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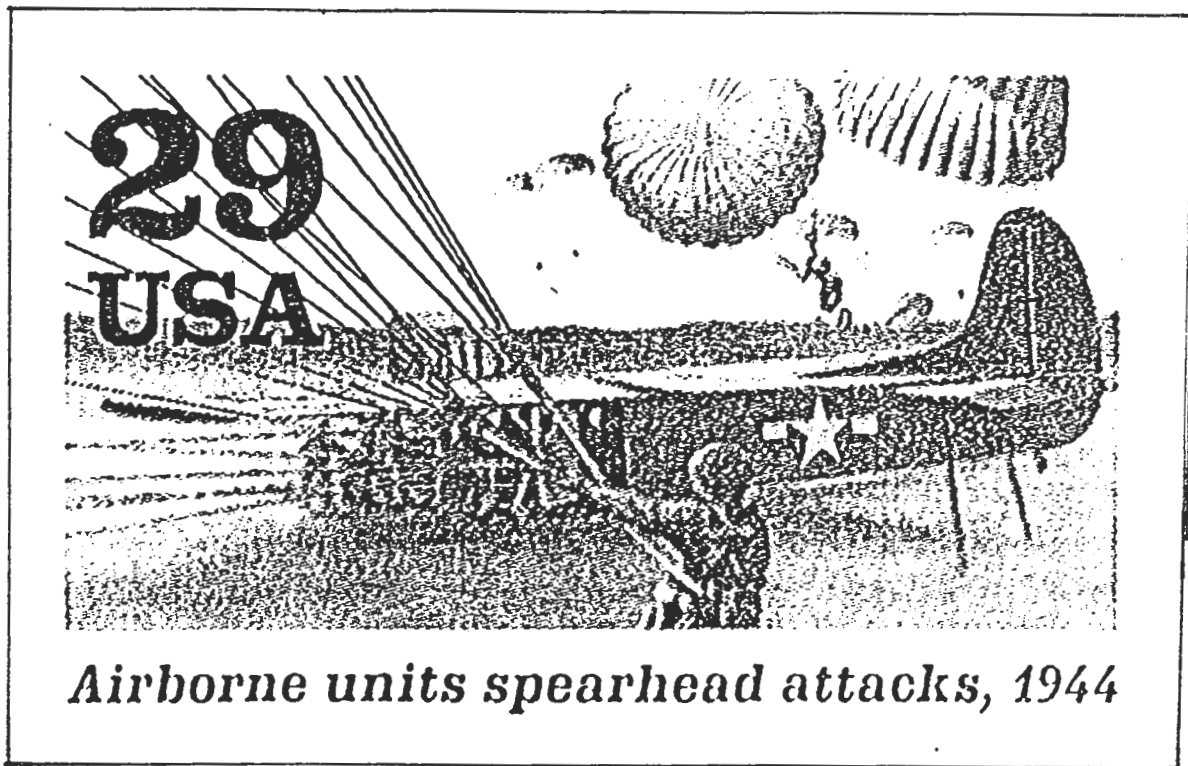
S



596
PARACHUTE
COMBAT
ENGINEER
COMPANY



NEWSLETTER

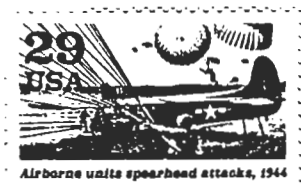
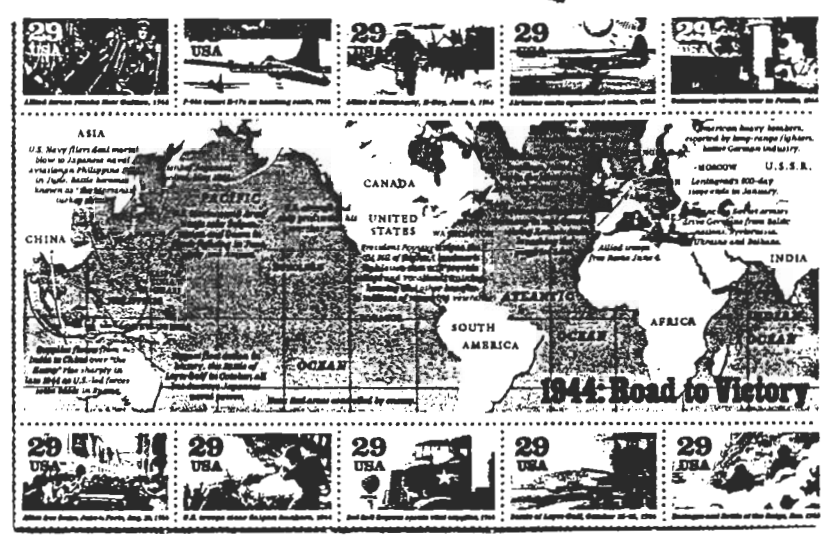


517 Parachute Combat Team Association

1995 - 1st Quarter - 1995



AIRBORNE



COVER

The cover art is an enlargement of the GENERIC AIRBORNE U.S. postage stamp that was issued on 6 June, 1994. All elements and thousands of Airborne veterans wrote thousands of letters to the stamp selection committee in an effort to get an Airborne stamp issued to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the genesis of U.S. Airborne Forces in 1940. We were unsuccessful in this effort but we were promised an Airborne stamp in the WWII stamp series to be issued in 1994. The stamp the committee had in mind was to be specific for the Normandy D-Day Airborne invasion. It isn't widely known or recognized that this Airborne stamp as you see it is GENERIC only through the salesmanship skills and determination of our own Joe D. Miller. Somehow he pulled it off and all Airborne veterans are grateful to Joe for the time, effort, and money he put into this project. We of the 596 are especially proud that one of our own was able to accomplish this almost single-handedly. Get Joe to tell you the details of how this stamp came to be and also about his adventures with the official color enlargement of the stamp that was presented on D-Day to the Airborne Museum and the Mayor at Ste. Mere Eglise, France-----and then why he had to go back to France in September and do it again. Thanks, Joe! You are Airborne All The Way and have reflected great credit on the 596 PCEC.



BOB VERDI Chief Engineering Officer (CEO)
 ERNIE KOSAN---Junior Engineering Officer
 GENE MARKLE---Immediate past CEO
 COL. BOB DALRYMPLE---President 517 PRCT Assn.
 JOE D. MILLER---Imm. Past-President 517 PRCT Assn.
 BILL CONGER---Director 517 PRCT Assn.
 CHARLEY PUGH---Editor of WINGS



PARA-PHRASES

from the EDITOR

Please accept my apology for not putting together an issue of WINGS sooner and more regularly. I could cite a half dozen justifications for my failure to perform but that is not the 596 way of doing things. I plan to try to pass the Editor's job along to someone who has more time than I and who would like to do it. If I fail in that effort, I promise to do better in the future.

Whoever edits, pastes up, prints, and mails this newsletter in the future will need some money from you members because the kitty is empty and in need of your ante.

This issue is so large that it has been very expensive. I am making it this grandiose out of guilt for being so remiss. Future and more regular issues, say quarterly or semi-annually, need not be so many pages and photographs.

At the Kansas City reunion there will be a Hospitality Suite for the entire Combat Team but on one day and evening, Monday, 29 May, after the Business Meeting and Luncheon, 596ers will be meeting in their own Hospitality Suite for our Company business meeting, open bar and snacks, conviviality, hugs and kisses, laughter, love, reminiscing, remembrances, and friendship. This afternoon and evening will be one of the highlights of the reunion for us Engineers. The location of the meeting room will be posted and also announced at the business meeting. So plan to be there for FUN with the 596 FAMILY!

WE WERE WARRIOR SOLDIERS ONCE AND YOUNG----AND AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!
 WE ARE CIVILIANS NOW AND OLDER----AND STILL AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!
 WE WERE PROUD AND COURAGEOUS THEN AND REMAIN THE SAME TO THIS DAY!
 AIRBORNE ALL WAYS, ALWAYS, AND ALL THE WAY!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
 OUTSIDE OUR HOSPITALITY SUITE IN KANSAS CITY

AIRBORNE

MANY THANKS TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE WRITTEN A FEW OR, IN SOME INSTANCES, A LOT OF LINES AND TO THOSE WHO SENT OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR WINGS. THESE CONTRIBUTIONS MAKE THIS NEWSLETTER MORE INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE. THANKS ALSO TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SO GENEROUS WITH THE DONATIONS OF THE MONEY THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO COMMUNICATE IN THIS MANNER. HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THOSE CONTRIBUTORS. SOME OF THEM HAVE CONTRIBUTED MORE THAN ONE TIME SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF WINGS. IF I HAVE OMITTED THE NAME OF ANYONE WHO SENT A DONATION, PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGY AND BRING IT TO MY ATTENTION. Editor

Mike Bulino
Dick Bramley
Bill Conger
Bob Dalrymple
Frank Grbinich (517)
Tom Cross (517)
Ray Hild
Gene Hyman
Ernie Kosan
Lyle Madison
Gene Markle
Herb Larson
Dr. Jim Lyon
Wayne Norwood
Vince Podras*ki*
John Randall
Herb Reichwald
Dennis Shipley
George Shull
Marshall Turner
Bob Verdi
Bill Winterling

My good friend, Dr. Earle Williams, is a Dallas Oral and Maxillofacial Surgeon. He just celebrated his 91st birthday. While he no longer practices dentistry, amazingly he's at the office with his son, Dr. Craig Williams, every day. In his words: "Like a neutered Tom Cat, I'm just a consultant now." "Dr. Earle" spends his office hours visiting with patients, doing a few magic tricks, telling lots of jokes, and quoting verses like this one:

FRIENDS NOT YEARS

Count your garden by the flowers,
never by the leaves that fall.
Count your days by golden hours
never look at clouds at all.
Count your nights by stars, not shadows.
Count your life by smiles, not tears.
And with the joy of every birthday,
count your age by FRIENDS, not years.



When the last of the U.S. airborne forces returned from the Persian Gulf, the press clamored for interviews. "Sergeant," one reporter said, stopping a young trooper, "what's the first thing you're going to do when you get home?"

"That's a very personal question," snapped the soldier. "I'm a married man and I've been away from my wife for eight months."

"I understand," the reporter replied. "So what's the *second* thing you're going to do?"

"Well," the sergeant said, "I guess I'll take off my parachute."

517 Parachute Combat Team

1995 Biennial Reunion, Kansas City Missouri
May 26-31, 1995

Reunion Program



Friday - May 26, 1995

Early Registration
1330 - 1630

(Free time the remainder of the day)

Saturday - May 27, 1995

Registration 0930 - 1200
1330 - 1630

Optional Tour: Tour 1 - 9:00 am
12:00 noon.

Independence and Truman:
A visit to Independence provides a detailed look at Harry S. Truman. This tour features a stop at the Truman Library. One of only 11 presidential libraries in the United States.

Hospitality Room 1330 - Until ?

Optional Tour 2 - 5:45 p.m. - 10:30 p.m. Woodlands Race Track: This evening begins with a delicious buffet dinner, followed by greyhound dog races.

Sunday - May 28, 1995

In the morning:

Church Services
Golf Tournament

Optional Tour: 9:00am - 12:00 noon
Independence and Truman

Registration 1300 - 1730

Hospitality Room 1300 - Until

Optional Tour 4: 7:30 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.

Riverboat Gambling: Riverboat Gambling brings Casino excitement to Kansas City every day of the week.

Monday - May 29, 1995

0830 - Board Meeting

Registration 1000 - 1200
1330 - 1600

Ladies Luncheon...1200 - until
Men's Luncheon Business
meeting - 1200 - until

596 (Hospitality room will open after the
General Membership meeting)

* 596 MEETING

Tuesday - May 30, 1995

Optional Tour: Tour Fort
Leavenworth 0830 - 1200

Memorial Service

Sequence of events:

- a. Posting of 517 and National Colors
 - b. Invocation: Ft. Leavenworth Chaplain
 - c. Welcome by Fort Leavenworth Command
 - d. Brief history of Zais Memorial Park
 - e. Presidents Memorial address
 - f. Announcement of names of deceased members since last reunion
 - g. Laying of Memorial Wreath
 - h. Taps
 - i. National Anthem
 - j. Retire the colors
 - k. Benediction
- *****

Hospitality Room 1300 - 1600

Cocktails - 1800

Dinner - 1900

Dancing (After dinner)

Wednesday May 31, 1995 - Departure

Stealth Bomber



There is a possibility we, maybe a remote possibility, will be able to tour an air base...the home of the "Stealth Bomber".

If this comes true we will not set up busses for the tour. We plan, if the Air Force is agreeable to tour the base on Sunday afternoon.

You no doubt remember reading about the French Army traveling to the front in taxi cabs during World War I. We plan to duplicate that effort and all of us share rides with members who drove to Kansas City.

Wish us luck...this probably will be the only time we will have an opportunity to see the "Stealth" bomber close up.

Nelson Art Gallery



The Nelson art Gallery is well known museum with many outstanding exhibits.

They have a foremost collection of Chinese Arts and Artifacts in the world.

They will do a guided tour of 20 people. Of course it is not necessary to take a guided tour since they have a number of different galleries so one can wander and view exhibits of their interest.

Virginia Seitz is project officer for this effort. If you are interested please contact Virginia at:



Registration Form - 517 Parachute Combat Team Reunion - Kansas City, Missouri - May 26-31, '95

Please Print

Name _____ Guest _____

Unit _____ Battalion _____ Company or Battery _____

Registration fee \$ 45.00 per person

Number of people _____ X \$ 45.00 = \$ _____

Fort Leavenworth Tour

Number of people _____ X \$ 8.00 = \$ _____

Grand Total \$ _____

We plan to arrive _____ and will travel by - Air - Train - Privately Owned Vehicle

Write check in the amount of your grand total, make check payable to the **517 PRCT Reunion** and mail to the headquarters at 178 Maple Ridge Lane, Seymour, Tennessee 37865

To receive the rate mentioned in the KCI Shuttle advertisement to the right you **must** specify your are with the 517 Parachute Combat Team.



TO OBTAIN KCI SHUTTLE SERVICE:

- ◆ Upon arrival to KCI Airport locate the red "KCI Shuttle" golf cart near your bag claim area (with the flashing yellow light) or
- ◆ Call "5000" on any white Airport Courtesy Telephone.
- ◆ Advise ticket agents that you are with the 517th Parachute Combat Team Conference. Agents will advise what time the next shuttle will be departing for the Hyatt Regency Hotel.

One Way Fare \$11.00
Roundtrip Fare \$17.00

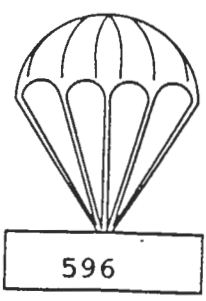
Shuttle service to the Hyatt Regency Hotel every 30 minutes.

Shuttle vehicles will be departing under the yellow and black KCI Shuttle signs located outside your bag claim area.

NO ADVANCE RESERVATION REQUIRED.

SPECIAL FOR ALL 596ers

COME TO KANSAS CITY IN MAY AND LET'S SHARE SOME OF OUR MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL LEFTOVERS OF THE PAST 52 YEARS THAT ARE MORE COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS MEMORIES.



Please mail this reservation form directly to the hotel



2345 McGee Street - Kansas City, MO 64108 USA
 Telephone: 816.421.1234 Toll Free: 800.233.1234
 Fax: 816.435.4170

Welcomes

517 Parachute Combat Team

CODE: 517 X

For reservations,
 complete and mail this card by May 8, 1995

Names(s) _____

Company _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone () _____

Work Phone () _____

Gold Passport # _____

CHECK-IN TIME IS 3:00 P.M.

Accommodations prior to this time cannot be assured.

CHECK-OUT TIME IS 12:00 NOON

To facilitate the check-in process, we suggest that you present a major credit card at the Front Desk upon arrival. A \$25.00 deposit will be required at check-in for all persons not using a credit card for incidental charges. Room reservations will be held until 4:00 p.m. unless this reservation request is:

_____ Accompanied by a one night's deposit
 or

_____ Assured through credit card

- American Express Diner's Club
- Master Card Carte Blanche
- Visa

Card No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

FOR GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS ONLY
 I understand I am liable for one night's room and tax which will be deducted from my deposit or billed to my credit card in the event that I do not arrive or cancel on the arrival date indicated.

Signature _____

Arrival Date _____	Time _____
Departure Date _____	Time _____

a \$23.00 charge will be assessed for any departures earlier than the above stated departure date.

- SMOKING NON-SMOKING

PLEASE CIRCLE RATE REQUESTED

<input type="checkbox"/> Single 1 Person - 1 Bed	\$ 66.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Double(s) 2 Person - 1 Bed*	\$ 66.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Double(s) 2 Persons - 2 Beds*	\$ 66.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Triple(s) 3 Persons - 2 Beds*	\$ 66.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Quad(s) 4 Persons - 2 Beds*	\$ 66.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	
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<input type="checkbox"/>	
<input type="checkbox"/>	

* Share with: (1 Reservation Card Per Room)

Name: _____

Name: _____

Contact Reservations Department for suite information
 Room type request subject to availability at time of arrival. All deposit are refundable upon 24-hour notice prior to date of arrival. All reservations subject to local sales tax.

REVISED MILITARY OATH; With all of the recent downsizing in the military, it has been suggested members of the military raise their left hand and repeat the following oath -
 "We, the willing, led by the unknowing, are doing the impossible for the ungrateful. And, since we've done so much, for so long, with so little, we are now qualified to do anything with nothing!!"

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Biennial Business Meeting - Monday, May 29
at 12:00 p.m. - Kansas City, Missouri.

Agenda

- I Minutes of the July 23, 1991 meeting, held Niagara Falls, New York.
- II Financial Report
- III Secretary's Report
- IV President's Report
- VI Constitution and By-Laws
- VII Long Range Planning
- VIII Election of Officers
- IX 1997 Reunion Bids
- X New Business
- XI Adjournment

Dick Seitz informs us that Jim Lantz, 460th Field artillery is the publicity chairman for the 1995 Kansas City reunion.

Jim was a Captain in the 460th and directed a lot of artillery fire in support of the Combat Team.

After the war Jim settled in KC and got into radio and TV. He knows KC well and will do great for the Combat team.

He is looking forward to seeing many 460th troopers in KC.

We have a hotel registration form in this issue. If you prefer, you can make your reservation via telephone (800-233-1234), ask for the Reservation Department and state your unit (517) affiliation.

Check in time is 3:00 p.m.. If you plan to arrive after 6:00 p.m. guarantee your reservation with either a first nights deposit or with your major credit card.

Cut off date is April 25, 1995. Reservations after this date will be confirmed on a group room block-space availability at our group rate.

The rate for our Association is \$ 66.00 per room either single or double.

Complimentary parking will be furnished to our members attending. The hotel also will have complimentary coffee in the lobby each morning.

One of our problems, at our reunions, is getting a large enough hospitality room. At Niagara Falls our hospitality room was on the main floor. By utilizing the hotel bar at reduced rates we are able to have our hospitality room in a first class area.

At the Kansas City reunion we will again have no host bar. Rates per drinks: Well drinks \$ 2.25; wine \$ 2.00 per glass; Beer \$ 1.25. We will be served, it will not be necessary to have some of our members responsible for the room, the ice, glasses, napkins and other amenities.

With all of us cooperating, this should be a successful method to defeat the "too small hospitality area" syndrome.

The hospitality room and the registration area will be opposite each other on the Mezzanine level of the hotel. One can reach the Mezzanine by either elevator or escalator. The entrance to the covered walkway leading to Crown Center Shops is adjacent to our registration room.

A convenient and economical form of transportation in the downtown Kansas City, Missouri area is the "Trolley". The trolley is a rubber tired replica of the old fashioned trolleys prominent in the early part of our century.

Fare for senior citizens is \$ 3.00. This ticket price allows you to ride the trolley unlimited time that day. We plan to have a representative available to sell trolley tickets.

The trolley, besides carrying you to different shopping areas also stops at the City Market, Arabi Museum, Union Station, Liberty Memorial, Nelson Atkins Museum of Art and the Kansas City Art Institute.

Air Transportation: We did not get an official Airline to represent us. Considering the volatility of air fares we believe you can do as well or better through your travel agency. Your travel agency does not charge you a fee for service, they do get a small commission from the airline. Ask your travel agent to get you the lowest possible fare and they will search their computer and get the best for you. Look into senior center coupons, if you also attend one of the mini reunions or do other traveling during the year this may be very economical for you.

Airlines serving Kansas City, Missouri are: U. S. Air; American; Midwest Express; Southwest; TWA; Delta; Midway; Continental; United; Northwest.

Bob Dalrymple has served with characteristic distinction as the President of our Combat Team Association for the past two years. Our Association has enjoyed an unbroken string of excellent leaders, with the possible exception of my tenure, but Bob's performance is now the paradigm. He has set a standard of excellence that may never be surpassed and seldom equaled. He continues to set and meet the high standards for himself that he instilled in and demanded of 596ers as individuals and as a unit during WWII. The life of a perfectionist is not an easy one and it is even more difficult to work for one as we 596ers had to do. But, as the years have gone by, we 596ers have come to better understand and appreciate what he was trying to accomplish with our unit. Under his tutelage and sometimes severe prompting, we came near to achieving the level of excellence he envisioned. Bob, we may tease you for being a martinet and a hard task-master, but we admire, respect, and love you for forcing us to become the BEST soldiers and better men. AIRBORNE! The Editor

SCUTTLEBUTT

RISKS

TO LAUGH ... is to risk appearing the fool.
TO WEEP ... is to risk appearing sentimental.
TO REACH OUT FOR ANOTHER ... is to risk involvement.
TO EXPOSE FEELINGS ... is to risk exposing your
true self.
TO PLACE YOUR IDEAS, YOUR DREAMS BEFORE THE
CROWD ... is to risk their loss.
TO LOVE ... is to risk not being loved in return.
TO LIVE ... is to risk dying.
TO HOPE ... is to risk despair.
TO TRY ... is to risk failure.

But RISKS must be taken, because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.

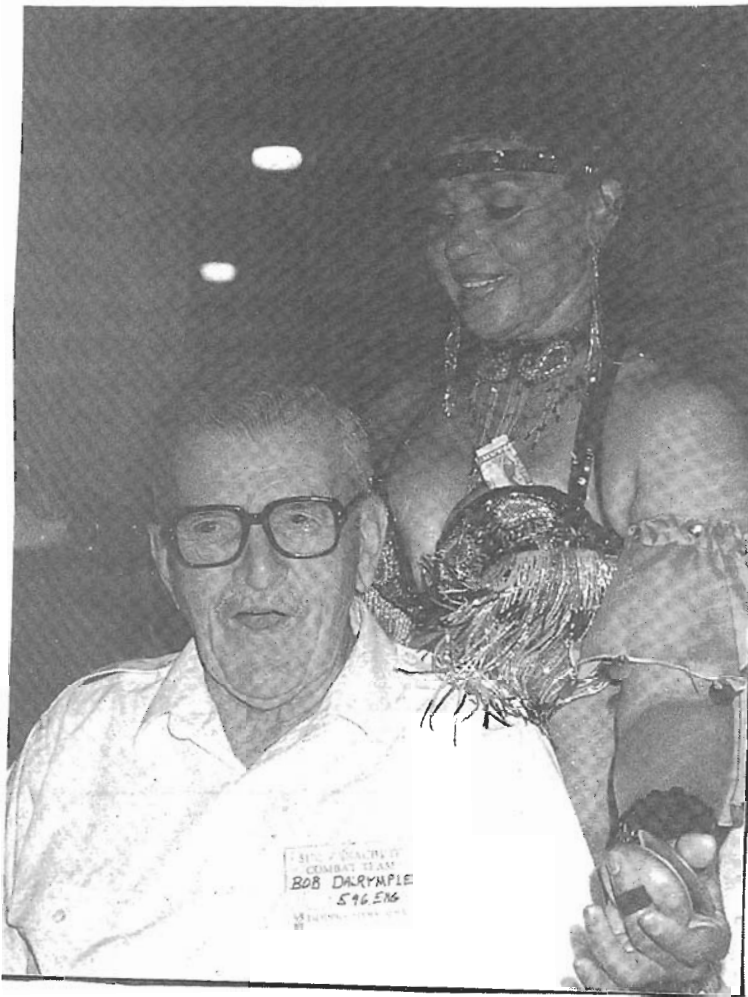
The person who risks nothing does nothing, has nothing, and is nothing. He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he simply cannot learn, feel, change, grow, love ... LIVE.

Chained by certitudes, he is a slave, he has forfeited freedom.

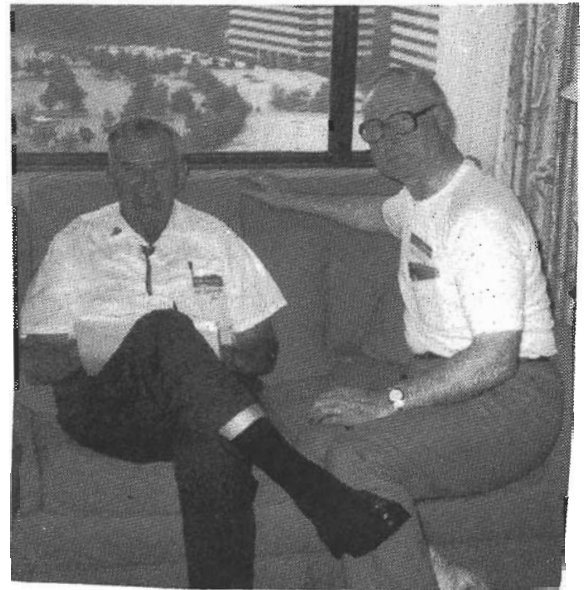
Only a person who RISKS is FREE!
PARATROOPERS ARE FREE

GOLF LIMERICK

There was a young couple named "LEAR"
Who were suspended from their country club for the year
For an act most obscene
On number nine green
Where the sign says "Enter Course Here".



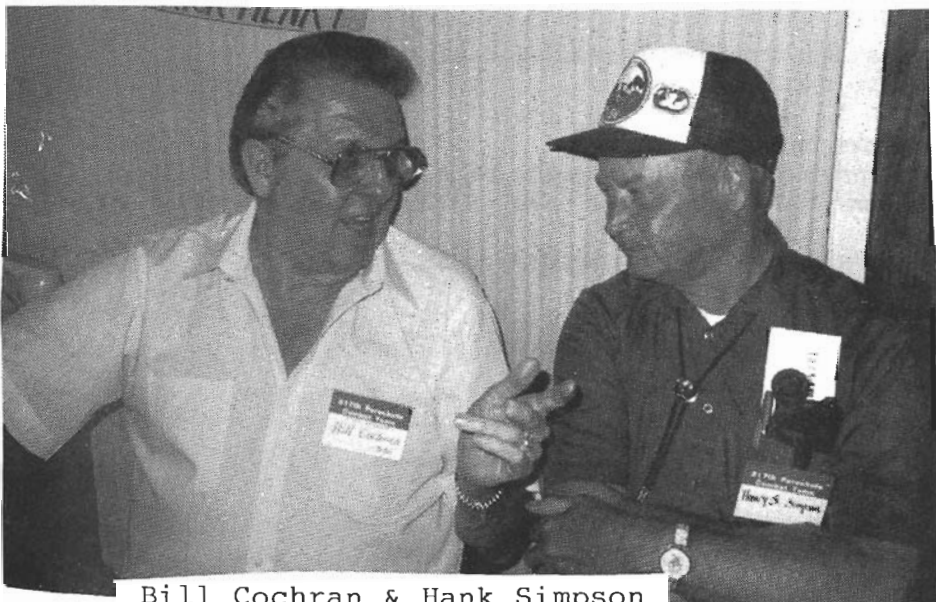
Bob Dalrymple getting an earful from a belly-dancer at a Greek restaurant in Palm Springs, CA.



Bob Dalrymple & Hal Roberts



Charley and Ann Pugh

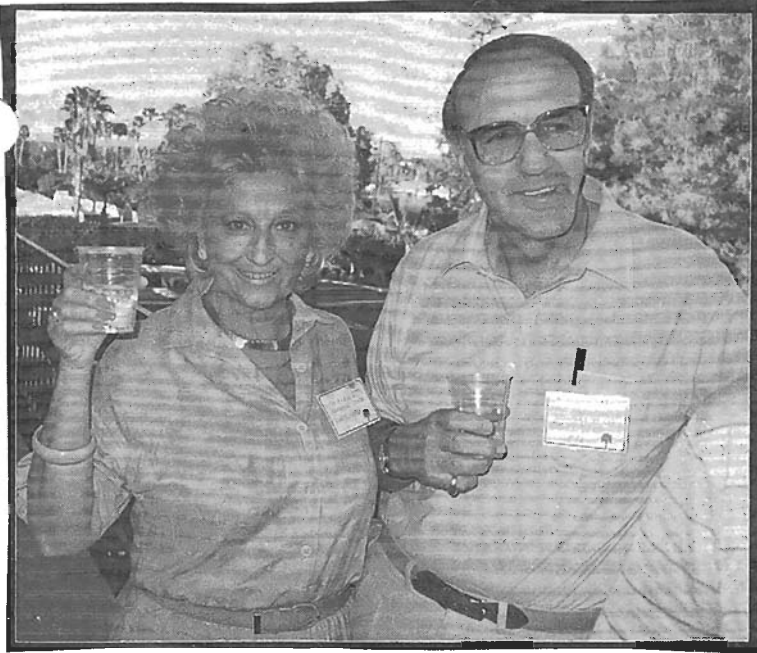


Bill Cochran & Hank Simpson



Charley Pugh with grandson, Devin, and daughter, Theresa

CALIFORNIA COUPLES



Marie & Bob Verdi



Lyle & Mary Ann Madison



Sophia & Bill Christian

Retirement is
twice as much
wife and half
as much money.



Bill & Gloria Hudson



Alan & Alice Goodman

WHAT A LOVELY LOOKING BUNCH



George & Winston Shull



Mary & Ed Horrigan



Wes & Gladys Williams and Mary Jo & Gene Hyman

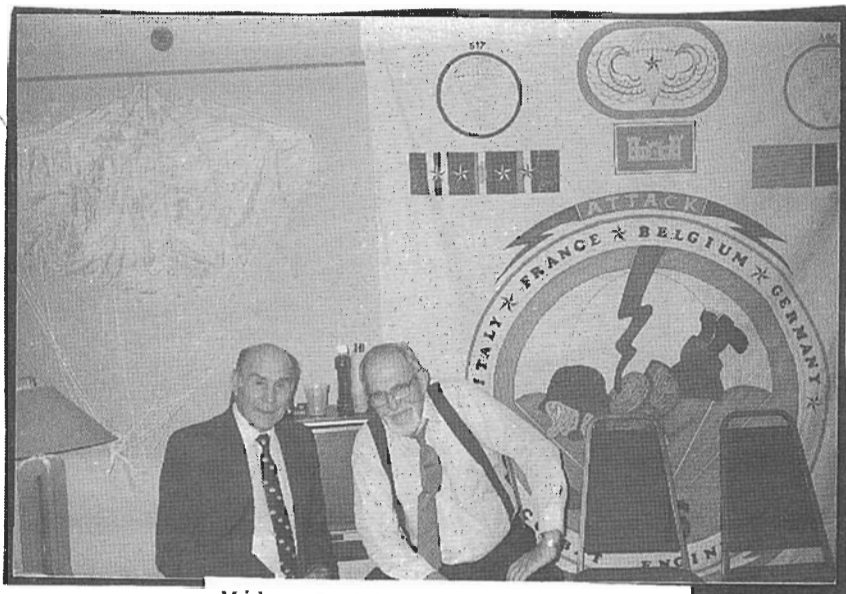


Bill & Marge Conger



Ernie Kosan, Charley & Ann Pugh, Judy Kosan

OUTSTANDING!



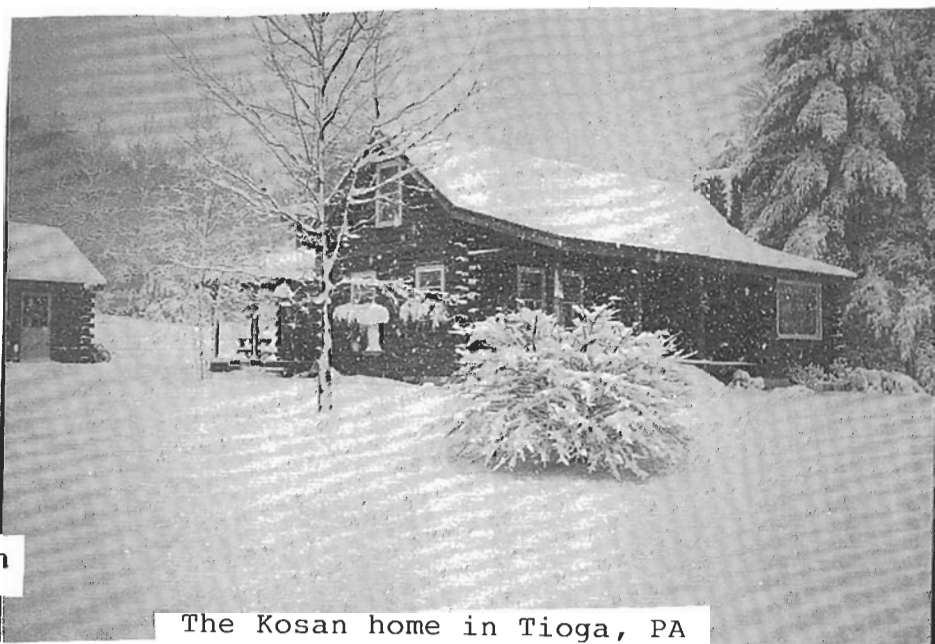
Mike Bulino & Ernie Kosan



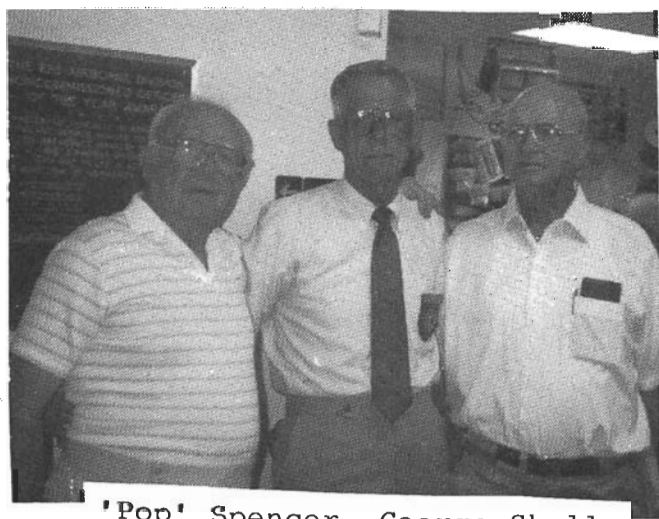
Sophia Christian & Marie Verdi



Winston Shull with her Grandson



The Kosan home in Tioga, PA



'Pop' Spencer, George Shull,
and Sgt. Moses



596ers traveling by First Class 40 & 8
rail in France--1944



Bob Wilkerson & James Moses



Gloria Hudson, Elaine Markle,
Mary Jo Hyman & Sophia Christian



Ed Phillips



Gene Markle



Allen Ward



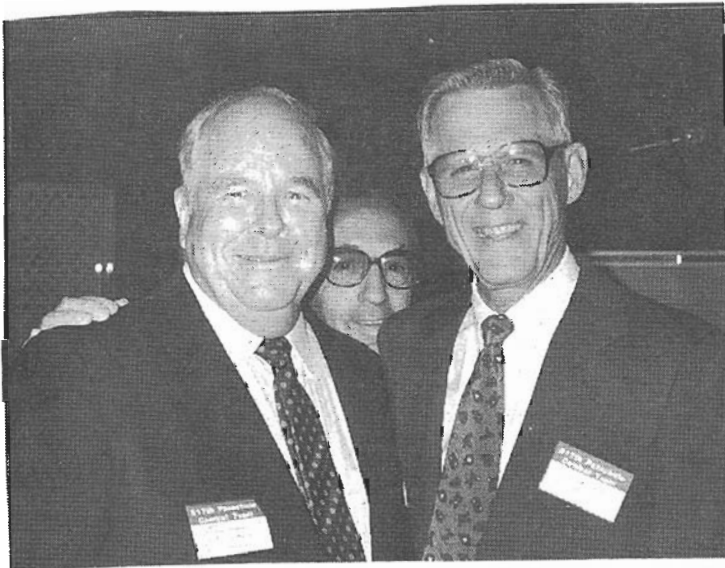
Marge Conger, Ann Pugh, &
Dick Bramley



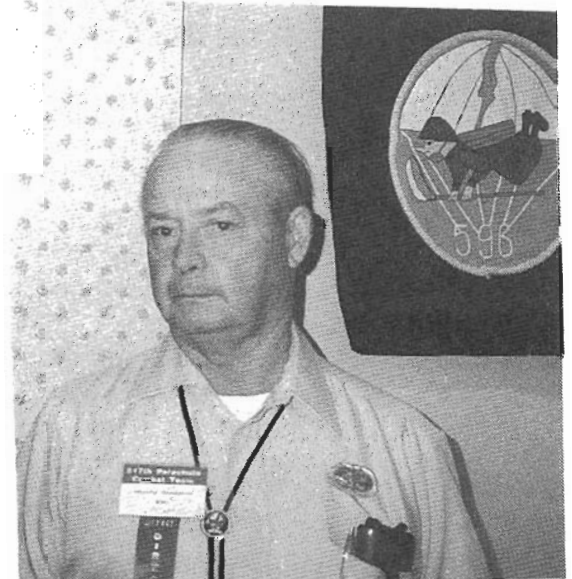
Joseph Herrera's Airborne son & Joseph.



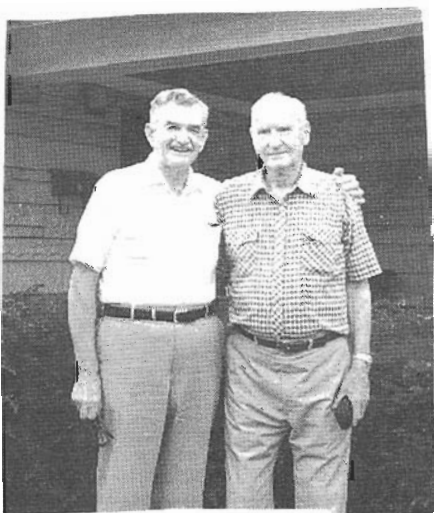
Dennis Shipley, Williamson's daughter, Sunshine,
George & Shipley's granddaughter, Reana



Joe D. Miller & George Shull



Hank Simpson



Bob Dalrymple & Ray Hild



Mickey & Cyndi Moses with THE Moses

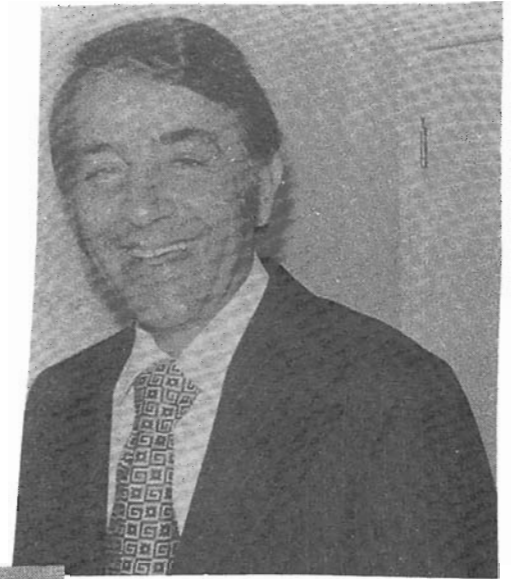
LOOKING GREAT!



Bill Lewis & Gene Markle



Dr. Jim Lyon



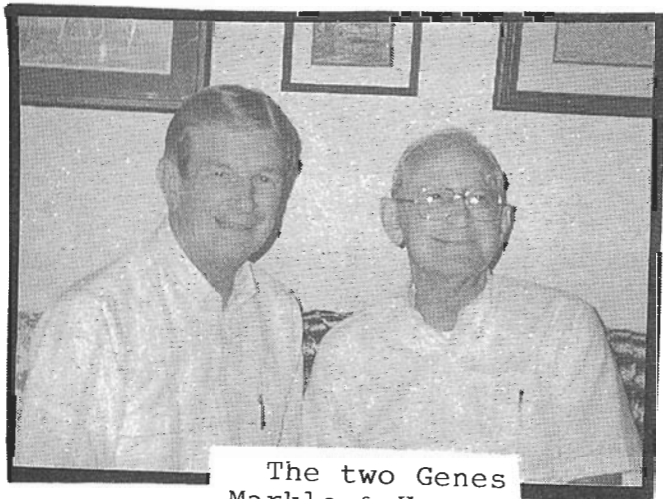
Dick Bartholomew



Winston Shull & Bob Dalrymple--
Two beautiful and happy smiles



George Mitchell
& Joe Senter



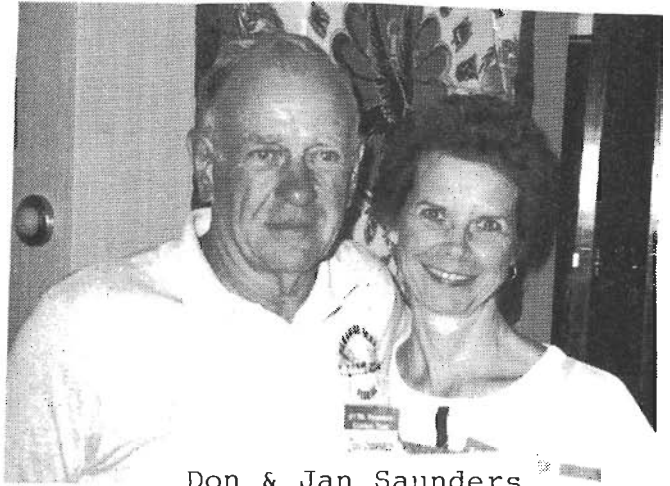
The two Genes
Markle & Hyman



Joe Senter & Brooks Moses



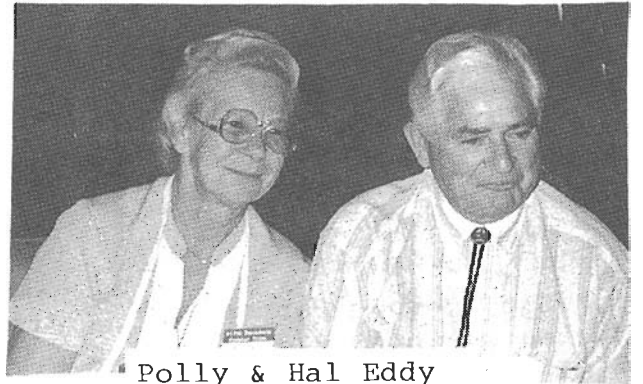
Bob & Garnet Dalrymple



Don & Jan Saunders



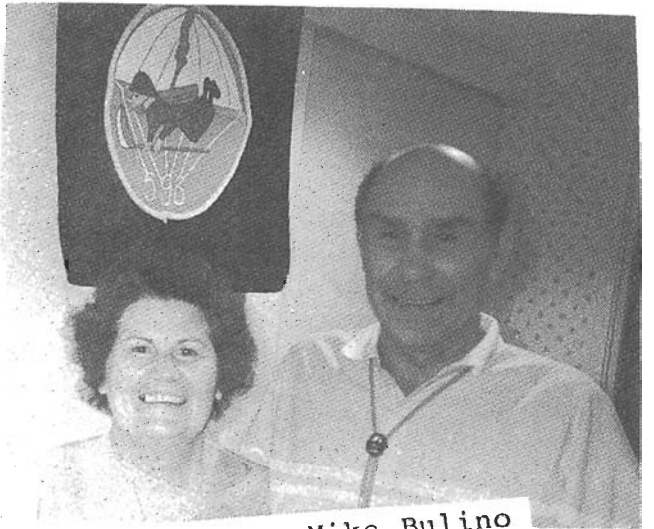
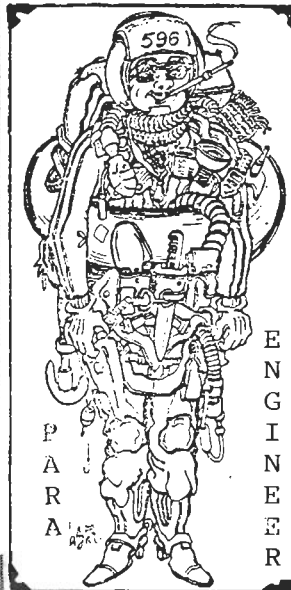
Hal & Jeanne Roberts



Polly & Hal Eddy



Laverne & Manny Ventoza



Catherine & Mike Bulino



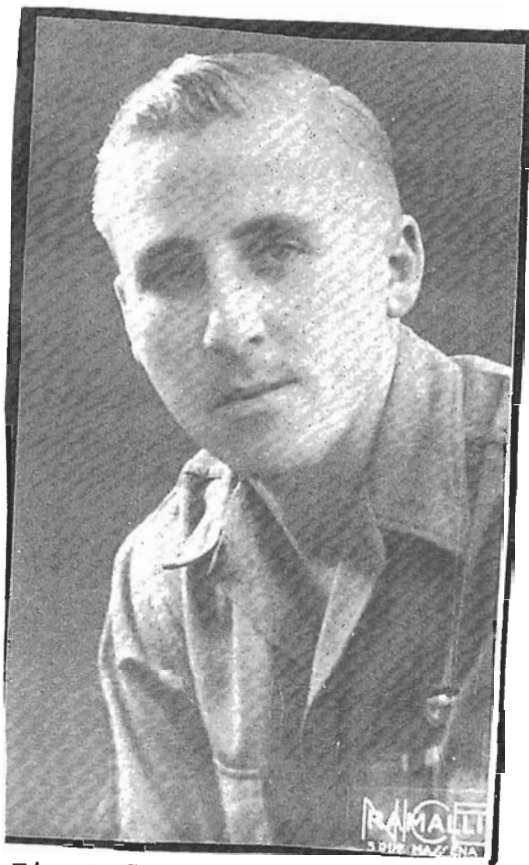
Herb & Marie Reichwald-Gladys & Wes Williams



Ann & Herb Larson



1st Sgt. Bernie Barnes and Thelma on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.



First Sgt. Bernard Barnes in Europe

A TOAST

For combining sentiments both high and low, it's hard to beat the favorite of Fort Worth cowboy poet Larry McWhorter, who heard it from some other sage of the trail:

Here's to those we love, and may blessings be bestowed on them.

And here's to those that love us, and may blessings be bestowed on them.

And here's to those who love us not. We would ask that their hearts would be turned.

But if their hearts would not be turned, we would ask that their ankles be turned,

So that we would know them by their limp.

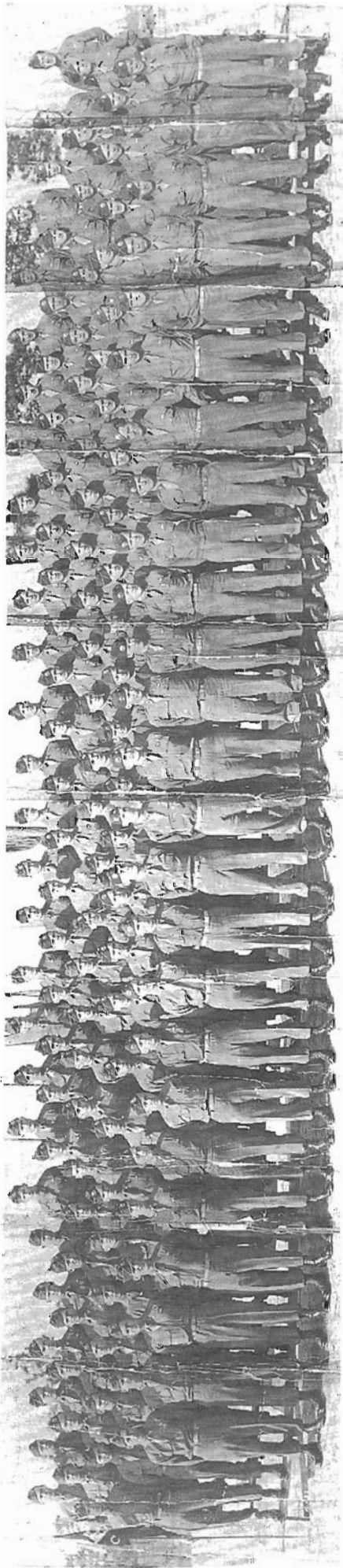
Cheers.



Niagara Falls, site of 1993 Reunion of 517 PRCT



Bernie Barnes
Airborne All the Way



A few of our men were on leave at the time the photo was made.

THE WAR YEARS



Ed Horrigan



Clarence Hatlestad



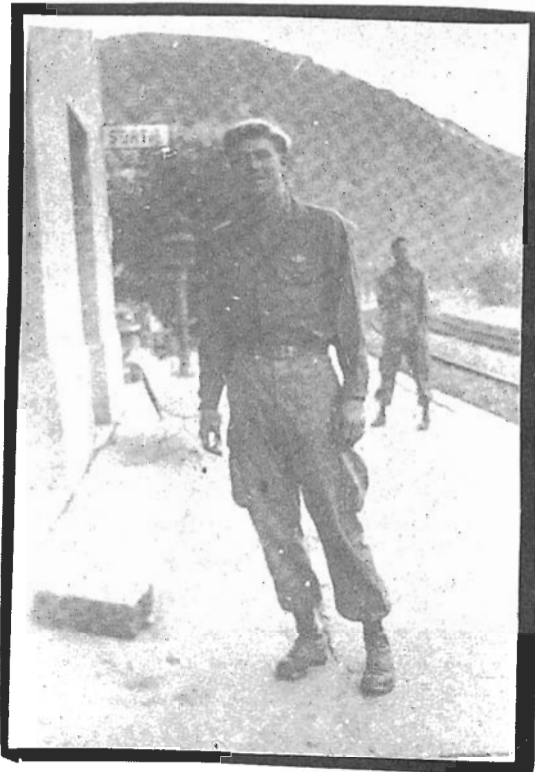
Simpson, Goudie , & Sandberg



Who is this?



"Judge" Harrell



Joe Senter



Joe D. Miller & Bill Conger

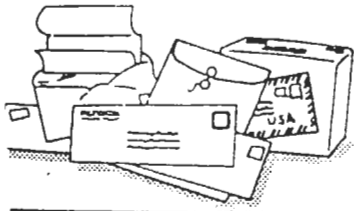
596



Bartholomew & Pugh



Jack McConnell
misidentified
in last issue
as Geo. Ayling



Mail Call

THELMA BARNES wrote to thank the 596 for the beautiful flowers with parachute that we sent to her and Bernie for the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary in 1993. Thelma said there were 62 friends and relatives at the party. (Editor's note: It was our pleasure and we wish you many happy returns of the days and years that you and Bernie have been together.)

KATE McCONNELL WROTE TO REPORT THE PASSING OF JOHN (JACK) McCONNELL in September, 1993 from cancer. She said that Jack enjoyed receiving WINGS. He didn't speak much about his time in Europe but he did think a great deal of Don Saunders and mentioned him often.

JAMES ROGERS wrote a long and very interesting Christmas letter along with two books of poetry by his talented wife, CARRIE. She recently received her Bachelor of Arts degree in English and is a professional writer. Some of her talent has infected James who also sent me two of his poems----quite good ones, to my untutored eye. James was 76 in February and says that old age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill.

ROY HERREN writes that his left ventricular is acting up after his 4 way by-pass operation. He is also having trouble with his right thigh that makes it difficult for him to walk any distance. He and NAOMI had planned to make the Florida mini-reunion but these health problems interfered.

ERNIE KOSAN writes that he marvelled at how much our wives enjoyed one another at the Niagara Falls reunion and, for that matter, at all of the other ones. He said that after his discharge in 1946, he enrolled at Rice University to study Engineering. At the end of his freshman year, he arranged for Judy's immigration from Germany and they were married in 1947. When he graduated in 1950, they had two children. He said the scarcity of money during those college years made it a terribly rough go for them. After graduation, he worked for an architectural engineering firm and then was called back into the army to serve in the Army Security Agency in Korea for six months. He then went to work for Minneapolis Honeywell for five years and then went with Rohm and Haas as a project engineer. In that position, he built plants all over the world for the next 25 years. He retired in 1984 but continued to work for the same firm as a contract engineer for another 5 years. He and Judy have 5 children and 8 grandchildren. Ernie wishes more of our 596 buddies would come to a reunion. He says they just don't know what they are missing.

FORT BENNING, home of the Army's paratroop school, is near Columbus, Ga., its primary drop zone lies across the Chattahoochee River in neighboring Alabama—as I discovered when I made my first jump. After my parachute had opened safely, I looked around and spotted a sign, visible only to descending jumpers: "Welcome to Alabama—Drop in Anytime."

—Contributed by 1st Lt. Patrick J. Chaisson

It isn't the price you pay for membership

It is the price you paid to be eligible!

ONCE AIRBORNE, ALWAYS AIRBORNE!!

A young professor was making a speech to a group of teachers on modern methods of education. He told them if they had a child that became unruly, to switch his attention. An old man in the audience arose and remarked, "That wasn't what they switched when I was a boy."

LETTERS

104
Major Anderson
23rd Coy, 1st Div.
1st-3rd Div. 1st Div.

JOHN RANDALL sent several WWII photos, John and Alice have 2 grandchildren. He retired from the Maryland Defense Force last September after 11 years, with the rank of Colonel in charge of the Eastern Area Brigade. He said it had been a lot of fun times in spite of the long hours of work.

GEORGE SHULL writes that in April, 1994 he broke his arm playing tennis and that it has healed well. He said it caused him to miss six months of playing golf. He still hunts quail. (Editor's Note: It sounds to me like George is leading a tough and deprived life of retirement). George was wounded in southern France by an anti-personnel mine and was in the hospital from September until November. He was well in time to go to the Bulge and then on to Berlin where he played on the 307th Engr. Bn. football team.

ED AND MARY HERRIGAN write that Ed had a heart by-pass in Nov. 1991, and is now in good shape. They moved to Florida for the better weather. They have 3 children and 8 grandchildren. Before retirement Ed was a Hancock Insurance agent. Golf is a big part of his life for the past 40 years. Ed also played on the 307th football team in Berlin.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON writes that he and Dennis Shipley visit with one another with some frequency. He worked for Monsanto Chemical Company in Texas City for 37 years and is now retired since 1983. He and Mary live on a 90 acre place.

BILL HUDSON writes that they left the 517th group last September after visiting in Belgium so that they could try to find some of Gloria's relatives in Dusseldorf and Dresden, Germany. Gloria's Mother was born in Germany and an aunt was killed in the infamous Dresden bombings. They were able to locate a 90 year old female cousin, had an emotional 3 hours with her, and now are writing letters to contact other relatives. They also went to Berlin and found the house that Bill and the 1st platoon lived in there.

BILL CONGER wrote and sent a few items of memorabilia for inclusion in this and other issues of WINGS. He says that when he was sent back to the States to be discharged, he was sent by train to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. It was Christmas eve when the train reached the railroad yards in Indianapolis, Bill's home town. He wanted to be home for Christmas so he jumped off the train. After Christmas, he took a bus to Camp Atterbury, 30 miles away, reported to the officer in charge who said to him, "Your bags are in the corner over there, FALL IN LINE." He was discharged with no further fanfare. The other reason he could not wait any longer to get home was Marjorie Ross whom he married in 1947 and whom we all know affectionately as Marge.

ROSE ZUBRICKY wrote to inform me of PETER's demise in September, 1993 from congestive heart failure, hepatitis C, kidney failure, and diabetes. They have four children and four granddaughters.



Mail Call

BILL WINTERLING writes that after 75 years of living, his paratrooper experience has been the most vivid. He was in John Holbrook's squad in third platoon and came in as a replacement. He says he was the 596 horseshoe pitching champion. When he left the 596, he went into the O.S.S.. He said he enjoyed a visit a few months ago by Dr. James Lyon who was visiting relatives on the Eastern Shore.

RAY HILD writes that his Airborne memories have faded over the years but come back after a few martinis. He retired from Dresser Industries 18 years ago. Mary and Ray have been married 50 years and he just had birthday #84. Ray has a bad foot and knee which slow him down a bit.

ED MCKINLEY writes that his vision isn't too good anymore. He was an aircraft electrical inspector for 20 years. He retired in 1978. He has been married for 51 years and has 2 daughters and 2 sons.

ED PHILLIPS writes that he has had a prostate ream job (no cancer) and is doing well. When it gets too cold in Maine he goes to Oregon to visit with his daughter. He sent some interesting news clippings for use in WINGS and some of them will probably be seen in this issue.

PETE LANNEN writes that he isn't sure whether he was attached to the 596 or to the 129th Engineer Bn. when the 596 was deactivated and made a part of the 13th Abn. Division. He said the 596ers were a close-knit group and that it took quite a few crap games and a lot of jugs of wine and cognac before he and other newcomers were accepted into the 596 fraternity. He closed his letter by saying that "the youthful 596ers demonstrated great maturity, courage, judgment, and cohesion under very difficult and often dangerous conditions and I am proud to have served with them".

JIM BOTTS writes that he was in the first platoon and that Sgt. Moses was his favorite trooper and that Mose was well liked by everyone. He praised Bob Dalrymple and said he planned to continue to work even though he could retire if he cared to.

AL & ALICE GOODMAN recently attended the Florida mini-reunion where he saw Joe Miller. The Goodmans were visiting with their daughter and her family who live in Ft. Lauderdale. Al was in the third platoon.

LEO WROBLESKI writes that he is in good health, has 5 children, and is retired from the Sheriff's Department. He was in the 3rd platoon.

ED HORRIGAN writes of his and Mary's 53rd wedding anniversary this May.

HAL BEAN wrote to give me the names of those who served along with him in the second platoon.

MAIL CALL****MAIL CALL****MAIL CALL****MAIL CALL****MAIL CALL

JACK GUTHRIE wrote to give names of those he served with in the 3rd platoon before going over to "I" Company of the 517 PIR after the Tennessee maneuvers. He went on to say that he will forever owe Davis Valadez for getting him out of a minefield in Germany where Capt. Birder was killed.

LYLE MADISON wrote with a list of 3rd platooners. The Madisons are still in California but are planning to sell their home and go back to New Jersey to be near their children and grandchildren.

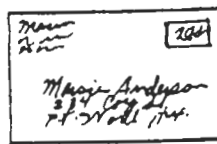
KATHLEEN LYON wrote that Bernie passed away on 5 July 1992 from diabetes. He enjoyed reading WINGS and THE THUNDERBOLT. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. He was a wonderful husband and father and talked often about the Airborne. She wishes to continue to receive WINGS.

JOHN WHITEMAN writes that he joined the 596 at Chablis and was in the 1st platoon. He returned to the States in August en route to Japan with the 13th Abn. Division. He said, "Thank God for Harry Truman and his decision to use the atomic bomb".

I think DON and JAN SAUNDERS must be the most widely traveled couple in America. They are constantly on the go in their Airstream. Don writes or calls from time to time and his recapitulation of where they have been and their plans for the next trip are mind boggling. They have a newly built home in New York that they visit occasionally. They visit with 596ers as they journey around the country. They annually visit with Bernie and Thelma Barnes. They have visited with the Hal Roberts and the Ventozas in Seattle, briefly with the Pughs in Ft. Worth and many others..

AIMEE NORWOOD wrote to tell us of WAYNE's death on 1 September 1994. A driver ran off the road and hit him on his bicycle. She expressed the wish to be kept in touch with happenings of the 517 PRCT Assn.,.

LETTERS



Dear Charley,

29 May 1994

As I stated on the post card, I served in the second platoon under the leadership of Earl Dillard. I don't recall who was our second in command while at McCall. However, while we were in Italy, Earl picked up a young lieutenant from an officer replacement depot who happened to be from his hometown. That was Wayne Norwood.

Gene Markle and I were two of eight men housed in our company hdqs. barrack while the company was at Benning for jump training. We did all kinds of odd jobs around McCall until the company finished that training at which time we all were sent home for 10 days.

Gene and I had taken our basic training at Camp Wheeler near Macon, Ga. then went through jump training together. After Jump School we both were sent to demolition school. (I don't recall, but I think that was a concentrated four week course which ended with a jump and ground maneuver exercise). This was still at Benning. We completed this the week before the company was sent to Jump School. Upon return from our ten day leave Gene was assigned to the first platoon and I the second.

One of my first encounters with our company commander, Bab Dalrymple, was quite humorous. WE still laugh about it everytime we see eachother. (as you can see my typing is something else). Sometime that Autumn of 1943 (on the proper date) Bob summond me to his office on a Friday and said " Pvt. Hyman, I have on my desk a three day pass for you in order that you may observe Yom - Kippur !" Well, like a dumb fool I stood there rigidly at attention and quite firmly and emphatically snapped "Sir, I am a Methodist". Naturally, as soon as I said that I tried to re-capture those words and swallow them. But they were out and gone along with that damn three day pass.

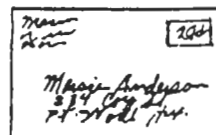
Again, Jo and I would, ^{like} to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude to you and Ann for all you have done through the years for our beloved 596th Company and our great 517th R.C.T.

Best Regards & AIRBOURNE ALL THE WAY

Gene Hyman

THELMA BARNES writes that BERNIE went into the Army in 1935, and served on the west coast as the Golden Gate Bridge was being built. They were married in 1943. Bernie was hit twice during the Battle of the Bulge. After the war Bernie left the service for two years and worked in the steel mill. He then rejoined the service and in 1950 he was sent to Korea and combat. He was in combat for six solid months and in Dec. 1950, was wounded twice, the second time so severely that his left arm was lost. He spent a long time recuperating and getting physical rehabilitation at Walter Reed Hospital. In 1955, Bernie went to work for the Post Office in Jacksonville, FL. In 1965, they moved to Youngstown, OH and Bernie retired there. They then moved to Schenectady, NY to be near their son. In 1986 Bernie had a massive heart attack and stroke that left him paralyzed on the left side and unable to speak. He is very alert and understands everything. He would love to receive cards and letters from 596ers----his favorite military unit of all that he ever served with. Editor's note: If you don't do anything else this year, send Bernie a few words.

LETTERS



Dear Charley:

Glad winter is over in Wisconsin and everything is greening up again. Am still all involved in projects around the house and repairing autos.....even including some newer models. And now it's almost boating season again so getting the piers and boat lifts back out in the water is the prime concern.... next it's relaxing out in the boat with a fishing pole and a cold beer. Now that's what you call retirement!

However, we are getting ready to leave for Europe now as we are flying to Frankfurt first and visiting my cousins in Germany in two locations. We leave Aug. 17th and then will meet the troopers in Liege on Sept. 7.....actually we will arrive on the 6th & have a confirmed hotel reservation so that we can get all rested up before the rest of the 517th arrive. Got a phone call from Bill Hudson lately and he and his wife plan to arrive in Liege also on the 7th.

Marie and I had a very bad 1993 - on June 8th our area was hit by a serious tornado. We lost 11 very large, old oak trees, one striking our house and another demolishing our car. The oaks were literally pulled up by the roots so that we had all of last summer trying to clean up the yard, have the tree roots removed and establishing a new lawn. We had to replace the car, of course, and then have a lot of the roof replaced, basement foundation repaired, windows replaced, etc. It has really taken until this summer to get everything back in reasonably good shape. The roof, car, windows, etc. can be repaired and replaced but we can never put back the 100-200 yr. old oak trees that so shaded our house and yard. We have planted new trees but have a hunch we won't be here to see them replace the oaks.

It did give us room to think that maybe if we are going to enjoy the remainder of our retirement years while we are in good health, we better take the bull by the horns and do so.....so we bought a travel trailer and spent most of the month of March along the Gulf Coast in and around Biloxi, MS. Had a great time and did enjoy the great weather - didn't miss the snow and cold at all!

Our son and daughter and all six grandchildren are all in fine shape and growing like weeds and that in itself is one of our richest blessings. This Fall the plans are already underway for me to go on a hunting trip out west with my son and grandson and I'm really looking forward to it.

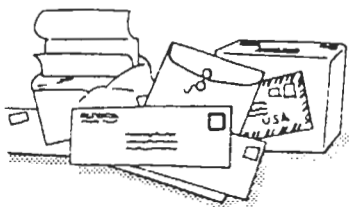
I hope this note finds you and Ann in good health and as you say on your card - AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!

Aug. 8, 1994

Our very best wishes,

Herb Reichwald (and Marie)

ALAN GOODMAN writes that he and ALICE are putting their house on the market and plan to move into a smaller place and do some motor home traveling. Al had a little spook in February of 1994 with an atrial fibrillation that put him in hospital for three days. He is fine now but the Doctor ruled out the motorhome trip to Alaska that they were planning. They visit with the Madisons from time to time and he says that Lyle has become a MASTER CABINET MAKER and has a number of beautiful pieces in his home. Alan still has the golf mania.



Mail Call

Dear Charley and Ann, 23 May 1994
Marion and I went to our first 517th reunion in Chicago in 1961. We have made all but two since then---Denver and New Orleans. We were also at the 40th Anniversary in Nice, France in 1984. We were also at the dedication of the 517th plaque at Arlington National Cemetery and at the 50th Airborne Anniversary Celebration in Washington, DC in 1990. We have also been to several mini-reunions in Florida. We have been so fortunate to have stayed in touch with so many from our outfit.

I was in the 1st platoon from Toccoa till Sept. 19, 1944, when I was transferred to the 3rd platoon to replace men who were lost at the Nice airport explosion.

I worked at Alcoa Aluminum Co. for 40 years and retired at the end of 1982. I have worked part time since as a heavy equipment operator and I now work at the Frogtown Speedway as an electrician and track grader and upkeeper. I was an electrician at Alcoa. I have always been an ardent race car fan and owned and drove my own car at local tracks for 12 years. I went to 'INDY' 40 years and Daytona for 7 years.

We named our third son after David George Twight and have visited George many times in Duluth and with Art Von at the same time.

I have always thought that one reason we have such successful reunions is because we have included our wives, children and grandchildren. Our grand-daughter Melissa has attended three reunions and enjoyed them very much. Over the years our wives have made many friendships in our group. My biggest pride is having been in the 517 Combat Team.

AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY,

Hank Simpson

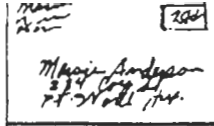
P.S. Charley, what was the third word that ended with "gry"?

Editor's note: Angry, hungry, and ?. I don't remember--if I ever knew.

ROY HERREN wrote a 4½ page letter. Roy was drafted in November 1941 when he was 22 years old. After basic training he was assigned to two or three different infantry divisions before ending up in the 326 Glider Infantry Regt.. He then volunteered to go to Jump School and ended up in the 129th Engr. Bn. of the 13th Abn. Div.. When the 596 was incorporated into the 129th Engr. Bn. at the end of the war, Roy was attached to the 596 motor pool. After his discharge, he worked for 13 years for Studebaker and then 26 years for Electro-Voice Corp. as a material control analyst. He is now a gentleman farmer near his only child, a son, in Indiana. He and Naomi also have a home in Florida and they both play golf. They have two grandchildren. Naomi has been in nursing most of her life. Roy's health began to deteriorate in 1989 with a balloon angioplasty and then a 4-way by-pass in January, 1993. That plus Paget's disease and arthritis have taken their toll.

As you must have noticed, we have a phenomenal number of contributors of cards, letters and other types of material for this gigantic issue of WINGS. Please let me express my thanks here lest I forget to do so when next I see you. Some of you who have responded to my request for information about yourself have not yet made it to one of our reunions. We think it is a loss for you and that you have thus far missed an emotional experience that would do your heart and soul good and we KNOW that your absence has been a grievous loss to the rest of us who keep hoping and looking for you at every get-together. Please come and stand REVEILLE with us once again before the sounding of TAPS.

LETTERS



MARSHALL TURNER wrote a six page letter. He volunteered for the service after finishing the eleventh grade where he had been a football star player. After the war he finished high school and went on to the Univ. of Tennessee where he took civil engineering for two years and then business law and real-estate for two years. He has licenses in both surveying and real estate and his wife is also areal-estate broker. He and Devona have one daughter and three grandchildren. Marshall said he didn't get married until rather late in life and that is when his real life began. All that preceeded it was just adventure. He recounted the story of his jump into southern France when his chute went under the chute of Jim MacFadden and caused it to collapse. MacFadden grabbed Turner's risers and held on for dear life literally and they landed in a large tree. They managed to get down from the tree and as they moved out there was a blood curdling scream that scared the hell out of them and they couldn't figure out what it was or where it came from. Several years after the war was over Marshall was visiting a farm in Tennessee and heard the exact same scream for the second time in his life-----it was a peacock.

I regret that I cannot tell you who wrote the following letter. It came to me many months ago and I have lost the envelope it came in and it is unsigned. I'm sure the author will recognize his writing and let us know:

The 1993 reunion of the Combat Team is now history. It was really a great experience to get together again with friends we first met at Toccoa and Mackall 50+ years ago. MY GOD! 50+ years---that's over half a lifetime. Most of us feel it, all of us show it, but none of us give in to it. Those bands of friendship we forged years ago seem to get stronger as time goes by. These friendships must be nurtured at our reunions or they may be weakened to the point that they fade away. What a shame and loss that would be.

Come On---those of you who have never attended a reunion as well as those who have been to one or two. We need to see each other, talk to each other, laugh with one another. You have no idea how invigorating an experience a reunion can be. The years are passing us by and we should take every opportunity to make the most of the time that is left. The most fun of all is seeing and greeting and enjoying reunion with first-timers. So, come on to Kansas City in May. It's not too late.

Even though they have known each other only a relatively short time, our wives have found friendships which they also renew every two years. They enjoy the reunions of the Combat Team almost as much as we do, and besides, it gives them an opportunity to shop in stores of a new city.

HAL ROBERTS writes that on the jump into southern France he landed inside the German compound in LeMuy. He crawled a whole day through a grape orchard trying to find a safe way out. He encountered 8 of our dead while looking for an exit. He shot a German machine gunner and belt man in getting to a water ditch. He and Hoffman teamed up and ducked under water part of the time to an area of cattails where they went to sleep for awhile from utter exhaustion. A French 10 year old told them how to get to the English paratroopers. They joined the English when they assaulted and took over the German compound and CP.

BARNEY FREIBERG writes to say that he joined the 596 in the spring of 1945 when it was "B" Company of the 129th Engr. Bn. of the 13th Abn. Division. He found himself the senior officer and Company CO although he felt Ray Hild should have been in that position. In the military seniority prevails. Barney was not comfortable in that situation but the men were tolerant and cooperative. He and wife, Zee, spend their retirement years trying to keep from getting too delapidated to continue to play golf.

CHARLES SWANSON's brother Ernest wrote to say that Charles died in April, 1994 of colon cancer in California.

BOB WILKERSON writes that he was in HQ platoon. He maneuvered a small caterpillar earth mover when we were rebuilding blown out road sections on the way to Sospel, France. After discharge in September 1945, he went with a chemical plant running a locomotive crane for 31 years. He is retired, in good health, and rides bike every day.

DAVE PIERCE writes the he was in the hospital most of last summer for double heart bypass surgery and the removal of his gall-bladder at the same time. Dave was a Corporal in Sgt. Goodman's 3rd Squad of the 3rd Platoon. He is retired after 32 years with the Postal Service.

GENE HYMAN writes that he and Mary Jo greatly enjoy the reunion get-togethers with the 596 family. He served in the second platoon and said he highly admired and liked Earl Dillard.

HAL ROBERTS writes that he had a heart attack last year but is now doing GREAT!

HOMER McROY writes that he recently had cataracts removed. He weighs 150 pounds and has never married. He was in 1st platoon and says his memory isn't what it used to be. (Editor: You are fortunate if it is only your memory that has deteriorated.)

HERB LARSON writes that he and wife, Ann, plan to attend the Kansas City reunion.

MARVIN RIGDON wrote that his memories of Europe are somewhat hazy on many details. He has a 14 year old granddaughter, Angie Rigdon, who shows a champion reigning horse in competitions. He says he is a LITTLE proud of her.

ERNIE KOSAN writes again. He made calls after the California earthquake to check on our 596ers out there and determined that none of them suffered any injury or damage. He said that he had a cataract operation in January 1994. His osteomyelitis, as a result of a long ago broken leg, occasionally recurs but doesn't bother him much. He says he has been able to avoid the ubiquitous roto-rooter operation. He sent meseveral beautiful color photos of their home and surrounding trees, etc.. Very beautiful.

STILL AIRBORNE

Hi Charlie:

Enjoyed having dinner with you. Ann and the rest of the 596 gang at Zorba the Greeks at the Palm Springs reunion. The neck rub each trooper received was stimulating to say the least. I have to have my haircut once a week now, instead of once a month.

You asked for interesting experiences so decided to tell of my hobby. I needed a hobby to keep the juices flowing when retiring at age 60, so took glider lessons, got my pilots license and bought my first sailplane in that year. Sailplanes should not be confused with hang gliders or ultralights. My plane has a wing span of 46 feet (taller than a four story building if stood upright), retractible landing gear and full instrument panel including oxygen. (which I use above 7000 feet by doctor's orders). I have been flying at least once a week, during the last ten years, weather and health permitting. My flights are usually out off the Hemet, CA valley which is surrounded by mountains up to 11,000 feet. Naturally the target of opportunity is to climb the mountains using thermals and ridge lift and then fly peak to peak as far as possible and return to Hemet to land. I have had eleven flights to 18,000 feet, the limit without clearance from air traffic control.

I normally fly within a 50 mile radius of the airport because I do not enjoy the inconvenience of landing in some farmers field and dismantling the plane to tow home. Knock on wood, I have only had two forced landings in fields. My normal flight is three to four hours in duration and I now have 1300 hours. At this rate I should have 2000 hours to celebrate my 75 th birthday.

My longest flight was 310 miles and took seven and one-half hours. My most interesting flight was out of Lone Pine, CA working up to the top of Mount Whitney, at 14,495 feet, the highest place in the lower U.S., and flying 60 miles southeast over Death Valley 279 feet below sea level, the lowest place in the U.S., and returning to Lone Pine all in the same flight.

Enclosed is a picture of Bill Hudson and I just before a one and a half hour flight during the Palm Springs reunion.

Russ
Russ Pearson

SPECIAL REQUEST

Michel De Trez is a Belgian writer who has written two Airborne books and is now writing one about the Airborne part of the Southern France invasion. He would like to use some photographs of 596ers taken just before we loaded up on the planes for the jump or shortly after we landed. He would also like photos that show the blown out sections of the mountain roads that we were rebuilding on the way to Sospel. Please send them to me and I will make sure they are returned to you in a short time. The 596 will be represented well in this new book only with your help.
Thanks-----Charley Pugh

Dear Friends, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men." Luke 2:14

In recent weeks our thoughts have turned to God's wonderful love for us and His many blessings to us. These thoughts have included you also. We continue to thank God for you, for your love, concern and prayers.

It does not seem possible that four years have passed since we returned to the United States from Central Africa. But I guess the calendar is right! Much has happened during that time. My mother passed away three years ago. Shortly thereafter we purchased a house and have been 'settling in' for almost three years. Tom has had two interim pastorates...the second church, Buffalo Cove Baptist Church, extended a call and we have been with them just over two and a half years.

Mary and I continue to work with a small church up in the mountains. I have pastored them for just over two years and am grateful for this opportunity of continued service. The membership is primarily senior adults. Many of the young people have moved away.

I am still playing golf and try to walk two 18-hole rounds per week. My last round was the best I've played since being back in the States...41 and 39. I missed a hole-in-one by about six inches. Oh well, maybe someday.

Charley, I understand some awards were given our company after I left the outfit. I was with the company from its inception through all combat. We were camped at an airfield awaiting a jump into Germany when one evening, as we were playing ball, I slipped down and dislocated my knee. I was hospitalized, sent to the States, and given a medical discharge shortly after Japan surrendered. If the awards given were for the time we were in combat, I would like to receive them if possible. Can you tell me how to go about it.

N.C. is a wonderful place for golf. If you and Ann should be up this way, we would love to have you in our home and we would surely be able to get in a few rounds.

I deeply appreciate all you are doing to keep us in touch with each other.

We are still trying to find the true meaning of the word 'retirement'. Although we sometimes wish for more time to visit family and friends and to do other things, we are grateful that we have the opportunities to serve our Lord in the church and association. We are thankful, too, that we both enjoy good health and are able to keep active.

Even though you do not hear from us often (we keep saying we are going to do better), you are in our thoughts and prayers. We are concerned about you and what God is doing in your life. Pray for us that God will grant wisdom and strength to lead His people at Buffalo Cove; for our children that God will have His way in their lives; for Mary's father who is in a skilled care nursing facility; and for the church with whom we work that they may experience deep and lasting revival.

Our love and prayers,

Tom + Mary Small

This letter is a composite made up from two letters of June and December, 1994

Reflections: When the Old Wound Aches

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1994

THE NEW YORK TIMES

By NELSON BRYANT

WHEN the barometer drops, and a cold, wet wind comes out of the northeast, my old wound aches and sometimes reminds me of when my fellow paratroopers and I jumped into Normandy a few hours before dawn on D-Day 50 years ago.

For many years I exploited that wound, made less than a week after my first combat jump by a machine-gun bullet that entered my chest and exited through my shoulder blade. Until I was in my late 50's, I would contrive to steer post-dinner conversation around to the war, and then, if sufficiently unhinged by emotion and drink, I would tear off my shirt and invite guests to poke their fingers in the fore and aft indentations. There were times when I set fire to the hair on my chest to add a bit of dra-

Of war, heroism and the plain of life; a few second thoughts about D-Day.

ma to my antics and to better reveal the little entrance scar.

"Wear the silver badge of courage, drop like an eagle on your prey," the airborne recruiting posters had said, and the scars were symbols, albeit fading, of my having heeded that call.

Now having passed three score and 10, I have, I believe, put my participation in the Normandy and Holland jumps and the Battle of the Bulge in reasonable perspective. A decade ago, I wrote that taking part in those campaigns with the 82d Airborne Division overshadowed all that followed, including love, marriage, career and children. That is no longer true. I have belatedly come to understand that slogging across the plain of everyday life with dignity and as much honesty as one can muster calls for as much heroism, if only because the struggle never ends, as assaulting a flaming hill.

Were it not for the old wound aching, months could pass before I thought of lying alongside a hedgerow, condoms taped over the holes made by the bullet, trying to swallow some of the soup a buddy was serving me from his fire-blackened helmet, or before I again recalled the first German soldier I killed as he walked along a dirt road in Normandy on the birdsong dawn of June 6 not knowing that I had him in my sights from the hillside above, slow-ly pulling up the slack in the trigger and thinking all the while that the act was indecent; that it would



U.S. Army Photograph

American paratroopers pictured in flight on their way to landing sites in France on D-Day.

be justified only if he was firing at me.

A few hours later, that dangerous reluctance departed in a short, fierce fire fight that took the lives of several of my buddies.

THERE are also recollections of absurd encounters as when, the second morning after D-Day, I headed up a scouting patrol of three. I was given that task not because of my rank (I was a private first class) but because I had a smattering of French, enough to allow me to converse with the natives of the region. A mile or so from our own front line we came upon a farmhouse whose occupants greeted us warmly. The daughter of the strapping 6-footer, told me there were no Germans in the vicinity.

that she had found in one of their pastures. I unhesitatingly responded, as befitted my lofty rank, that they were hers for the taking.

A big table was carried out into the dooryard, draped with white linen and laden with bread, cheese, cognac and wine, and the scouting patrol became a celebration of the invasion. I still wince as I think of what could have happened during our garrulous, lurching return to our little redoubt on Hill 30.

My Normandy endeavors ended the following day on a patrol led by Maj. Shields Warren Jr. The single bullet that hurled me on my back was one of a burst that riddled my fellow scouts who whispered, "Fritz got me," then died.

The patrol surged on, encountered more resistance

continued next page

continued from facing page

than it could handle, and returned under fire. Major Warren bent over me and said, "Nelson, if you don't want to be taken prisoner, you'll have to get off your butt and get the hell out of here."

I got off my butt, put my left arm over the shoulders of a fellow paratrooper and managed a stumbling trot back to Hill 30 where, draped with a parachute, I joined the other wounded. I don't remember whether we spent one, two or three nights there before a linkup with American assault troops from Utah Beach allowed us to be evacuated. I passed out as I was being loaded into an ambulance that took us to a tent hospital on the shore of the English Channel, and when I came to I was lying in the open on a cot and a fine rain was falling.

An older man's face, gaunt and compassionate, emerged from the dark clouds above me.

"Poor Nelson," he said. "How long have you been here?"

"I don't know," I replied, wondering how he knew my name, wondering if he was God. (A chaplain, he had looked at the metal identification tags that hung from my neck.)

My confusion ended when he told some passing G.I.'s to take me into a large tent, where a weary surgeon glanced at me and cursed my chest wound.

Recuperating in a hospital in Wales, I was at first overwhelmed by the violation of my flesh, but by early July I was strolling, and, soon afterward, jogging, in the surrounding woods. I wanted to get back in shape, to erase the slumped-shoulder effect caused by my damaged right lung, and as my body mended, my desire to avoid further conflict began to fade.

When a rumor reached me that my outfit was preparing for another jump, I desperately wanted to take part in it. I cannot recall whether I left the hospital formally or informally, but by late summer I was back with my comrades — many new faces among them — in Nottingham, England, and on the sunny afternoon of Sept. 17 I floated down to a soft, standup landing in a wide meadow on the outskirts of Nijmegen in the Netherlands. Part of the reason for the gentle landing was that, not yet being in top condition, I kept my gear to a minimum. My armament was a little M-1 carbine, a pocketful of shells for it and a couple of grenades. I soon regretted the choice of the carbine, which was useless at distances over 150 yards.

The Holland jump took the starch out of me, and when the Battle of the Bulge erupted a few months later I would have been content to sit on the sidelines, but that was not to be.

Rest after the Bulge campaign did wonders, however, and accounted for one more flare-up of compulsive behavior. A few days after Germany's unconditional surrender in May 1945, I marched down to company headquarters and requested permission to be transferred to the Pacific Theater, where the war had not yet ended. The company commander told me to go back to the barracks and read a good book:

The old wound aches, and most of the time the ache blends with all the other physical indignities to which my aging carcass has been subjected and reminds me of nothing save the attrition of the passing decades.

Of late, however, I have been dwelling on D-Day, and I am grateful that I was part of it.

I remember with some embarrassment the speech I delivered at my high school graduation in 1941. Laden with patriotic hyperbole, it brought tears to the eyes of the principal, but I cannot forget the sad and disapproving face of one of the town's ministers who sat in the front row. It was years before I understood his horror of all wars, however just.

I remember with gratitude the rifle range sergeant in basic training at Fort Benning who was bawling me out for shooting my M-1 from my left shoulder. I whispered to him that I had to shoot from that side because my right eye had been nearly blind since birth, that with a bit of chicanery — covering the bad eye twice, first with my right hand, then with my left — I had contrived to pass the airborne physical.

"If you want it that much, I'll say nothing," he said.

I am grateful to him because making the D-Day jump gave me emotional sustenance in the years that followed.

I had responded to the call as I heard it. In the dark watches of the postwar civilian night, I would lie listening to the measured breathing of our firstborn, whose cradle, because we were so poor, was a bureau drawer. And although frightened at the responsibility of caring for my family, I knew that fear alone was not enough to make me fail the gambit, that, in some ways at least, I was a man.

The old wound aches, and I am an old man filled with wonder at why I have been given so much time to wrestle with choices, to savor love, friendship and laughter, to dwell on the meaning of the long silence ahead while so many of the others with whom I drifted down through curving skeins of tracer bullets were so swiftly subtracted. Tomorrow evening, on the anniversary of D-Day, I shall sit on a boulder on the eastern shore of Lake Umbagog in the Maine wilderness as night falls, looking west over the hills, thinking of the brotherhood in which I have a cherished membership.



Nelson Bryant during World War II.



Allison Shaw

Nelson Bryant on Cape Cod, 1994.

- Italy • France
- Belgium • Germany
- French Croix de Guerre
- Presidential Unit Citation
- OD of the Belgian Army



- Rome • Arno
- So. France
- Rhineland
- Ardennes • Alsace
- Central Europe





This is the bronze plaque we placed at the Nice, France airport in 1984 to honor and commemorate the six 596ers who lost their lives while demining that airport.

Growing up as an Army brat, I was always homesick for the last base where we'd been stationed. My father would then tell me to think of one good thing about our new base that was different from any other place on earth.

Years later, I lived in Fayetteville, N.C., which is near Fort Bragg. An Army friend of mine from Tennessee was homesick for the mountains of his home state. Trying my father's old remedy, I told him, "Name one good thing about North Carolina."

He thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "it does keep the ocean from washing up on Tennessee."

—Contributed by Ann Pratt Keane

Below are two notes from Bill Conger's autograph book---Look at the date.

Dear Bill, May 5, 1943
 Remember the good old para trooping days at Camp Toccoa.
 P.S. Here's to the day we do 50 push-ups.
 Charles Pugh
 Paducah, Ky



On our 1995 visit to a commemorative service at the airport, we noted a new plaque placed above our own by the FFI resistance group. On this plaque they claim to have liberated Nice and removed the mines from the airport. Revisionist history at its most blatant. C'est la guerre!

Bill
 May 5, 1943
 When you remember where you been,
 Remember me as a friend,
 On the paratroops we are good buddies,
 Lets stay that way even if the fighting gets bloody.
 Pvt Joe D. Miller

ERRORS & MISTAKES: Errors and mistakes have been purposely included so people who enjoy finding them won't be disappointed when they read "WINGS".

517 Parachute Combat Team Association

231 W. Calley McCleary
Green Valley, Arizona 85614

The Honorable Mayor of LE MUY
Monsieur BARDON
Hotel de Ville
LE MUY, France

Dear Sir:

I am writing to express to you and to our dear friends of LE MUY our thanks and appreciation for your generous hospitality during the recent visit of our Combat Team Association members with you on 20 September.

The memorial ceremony and salute honoring our fallen comrades, both US and French, was a very stirring occasion for all of us. I'm sure it was for you and your French compatriots as well.

We were astounded when we saw the MUSEE DE LA LIBERATION your community citizens had put together. The entry and view of a descending paratrooper caught ones eye immediately. It was an indelible and long-to-be-remembered sight. It is a significant tribute to all who contributed to the liberation of PROVENCE from five years of German occupation.

The young men who collected all the materials for the JEEP and assembled them with meticulous care and diligence are certainly to be applauded and congratulated. They will truly remember the great sacrifices of the Allies, as well as those of your own French countrymen.

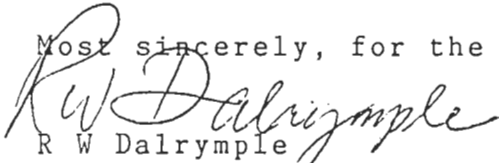
And, of course, the T-Shirts depicting the Airborne forces in the 15 Aou 1944, OPERATION DRAGOON became collector's items at once. My grandchildren will be presented theirs at our family gathering here in Arizona during the Christmas Holidays. You can be assured that we will be remembering our dear friends in LE MUY on that occasion.

I am sending this letter via Colonel John Willms, Commander, Riviera Post No 5, American Legion, to present to you personally along with my WW II jump suit that I wore on my jump near LE MUY at 0432 Hrs, 15 Aout. Perhaps you will be able to incorporate it into your MUSEE. I was a Captain at that time, Commanding the 596th Parachute Engineer Company, a unit of the 517th Combat Team. Also, I have included a 596th Engineers Logo that you might be able to use.

Once again, our deepest gratitude and thanks to all of you. You made our visit to LE MUY one of lasting memories and of fond, new friends.

May God Bless you and all of our friends there this Holiday Season.

Most sincerely, for the 517th Parachute Combat Team Tour group.


R W Dalrymple
Colonel, US Army Ret.

This a sample of the personalized letter of thanks and appreciation that Bob sent to the Mayors of Nice, LaMotte, Les Arcs, Sospel, Luceram, St.Martin du Var, Paris, and all of the towns and villages visited in Belgium September, 1994, by 67 men,wives, and children of the 517 PRCT Assn.. His diplomatic follow-up letters are indicative of his effectiveness as an ambassador of good will.



A Generation of Heroes

James Cox, Jr. Son of James Cox, Sr. - 513 F Co.

The Philosopher Rousseau called gratitude "A duty which ought to be paid."

As citizens of the United States of America, we have much to be grateful for.

We live in a nation with no equal. We are freer, more prosperous and have more opportunity than any other people in any other nation anywhere on the face of the globe.

We owe a large duty, a large debt of gratitude, to those who helped make our country what it is.

I rise in front of you today to pay that duty, which not only ought to be paid but also needs to be paid.

I am here to express my gratitude, and the gratitude of my generation, to my Father and his generation - to your generation.

My Father was a member of the 17th Airborne, 513th F Company.

My Father parachuted into Germany over the Rhine River in 1945 as the agony of World War II in Europe was being fought to its conclusion.

You, the Veterans of the 17th Airborne, and in fact, all Veterans of World War II, no matter where they served, deserve a large helping of gratitude.

All that my generation enjoys and takes for granted we have because of your efforts - and I refer not only to how you won the war but also to how you won the peace after the war.

Your generation is a generation of achievers, perhaps greater than we will see again for a long time.

You were young men, many of you only teenagers, when the call to duty came.

You didn't hesitate. You went - you went wherever you were needed: Europe...The Pacific...China...Northern Africa.

You fought and won one of the bloodiest conflicts in the history of mankind. More than 400,000 of your comrades died.

But then you did something even more remarkable. When you came home, you set about building an era of growth and prosperity the likes of which were never before seen and perhaps shall never be seen again.

We, your sons and daughters, are the baby boom generation, 76 million strong, and we are better educated, healthier and wealthier than any other generation...thanks to you.

Yours is the generation that built the housing developments that for the first time made home ownership attainable.

Yours is the generation that crisscrossed this nation with superhighways.

Yours in the generation that broke the sound barrier.

Yours is the generation that built the first computer.

Yours is the generation that found the polio vaccine.

Yours is the generation that built the great corporations.

Yours is the generation that strengthened the labor movement and advanced its cause.

Yours is the generation that built the far-flung communication networks.

And yours is the generation that first explored space.

Someday, when future historians look back at your generation, it is likely that they will label your time as an age of heroes, a time when large deeds were routinely accomplished.

What are heroes, after all?

Heroes are men who do extraordinary things.

But perhaps they're men who, day in and day out, simply do the right thing. Men who go to work, labor hard, men who love their families and their country and respect their neighbors.

I have come to several of these reunions with my Mother and Dad. Always I have been moved by feelings of respect and admiration.

And that is why I rise before you today, not only for me but for my generation, to simply say, "THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU!"

(THANK YOU-Editor Joe Quake,
17th Airborne Div.Assn.)

A Paratrooper's Load

Troops parachuting into Normandy on D-Day carried over 100 pounds of equipment. The standard list included:

- 1 helmet with liner
- 1 rifle or other gun, bayonet and carrier. (Shown is a Thompson submachine gun; Private Bryant carried an M-1 Garand semi-automatic rifle)
- 80 rounds of ammunition
- 2 hand grenades
- 1 anti-tank grenade
- 1 entrenching tool and cover
- 2 parachutes (backup on chest)
- 1 small switchblade (attached to chest pocket, used to cut parachute lines)
- 1 complete uniform
- 1 knit cap
- 1 change of underwear
- 2 pairs of socks
- 1 canteen and cover
- 1 pair of leather gloves
- 6 packages of K-rations
- 1 spoon
- 1 toilet kit
- 1 first aid pack
- 1 packet sulfur tablets
- 1 escape kit (silk map of France, compass, money for bribes)
- 1 small clicker "cricket" (to signal other G.I.'s)
- 1 field bag with suspenders (to carry on back)
- 1 trench knife and leg scabbard
- 1 pair of boots
- 1 impregnated jump suit (protection against chemical warfare)
- 1 gas mask, with 2 filters

Paratrooper climbing into a transport plane for the flight to Normandy.

U.S. Army photo

New York Times
6/5/94

Courtesy of Ed Phillips



INVICTUS



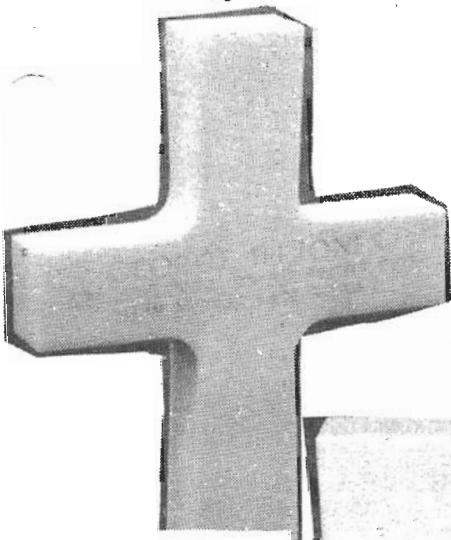
KIA

THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD AS WE THAT ARE LEFT GROW:
AGE SHALL NOT WEARY THEM NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN.
AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN AND IN THE MORNING
WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.

KIA

BY MEETING GREAT CHALLENGES, THEY ROSE TO GREATNESS AND ACHIEVED LASTING HONOR.
THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE FOR THEIR COUNTRY AND THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

- 1st Lt. GEORGE E. FLANNERY-----Italy-Florence American Cemetery--A-10-33
- PFC FRANCIS T ROPYAK-----Italy-Florence American Cemetery--D-01-31
- Pvt. HARRY L. SPRINGER-----Italy
- Pvt. HENRY WIKINS-----Jump landing area, Southern France
- PFC ERNEST R. COFFELT-----Var River Valley, Southern France
- Pvt. LEONARD MATHIS-----Var River Valley, Southern France
- Sgt. HOWARD D. JAYNES, JR.-----Var River Valley, Southern France
- Pvt. PATRICK L. MICHAELS-----Mountain above Nice, France
- PFC WILLIAM F. BOGGAN-----Airport, Nice, France
- Sgt. WALLACE P. ENGLERT-----Airport, Nice, France
- Pvt. VESTAL A. LUCAS-----Airport, Nice, France
- PFC HERBERT V. McLAMB-----Airport, Nice, France
- Pvt. HAROLD H. (BUCKY) MILLER-----Airport, Nice, France
- PFC ALOIS J. SIEWIERSKI-----Airport, Nice, France
- Pvt. GEORGE H. (PAPPY) JONES-----Belgium, Battle of the Bulge, Ardennes
- Pvt. LOUIS BARBERA-----Southern France with the 517th PIR
- JOHN W. WHALEN-----Korea
- WILLIAM D. WICKERSHAM-----Korea



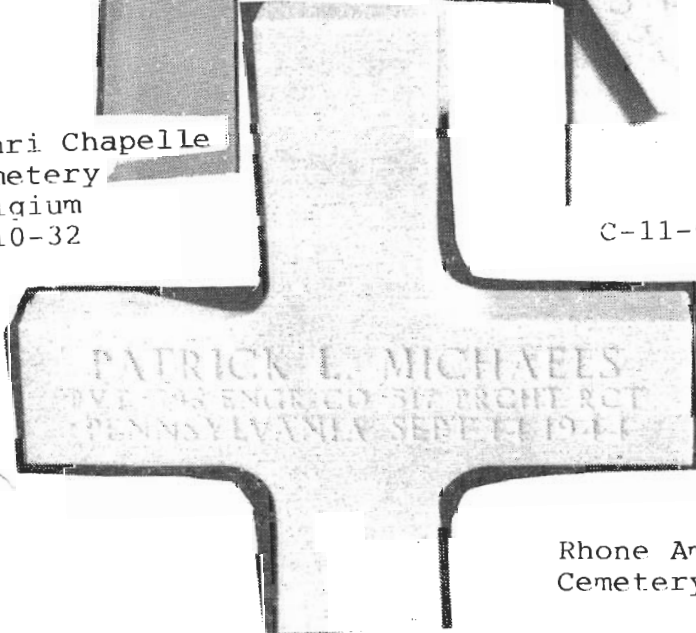
Henri Chappelle
Cemetery
Belgium
F-10-32



C-11-03

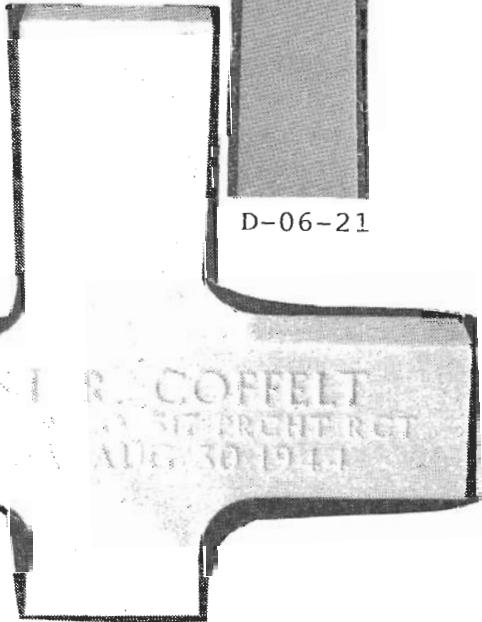


D-06-21

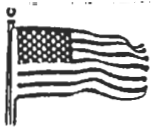


Rhone American
Cemetery-France

C-10-10



C-10-03



596 PARACHUTE COMBAT ENGINEER COMPANY
IN MEMORIAM



Boyd E. Baker
 Richard B. Bartholomew
 Joseph W. Bennett
 Woodrow D. Bennett
 James R. Benson
 Manuel Bernal
 John R. Berryhill
 Robert S Bogan
 Charles M. Bonaventura
 Jack W. Boyer
 Ambrose W. Buchanan
 Cyrus H. Buckner
 John Celecz
 Walter K. Charlton
 Adolph A. Correa
 William C. Doane
 Joe Diaz
 Earl Dillard
 Milton O. Dorman
 Carroll W. Dorothy
 Frank R. Ennis
 Bill Fisher
 Jesse Floyd
 Albert A. Foley
 Jack R. Green
 Max W. Grona
 Francis J. Hale
 Alton Wayne Harrell
 Kenneth E. Harris
 Clyde V. Hoffman
 Dr. John T. Holbrook
 Harold C. Johnson
 Murray B. (Monk) Johnson
 Jim Kennelly
 Michael F. Kovach
 Marion J. Kroll
 Robert E. Kuston
 Gorda L.(Tommy) Landrum
 Warren J. Leatham
 Francis M. Lester
 Peter Liberatore
 Ralph A. Longstreth
 Dr. Bernard W. Lyon
 Joseph J. Malone
 Durland (Bucky) McCauley
 John A.(Jack) McConnell
 George E. McCook
 James W. McEaney
 Ray W. McMullen
 Arthur M. Kemp



William J. Metzger
 Claude K. Mills
 Nicholas G. Mirissis
 George Miseage
 Laverne B. Moore
 Wilburn T. Montgomery
 Ray Morgan
 Taylor L. Myers
 John F. Nelson
 Oliver J. Nelson
 Elias A. Nolan
 James H. Nolan
 Wayne D. Norwood
 Richard J. Nosky
 Francis A O'lonc
 Donald F. O'Neil
 Mason Harold Phoebus
 Robert E. Powers
 Deole H. Priddy
 John J. Riccardi
 William A. Ross
 Charles Ryznic
 Warren Sandberg
 George A Savelli
 George Sebring
 Don Sherman
 Clarence D. Smith
 Glenn C. Spangler
 Bernard E.(Pop) Spencer
 Lloyd H. Spencer
 Roscoe B. Stevens
 Joseph A. Stihel
 Bruce Stroud
 Eugene F. Stuckey
 Charles E. Swanson
 Merrill W. Seeley
 Earl B. Thomas
 Davis S. Valadez
 Ira Van Dyke, Jr.
 Leonard I. Walker
 Walter Wasiurka
 Glenn D. Widick
 Eugene L. Wilson
 Robert Wilson
 Art Von
 Thomas J. Young
 Fred H. Zavattero
 Peter D. Zubricky

Remember to Remember

Off the Cuff...

The Fort Worth Press

April 16, 1993

Dr. Wiggins' great prescription

In Old Fort Worth

By Mack Williams
The Fort Worth Press

If Dr. John Wiggins of Fort Worth were alive today, he would know exactly what to tell those of the foul-mouthed younger generation who are sodden with drugs, cruel to helpless children, drenched with alcohol, wracked with AIDS and living on welfare because they will not work.

Until his death in the 1980s, Dr. Wiggins was a friend of mine. We often talked about the terrible mess the United States had gotten itself into, starting with the Vietnam War. We agreed negligent parents were one reason for the new barbarianism in what formerly was a civilized nation.

Many parents no longer set a good example for their children, Dr. Wiggins said. That was in the 1960s and 1970s, when marijuana and cocaine were the principle problems.

Think what this respected longtime physician would say about drive-by shootings, murders for hire and the gang wars we try to cope with today.

Dr. Wiggins liked to hand out little leaflets that summed up his opinion. He gave me one, and copies to many other friends. Originally directed to the young people of the 1960s, it applies more than ever to the teenagers of today.

Here's what Dr. Wiggins had to say:

-- I would like you to look and see some of the most remarkable people to walk the earth.

-- These, your parents and grandparents, are people who in just five decades have, by their work, increased your life expectancy approximately 50 percent, and while cutting the working day by a third, have more than doubled per capita output.

-- These are the people who have given you a healthier world than they found, and because of this you no longer have to fear epidemics of flu, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever, measles or mumps that

they knew in their youth. Once-dreaded polio is no longer a factor, while tuberculosis was virtually stamped out.

-- Let me remind you that these people lived through history's greatest depression. Many of them know what it is to be poor, what it is to be hungry and cold.

-- And because of this they were determined that it would not happen to you -- that you would have a better life, you would have food to eat, milk to drink, vitamins to nourish you, a warm home, better schools and greater opportunities to succeed than they.

-- Because they gave you the best, you are the tallest, healthiest, brightest and probably the best-looking generation to inhabit the land.

-- And because they are materialistic, you will work fewer hours, learn more, have more leisure time, will travel to more distant places and have more of a chance to follow your life's ambition.

-- These are the people who fought the most terrible wars. They defeated the murderous tyranny of Hitler and Mussolini, the sneaky dishonesty, treachery and cruelty of Hirohito and his Japanese, and when it was over, had the compassion to spend billions of dollars to help these enemies rebuild Japan, Germany and Italy.

-- These generations made more progress by the sweat of their brow than any previous era -- and don't you forget it!

And, if your generation can make as much progress in as many areas as these two generations have, you should be able to solve a good many of the world's ills.

-- But it won't be easy, and you won't do it by tearing down or belittling. You may and can do it by hard work, hope and humility, and faith in mankind.

-- Don't knock it! Try it!



Mack Williams



1944-1994

Belgium remembers

The people of Belgium pay tribute to all those who took part in the liberation of the country, in 1944-1945.

We remember with deep sorrow those who died and those who were wounded. We are indebted to their bravery. Out of their sacrifice comes our freedom.

To the gallant veterans who will take part in the 1994-1995 commemoration we say: "Welcome back, thank you, we shall never forget you."

Jean-Luc DEHAENE
Prime Minister of Belgium
Chairman of the National Committee



This framed certificate was presented to our Combat Team by the Prime Minister of Belgium last September

DECEASED

- Eugene Wilson
- James Benson-92 Cancer
- Robert Kuston
- Dr. Bernie Lyon-92 Diabetes
- Jack McConnell
- Dick Bartholomew-94 Stroke
- George McCook
- Taylor Myers-94 Heart Attack
- Wayne Norwood-94 Accident
- Francis O'Lone-93
- Joseph Malone
- John J. Riccardi-74
- Mike Kovach-94
- Bernard Spencer-94
- Charles Swanson-94
- Art Von-94
- Pete Zubricky-94
- Mason Phoebus
- Betty Ward

Dr. Wiggins was a golfing friend and wise man. Editor.



The preacher came along and wrote on the signboard: "I pray for all."

The lawyer wrote: "I plead for all."

The doctor wrote: "I prescribe for all."

The plain citizen wrote: "I pay for all."

MAY I BRAG ON ANN

The Denver National Western Stock Show & Rodeo commissioned Ann Pugh to write a children's book for the 4th & 5th graders of Denver. They purchased 12,000 books in English and 4,000 in Spanish. Olé.

On the 50th Anniversary Tour of Europe in September of 1994 by the 517 PRCT Assn., the 596 was well represented eleven of the total number of sixty seven. Our members were Bob Dalrymple, his son George, his son-in-law and daughter William and Mary North, and his daughter Jean, Unfortunately, Garnet had health problems that kept her from joining us. Bill and Gloria Hudson. Herb and Marie Reichwald. Charley and Ann Pugh..



Zee and Bernard Freiberg



Brooks, grandson, and son Martin Moses

P
H
O
T
O

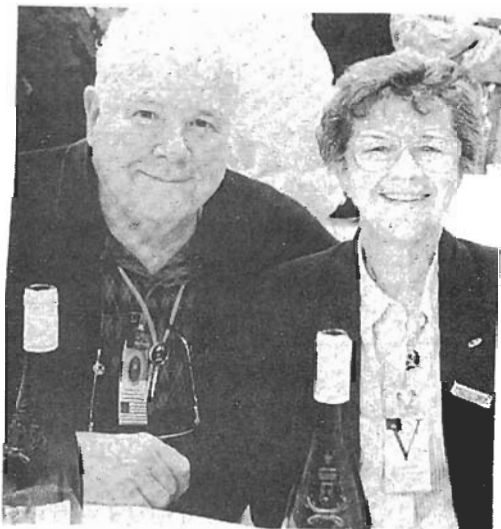
M O N T A G E



Herb Reichwald, Bob Dalrymple & Charley Pugh
at 1994 Memorial Ceremony at Nice Airport



Pete Zubricky



Joe D. and Edie Miller
in France



Russ Pearson taking Bill Hudson soaring
in his glider near Palm Springs, CA



ROSTER-----596th PARACHUTE COMBAT ENGINEER COMPANY

JANUARY 1995

- ANDERSON, Robt.E.(Avis)-
- AYLING, George (Lee)
- BARNES, Bernard F. (Thelma)
- BEAN, Harold R. (Jean)
- BOTTS, James R.
- BRAMLEY, Richard L.
- BULINO, Michael (Catherine)
- CHRISTIAN, Bill (Sophia)
- CIULLA, Salvatore J. (Londi)
- COCHRAN, Bill, E. (Beverly)
- CONGER, Bill H. (Marge)
- COURCHAINE, Charles R. (Elaine)
- DALL, Robert L.
- DALRYMPLE, Robert W., Col. (USA-Ret) (Garnet)
- DIAMON, Dennis-
- DRISCOLL, Cornelius (Glenice)
- EDDY, Harold L. (Polly)
- EGGLER Robert P.
- EMERICK, Alfred E.
- FRANCE, Ralph W. (Virginia)
- FREIBERG, Bernard S. (Zella)
- GAINER, Glen N., Captain (Ruth)
- ELEN, Louis (Vera)
- GIBBON, Corey F. (Annie Loyd)
- GIBSON, Frank A. (Laura)
- GLENN, Verlin R. (Eva)
- GOODMAN, Allan R. (Alice)
- GOUDIE, (Jack) Donald A. (Jean)
- GREENWOOD, James O. (Hildred)
- GUTHRIE, (Jack) John M. (Agnes)
- HATLESTAD, Clarence T. (Donna Mae)
- HERREN, (Roy) Marion Leroy (Naomi)
- HERRERA, Joseph Y.
- HILD, Raymond (Mary)
- HORRIGAN, Ed (Mary)
- HOSTERMAN, Ned R. (Shirley)
- HUDSON, Bill (Gloria)
- HYMAN, (Gene) Lester W. (Mary Jo)
- KELLY, Pat (Kay)
- KENYON, Kyle F. (Shirley)
- KOSAN, Ernest C. (Judy)
- KUNZER, Alfred
- LA LIBERTE, Joseph C.
- LARIVEY, Edward J.
- LANNEN, Peter W. (Josephine)
- LARSON, Herbert V., Col. (USA-Ret)
- LUCY, Edward T.
- LYON, Dr. James H. (JoAnn)
- McINTYRE, Carl Lee (Lucille)

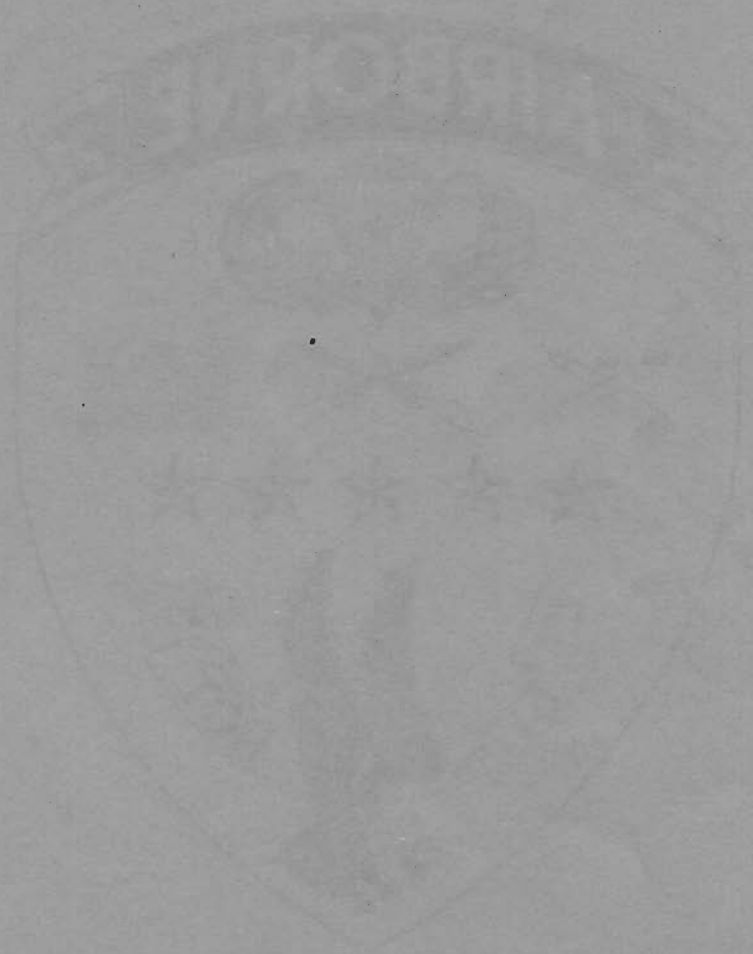
(OVER)

(ROSTER-continued)

McKINLEY, Edward T. (Jean)
McROY, Homer Lee-
MACFADDEN, James M. (Ruth)
MADISON, Lyle S. (Mary Ann)
MARKLE, Gene (Elaine)
MEARES, Warr R. (LaRue)-
MEECE, Donald-
MILLER, Joe D. (Edie)
MITCHELL, George E. (Deen)
MOON, John J.
MOSES, (Brooks) James M. (Mary)
NEMETH, (Al) Alex (Mary)
PEARSON, Russell (Mary)
PHILLIPS, Edward-
PIERCE, David (Olga)
PODRASKY, Vincent C. (Joan)
POE, Raymond E. (Joan)-
PUGH, Dr. Charles E. (Ann)
RANDALL, John L. (Alice)
REICHWALD, Herbert A. (Marie)-
RIGDON, Marvin A. (Ann)
ROBERSON, Paul (Judy)
ROBERTS, Harold A. (Jeanne)
ROGERS, James M. (Carrie)
SAMPSON, Raymond R. (Ann)
SAUNDERS, Don (Janice)-
SCHNEIDER, Melvin P.
SCHORNBERG, Albert (Al) (Andree)-
SENIER, Joseph F.
SHIPLEY, Dennis (Ina)
SHULL, George H. (Winston)
SIMPSON, (Hank) Henry S. (Marian)
SMALL, Reverend Tom G. (Mary)
SMITH, Donald E. (Kathleen)
SMITH, Joe-
SECON, John A.
STARCK, Art G. (Jean)
STERLING, Hugh D. (Marje)
SUMPIER, T. J. (Oleta)
SZAKACS, Elmer (Virginia)
TURNER, Marshall H. (Devona)
TWIGHT, David-
VENTOZA, Manuel (Laverne)-
VERDI, Bob (Marie)-
WALDEN, George T.
WARD, Allen M.
WHITEMAN, John M. (Marilyn)
WILKERSON, Robert C. (Betty)
WILLIAMS, Wesley G. (Gladys)
WILLIAMSON, George W. (Mary)
WINTERLING, William F. (Frances)
WOLLAM, Richard
Wrobleski, Leo P.-
Wurch, Edgar L.



211 PARACHUTE COMBAT TEAM



517 PARACHUTE COMBAT TEAM ASSN.



1943 - 1945
517 Parachute Infantry Regiment
460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
596 Parachute Combat Engineer Company