

Wave Schedule, Utah Beach, June 6, 1944

Tare Green and Uncle Red Beaches

H-Hour--LCTs 592, 593, 594, 595 on Tare Green and LCTs 596, 597, 531, 519 on Uncle Red
LCTs at Tare Green sector launched DD tanks of Co A, 70th Tank Bn that were to land on the beach at H-Hour.
LCTs at Uncle Green sector launched DD tanks of Co B that were to land on the beach at H-Hour.

H+15--LCT(A)s--2310, 2402, 2454, 2478, 2488, 2282, 2301, 2309

All LCT(A)s carried tanks from Co C, 70th Battalion, firing afloat on approaching the beach.

H+110--LCTs--456, 457, 492, 362.

Carried Engineering Regiment Companies A, C, D & F.

H+145--LCTs--458, 459, 497, 511, 516, 495, 475, 474, 486, 443, 489.

Loaded with Batteries A & B, 29th Field Artillery Bn, Co D, 531 Eng. Rg; H&S Bty 29th FA Bn and PI Co A, 746th Tank Bn for Tare Green beach and Batterys A, B & C, 65th Field Artillery Battalions for Uncle Red beach.

H+200--LCTs 822, 508

Loaded with 4th Medical Bn and Co A, 819th EngAv Bn.

H+220--LCTs 525, 526, 532, 533, 534, 515, 517, 518, 519, 520, 620, 621, 662, 763, 765.

Loaded with various Field Artillery Battalions, Engineering Special Brigades.

H+260--LCTs 515, 517, 518, 519 520, 663, 766, 777

Loaded with engineering battalions, amphibious truck companies, etc.

H+280--LCTs 585, 764

Loaded with CnCo 8th Infantry, AT Co 22nd Infantry.

H+360--LCTs 522, 524, 527, 528, 529, 530, 852, 854, 851, 855, 812, 810, 853

Loaded with stores.

LCT, I LOVE YOU

Someday someone will write the saga of the landing craft. This is not it. This is merely the material for an epic chapter. To the layman, the LCT-Landing Craft, Tank - looks like a tin shed with a false front, traveling upside down and backward through the water. The major difficulty about the LCT as a water-going vehicle is that it has no sense. Instead of riding waves, it tries to club them to death.

Another difficulty is the is the skippers of these craft. They are all male Tugboat Annies, ninety-day wonders graduated as ensigns, truculent, fretful, quarrelsome, eager and more friendly than anything else on two legs that I have found. They bow before nothing. An LCT in the South Pacific that cut across the way of one of our mightiest and newest battleships did not give water. Instead, the skipper grabbed up a megaphone and shouted in the direction of the admiral on the bridge, "Can't you see where the hell you're going with that damn thing."

In general, the LCT is something that only a mother can love, and its skippers love it. They have written a poem to it. the printable purport of which is: "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can steer an LCT." They have bestowed fond name on their vessels, but the regular Navy's names for them are not so tender. They call them water mules. or spitkits. seagoing jalopies. sea jeeps, or just plain four letter words.

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