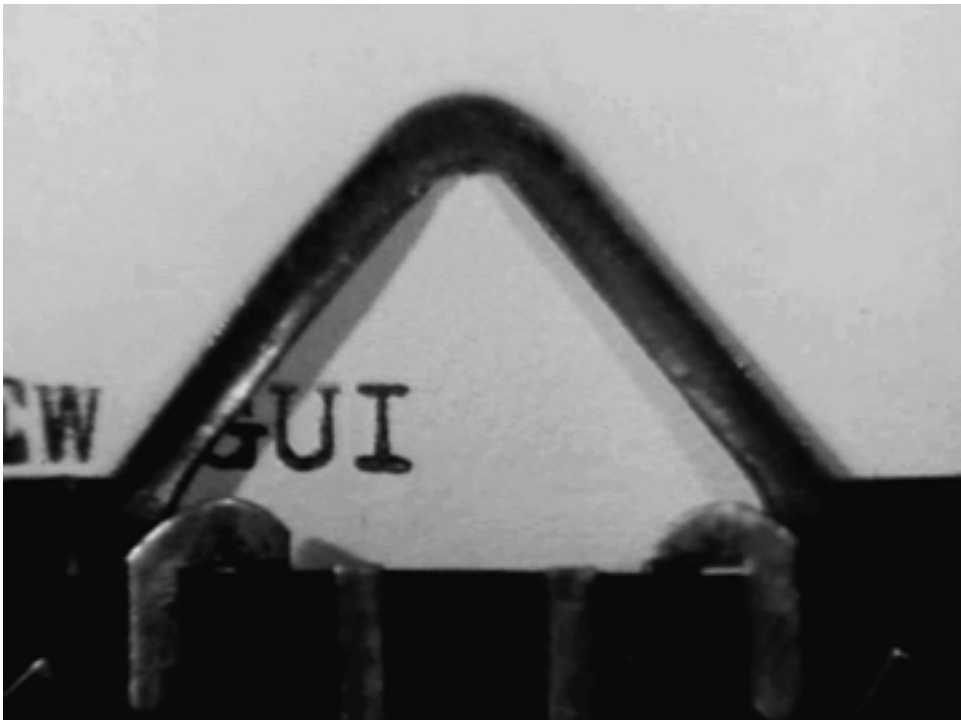
*The American war effort in New Guinea has bogged down and Sam, without orders, conducts a dangerous night river-crossing to break the standstill. War correspondent David Shifkin files this dispatch . . .*

### VOICE OF DAVID SHIFKIN

Dateline—New Guinea, somewhere off the Papuan Coast.

Early this morning, soldiers of the 33rd Division, under the command of Samuel A. Damon, seized control of Jap-held airstrip in a daring raid that caught the enemy totally by surprise. Under cover of darkness, the strike force was ferried across a lightly defended stretch of the Waterboo River and encircled the left flank of the Jap perimeter. While an artillery attack diverted the enemy's attention, Damon marched his men seventeen miles through heavy jungle and came up behind the airstrip, attacking its rear defenses.

Although outnumbered by a ratio of three-to-one, the strike force hit so quickly and so efficiently that nearly half the defenders were killed or wounded within the first thirty minutes. The airstrip was secured by daybreak.



*After New Guinea, Sam and Ben are having drinks at an Australian club. Ben is wrangled by a loud-mouthed Aussie officer who is demeaning the American victory. He approaches the table where the offensive officer is sitting with a friend and two ladies . . .*

**BEN**

*I couldn't help but overhear this obnoxious gentleman, and I was afraid he might be offending you . . . having just returned from Papua.*

**AUSTRALIAN OFFICER**

*Oh, I see. You're one of them 'eroes, I presume, 'ey?*

**BEN**

*One of the bloody heroes, chum, who's eager to lead you outside for a graphic demonstration of the superiority of the American fighting force on a one-to-one basis.*

**AUSTRALIAN OFFICER**

*I should warn you, mate, that I'm a personal friend of Brigadier Cameron.*

**BEN**

*I don't care if you're the illegitimate son of Emperor Caesar Augustus! You and your friend are leaving, chum. You can leave with me . . . or without me . . . but you are leaving . . . now!*

**AUSTRALIAN OFFICER**

*I expect it's escaped your attention but we are 'ere with these ladies.*

**BEN**

*Are ya? Well, let's let them decide.*

**ONE OF THE LADIES, LATER JOINED BY THE BAR PATRONS**

*"Yankee Doodle came to town, riding on a pony . . ."*



*Donny gets his orders to go over and Tommy visits Court, making one last desperate attempt to keep her son out of harm's way . . .*

**TOMMY**

*I don't want my son to die. Look, Court, I hate to ask you for this, but the way those bombers are going down and they're so helpless, all of the them!*

**COURTNEY**

*I don't have any jurisdiction over Donny, you know. Strictly Air Corps. Suppose I could talk to General Danvers on a personal basis.*

**TOMMY**

*Please, Court!*

**COURTNEY**

*Easy, Tommy! I didn't say I wouldn't. I'm just trying to sort out the ramifications.*

**TOMMY**

*Ramifications! Hell! He's a gunner on a flying target. First prize in this week's turkey shoot!*

**COURTNEY**

*I know that, but he did volunteer. It's what he wants to do.*

**TOMMY**

*Keep him with me, Court!*

**COURTNEY**

*I'll try, Tommy. I'll try.*

*. . . when it comes time to talk to General Danvers, Court decides against it, believing the "ramifications" might impact his career.*



*Sam begins to see a lot of Joyce. He tries to remain true, but with his marriage to Tommy strained by disagreement and distance, he succumbs. Afterwards, he sleeps restlessly, speaking the names of Devlin and others, and then unburdens himself to Joyce . . .*

**SAM**

*I don't wanna take them up there again, Joyce . . . any of 'em.*

**JOYCE**

*Oh, war's kill, Sam. Sometimes even the living end up dead.  
But you mustn't start doubting yourself.*

**SAM**

*Never stopped. Truth is . . . I'm never sure.  
I doubt myself all the time.*





*War correspondent, David Shifkin, gives Sam a letter that his daughter Marion had received from Donny . . .*

**DONNY'S VOICE READING AN EXCERPT FROM THE LETTER**

*You can't believe the stupidity of some commanders, the blunders committed by timid little men determined to protect their own positions with so little regard for human life. I've always loved my dad, but something always seemed to separate us, maybe because I was afraid to surrender to a man who made war for a living.*

*I finally realized how stupid I've been. He's got more humanity in his little finger than all these guys put together. God, I wish he were here right now.*



*Donny has been a door gunner in nine bombing missions over Germany. George Caldwell has arranged to have Donny transferred to a training unit back in the States, if he wants it . . .*

**DONNY**

*No thank you, sir.*

**GEORGE**

*Donny, you're an only son . . . you're my only grandson.*

**DONNY**

*I said, no thank you, sir!*

*If I don't go up, somebody else will. It doesn't solve the problem.*



*Despite his success at Papua, New Guinea, Sam is passed over for division commander. His replacement, "Duke" Pulleyne, a veteran of fifteen years behind a desk, has hatched a plan to take the Wokai Peninsula, and it's not working. Sam asks to speak to his commanding officer privately . . .*

**SAM**

*General, I gotta be honest with you. This plan of yours . . . it's a crock!*

**GENERAL PULLEYNE**

*Don't you tell me my plan is a . . . !*

**SAM**

*. . . I'm telling you a couple of thousand good men are gonna get slaughtered out there unless we do something!*

**GENERAL PULLEYNE**

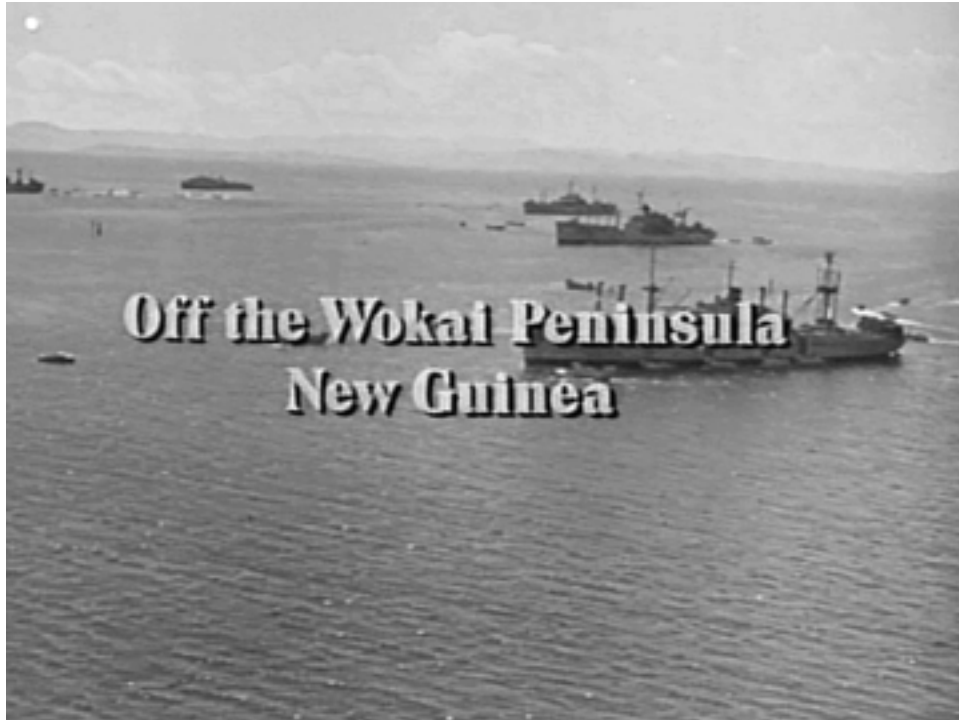
*Yes . . . but if I send Brighton in support . . .*

**SAM**

*. . . The Japs have committed in strength to Red Beach. Now that gives Swanny an open road to the Moro Ridge. We got the Japs in a squeeze . . . between the high ground and the water. You don't have a choice!*

**GENERAL PULLEYNE**

*Alright! Alright! But you hear me on this, Damon, and you hear me good! You screw up on this operation for me and I'll put you through my personal meat grinder!*



*Back in Washington, Massengale learns from George Caldwell that Emily may be at the root of his inability to secure command of Operation Palladium. After two years without contact, he pays a visit to her horse ranch, where he radiates warmth, but is greeted coldly. So, he gets down to business . . .*

**COURT**

*I have a shot at a field command in the Pacific and suddenly I'm scuttled. Since your uncle, the former senator, sits on Roosevelt's War Priorities Board, I assume that's where it's coming from.*

**EMILY**

*You're not one of Uncle Paul's favorite people. What was I supposed to do? Leave my husband . . . place a fourteen-year-old child in the hands of a psychiatrist . . . all without one word of explanation?*

**COURT**

*How about Jinny? Does she know?*

**EMILY**

*Know what?*

**COURT**

*That I'm not her father.*

**EMILY**

*You wouldn't . . . no, not even you!*

**COURT**

*Easy, Emily. I'm not gonna hurt anybody. I promise you that. But talk to him. I want that command. I've waited twenty-five years for this chance. I'm not about let go of it now.*

**EMILY**

*Alright, Court . . . Alright.*





*Ben enters Sam's office, where he is writing condolence letters to the families of his dead soldiers. He's brought a bottle with him and pours Sam a drink . . .*

**BEN**

*Drink up, Sam.*

**SAM**

*What's the matter?*

**BEN**

*It's rough . . . came in an hour ago . . . over TWX . . . through Pearl . . . relayed from D.C.*

**SAM**

*Donny?*

**BEN**

*Over Pflazmund . . . the big raid . . . went down in the forest . . .  
plane caught on fire . . . no chutes.  
I'm sorry, Sam.*

**SAM**

*How about Tommy? Does she know?*

**BEN**

*Her father's telling her.*

**SAM**

*I oughta call . . . radio relay or something . . . can we arrange that?*



*Tommy's refusal to take any of Sam's calls after Donny's death drives him once again into the arms of Joyce, who has just received some bad news of her own . . .*

**JOYCE**

*Sam! Well, you certainly popped out of nowhere.  
How you be, stranger?*

**SAM**

*Passable fine, ma'am.*

*Later . . .*

**JOYCE**

*He's dead . . . Jimmy, my husband. They told me, finally.*

*Tell me lies, Sam. No promises . . . just lies.*



*After Massengale presents his plan for Palladium, Ben (General Krisler) expresses grave concerns. Sam agrees and, in a private meeting, tells his commanding officer exactly what he thinks of it . . .*

**SAM**

*It's a bad plan, Court! Very bad!*

**COURT**

*You're wrong! It's classic! A Cannae battle, a double envelopment by two assaulting forces!*

**SAM**

*You're not fighting at Cannae, and General Murasse is no fool! The roads in there are foot trails at best and the terrain is lousy. As for your pivot, it's suicidal, Court! . . . asking a regiment to turn on its axis in the middle of hilly country without getting its flanks exposed . . .*

**COURT**

*. . . Not if Krisler holds the line.*

**SAM**

*I want the 49<sup>th</sup> Regiment in my reserve. Otherwise, I'm not going to accept the responsibility.*

**COURT**

*Alright. You can have the 49<sup>th</sup> for as long as you need them.*

**SAM**

*Until the pivot is complete. I want your word on that, Court.*

**COURT**

*You got it.*

*To Palladium, Sam! There's glory in this enough for all of us.*



*When Palladium gets bogged down, Massengale pays a visit to Sam's headquarters, questions the delay, and orders Sam to execute the pivot . . .*

**SAM**

*I'm telling you the Japs will kick our butts clear back to Melbourne if they catch us in the middle of shifting gears. However, if we commit the 49<sup>th</sup> . . .*

**MASSENGALE**

*General, are you telling me how to run this corps?*

**SAM**

*Just trying to advise you, sir. It's part of my duty.*

**MASSENGALE**

*And, I'm telling you I'm prepared to relieve you and bring in someone who will conduct this operation as ordered!*

**SAM**

*That's your privilege.*

**MASSENGALE**

*Sam, you're too good a soldier to walk away from the division now. We both know that. I don't ask you to like the order. I ask you to obey it.*

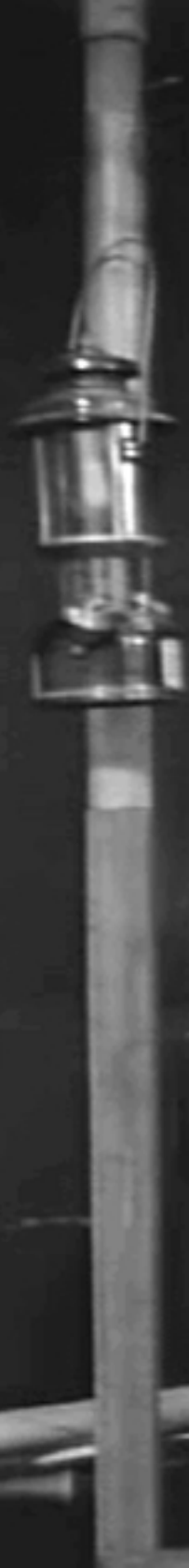
**SAM**

*Alright, General. I'll order the pivot . . . but if General Krisler meets stiff opposition, I'm committing the 49<sup>th</sup> . . . as agreed.*

**MASSENGALE**

*Very well. Alright, let's get moving.*





*Before the pivot is complete, Ben radios that his exposed flank is under attack. . .*

**BEN**

*It's bad, Sam. They hit us with mortars and then a bonzai attack . . . in strength.*

**SAM**

*Can you hang in there, Ben?*

**BEN**

*They're all over the place! They're pouring through that damn left flank!  
It's a regiment, at least, maybe a division!*

*Look, I'm gonna pull back. Give me everything you got.*

**SAM**

*Alright, Ben. Hold on. I'll try to keep 'em flattened out.*

**BEN**

*Push a little, hah, Sam. These guys are getting nasty.*



*Sam attempts to order the held-in-reserve 49th Regiment into action . . .*

**SAM**  
*My God!*

**PETE**  
*What is it, sir?*

**SAM**  
*Massengale's taken the 49<sup>th</sup>!*  
*He's goin' to Reina Blanca . . .*

*. . . We've got seven thousand tons of food and supplies sitting on the beach . . . if Murasse rolls over the One-twenty-third, there's nobody to keep him away from us. Pete, I want every man who can walk on the line. Cooks, quartermasters, clerks, everybody. Set up a perimeter defense. Have Spanner bring in the defensive fire closer.*

**PETE**  
*We can't hold off a full division, sir.*

**SAM**  
*. . . maybe we can for a couple hours.*



*General Courtney Massengale rides victoriously into Reina Blanca . . .*

**DOUGLAS MACARTHUR'S VOICE READING A TELEGRAM**

To: Commander, 24<sup>th</sup> Corps

Please accept for yourself and extend to all officers and men involved my heartiest congratulations for your brilliant execution of the Palladium Campaign. It is nothing less than a model of what an imaginative and aggressive commander can accomplish in rapid exploitation. It can serve as an inspiration to all commands and has brought us all hearteningly nearer that longed-for day of total victory.

Signed,

Douglas MacArthur  
Supreme Commander  
Allied Forces, Pacific Theater



*Gravely wounded in the successful defense of the beach, Sam insists on personally searching for Ben among the bodies of his annihilated regiment . . .*



*... a search that ends in heartbreak . . .*





*Back in the States, Tommy is present when the base commander informs Marge of Ben's death, and she tries to be of assistance . . .*

**MARGE**

*You can't help me! Don't you know that?!*

**TOMMY**

*But, I know how you feel!*

**MARGE**

*Do you?! I had a husband! You haven't had one for years! It's too bad for both of us that he wasn't here about Sam. That would have solved everyone's problem. I'd still have my man and you'd be free, Tommy, wonderfully free of everything!*

**TOMMY**

*Marge, that's not what I want.*

**MARGE**

*Then what the hell do you want, Tommy?! I know what I want!*



*Hospitalized after the battle, Sam wakes to Joyce as his nurse. Sam then learns from war correspondent, David Shifkin, that Massengale is leaving for the States the next day. As Joyce tries to stop the still very weak Sam from leaving his hospital room, she takes a telephone call that causes her and Sam to say goodbye a final time . . .*

**SAM**

*I've got some business to take care of . . . now . . . today.*

**JOYCE**

*You damned fool! Do you wanna die on me?!*

**JOYCE (ON THE TELEPHONE)**

*Hello . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . Say again . . . Yes, just a moment.  
It's your wife.*

**SAM**

*Hello, yeah, Tommy! Can you speak a little louder? I can barely hear you.  
Yeah . . . yeah . . . I know, honey. Aw . . . Tommy . . . Tommy . . . please don't cry.*

**TOMMY'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD ON THE PHONE**

*Sam, Sam, are you still there?*

**SAM**

*Yeah, honey . . . yeah, I'm still here . . . I'm still here.*



*Sam arrives at Massengale's headquarters . . .*

**SAM**

*I'm requesting a board of inquiry on Palladium. To be specific,  
I'm charging you with gross misconduct and dereliction of duty.*

**MASSENGALE**

*Perhaps I should bring you up to date . . .  
Palladium was one hell of a victory and I'm something of a hero.*

**SAM**

*So is Ben!*

**MASSENGALE**

*Yes . . . yes . . . I'm sorry about Ben. Maybe they didn't tell you. I put the unit in for a  
presidential citation and I'm recommending General Krisler for a Distinguished Service Cross.*

**SAM**

*He came cheap.*

**MASSENGALE**

*Oh, now, come on Sam . . . I know you're upset.*

**SAM**

*You're damn right I am! Eight hundred men dead! Another thirteen hundred wounded!  
For what?! So you could liberate some stinkin' town at the head of my troops, my reserves?!*



**MASSENGALE**

*My troops, Sam! The pivot was complete!*

**SAM**

*The hell it was! What you did was plain murder!  
And, I'm going to see you pay for it, General!*

**MASSENGALE**

*Don't be a fool, Sam! Your career will be finished!*

**SAM**

*So will yours! The difference is . . . I don't give a damn!*

**MASSENGALE**

*Don't do it, Sam! For the good of the service!*

**SAM**

*Why in the hell do you think I'm doing this?! You want a way out?!  
I'll give you one! Resign right now for the good of the service!*

**MASSENGALE**

*Not a chance!*

**SAM**

*That's fine, 'cuz I'm gonna enjoy watching them  
cut you down! You're all finished, General!*





*As Sam leaves the office and enters the outer hanger, Massengale follows . . .*

**MASSENGALE**

*Damon! Damon! If you try to do this, I'll have your skin! I promise you that! Never play the other man's game! Well this is my game, Damon . . . in my yard . . . and you can't win!*

*Damon! Come back here!*

*That's an order!*

*Do you here me, Damon?!*

*I order you!*

*Damon!*

**(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)**



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## **Tom Hebert**

Mr. Hebert was born and raised in Chicopee, Massachusetts. He earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Administration at American International College, in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1968. He served in the United States Marine Corps from 1968 to 1971, spending a year as a First Lieutenant in Vietnam. He earned a Master of Science degree in Professional Accounting at the University of Hartford, in West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1980. Mr. Hebert is a Certified Public Accountant and has served in managerial positions with several large charitable organizations in Connecticut. He is currently the Chief Financial Officer of a large not-for-profit in Massachusetts.

Mr. Hebert edited and published the *Vietnam War Newsletter* and managed the mail-order Vietnam Bookstore from 1979 to 1992. A longtime admirer of Anton Myrer's military classic, *Once An Eagle*, he is the author of *Notes on Once An Eagle* and *Once An Eagle: A Reader's Companion*, and publishes the website [www.once-an-eagle.com](http://www.once-an-eagle.com). He is currently writing a "multi-generational military novel," i.e., a story that chronicles the Marine service of a New England family across several generations and through several wars. He was the driving force behind the release of *Once An Eagle: An NBC Miniseries*, thirty-four years after it aired on television. The father of two sons, Jay and Matt, and the grandfather of three, he currently resides in Connecticut, with Ellie, his wife of forty-one years.

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