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FROM THE HUMBLEST OF BEGINNINGS, A TENNESSEE FARM BOY BECAME ONE OF THE MOST DECORATED SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. THIS IS THE STORY OF...

ALVIN YORK

AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, ALVIN YORK BECAME THE SOLE PROVIDER FOR HIS MOTHER AND TEN SIBLINGS.

WORKING THE FARM, HIRING OUT AS A LOGGER AND SAWYER, EVEN HIS FREE TIME WAS SPENT MAKING SURE HIS FAMILY WAS FED.

HOW MANY'D YOU GET, ALVINE?

A BAKER'S DOZEN, HENRY!
A wild period of his life behind him, York forebore drinking, gambling, and fighting to devote himself to the local Church of Christ in Christian Union.

Mark the wonders of his hand, power, no empire can withstand.

When America entered the First World War, York was drafted into the US Army as a private in the 32nd Division.

I hear you can shoot, son.

I generally hit what I aim at, Sergeant.

York frequently expressed his personal conflicts between his religious convictions and his duties as a soldier.

You're not a coward, are you, son?

No, sir.

You're going to have a chance to prove that in France.

The Argonne Forest. 1918.

A corporal now, York was one of seventeen men sent to flank the Germans' forward positions.

Their first sighting of German was a pair of medical personnel filling canteens.

York and the others gave chase.

Himmel!
The medics ran back to their unit which was positioned for a counter-offensive.

The Germans were exhausted from a long forced march. Nobody move, verstehen?

Hände hoch!

Amerikaner soldaten!

Seventy Germans surrendered, believing the Americans to be at company strength.

York and the others had arrived behind the German lines. Dreh die Maxim! Jetzt!

The guns had to be turned to train on the Americans.

Nine Americans fell in seconds. Six of them would die.

Though thousands of miles from Wolf River Valley, the forest meadow felt like home.
Only this time the game was men. Men out to kill him and his company. Unmindful of personal injury, York remained to fire at the machine gun position.

The same skills he used to put food on the family table were brought to bear on the enemy, with deadly results.

Wo ist er?

Vergammt!

Moving inside the arc of the fire, York sent one five-round clip after another at the Maxim nest.

Though outnumbered by the Germans ten-to-one, York offered the enemy mercy.

You hear me? I don't want to be killin' more of y'all than I need to.
Sermons he heard from the pulpit recalled his faith.

But the danger to his fellow doughboys recalled his duty.

It don't have to end this way! Y'all give up now!

The machine gun momentarily silenced. York made his way back to his squad.

On his way down the hill he passed close to a German trench.

Er ist ein Mann! Toste ihn!

With no time to reload the rifle, York switched to his pistol.

Using a tactic he learned on turkey shoots, York shot the men at the rear of the charge first.
RATHER THAN SEEK COVER, THE REST ADVANCED ON INTO RANGE OF HIS PISTOL.

SIX GERMANS WENT DOWN. ONLY ONE SURVIVED.

NO MORE MEN HAVE TO DIE!

ENGLISH?

NO. NOT ENGLISH, AMERICAN.

IF YOU WON'T SHOOT ANYMORE, I WILL MAKE THEM GIVE UP.

PHEESEEEE!
THINKING HE FACED A SUPERIOR FORCE, LIEUTENANT PAUL VOLLNER SURRENDERED.

TO EIGHT AMERICANS.

HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU, CORPORAL?

I HAVE PLENTY.

SOMEONE'S APPROACHING FROM THE TREES.

TWO MANY MEN TO BE OUR SCOUTING PARTY RETURNING.

A COUNTER ATTACK, SIR?

IT'S GERMANS, ALL RIGHT.

BUT THEY'RE NOT ATTACKING.

HELL, THEY'RE SURRENDERING!
York led the survivors back to American lines.

Along the way they added to their prisoner count.

Most surprised of all were the prisoners themselves.

Nur ein Mann... Nur ein Mann... *

Only one man...

Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damned German army.

Only 132, sir.

He was promoted to sergeant for his actions.

Soon after, Sergeant Alvin York received his nation's highest honor; the Medal of Honor.

Wait till Ma sees this.

He returned to Tennessee where he lived until 1964.

The End
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