



Beaches of Belmont

by D.R. Smith

Spring, 1944— and the world was mired in war... for weeks, the Army had been trying to turn a bunch of us undisciplined boys into men.

“that means Zeck can’t be nobody’s angel, cuz where he goes, I goes too. Capiisce?”

Presto was right. In a matter of hours, one way or other we’ll break our maidens as *men* o’ war— our youth left behind forever

...the soulful look in his eyes impressed upon me the unique feeling of a battlefield love he said is never talked about.

I filled my lungs with cool sea-air. Our time had come. The acid test of our training, courage, speed, and stamina hung in the balance— our transformation to manhood about to be turned loose on Little Mac’s ‘beaches of Belmont’. *Yes, we’re all in—the flag is up, a-a-a-and... time to be a man.*