



Military Memories of Glenn Hanks and the Tenth Mountain Division by Jennifer Hanks Morrell*

This article is a case study of a young man named Glenn Hanks from a small town on Colorado's Western Slope who came of age during the Great Depression and World War II. He typified the experiences of many young men who struggled to build a life for themselves during hard times, and then served their country in wartime. What separated Hanks from most young servicemen was that he joined the famous Tenth Mountain Division—the men on skis—during the war.

Glenn Hanks' family, like most others on the Western Slope, struggled through the Great Depression. They lived on a ranch near Meeker, Colorado, which they had recently purchased. Caring for the cattle, horses, and hogs took considerable energy, and, in addition, they labored to get the fences, irrigation ditches, and buildings repaired from the years of neglect that took place before they took over the operation. Laura Hanks, Glenn's mother, worked as hard as her husband raising four children, running a boarding house for the hired help, and taking care of the home. Family members hired themselves out for wages and made some money from tourists and hunters. Also, the Hanks family raised silver foxes to be sold to furriers. Although sale of fox pelts provided

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some money, they needed additional income to service loans and to pay for the operating expenses.

Despite all their efforts, by the spring of 1936, the family faced a financial crisis. They had sold nearly all of the cattle the previous year at four cents a pound, and found no buyers for their pelts. There was hardly enough income to pay the interest, let alone any extra toward the principal on their loan. Consequently, like many other Americans, the family gave up the ranch and moved in with relatives until they could get on their feet again.

With the collapse of the family's fortunes, Glenn Hanks left for the University of Denver where he experienced a hard but successful year. A scholarship helped finance this, but he struggled to cover the costs of living on his own. Finding affordable off-campus housing and getting suitable employment plagued him. The first quarter he worked as a waiter at a rooming house, a position which provided him with room and board. But this arrangement had its drawbacks: namely, two hours traveling time every day on streetcars going to and from school, impossible study conditions, and no cash income. Before his first quarter ended, Hanks began looking for another job.

His next arrangement improved conditions slightly. This one required driving a nearly blind man to and from work and on weekend errands. For this Hanks received room and board plus ten dollars per month. The pay was meager, but the house was within walking distance of school which saved Hanks carfare and commuting time. Living in a strange home under someone else's rules sometimes tried his patience, but he endured, and finished his first quarter of classes.

Money problems continued. Laboratory fees, drafting equipment, and other expenses meant that he needed to figure out a way to increase his income. He exhausted himself doing any odd job he could find and living frugally; despite this he earned the "B" average required to keep his scholarship. Due to a childhood accident that left his right eye impaired, Hanks began experiencing severe headaches and had trouble focusing with his good left eye. Consequently, he requested a continuation of his scholarship, and returned home to Meeker, Colorado for the summer to work for the Independent Lumber Company.¹

Outraged by the attack on Pearl Harbor and fearful of Hitler's conquest of Europe, Americans did everything possible to help their country during World War II. High school seniors looked forward to graduating so they could enlist in the armed services. Women learned first aid,

helped the Red Cross, filled jobs vacated by men who left to fight in the war, and took jars of fat to butcher shops so the glycerin could be extracted and used in making bullets. Citizens undertook scrap drives, stockpiled rubber products like balloons, old tires, and used shoes, and collected tin cans. Other Americans donated blood, bought war bonds, and worked overtime in shipyards and aircraft plants. Civilians accepted the rationing of gasoline, tires, meat, and butter. Children even understood why there were no Hershey bars. Five million young men volunteered for military service, and over one hundred thousand nurses joined the WACS, WAVES, and SPARS.²

As Hanks remembered it, all males between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were required to register with their local draft board composed of older, local community leaders who determined who would be drafted. Registration provided the board with information about age, occupation, education, marital status, dependents, and disabilities. Using this, the board assigned each person a classification based on military guidelines. Hanks knew that the draft board would find no reason to offer him a deferment.

In the spring of 1942, Cherry Taylor, a home town Meeker girl and the love of Glenn's life, earned a scholarship to study business at Mesa Junior College in Grand Junction, Colorado. She moved there in September, and Glenn courted her when he went to the headquarters of the Independent Lumber Company in Grand Junction to pick up lumber for his employer. When his draft notice arrived, both Glenn and Cherry cherished the time they had left together. While he wanted to serve his country, the prospect of leaving his sweetheart made the thought of soldiering difficult.

Drafted men from Meeker received bus tickets for the forty mile ride to Rifle, where they then boarded the train for an eight-hour ride into Denver. Such was the case the morning of February 9, 1943, when Glenn Hanks left. He ate a big breakfast of bacon and eggs prepared by his Aunt "Gertie" Graham, gave her a hug, and thanked her for putting up with him. He walked the two blocks to Meeker's bus stop located in front of the local barber shop, and found that he was the only passenger that day. Consequently, there was no crowd of patriots gathered to see him off.

Upon arrival in Denver, Army trucks waited at the railroad and bus stations to pick up draftees and transport them downtown for physical examinations. There he found that the services sometimes dehumanized people and stripped them of dignity. Following instructions, he re-

moved all of his clothes and placed them in a drab green bag which he carried with him the rest of the day. Then, totally naked, he wound his way through lines to various doctors, assisted by female nurses. After running this gauntlet, he dressed and waited to learn whether he had passed his physical exam. Eventually, officers from the Army, Navy, and Marines appeared and read a list of names of those they wanted. Those who remained had failed their physicals and were to stay in the room.

The Army accepted Hanks, and he and his group piled into a truck and rode to Fort Lupton, just south of Littleton, where they went to "holding barracks" and received their uniforms and equipment. Most men remained there for a short period of time. Every day for over a week, men in the barracks left for their designated camps, and new recruits arrived; however, Glenn's name was not called. He began to wonder: "am I the unknown soldier?" Finally, he received orders to report to the Camp Personnel Office where he learned that his eye injury put him into a limited service classification. Consequently, he received an office job. For the next three weeks he sat behind a typewriter, listing new recruits and diligently filling out forms for up to twelve hours a day. Hanks found such work loathsome, and vowed to find something better.³

When he first arrived in Fort Logan, Hanks noticed a poster that advertised for volunteers having any experience in mountain climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, or care of livestock. Hanks knew his experience back on the ranch made him perfect for the position and was optimistic that this was a way to get away from his desk job.

He inquired about this and learned that those who qualified were to apply for a transfer to the Mountain Training Center which was located at Camp Hale near Pando, Colorado, west of Tennessee Pass. Hanks knew about the camp because his brother Milton had helped build it. To Hanks, anything seemed better than pounding a typewriter, so he filled out the application even though he thought his eye condition might hurt his chances. However, shortly afterwards he received word of acceptance, on the condition that he sign a waiver because of his limited service status. Not sure of the content of what he signed, he gave the Army his signature to free him from the desk and typewriter. On March 6, 1943, he was in Camp Hale where he joined Company "B" of the Tenth Mountain Division.⁴

Although Glenn Hanks was thankful for his "escape", he knew little of the history of the Tenth Mountain Division. It was the brainchild



Sign located at Gate One.

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

of Charles Minot Dole, who started the division to fill the need for a military unit that could ski and fight in the rugged mountains of Italy. Dole had corresponded with General Marshall of the United States War Department and pointed out Germany's superiority in this area. Dole offered assistance in finding and training new recruits, and designated the National Ski Patrol as the perfect agency to recruit and train soldiers in the art of mountain warfare. Despite his arguments, Dole met a wall of disinterest and opposition, but he persisted.⁵ On October 8, 1941, Dole sent a manifesto to General Marshall and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. After receiving reports of Greeks routing the Italian Alpini in the mountains of Greece and Albania, and ten thousand soldiers freezing to death, Marshall authorized the creation of three mountain divisions; the Tenth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth. In the end, only the Tenth would be formed.⁶

Immediately Dole began recruiting men for this unique venture. Several aspects separated it from more traditional units. It was the only Army division with a civilian organization (in this case, the National Ski Patrol) as its official recruiting agency. Certainly it contained a diverse group: mountain climbers, alpine guides, lumber jacks, blacksmiths, forest rangers, horsemen, cowboys, trappers, mule skinnners, and skiers from all over the world.⁷ Acceptance into the Tenth Division required three letters of recommendation attesting to the applicant's good character. Many of the men accepted had no military training, and had to learn fundamentals like marching, saluting, and the use of weapons like the .03 Springfield rifle, Browning Automatic Rifle and sometimes the Colt .45 caliber automatic pistol.⁸

Due to the uniqueness of the Tenth Mountain Division's mission, the training area had to be a rugged environment similar to the mountainous areas of Europe. The site selected for Camp Hale was a valley with an elevation of 9,480 feet in the mountains of Colorado near Leadville. Located on United States Forest Service land, the site had electrical power, coal mines and was accessible by rail and highway. Shortly after the announcement that an army camp would be constructed at Pando, people came from every part of the United States seeking work. Cars, trucks, and other means of transportation filled up the highways leading to Leadville. The rush of people caused a critical shortage of rooms and homes.

Eventually the United States government would spend thirty million dollars to build Camp Hale.⁹ Work began on April 10, 1942, with a local crew who earned one dollar and ten cents an hour. There, men

moved two-million cubic yards of earth, cut down seventeen square miles of willows, rebuilt a highway, and laid railroad track. In all, they constructed eight hundred buildings: barracks, mule barns, blacksmith shops, chapels, mess halls, a hospital, post exchanges, service clubs, field houses, officers clubs, theaters, motor pools, warehouses, stockades, a post office, and a mortuary. They managed to erect the entire camp by December of that same year.¹⁰

Upon arrival, the Tenth Mountain Division began training in military skiing, snowshoeing, snow-freighting, trail breaking for toboggans, mountain rescue, avalanche prevention, rock climbing, forest fire fighting, dog-sled operation, snow-cave building, and everything else needed to survive and fight at high altitudes, in treacherous terrain, and extreme weather conditions.¹¹ Mules made the Tenth unique in a hugely mechanized army. Deep snow and alpine terrain rendered tracked and wheeled vehicles virtually useless; therefore, artillery and supply units used mules to move equipment and weapons, making their labor an integral part of the personality of the Tenth.¹²

In addition to standard issue socks, shorts, shoes, shirts, pants, and a mess kit, the men of the Tenth Mountain Division also received special equipment needed to survive in the wintry mountains of Colorado: down-filled sleeping bags, which the soldiers referred to as "fart sacks", and items such as ski caps, winter parkas, ski boots, shovels, gloves, sunglasses, and skis.¹³

The "D-Series" was an important part of training for the men of the Tenth Mountain Division. It constituted a total test of survival which many men described as a small step away from Purgatory. In it, the men were put in blizzard conditions, where they depended on their snow equipment and know-how to survive the extreme conditions. Many men returned from these five-day maneuvers suffering from frost bite and exhaustion. Also, the War Department used the extreme conditions to test new field rations. Any rations found suitable for use in this high, rugged, and freezing environment would be good under about any other conditions. It was at Camp Hale that dehydrated food proved its merit.¹⁴

Camp Hale got nationwide attention when Warner Brothers used the facility and the Tenth Mountain Division for making a film entitled I Love a Soldier starring Sonny Tufts and Panlette Goddard. While not a noteworthy film, it did, however, show the nation that the United States had a mountain division and gave the general public the idea that, in spite of the glamorous ski-resort atmosphere, training in the Rocky Mountains



Camp Hale, Colorado.

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

was a rough, and often serious, business.¹⁵

Like most other Americans, Glenn Hanks saw the camp, and life there, as unique. Unlike most soldiers who took "basic" training at one camp, and then moved to other locations for other kinds of instruction, the men of the Tenth Mountain Division remained at Camp Hale for all of their mountain training. Part of the reason for this was that the men had a special objective—to learn to fight under any conditions in mountain environments. In addition, there was a sense of urgency at Camp Hale because they needed to train quickly. The goal was to train two divisions of about sixty thousand men within ninety days. Complicating things even more, volunteers came from all over the country, as well as many men from Norway and Finland who had escaped from their Nazi held countries, and volunteers from Sweden. Prior to assignment at Camp Hale, many of these fellows had collected and partially trained at Ft. Lewis, Washington, with their mountain training conducted on Mt. Rainier. They were identified as the Eighty Seventh Mountain Division and would soon be moved to Camp Hale to join the others. Glenn's Company B of the 10th Mountain Division was to be the second half of the build-up goal.

Upon arrival, Company B began accelerated basic training under the watchful eye of company commander Captain Charles Barkeen, a man as unique as most other aspects of Camp Hale. Originally from Denver, Barkeen had gone from a National Guard Second Lieutenant to Captain with only six months experience. He and Hanks were the only ones in his one hundred and seventy five man company who hailed from west of Chicago. The majority of the enlisted men came from the streets of New York.

Learning to get along with the New Yorkers proved difficult for Hanks. Why, he wondered, did these men always make crude remarks and insult others? Hanks expressed his disapproval of such behavior and backed it up with his fists. After each fight, he ended up in front of the Captain who always delivered the same lecture—these easterners did not mean anything personal by their talk. Perhaps the talks helped; Hanks and the New Yorkers began to understand each other and soon became friends.

Hanks began smoking a pipe, something he learned from Captain Barkeen whose trademark was a corn cob pipe. Hanks remembered one incident involving Barkeen's fondness for his pipe. Captain Barkeen gathered his Division in full battle dress in a large parade ground at the

camp for inspection by Commanding General Corlett. Because the General was late, Captain Barkeen had his troops stand at "parade rest," a position where the legs are spread one-half step and the hands are clasped behind the back. Tiring of the long wait, the Captain pulled his trusty pipe out of his pocket, lit it, and created a spiral of smoke above his head. Unexpectedly, the General's Jeep appeared, headed down the line of many companies, and the order to stand at attention rang forth.

The Captain came to attention with his pipe still smoking. When General Corlett reached Glenn's company, he ordered his driver to stop, got out of his Jeep, and said: "Captain, either you or your men are out of uniform. Don't let it happen again." With this, he jumped back into his Jeep and continued his inspection. About one week later, a large box of corn cob pipes and pipe tobacco arrived at the barracks. Each man received a pipe and a can of tobacco. There was no direct order to do so, but it was strongly suggested that everyone have theirs up and smoking whenever they practiced close-order-drill, worked together in groups, and particularly during parade ground inspections. When the General made his rounds at the next Division inspection, he saw a plume of smoke rising above Company B with the Captain out in front puffing away and looking straight ahead. During this inspection, General Corlett stopped, stood in front of the Captain, and said: "That's much better." This created a real sense of unity and pride in the company. Barkeen's organization was chosen as the base representative at the Memorial Day parade in Denver. Perhaps such results were the Captain's goals all along.

About mid-April Hanks and a number of his friends were selected to attend Non-Commissioned Officers School for thirty days of training that was supposed to result in Sergeant's stripes. However, at the graduation ceremony on May 26, 1943, they learned that regulations required a minimum of one day in a grade to be eligible for the next grade. Consequently, the new understanding was that the following day they would be promoted to Private First Class, the next day to Corporal, and finally to Sergeant on the third day. On the first day, they received Private First Class stripes, and the next day they confidently lined up at roll-call; however, they found that nothing is definite in the Army. The orders from Fort Lewis read that the whole class was being assigned as Privates First Class to the Eighty-seventh Division, and they would soon be replacements for fallen soldiers in their ranks. This news irritated the graduating class, particularly since there was no one to whom they could express their frustration. However, Hanks survived this and other vexations be

cause every day brought mail call, and often he found a letter or two from Cherry, his sweetheart at home.

The longer Hanks stayed in the service, the more he learned about Army regulations. Each organization in an Army infantry had specifications called its "cadre" which defined exactly how many men could be in each grade and prevented downgrading soldiers except for severe punishment due to major infractions. Consequently, Hanks and his comrades kept their PFC (Private First Class) rating, which meant a pay raise from twenty-four dollars to twenty-seven dollars per month. It also meant that as a Browning Automatic Rifle Gunner, Hanks had three ammunition bearers reporting to him. To move up to a higher grade, someone had to move out of the unit or get killed.

After their training was complete on June 10, 1943, the Eighty Seventh Division left Camp Hale for Fort Ord, California, on a train with four cars for the one-hundred-and-seventy-five men and their equipment. The summer heat was sweltering and they had no summer uniforms. The thermometer read one hundred and five degrees when they reached Sacramento, and the "Brass" decided the troops needed some exercise. After running several blocks, the men's wool khaki shirts and pants turned black from the sweat, and the car smelled like a hog pen for the duration of the trip. Partly for those reasons, Hanks developed a negative attitude toward California. The situation did improve when they reached Fort Ord. The main base stood next to the bay, and a slight breeze usually blew inland. They remained at Fort Ord until July 9, 1943, undergoing continuous land and sea training.

Hanks and the other soldiers spent their nights in the San Diego Bay behind the submarine nets and devoted the last six days there to practicing landing exercises from a troop ship. Their final landings added to Glenn's dislike for California because some of the local people sat on the beach in lawn chairs and bombarded the wet soldiers who slogged by with disparaging remarks. More pleasant than the Californians were the Scandinavian men in the Division who had left their homeland to join the American military. They collected on the deck in the evenings to sing songs in their native tongues, which could be heard across the harbor. Word of this singing got around the city, and many people used their precious gasoline to drive to the point and listen to the singers.

The Division left San Francisco on July 9, 1943, at midnight aboard the U.S. J. Bell with full armor and packs. The Bell, a troopship, housed fourteen hundred men in bunks stacked five high with sixteen inches between them. To get into a bunk, one had to climb up to his level, stick a leg and arm into his bunk and roll into place. A wide shouldered man would bump the GI above him if he tried to roll over. Adding to



Camp Hale barracks.

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

difficulties, rough weather caused some soldiers to vomit which produced a stench that was nearly unbearable. If the weather was the least bit warm, the smell of sweaty bodies was also terrible. Hanks moved his sleeping bag to the deck as often as possible to escape the unbearable living conditions during the voyage.

The Bell joined a convoy of nine troopships and two destroyers headed for the Aleutian Islands (although the destination remained classified). P.T. boats armed with two to four torpedoes ran along the lee side of each ship for protection. During rough weather, the men would stand at the rail of the ship and watch the waves rock the P.T. boats.

Ultimately, not-so-friendly competition developed between the fourteen hundred soldiers and the four hundred Navy personnel on the troopship. During their practice sessions along the California coast, the Navy "non-coms" operated ice cream dispensing machines and charged five cents a cone. Once they left stateside the price went up to twenty-five cents per cone. Glenn's crew retaliated by kidnapping the ice cream machine, and reestablishing the price at five cents.

Security was tight before they began the trip; however, the men had a pretty good idea of their destination. Early in the war, the Japanese had invaded and established bases on the Attu and Kiska Islands located on the far western part of the Aleutian Islands. American forces had landed on Attu, and, after many casualties on both sides, had retaken the island. Considering the type of foul weather gear they had been issued and the fact that Kiska was still occupied, it made sense that they were headed there. They learned that they would join forces at Adak Island which was located about one-hundred-and-thirty miles east of Kiska. They landed on Adak Island on August 4, 1943 and practiced landing for the last time—going over the side with full packs, down the nets, and into the bouncing landing craft below. It was chilly and wet work.

On the cold, foggy day of August 13, they were ordered back to the ship and prepared for landing on Kiska. It seemed that any fear of the unknown, beyond just getting on the ship, was overcome by the desire to obtain the dry clothing and shoes which they had each stored in their duffel bags aboard the ship. When shipboard was called again, they were angered to find that all of their shoes and some of their clothes were missing from all fourteen hundred duffel bags. Consequently, the cold men raided the Navy crew quarters, holding them at bay, while they collected all of the Army items, plus many warm Navy shoes. Later realizing that they depended heavily on Navy personnel for a successful landing, they

shined, polished and returned the shoes they had taken.

Going ashore this time marked a change in situation. Officers had checked with everyone the day before to ensure they had filed a will with the company headquarters. During their training period, men had always joked, kidded, and griped when they headed for shore. This time, however, everyone remained quiet and contemplation of death marked most faces. The reality of the situation set in for the men—they were really at war.

Hanks, like the others, expected a long stay in the Aleutians, but Mother Nature suddenly cut his stay short. During the fifth night there, a violent storm with very high winds came through while Hanks and his bunk-mate slept in their oversized foxhole. A large gust tore the canvas tent shelter in half, ripped the ridge poles loose from the rocks that held them in place, and the dislodged rocks rolled into the cavity where the two soldiers slept. The boulders completely covered them, and, although still conscious, Hanks and his companion could not move. After much yelling, other GIs heard them, came, rolled the rocks aside, and pulled the bruised and bloody men from the foxhole. Soon the medics arrived, and with their Lieutenant's approval, Hanks and his friend were loaded in a Jeep and transported to a field hospital.

Although X-rays revealed no skull fractures, Hanks lost his vision, probably because of damage to his optic nerves. Two days later he learned that he would return to the States. He arrived in Seattle on September 7, 1943, where he and other wounded men were housed for a few days. He was then discharged and given meal vouchers and a chair-car rail ticket to Denver, by way of Billings, Montana, and Cheyenne, Wyoming. Glenn and Cherry had already decided by letters that they would marry in Denver as soon as he arrived. Soon after arrival in Colorado, his eyesight returned.¹⁶ They settled in Seattle, Washington, started a family and Glenn found a career as an aeronautical engineer working for the Boeing Company, designing airplanes and aircraft parts.

The Tenth Mountain Division continued to do its work. In late July 1943, the Nazi regime was crumbling in Europe. After 114 days of hard fighting, 902 soldiers had been killed and an additional 4236 seriously wounded, but its mission in Italy was finished. The Tenth Mountain Division packed up and sold its mules to the Italians. Regular army soldiers and those without enough points for discharge boarded the S.S. Mount Vernon, Marine Fox, and La Grande Victory and set sail for America. The



Sign located at Gate One.

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

soldiers now traveled to Camp Carson, Colorado for more training before being deployed in the Pacific.¹⁷

Japan surrendered on August 14, 1945, after the Americans dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The men of the Tenth Mountain Division who anticipated fighting another enemy soon found themselves civilians again. America dismantled her great war machine, and the soldiers, including those of the Tenth Mountain Division, went home and resumed their careers or started new ones, finished college, or married their sweethearts and raised families.¹⁸

Many men from the Tenth Mountain Division returned to Colorado where they started new ski resorts such as Vail and Aspen and helped run existing resorts such as Steamboat Springs and Winter Park. Wherever there was a successful ski resort, there was almost always a member of the Tenth Mountain Division behind it.

The only physical reminders of Camp Hale are the decaying slabs of concrete that lay nestled in a valley near Highway 24 north of Leadville. A twelve foot monument of red Italian granite also serves as a reminder of the sacrifices made by the men of the Tenth Mountain Division. The monument is inscribed with the names of all nine hundred and two men of the Tenth mountain Division who died in the Aleutian Islands and in Italy. The buildings and training grounds of Camp Hale are gone, and new condominiums and gift shops of Vail have filled the valley, but the memories of the Tenth Mountain Division still linger there.¹⁹

Glenn Hanks now lives in Des Moines, Washington, where he enjoys his days with Cherry, and proximity to his children and grandchildren. Glenn Hanks' experiences in the Tenth Mountain Division had an everlasting effect on his life—nearly every day he thinks about the war, the extraordinary people he met, and his experiences as one of America's men on skis in World War II.²⁰

NOTES

¹Glenn Hanks, personal interview, Des Moines, Washington, 7 October 1996.

²John P. Diggins, *The Proud Decades: America in War and Peace, 1941-1960* (New York: W.W. Norton Inc., 1988), 15.

³Glenn Hanks, Interview.

⁴Ibid.

⁵Flint Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis: A Pictorial Memoir of the Tenth Mountain Division* (Boulder Co: Paladin Press, 1992), 6.

⁶Ibid., 3.

⁷Rene L. Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis: The Story of the Construction of Camp Hale and the Occupation of the Tenth Mountain Division* (Boulder Co: Johnson Publishing, 1970), 12.

⁸Oley, Kohlman, *Up a Hill With the Ski Troops* (Cheyenne: Pioneer Printing, 1985).

⁹Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis*, 12.

¹⁰Whitlock, *Soldiers On Skis*

¹¹Kohlman, *Up a Hill With the Ski Troops*, 34.

¹²Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis*, 16.

¹³Kohlman, *Up Hill with the Ski Troops*, 20.

¹⁴Ibid., 10.

¹⁵Curtis W. Casewit, *Mountain Troopers! The Story of the Tenth Mountain Division* (New York: Crowell, 1972), 8.

¹⁶Glenn Hanks Interview.

¹⁷Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis*, 19.

¹⁸Charles Hauptmann, *Combat History of the 10th Mountain Division* (Billings Montana: Charles M. Hauptmann, 1977), 23.

¹⁹Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis*, 34.

²⁰Glenn Hanks Interview.

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THE COVER: The drawing is by Jason Frank. Jason is a native of the Western Slope and has served in the 82nd Airborn Division of the U.S. Army. He now makes his home in Palisade.