

**From General
James M. Gavin:
Sirs:**

Capa first came to the 82nd Airborne Division in Africa. He flew with the parachute assault echelon that fateful first night of the Sicilian invasion. That one should have convinced him that the best place to be in a parachute operation is back home with Hemingway's *Men at War*. But not for Capa. From then on he kept mumbling in Capa-language about wanting to jump. We finally got around to it in England when he took the requisite five training jumps. Then he kept after us to make a combat jump.

Since we could not predict the exact date of our next combat jump it meant that he would have to wait around with us and sweat it out. This was not to his liking. Torn between idling about Leicestershire and the flesh pots of Soho, he displayed an understandable leaning to the latter. September 17 found the division, without Capa, winging over the North Sea en route to the invasion of Holland. He never quite forgave us.

He spent a great deal of time with us after that, though. I believe we actually ran a rest camp for Capa. But he was a good guy to have around. His conversation wasn't limited to subject "A", or how to take good pictures. He had had a lot of practical combat experience, and he knew more about judging combat troops and how to fight than most of the so-called experts.

CAPA**From Bill Graffin:**

Sirs:

People say that the Happy Hungarian lacked fear of any assignment during the war. Don't get me wrong. I think Capa has a plethora of guts, but on his part it was always a beautiful demonstration of smart bravery.

As an officer in the 82nd Airborne I once asked Capa to go on a small troop-carrier re-supply mission to the Maquis. He refused, stating, "To your pilots and the Maquis the mission is important. To my editor it means only one or two pictures at the most. To Capa, it is not worth the trouble of such a small affair to get his beautiful head blown off, without benefit, at least, of a four page spread. I refuse, my old."

I'll ride with you on the statement that Capa was probably the greatest photographer of World War II, just because he was smart enough to weigh the risk to himself against magazine space.

Moreover, Capa is one of the most truly liberal and democratic gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure to know. Capa will chase any woman regardless of race, color, creed, height, age, weight, marital status or nationality.