

(Back Cover, or inside back cover, depending on how layout falls)

The rifleman fights without promise of either reward or relief. Behind every river there's another hill - and behind that hill, another river. After weeks or months in the line only a wound can offer him the comfort of safety, shelter, and a bed.

Those who are left to fight, fight on, evading death but knowing that with each day of evasion they have exhausted one more chance for survival. Sooner or later, unless victory comes this chase must end on the litter or in the grave.

*- General Omar Bradley*