



517th Parachute Regimental Combat Team



PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

MailCall No. 2080

November 20, 2011

*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 (from 2008)

www.517prct.org/roster.pdf

MailCall News

Bob,

While traveling to Portland Oregon last week to an educational conference with a colleague, I found out some very interesting information. My colleague and friend Todd Bird's son lives in Portland. While there he spent some time at his son's home and found out from his daughter-in-law, that her grandfather was in the 517th. His name was **Steven Gurlidas** (last name may not be spelled correctly) of **F Company**. Do we have any information on Trooper Gurlidas that I can give back to Todd?

What a small world.

Lory Curtis, son of Bud Curtis, HQ, 1st Bn

Hi Lory,

On a quick look, I'm not coming up with anything for Gurlidas/Gurlides. The only semi-complete list we have is the Christmas '44 roster, which is only at that point in time. Often, I can also find people who might have been wounded before then in the casualty reports, but those are still very incomplete for now. If they joined later, that is also tough to find. Can you check the spelling? Do they have any other documents?

Bob Barrett

Here is some further information documenting Steven Gurlides was indeed in F Company, 517th.

Lory



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Lory,
Here is the document on their wall.
It reads:

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
TRANSPORTATION CORPS
ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
NEW YORK PORT OF
EMBARKATION

Pvt. Steve P. Gurlides
517th PRCHT INF REGT
Co. "F"

Returned to the UNITED STATES on
the ship SS Oneida Victory which sailed
from Le Harve, France on 13 August
1945 Sig ???
Title Capt. Transport Commander



Thanks,
Todd

That does help. We now know that Pvt. Steve P. Gurlides was with the 517th for their return home, so I know he wasn't WIA and knocked out before the Bulge. He probably joined after the December roster was printed (or just unlisted – there are some errors on that roster.) I'm copying Mike Wells and see if he might have any info from the Morning Reports of F Company.

Bob B

Steve P. Gurlides - I've checked ALL the Morning Reports I've completed so far and do not find him in any of them. I'll keep his name on a list and check as I work on the remaining MR's.

Mike Wells

thanks Bob, I wonder if anyone in F Company remembers Steve??

Lory

Here is a homemade video taken on the Oneida Victory returning the troops to NY in 1945. It was posted on YouTube in 2008. Is this the same journey as the 517th? (I don't see many paratrooper boots on the soldiers.)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OH70E UeM8Jk>



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I received a nice note from Chop Chop's daughter along with the attached obituary. Gene was one in 25 hundred. -- Merle

In Celebration of Gene's Life

Welcome
"Coming Around The Mountain"

Eulogy

Sharing of Memories

Last Respects
"Blood on the Risers"

Procession to Grave Site

Dinner

For one human being to love another--that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation.
-Rainer Maria Rilke

A man can do only what a man can do. But if he does that each day, he can sleep at night and do it again the next day.
-Albert Schweitzer

Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you that you are wrong. There are always difficulties arising that tempt you to believe your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to an end requires some of the same courage that a soldier needs. Peace has its victories, but it takes brave men and women to win them.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Eugene Mars
In Memoriam
September 21, 1922 - October 2, 2011

Immediately after burial, dinner to follow at the Mars residence

Directions to **6183 McAbee Rd, San Jose, CA 95120**
 6.3 mi - about 12 mins
 300 Curtner Ave, San Jose, CA 95112

1. Head northeast on Curtner Ave, go 0.2 mi, total 0.2 mi
2. Make a U-turn. About 3 mins, go 1.0 mi, total 1.2 mi
3. Take the Almaden Expy S ramp, go 0.2 mi, total 1.3 mi
4. Merge onto Almaden Expy, About 6 mins, go 4.1 mi, total 5.4 mi
5. Turn right onto McAbee Rd, Destination will be on the right. About 3 mins, go 0.6 mi, total 6.0 mi

6183 McAbee Rd, San Jose, CA 95120



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From **Roger Sullivan** (son of **George Sullivan**),

I scanned the enclosed and will stop for the day ...



This photo of **William Mitchell** has the following inscription on the back – presumably sent to my Mom (I think (hope) as a joke?).

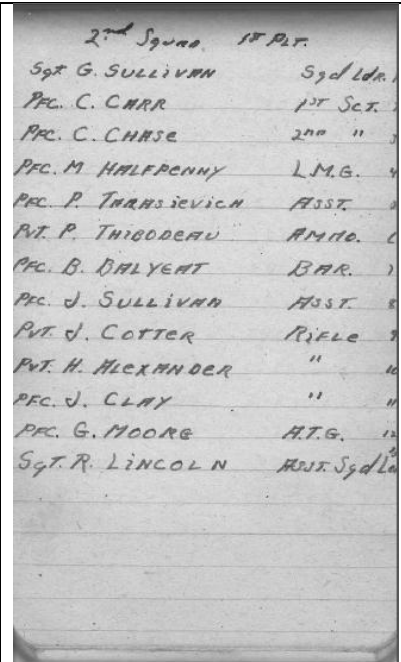
*“Say, what do you see in Sully.
When I am around I am really a nice guy.
Maybe we should get together some time.
How about it?”*

*PFC William Mitchell
Co A 1st Battalion
517 Parachute Inf.
Camp Mackall NC
APO 452*

A squad roster using what appears to be a found day-planner signed by a “M Emile Gregoire, Place du Rivage No 1, Stavelot.” The book was empty except for one page where the roster was written.

S/Sgt Matulovich
Sgt Sullivan
Alvie
Wimpling
Allen
Norris
Smith
Crawford
Hilt
Applegate

Sgt George A Sullivan – Sqd Ldr
Pfc Charles C Carr – 1st Sct
Pfc Charles D Chase – 2nd Sct
Medard J Jr. Halfpenny - L.M.G
Pfc Peter B Tarasievich - Asst.
Pvt P Thibodeau – Ammo *
Pfc Bryce B Balyeat - BAR
Pfc Jack E Sullivan - Asst
Pvt J Cotter – Rifle *
Pvt Harold S Alexander – Rifle
Pfc J Clay- Rifle *
Pfc G Moore – ATG *
Sgt R Lincoln - Asst Sqd Ldr *





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Where I could find the individual on the Madawaska passenger list, I've included the first name. Others are marked with an asterisk (*). Perhaps these fellows were transferred in from another unit after the sail home and this roster represents a unit back in the States.

The other squad roster also contains written notes listing squad members purchases of cigarettes, cigars and candy. It's in my dad's handwriting, so I'm assuming that the squad leader was responsible for tracking the purchases and payments. Given that this and the other roster show dad as a Sgt., they date to early 1945 – after major combat and perhaps shortly before or during the trip home.

Sgt Sullivan \$5.44	
canton luskies	.50
cigars El Producto	3.50
box milkchocolate	.72
24 packager	.72
Sgt Chase \$5.44	
canton luskies	.50
cigars El Producto	3.50
box butterfinger	.72
24 pkgs gum	.72
Sgt Coats \$5.50	
canton luskies	.50
cigars El Producto	3.50
box milkchocolate	.72
24 pkgs gum	.72
lillets	.60

Sgt Koch \$4.84	
canton luskies	.50
box tarpan	2.50
flint wack	.02
milkchocolate	.72
peanuts	.15
24 gum	.72
mint	.14
lillets	.06
Sgt Sullivan \$2.30	
luskies	.50
box almond	.72
24 gum	.72
lillets black	.08
peanuts	.15

Balycat \$5.50	
luskies	.50
cigars El Producto	3.50
milkchocolate	.72
peanuts	.15
24 gum	.72
lillets 3	.15
Sgt Tarasewich \$6.12	
luskies	.50
cigars El Producto	3.50
milkchocolate	.72
24 gum	.72
peanuts	.15
starving binch	.50

Best regards,
Roger Sullivan

Bob,
Enclosed is an article by George Dorsey, 'Stars and Stripes' correspondent, quoting **Maj. Forest Paxton** and describing the time in southern France near Sospel and Nice. He describes the dramatic juxtaposition of a café in Nice versus combat duty and the very fluid definition of 'front lines.' The last section of the article describes how the supply logistics were severely stretched during this time.

Regards,
Roger Sullivan



Beyond Riviera--Roaring Death

By Sgt. GEORGE DORSEY
Staff Writer

ON THE MARITIME ALPS FRONT, Nov. 5—There is a story they tell about this front.

You are sitting in the bar of a Riviera or alpine resort hotel, drinking a Black and White maybe, or a martini. With some guy in a paratrooper's jump suit, you are debating one thing and another, like is the French woman here to stay? Then the soldier you have been talking to suddenly looks at his watch, jumps up from his soft leather chair and slings his carbine over his shoulder.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he says, "but I have to go on outpost now." The war in these parts can be as fantastic as this. More than one sergeant can tell of frantically

scouring cocktail lounges and other place of pleasure for enough men to lead out on a patrol into German territory.

There are other stories, however. Of men who have advanced over the lip of a mountain and set up positions in the face of direct fire from accurate 88s, of doughboys tied into their foxholes for foodless, waterless days by the close-meshed lace of criss-crossing German bullets. Every day there are the medical officers' reports of men whose legs have been blown off by the treacherous foot mines which the Germans have concealed along nearly every rocky trail in these mountains.

The contrasts don't end with the sandwiching together of sumptuous relaxation and roaring death. This

is at once the coldest and warmest front in Europe. It runs, jagged as the mountains themselves, from the Swiss border, south 200 miles over snow-capped peaks which tower, 8,000 feet or more into the air, and ends on the graceful white beaches of the Ligurian Sea not far beyond Monte Carlo. The front is international—American guns firing from French soil are often answered by German batteries in Italy.

The line is manned by American forces commanded by 37-year-old Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick and elements of the 1st French Army. General Frederick, who won for himself at Anzio the reputation of a brilliant and daring tactician, heads the Airborne Task Force, which includes paratroop formations, the

(Continued on page 4)

famed Canadian-American Special Service Force and other units.

Their job is to protect the flank and rear of 6th Army Group and they have gone about it in the only way understood by spirited troops of their type—by attacking the enemy again and again and keeping him off balance. These methods have paid off. The task force has captured more than 3,800 prisoners, shoved the enemy back more than 50 miles and liberated the big resort cities of Nice and Cannes and the fabulous, postage-stamp-sized principality of Monaco.

The preference among task force officers for attack over static defense is voiced by Maj. Forest S. Paxton, San Francisco, who commands the 3rd Battalion of an airborne regiment.

Would Rather Attack

"I would rather attack," he says, "because, strangely enough, I suffer fewer casualties when on the offensive. The boys are alert, careful. They take good care of themselves. But when they're just sitting around, they get careless. Just about the time they get to thinking nothing can happen to them, the Germans sneak into our positions and raise hell."

It is true that the terrain hereabouts affords unparalleled opportunity for successful infiltration tactics. Most of the vigorous patrolling which goes on along this front is conducted during daylight, yet the

patrols, taking advantage of all the cover afforded by boulder-strewn, thickly forested mountains, are seldom detected before they are within 25 yards of the enemy lines. Soldiers of both sides have been kidnapped in the middle of the day when they were well behind their own outposts. Even the occasional farm in this country is an irregular, terraced affair that provides excellent concealment.

Things have been going well here lately—the Germans have just pulled back some distance in the south, allowing the Americans to seize Sospel, where four important roads meet just west of the Italian frontier—but the history of this front has been that it was kept going only by sweat, muscle and rugged determination. The soldiers who were given the order to fight the foe in the east had little of the mechanization and few of the machines taken for granted by the modern fighting force.

On Their Backs

Airborne troops are equipped for only four or five days of lightning fighting. The transportation and artillery which normally accompanies them is insignificant. Thus, when General Frederick's men began marching eastward, they had to carry almost everything on their backs. They lived for days on what food French peasants would give or sell. They packed heavy mortars on long marches and 75mm howitzers were pulled and shoved by hand. Boots wore out and men were nearly barefoot.

Supply was more of a problem than hastily organized German defensive measures, even with every manner of captured enemy vehicle pressed into convoy work. And as the mountains became rougher and higher, mules had to be found to carry food, water and ammunition up to platoons fighting on nearly inaccessible peaks. Yet 7th Army officers could only listen sympathetically and shake their heads when ABTFmen asked for trucks and guns; the needs of the divisions hurling the Germans north into the Belfort Gap were greater.

This was the forgotten front—and it still is. The soldiers down here, suffering their losses, taking here a town and there a mountain mass, don't make the headlines. They know this and they'll tell you so. Some say it with a touch of bitterness, thinking of their scanty transportation and not-too-warm clothing. Others, looking forward to a pass to glorious Nice next weekend, grin and say, "Hope we stay forgotten."



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Searching for Albert Delgado's family

This entry was posted in last week's MailCall:

Submitted by	Comments:
Name: Paul Hamilton From: Texas E-mail: pdhh080892@sbcglobal.net	I am seeking to make contact with family members of Albert A. Delgado , KIA during the Battle of the Bulge. I am in possession of items I would like to return to his family. Please contact with any information. Thank you!
Added: November 13, 2011	

Cpl. Albert Delgado was in A Company of the 517th PRCT, and was KIA in Belgium. I did post this note in last week's MailCall, but didn't expect to hear anything since we do not have any info on relatives or friends of Albert on our mailing lists.

For the hell of it, I did a quick Google search, and I ran across this article from the Kansas City Kansan, noting the 2007 death of Albert's brother, Sgt. Tarsicio Delgado, a Korean War vet and POW. This article below is the one and only reference to Albert Delgado that I could find.

Bob Barrett

Camino: Freedom is not free

Posted by [Rudy Padilla](#) on January 12, 2011 - 5:34pm

By *RUDYPADILLA*

If you go to the internet and enter "Korean War photos" a huge amount of photos and information appears.

Many of us had family and friends fight in that war against the communist threat. Two distant relatives of mine carry life-long disabilities from the Korean War. Unfortunately it is referred to as "The Forgotten War." At the entrance to Wyandotte County Park is a list on a granite memorial of those who died for this country. Their names are to be remembered. The names are those who were residents of Wyandotte County when they left to serve.

A new book available in the public library includes many photos of participants in World War II and the Korean War. Latino Advocates for Education, Inc. has produced its 4th book "Freedom is not Free" with the efforts of university students and university alumni. They point out that the "first American casualty at Pearl Harbor was Ensign Manuel Gonzalez, a Navy pilot from the USS Enterprise."





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Also Included in the book is the story of Sgt. Tarsicio Delgado – as recounted by his son: Delgado enlisted in the U.S. Army on July 21, 1950.

He was stationed at Fort Ord in California and was later deployed to the front lines in Korea with Company 1, 14th Infantry Regiment of the 25th Infantry Division. Tarsicio Delgado was the sixth brother to join the armed forces. Four brothers served in World War II, and another also served during the Korean War.

Two of Tarsicio's brothers were killed in action in Europe during World War II, Albert A. Delgado, a paratrooper in Belgium, and Manuel P. Delgado, a tank man in France.

On March 1, 1952 at Heartbreak Ridge, while serving as a corporal, Tarsicio was commanding a listening post out in front of the barbed wire lines. Shivering in the bitter cold on sniper duty, a North Korean patrol appeared, but Delgado and his two buddies held their fire.

They had been told one of their own patrols was out, and they dared not shoot by mistake. "One of them tossed a grenade in on us," Delgado said, "and I tossed it out again. But before I could grab my rifle, they were in on us." While being transported to the Red lines, Delgado was hit by mortar fire and struck in the head by a burst of shrapnel.

Delgado tried to play dead, but was dragged through the snow by his heels. Although some of the shrapnel was removed at the end of the war, Tarsicio Delgado had shrapnel remaining in his head until his death on May 19, 2007. Tarsicio never received the Purple Heart Medal for this injury, due to it occurring across enemy lines and being captured.

Delgado was marched for two days into 'no-man's-land,' to an interrogation center and was tortured for an explanation of what the communists insisted must be a code. The series of numbers was a list of all his family members' birthdays: mother, father, five brothers, and six sisters. Tarsicio Delgado was declared Missing in Action on March 1, 1952 and his capture was never confirmed. Delgado was taken to Camp Two Annex near the Yalu River, which contained approximately 30 enlisted men and 120 officers. Delgado stated, after his capture, "the Chinese beat the hell out of me," in an attempt to force him to give away his unit's position on the battle line. Delgado said "I can't do that."

When being transferred from the North Korean Reds to a Chinese Communist Prisoner Camp, the Chinese told Delgado to fill out a form. The last question on it stated, "How were you treated by the North Koreans?" Delgado told them the truth, and they got mad! The Reds put him in a special camp for prisoners called 'Reactionaries,' who were considered too anti-communist. "It was pretty rough, rougher than some of the "good boy" camps. Bad food, strict silence among prisoners, and punishment in the 'hole' for disobedience was the order of the day."

Delgado spent 16 hours a day at Camp II Annex, cooking, carrying water, getting food, and preparing all the meals. With the extra duties as camp cook, Delgado was able to plan an escape and save some food.

He took some rice, crackers, and soy beans, but especially would not leave without his hand carved rosary made during his stay at the camp. Whittled out of a branch, bead by bead, and tied together with threads from his own clothes, Tarsicio prayed constantly with his rosary in hopes of getting home.



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Delgado escaped on July 4th, Independence Day, and “went over the hill.” After his break out, he was re-captured again two days later while trying to circle around another prisoner camp. Seen by a Chinese soldier who challenged him, Delgado yelled something back in Korean, and he let him by. However, some Korean civilians ran up to the soldier and told him Delgado was an American, and “that was all.”

Returned to the prisoner camp, the Chinese tied a rope around Delgado’s neck and threw the end over a beam. He was hung from his neck for three hours with only his toes barely touching the ground.

If he relaxed from the tiptoe position, he would choke. Delgado states, that although he thought they were going to kill him, it was only punishment because they needed him to bake the bread for the camp.

Delgado planned another escape for late August, but the truce came and he was exchanged on August 26, 1953 at Freedom Village, Korea. On the trip back, approaching “Freedom Gate,” Delgado described, it was “deathly quiet,” because during the last week before the prisoner exchanges, several men were hastily convicted on trumped-up charges and never seen again.

At age 25, Delgado had spent 554 days in the Korean Prisoner of War Camp and was released at the end of the war.

Tarsicio Delgado achieved the rank of Sergeant and after his return to the U.S. was awarded the Korean Service Medal, two Bronze Campaign Stars, the National Defense Medal, the United Nations Service Medal, the Combat Infantryman’s Badge, and three Overseas Service Bars.

Although deserving of the Purple Heart Medal due to the shrapnel wound he received at Heartbreak Ridge, because it was inflicted after his capture and not verified, he was never awarded this distinguished medal. Sergeant Delgado fearlessly served his country with honor, loyalty, and valiance and was honorably discharged on February 1, 1954.

He died on May 19, 2007, never receiving the Purple Heart Medal, and still possessed shrapnel in his left temple. Tarsicio once stated, “It is not the medals and ribbons that determine a man’s loyalty to this great country. We have our freedom today because of these men, no matter if they have the medals or not.”

<http://kansascitykansan.com/blogs/rudy-padilla/caminos-freedom-not-free/9430>

More MailCall News

New website addition:



Full size: [A Company group photo at Camp Toccoa 1943](#)



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Bob:

A story about the 517th landing in southern France is contained in the Late Fall 2011 issue of the WW II History Magazine. Specifically mentioned in the article are Hal Roberts and Clyde Hoffman. Material for the article was submitted by Chris Blendheim who served in the airborne forces from 1989 to 1992. He is a high school teacher and resides in Sebastian, Florida.

Merle

Submitted by	Comments:
Name: Allen H. Douglas, Jr. From: Flowery Branch Ga E-mail: Marinesurveyllc@charter.net	My father was Sgt Allen H. Douglas , 517th 43' - '45. He passed a young man of 53 in Dec. 1977. I regret I never learned much about his service, he never spoke about it.
Added: November 13, 2011	

517 PRCT Florida Mini-Reunion – January 2012

WHEN: January 14 – 16 , 2012

WHERE: Ramada Hotel & Inn Gateway
7470 Hwy 192 West
Kissimmee, FL 34741
800-327-9170

Hospitality Room Opens Evening of January 13

[Click here to download info and registration form](#)

For further information contact
Brenda Verbeck Mortensen, 813-335-8002 bverbeck@gmail.com

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 new Association Treasurer: Identify the purpose of any donation (Annual Dues, etc.) and make all checks payable to:

517 PRCT Association, Inc.
c/o Joanne Barrett
70 Pleasant Street
Cohasset, MA 02025