



517th Parachute Regimental Combat Team



PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

MailCall No. 2020

November 7, 2010

*517th Parachute Infantry Regiment
460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
596th Parachute Combat Engineer Company*

Website www.517prct.org
Mail Call MailCall@517prct.org
Mail Call Archives www.517prct.org/archives
Roster www.517prct.org/roster.pdf

Pledge of Allegiance by Red Skelton



A "skit" from one of Red Skelton's 1969 T.V. shows...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TZBTyTWOZCM>



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MailCall News

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Howard. Wow 90 big ones. The 90 doesn't impress me it's your recall. I can't remember yesterday. Come to think of it I can, I watched football all day. I wish you many many more B days!

Your Sargent of Arms in Savannah,
Darrell

Dear Bob -

I just yesterday had the most lovely visit with Howard Hensleigh! Considering that usually we are separated by 3000 miles, this was a rare treat for me indeed! I don't think I've seen him in person since Savannah in 2005.

Jim and I headed over to Menlo Park, CA to visit Howard straight from the San Francisco airport yesterday. It was the day after his 90th birthday, and he looked fabulous! He is, in the words of my dear friend Joanne Barrett, amazing. We talked about so many things, and we walked around the grounds with him. He was looking forward to dinner with his family for his 90th, and I hope that that was enjoyable as well.

Thanks for Mail Call and all you do -

Claire

I've had a daughter working to put the morning reports in a PDF format. This format helps to be able to read some of the microfiche that are hard to read. Wish I'd have done this when I did H Co. I am going back over my list and using the PDF formats to see if I can clarify some of the areas I had a hard time reading. Hope to have all of them by the first of the year. What a TREASURE of historical information for the 517th; much of the Who, What, When and Where but lacking a bit on the How.

Rhona and Mike Wells

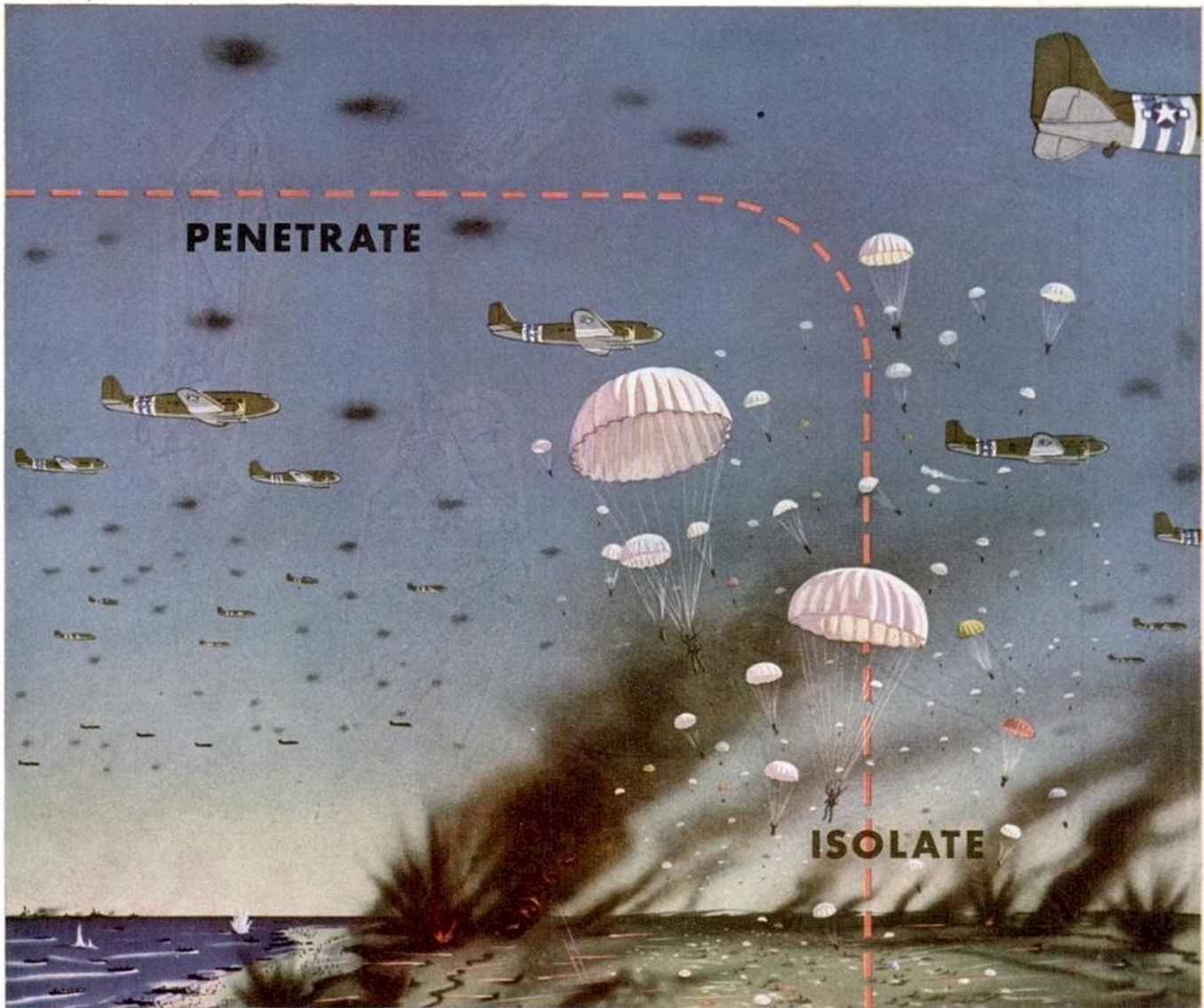
What a shock. Earnie Gilbert passing away. To his Family I want to express my sympathy. Earnie was a member of my motor squad, and I spent an awful lot of time with him both in the service and at reunion. Even though we were many miles apart, I still respected Earnie. I am so sorry to hear of his death. Again to his family, I am sorry for your loss. I LOST A VERY TRUE FRIEND.

Ray R. Hess

Next page is an advertisement from Life Magazine 1944



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PARATROOP LANDING—Eleventh in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy combat tactics.

OBLITERATE

How the Troop Carrier Command helps spearhead an attack by ferrying paratroopers and airborne troops behind enemy lines

"He conquers who gets there first" is the motto of the First Troop Carrier Command, AAF, headquartered at Stout Field, Indiana—birthplace of the Troop Carrier Command.

And how to get him there first is the Troop Carrier Command's sole interest in life.

But let's consider an actual invasion tactic. The enemy lines are separated from you by a body of water. Back of his shore installations are his secondary defenses. You want to land between these groups to disrupt both, so that following seaborne troops can establish a beachhead.

Okay—it's a job for the Troop Carrier Command. Thousands of Paratroopers file into giant C-47 Transport Planes—each plane accommodating 24 fully armed, specially trained volunteers.

"Take-off time" is here. The big ships climb gracefully into the skies escorted by coveys of snarling fighters. Soon you're over your objective, coming in low—"contour flying"—to confuse anti-aircraft fire, enemy fighters. You're now at DZ (Drop Zone), the big door is gaping, your chute is attached to the static line. Geronimo! You're out . . . the earth rushes toward you as you

clutch your .30 caliber carbine. Now you're down! Quickly you assemble in prearranged formations. There's heavy fighting. But thanks to surprise, the beachhead is won sooner than you'd hoped.

* * *

Pioneer in the Age of Flight, Shell Research made possible the first commercial production of 100 octane aviation fuel and supplied it to American Military Aviation . . . giving our fighting aircraft new speed and range, and a great tactical advantage.

Three additional Shell "firsts in fuel" vastly increased both the power and production of aviation fuel. Today, more Shell 100 octane aviation fuel is supplied to aircraft engine manufacturers, for critical test and run-in purposes, than any other brand.

And now, each day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.





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First Paratrooper Allowed to Marry



Lieut. and Mrs. Richard Spencer, III.

MISS JO ANNE NICHOLSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Nicholson, and Lieut. Richard Spencer, III, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spencer, were married July 24 at Camp Toccoa, Ga.

Chaplain A. Brown of North Carolina officiated at the post chapel. She wore a floor-length gown of white with eyelet embroidery cap and mits to match. She carried white rosebuds.

Mrs. C. Shaeffer of Pittsburgh, Penn., was matron of honor and

Lieut. Erwin Pinkston of Council Bluffs, Ia., served as best man.

A guard of honor formed the line through which the bridal party passed on their way to the reception at the Officers' club.

Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Spencer, mothers of the couple, visited friends en route home after attending the wedding.

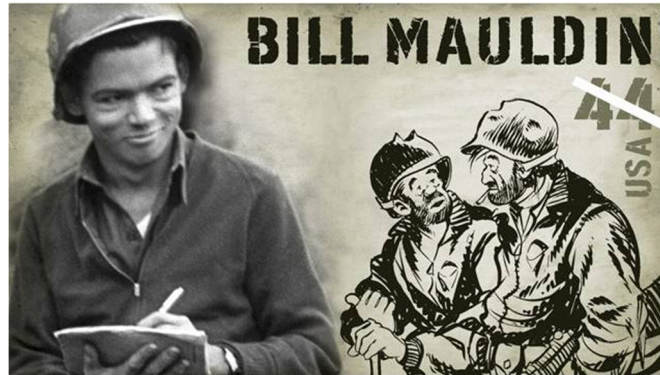


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Postage Stamp Honors Late Cartoonist Bill Mauldin

April 2010 - GENE CIECHANOWSKI writes:

Now here is a postage stamp the Postal Service should be proud of!



Makes ya proud to put this stamp on your envelopes.....

Bill Mauldin stamp honors grunts' hero. The post office gets a lot of criticism. Always has, always will. And with the renewed push to get rid of Saturday mail delivery, expect complaints to intensify. But the United States Postal Service deserves a standing ovation for something that happened last month:

Bill Mauldin got his own postage stamp.

Mauldin died at age 81 in the early days of 2003. The end of his life had been rugged. He had been scalded in a bathtub, which led to terrible injuries and infections; Alzheimer's disease was inflicting its cruelties. Unable to care for himself after the scalding, he became a resident of a California nursing home, his health and spirits in rapid decline.

He was not forgotten, though. Mauldin, and his work, meant so much to the millions of Americans who fought in World War II, and to those who had waited for them to come home. He was a kid cartoonist for Stars and Stripes, the military newspaper; Mauldin's drawings of his muddy, exhausted, whisker-stubbed infantrymen Willie and Joe were the voice of truth about what it was like on the front lines.

Mauldin was an enlisted man just like the soldiers he drew for; his gripes were their gripes, his laughs their laughs, his heartaches their heartaches. He was one of them. They loved him.



"I need a couple guys what don't owe me no money for a little routine patrol."



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He never held back. Sometimes, when his cartoons cut too close for comfort, superior officers tried to tone him down. In one memorable incident, he enraged Gen. George S. Patton, who informed Mauldin he wanted the pointed cartoons celebrating the fighting men, lampooning the high-ranking officers to stop. Now! The news passed from soldier to soldier. How was Sgt. Bill Mauldin going to stand up to Gen. Patton? It seemed impossible.

Not quite. Mauldin, it turned out, had an ardent fan: Five-star Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe. Ike put out the word: Mauldin draws what Mauldin wants. Mauldin won. Patton lost.

If, in your line of work, you've ever considered yourself a young hotshot, or if you've ever known anyone who has felt that way about him or herself, the story of Mauldin's young manhood will humble you. Here is what, by the time he was 23 years old, Mauldin accomplished:

He won the Pulitzer Prize, was featured on the cover of Time magazine. His book "Up Front" was the No.1 best-seller in the United States.



"I'm beginning to feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."



All of that at 23. Yet, when he returned to civilian life and grew older, he never lost that boyish Mauldin grin, never outgrew his excitement about doing his job, never big-shotted or high-hatted the people with whom he worked every day.

I was lucky enough to be one of them. Mauldin roamed the hallways of the Chicago Sun-Times in the late 1960s and early 1970s with no more officiousness or air of haughtiness than if he was a copyboy. That impish look on his face remained.

He had achieved so much. He won a second Pulitzer Prize, and he should have won a third for what may be the single greatest editorial cartoon in the history of the craft: his deadline rendering, on the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, of the statue at the Lincoln Memorial slumped in grief, its head cradled in its hands. But he never acted as if he was better than the people he met. He was still Mauldin, the enlisted man.

During the late summer of 2002, as Mauldin lay in that California nursing home, some of the old World War II infantry guys caught wind of it. They didn't want Mauldin to go out that way. They thought he should know he was still their hero.



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Gordon Dillow, a columnist for the Orange County Register, put out the call in Southern California for people in the area to send their best wishes to Mauldin. I joined Dillow in the effort, helping to spread the appeal nationally, so Bill would not feel so alone. Soon, more than 10,000 cards and letters had arrived at Mauldin's bedside.



"By the way, wot wuz them changes you wuz gonna make when you took over last month, sir?"

One of the veterans explained to me why it was so important: "You would have to be part of a combat infantry unit to appreciate what moments of relief Bill gave us. You had to be reading a soaking wet Stars and Stripes in a water-filled foxhole and then see one of his cartoons."

Mauldin is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Last month, the kid cartoonist made it onto a first-class postage stamp. It's an honor that most generals and admirals never receive.

What Mauldin would have loved most, I believe, is the sight of the two guys who keep him company on that stamp. Take a look at it.

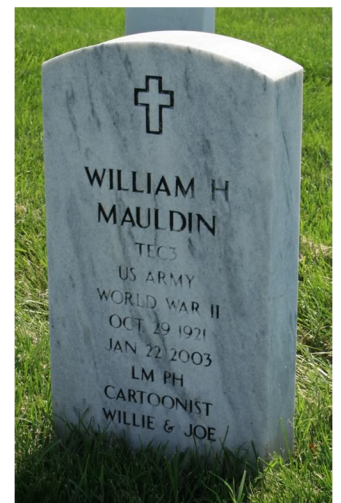
There's Willie. There's Joe.

And there, to the side, drawing them and smiling that shy, quietly observant smile, is Mauldin himself. With his buddies, right where he belongs. Forever.

[Some non-text portions of this message have been removed]

Better than that, old soldiers began to show up just to sit with Mauldin, to let him know that they were there for him, as he, so long ago, had been there for them. So many volunteered to visit Bill that there was a waiting list. Here is how Todd DePastino, in the first paragraph of his wonderful biography of Mauldin, described it:

Almost every day in the summer and fall of 2002 they came to Park Superior nursing home in Newport Beach, California, to honor Army Sergeant, Technician Third Grade, Bill Mauldin. They came bearing relics of their youth: medals, insignia, photographs, and carefully folded newspaper clippings. Some wore old garrison caps. Others arrived resplendent in uniforms over a half century old. Almost all of them wept as they filed down the corridor like pilgrims fulfilling some long-neglected obligation."



For a delightful sample of other Willie and Joe cartoons, check out the short collection put together by the American World War II Orphans Network: <http://www.awon.org/willie/willie2.html>



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Administrivia

- If you miss any MailCalls, they are all available online at <http://www.517prct.org/mailcall/>
- At any time, if you want to be added or removed from the MailCall list, just let me know.
- Send any news, stories, or feedback to: MailCall@517prct.org
- If you send me email that you do not want included in MailCall, just label it as FYEO.
- I now understand how Ben could get confused about what he already posted and what he didn't. If I miss something, please just send it again.
- Donations for any programs involving the 517th should be sent to our treasurer:
Leo Dean
14 Stonehenge Lane
Albany, NY 12203

Save the date!

Annual 517th Reunion (probably the last one)

**July 13-18, 2011
Atlanta, GA**

with visits to Camp Toccoa and Fort Benning



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