



Patton's Address To His Troops

I want you men to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country. All this stuff you've heard about America not wanting to fight, wanting to stay out of the war, is a lot of horseshit. Americans love to fight. All real Americans love the sting and clash of battle. When you were kids, you all admired the champion marble shooter, the fastest runner, the big league ball players, and the toughest boxers. Americans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser. Americans play to win all the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in Hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost and will never lose a war. The very thought of losing is hateful to Americans. An army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, and fights as a team. This individuality stuff is a bunch of bullshit. The bastards who write that silly shit about individuality for the Saturday Evening Post, don't know any more about real battle than they do about fucking. We have the finest food and equipment, the best spirit, and the best men in the world. I pity those poor bastards we're going up against. We're not just going to shoot the bastards, we're going to rip out their living Goddamned guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy cocksucking Hun bastards by the bushel fucking basket. Some of you men are wondering whether or not you'll chicken out under fire. Don't worry about it. I can assure you that you'll all do your full duty. The Nazis are the enemy. Wade into them. Spill their blood. Shoot them in their greasy Goddamned bellies. When you put your hand into a bunch of goo, that a moment before was your best friend's face, you'll know what to do. There's another thing I want you to remember. I don't want to get any messages saying we're holding our position. We're advancing constantly, and we're not interested in holding onto anything except the enemy. We're going to hold onto him by his balls and we're going to kick him in the ass. We're going to kick the hell out of him all the time. We're going to go through him like crap through a goose. There's one thing you men will be able to say when you get back home, and you may be thankful for it. Thirty years from now, when you're sitting around your fireside, with your grandson on your knee, and he asks, "What did you do in the great World War Two?" You won't have to say, "Well, I shoveled shit in Louisiana." Alright, you sons of bitches, you know how I feel. I'll be proud to lead you wonderful guys into battle anywhere, anytime. That's all.