



## 517<sup>th</sup> Parachute Regimental Combat Team



PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

### MailCall No. 2198

January 26, 2014

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

Website  
Send Mail Call news to  
Mail Call Archives  
2013 Roster (updated!)  
Thunderbolt (Spring 2013)

[www.517prct.org](http://www.517prct.org)  
[MailCall@517prct.org](mailto:MailCall@517prct.org)  
[www.517prct.org/archives](http://www.517prct.org/archives)  
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[www.517prct.org/archives](http://www.517prct.org/archives)

### *New Delivery Method for MailCalls*

Did you notice the new format of the MailCall email to you? Due to continuing delivery problems -- some email systems think that the MailCalls are spam -- I am trying a new method of delivering the MailCall, using a mailing list program called MailChimp.

The main advantage of using MailChimp is that it is a well-known mailing list service, and follows rules that should ensure that emails get delivered. Also, if you want to unsubscribe from all future emails, you can easily and instantly do that yourself just by clicking the "unsubscribe" button below.

I will continue to send the MailCall on a weekly basis, as long as I have the time and news to report. I may change the format of this email over time, but I will still just use it mostly just to contain a link to the actual MailCall newsletter, which will continue to be in a pdf format so that you can view it, enlarge it, or print it out yourself. Please let me know if you have any problems receiving or reading the MailCalls.

Bob Barrett

### *This Week in 517<sup>th</sup> History - January 1945*

During the RCT's stay in Stavelot a frequent visitor was the Associated Press war correspondent **Hal Boyle**. The 517th had finally been removed from the "secret" list, and families and friends of the men found the first newspaper accounts of its members in Boyle's column. Here are some of the stories Boyle filed:



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With the 517th Parachute Combat Team in Belgium, Jan. 25 (Delayed) (AP) -- In a regimental command post envious soldiers read a telegram:

"**Corporal Blank** holds a letter appointing him to the U.S.M.A. in 1945."

It was one of those things hundreds of soldiers dream about--an appointment of a frontline fighter to the United States Military Academy. The telegram continued:

"If found physically qualified. Will be returned to the United States to undergo training."

The chance of a lifetime! No more crawling through freezing snow under mortar fire, no more shivering at night in lonely foxholes--and no more "C" rations. The soldier was a parachute corporal who had fought through Italy, France and Belgium.

A runner took the telegram to a forward company with instructions to bring back the corporal immediately with full equipment--ready to start at once for home and West Point.

But no happy corporal came back. The runner returned with this brief message from company headquarters:

"Corporal Blank was killed in action at Trois Ponts, Belgium." The telegram had come five days too late.

\* \* \*

Any good battlefield commander prizes the regard of his men above any recognition that higher headquarters can bestow. That is why **Captain Earl E. Ehly**, former Philadelphia physical education instructor, treasures a letter written by a wounded man in his company to the commander of the 517th parachute combat team.

"Dear Sir," the letter said. "I am in hospital now with a fractured skull. Being an enlisted man under your command I would like to bring to your attention the kind of officer you have under your command.

"The officer I am referring to is Captain Earl E. Ehly. Here were his actions while we were engaging the enemy at Soy, Luxembourg. We were advancing against a heavy concentration of small arms fire, mortar fire and 240-millimeter artillery fire. Captain Ehly was hit in the leg, and as I started to help him an artillery shell of the 240-millimeter kind fell between us wounding about six more men. Captain Ehly, neglecting his wounds and the mortar fire, crawled to me and gave me first aid treatment and words of encouragement. I wrote this letter of my own free will."

The letter was signed with an enlisted man's name.

The letter -- which means more to Ehly than the hero's ribbons he wears over his left pocket -- didn't add what the boys who patched up the wounded at the aid station remember. Captain Ehly wouldn't permit them to give him blood plasma until he was personally shown that the supply on hand was sufficient for all his wounded men.

\* \* \*

With the 517th Parachute Combat Team (AP)--Every parachute trooper sweats out that 13th "Black Cat" jump,

**Corporal Burton E. Meandor**, Waco, Texas, made his without benefit of a parachute. He was dozing peacefully in his billet in a frozen sector of snowy Belgium one night when flames swept through his third floor room.

A fellow trooper accidentally had kicked over a can of gasoline and a stream of it ran by a hot stove and ignited.

There was only one sure exit -- a window -- and there was a three-floor drop to the ground. But Meandor didn't hesitate. He dived out the window, counting from force of habit as he fell, and plunged into a deep snowdrift --



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unhurt.

"That was my 13th jump -- and I didn't even have time to worry about it," said Meandor.

\* \* \*

A Nazi military decoration made a perfect target for **Private Ellwood Dobbins**, of Boston, Mass.

Moving forward on the flank of a company attack, Dobbins saw a German wearing an iron cross on his chest about 10 yards away.

Dobbins drew a bead on the medal and put .a bullet directly through it -- and the enemy heart behind it.

\* \* \*

In an attack to relieve a pinned down parachute company, **Private First Class Donald 'Kitty' , Karr**, of Barberton, Ohio, hit the dirt on the top of a small knoll when small arms fire spattered around him,

Suddenly he heard German voices directly under him -- and realized that he was lying on a Nazi dugout.

Karr, who speaks little German, called out in a stern voice: "Throw your rifles outside and surrender."

Out came the rifles followed by three Germans with their hands up. All Karr had for a weapon was an empty mortar tube -- about as dangerous as a three-foot rain pipe!

\* \* \*

Returning from a sniper hunt to clean out some woods for his infantry company, **Private Gerald G. Stokes**, of Tampa, Fla., became separated from his group.

When he bumped into the men from the relieving infantry unit he walked up to the company commander and said:

"What's going on?"

The captain took one look at his "gott mit uns" belt, his iron cross and Nazi bayonet -- all souvenirs -- and immediately put him under arrest as a Nazi suspect.

"I am a paratrooper," yelled Stokes indignantly.

"You're too small to be a paratrooper ," replied the Captain.

Stokes was herded back to a prisoner of war pen, probably the most forlorn paratrooper in the history of airborne armies.

There someone recognized him and a few minutes later he was free and boiling mad. He gave the Captain a meaning look as he stalked away.

"It's funny," said the Captain, "I thought he was the first prisoner we had taken with a southern accent."

\* \* \*

A new way to double a cigarette ration had been found by **Private David G. Twight**, of Hawthorn, Wis. -- but it is a little dangerous.

He was with a group building an "up front" bridge and the enemy was pounding away with 88s. During one "10 minute break" Dave reached into his jacket for a cigarette.

He found that a piece of shrapnel had ripped through the jacket, cutting his pack of cigarettes squarely in half.

"Here, fellows, have a quickie," he proffered. "I've got two packs of 'em."



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### MailCall News

Bob: another wonderful Mail Call (good looking layout for the week of Jan 16, '45). Look forward to the pictures from the mini-reunion. We've finally had the cold weather from up north hit Florida, so I hope everyone is not too cold (but then "cold" for us, would make most of the rest of the country laugh and say it feels like Spring!).

#### Pat Seitz

Thank you for keeping me on the Mail Call Group.

My Father in Law was Ed Marconi, Company A.

Was in Albatross Dragoon and wounded in the Bulge, attack on Schmidt area.

RIP, we miss him dearly everyday!

Regards,

**John Bramswig**

517<sup>th</sup> Troopers in So. France, 1998



Le groupe d'anciens Paras, lors de notre arrêt au Chateau Ste Roseline, devenu au Jour "J" Provence le quartier général du 517em regiment Aéroporté, mais aussi l'hôpital de campagne où Bob "doc" Leclider soigna bon nombres de ses camarades blessés au combat ou pendant le saut. e gauche à droite **Johnny Moore, Robert Doc Leclider, Ralph Call et Carl Kiefer.**

From: <http://airborne-task-force-museum.com/fr/press-book/294-accueil-des-anciens-de-la-comgnie-a-du-517em-1998.html>

There have been very heavy rains recently in Sospel and Southern France.

Photo of Sospel from **Patricia Orengo**

I always wondered why that river through Sospel had such high walls and bridges. – BB





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**Subject:** Looking for any information about **SGT William R. Myers** E co 2/517

Dear Sir,

I'm looking for any information you might have available for: SGT William R. Myers E co 2/517, SN# 35552992

I have his M42 Jump Jacket and pants, and his 4 pocket dress tunic. I have a copy of his discharge and DD214 equivalent.

I have reviewed your fantastic website, and have found a good amount of information, and was wondering if you had information on him receiving a purple heart, or being wounded during the Battle of the Bulge?

Thank you ahead of time for any help you can offer.

v/r

James

SGM James L. Zadra USA

703-868-6210

Hi Jim,

In addition to what is on the web site, we do have copies of some of the (incomplete) morning reports. The following days mention Myers. It looks like he had a couple of NBC (Non-Battle Casualty), but I don't think those get a purple heart. Unfortunately, these records are incomplete:

COMPANY	LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	MI	RANK	DATE	CODE	S/N	MOS	LOCATION	NOTES
E	Myers	William	R	SGT	21-Jul-1944		3555?492		8 Miles South of Rome Italy	33rd EVAC Hosp to duty (LD)
E	Myers	William	B	SGT	7-Nov-1944	B	35552992	7653	St. Madelaine, France 717-006	reasgd & jd Co fr Det of Pat 7th Army NBC (LD)
E	Myers	William	R	SGT	29-Oct-1944	50	35552992	7653	1 Mile NE of Col de Braus, France 706-979	fr duty to abs sk NBC (LD) to trfd to Det of Pat 7th Army
E	Myers	William	R	SGT	17-Sep-1944	50	35652992	653	2 mile East of Lucuram, France	Duty to Abs sk NBC LD to Trfd to Det of Pat 7th Army
E	Myers	William	R	SGT	24-Sep-1944	A	35552992	653	2 mile East of Lucuram, France	Reasgd and jd Co fr Det of Pat 7th Army NBC LD
E	Myers	William	R	SGT	23-Dec-1944	G	35552992	7745	2 mi SW of Xhoffraix, Belgium	fr dy to NBC LD sk in hosp. Basic status changed fr asgd to atchd unasgd.



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## Kissimmee Florida Mini-Reunion 2014



From the Florida Reunion: 8 vets plus Babbie Boyle

Phil McSpadden, Steve Armbruster, Leo Dean, Allan Johnson, Hal Beddow  
Darrell Egner, Babbie Boyle, Bill Webb, Ray Hess



Leo Dean



Ray Hess and Hal Beddow

Darrell Egner,  
Ponnie Davis  
(Bill Lewis' sister)





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Greetings.

Although today is Getaway Day after the reunion, our flight into Newark Liberty was canceled! Evidently the northeast is getting hammered today and tonight. We are allegedly confirmed for tomorrow morning. Another day in Paradise - after I contacted work, extended the hotel, extended the rental car, and confirmed the flight.

Seriously, though - what a great time we had here in Kissimmee this year. We had 8 517 veterans with us: **Hal Beddow, Ray Hess, Bill Webb, Phil McSpadden, Leo Dean, Allan Johnson, Steve Armbruster**, and **Darrell Egner**. **Helen Beddow** and **Nancy Fraser Armand** put together a great time in the hospitality suite, and it really all fell into place. Families joined us as the weekend progressed, with young people moving in and out of the picture.

We had a surprise visit from **Karen Frice Wallace**, who joined us Sunday night with her husband Wayne. Since they live in Oregon, this was really a great surprise, and of course Karen used the time to drum up business for Palm Springs (I would absolutely do the same thing - if I went to Palm Springs, I would chirp about the Kissimmee reunion!). It sounds like it will be a great party this year, and less expensive than in years past - but I will let her tell that story. Darrell had has extended family join us for the banquet, as did the Hess family. **Tom Webb** joined us as well, and the **Boyle** clan was well-represented. **Earl Tingle**, who'd brought **Leroy Johnson** to his last reunion last year, came and enjoyed visiting with the troopers.

I enjoy the snippets of conversation overheard at reunions. Here is a random sampling:

"I see about nine different damn doctors and I just wish one of them knew what they hell they were doing."

"[My wife] is coming over after church tomorrow. By that time I should be dead drunk."

[In response]"Dead drunk is better than dead"

One trooper was regaling us with his tales of tickets and troopers. Our guest - a fellow hotel guest - said, "Sir, I'm a retired Illinois State Trooper and I don't want you to make any confessions against your interests."

We laughed and we laughed.

Reunions are the best. yes - there are the usual suspects at every reunion, but we always have some new faces as well. Please don't let something come between you and connecting with old friends and making new ones.

As I write, the guys and families are making their way home or the next destination. Darrell's son Chris is already in New Orleans, Darrell is at home, the Boyles have scattered, Steve is visiting his family and friends, and Leo is headed to make a skydive. Nancy is doing a Florida road trip to see friends. The Beddows are making their way back to Savannah, and the Hess family is plotting activities for next year's gathering.

Don't wait. Go to Palm Springs and think about joining us in France for your 70th.

Airborne all the way!

Claire

Whoops - almost forgot to thank my fabulous technical team! I was having technical difficulties in setting up the projection and it took a village of us to get it going. Special thanks to **Earl Tingle, Frank Boyle, Joe Boyle** and **Tom Webb**. It took a loaner computer to do the trick - Thank you all, gentlemen!



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Got back from a great Reunion on Tuesday. Just wanted to let all of you what a wonderful bunch of girls we Vets are lucky to have in the 517. **Helen Beddow** arrived on Thursday to open the Hospitably Room on Friday, **Claire Gibins** and her Dad came in late Friday as well as **Nancy Armand**. They went right to work and the Food and Booze just kept rolling. A professional Catering outfit would take a back to them. Thanks very much Girls! We had 33 people at the Banquet and believe it or not 8 of us Vets were in attendance. Our entertainment was talking to each other and we watched two football games also. The food was excellent and every one had a good time. Sometimes, small (people wise) is better.

As most of you know I have been down in the back for most of 2013 but my son Chris took good care of me. He said this was pay back for taking care of him for 53 years. I won that one. I couldn't have made the Reunion without he and the three girls mentioned above pampering me. Today my Daughter took me to the Hospital for a CT scan so we start over again trying to fix 6 vertebras.

Well folks I kind of got carried away, as the purpose of this message was to thank three wonderful girls for all their hard work. Fellow Vets we are so lucky to have the younger group taking over for us.

**Darrell Egner**

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Leo did skydive#160 after the reunion!

**Claire Giblin**







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### More MailCall News

A tribute to **Jesse K Davis** and photos at the First Airborne Task Force Museum:

<http://airborne-task-force-museum.com/en/veterans-resistants-and-civilians/297-davis-jesse-k-517em-regiment-para-us.html>



[1999 in Lorgues, Southern France]: French Resistance fighter Henri Parlarieu on left and Jesse DAVIS in the same place Jesse was evacuated on "D" day morning.



While our great 517th members met in Florida for another wonderful reunion, **Mike Wells** and I met also in Riverton, Utah to have a banquet dinner of our own to celebrate the great accomplishments of the 517<sup>th</sup>.

**Lory Curtis**

BB: I recently found these war stories by Allen Goodman and Richard Wheeler in old editions of Bulge Bugle newsletter.



THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.



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### *Introduction to a Tiger Tank*

The following was submitted by **ALLEN GOODMAN**, 517TH PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM. [ from *The Bulge Bugle*, August, 2004 ]



Once the advance of the Germans was stalled at the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium in January of 1945 our responsibility was to clear any enemy pockets still existing as we traveled east on our final target which was Berlin.

(On January 14, 1945) It was cold and miserable with plenty of snow as we trudged along the road clearing each little hamlet or town of any enemy resistance. For the most part, the enemy had departed and was trying to re-group to protect their rear flank as they retreated from the assault of the American and British troops.

Our platoon had slowly cleared this one particular group of buildings possibly a family farm at one time, and was moving on to clear a building 50 to 60 yards up the road when we encountered enemy rifle fire. The final building turned out to be their last defense and they had some of their riflemen, with snow uniforms, laying out in the fields behind cows that had been shot but were still breathing, so you couldn't pick up the breathing of the German riflemen. This made it almost impossible to realize they were there.

Once we left the protection of the buildings of this little hamlet and advanced to the open roadway heading toward this remaining building—the enemy opened fired on the targets we provided. Our advance scout, **Hubert “Hubie” Ford**, from Chicago, was shot in the head and laid out there on the road crying for help while the rest of the platoon went for cover. It was only then that we realized where the rifle fire was coming from and we were unable to go to the aid of our lead scout. We did return heavy fire at the enemy and they finally retreated to the protection of their stronghold.

In the meantime we finally reached “Hubie” but it was too late. I might just mention at this point that “Hubie” and I were quite close—because



The monument of Logbiermé (Belgium) presents a star with 5 crosses for the 5 men KIA on January 14, 1945; Hubert Ford, Albert Caraciolo, Bruno Baraglia, William Spears and Walter Jacobsen have a cross with their name on it before the stone. Walter Jacobsen was wounded on January 14 but dead of wounds on January 16, 1945.

(photo Serge Vandebroek, Stavelot)



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while in training back in Georgia we both enjoyed the big band sound and it's vocalists—so when the Hit Parade came on with Frank Sinatra—we were the only two who would stay in the barracks to listen, in spite of the squealing of the teenagers. The rest of the platoon would vacate the barracks.

At this point, with resistance still forthcoming from the building up the road, we withdrew to the hamlet that we had just cleared and settled in for the night. We were assigned to different stations and told to keep on the alert for any further attack by the enemy. A big barn presented shelter for many of us, some in the hayloft, other on the main floor. I ended up alone in the harness room on the second floor with a view of one flank that I was to pay heed to for further enemy action. Night came on and many of us fell asleep—and then it happened. What looked like a giant tank—which it was. A Tiger Tank—top of the line in the way of German armor. It quietly rolled its way over a hill to our front and opened fire on the barn. Talk about an alarm waking one from his beauty sleep. It blew about half of the barn away and sent most of us scampering for a way out. All this brought most of us to the center courtyard of this little hamlet and our first reaction was to take off as fast as we could run, away from the shelter we have been in. It just so happened that the two officers with us had already retreated to safety to some rear position and we never saw them again.

We have on non-com, a mortar sergeant (**Pete Lockhart** by name), who stopped us all and say, "I'll shot the first \*\$%# who leaves the shelter of these buildings—our safety is here, hiding in the building and attacking the tank if it dares to come into our midst. Once, we leave the protection we have and enter the open fields, we're like shooting ducks!" We did stay and by doing so we discouraged the tank commander from entering what would have been our trap. The tank withdrew and we were safe.

Sergeant Lockhart, once the story was told, was given a battle field commission and became our platoon commander. Further up the road we were quartered in another barn and I was sent back for more ammunition with another man.

As we approached the side entrance to this barn a sniper opened fire on us. My buddy was closest to the door and should have been the poorest target while I was more exposed but fate would have it—he was shot in the stomach as he turned to enter the barn. At first it didn't appear to be fatal but on turning him over we saw the gaping hole in his back and he was gone within minutes. That was the closest I came to leaving this earth and it made me realize how lucky a person could be.

Source: Bulge Bugle August 2004

<http://www.veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org/wp-content/uploads/2011/03/2004-Aug.pdf>

### *Interview of Richard Wheeler- 2011*

Interview of **Richard Wheeler** – 517<sup>th</sup> PRCT, 460" PFAB  
by Anna Davis, Ohio student [ From the *The Bulge Bugle*, August 2011]

I have always been intrigued by the people who lived through and survived World War II. I enjoy watching the HBO series "The Band of Brothers" directed by Tom Hanks and Steven Spielberg. A particular battle that was life threatening for many American troops was the "Battle of the Bulge." This particular battle took place in Belgium and included 52 days of combat. The troops who fought during



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this battle were not properly equipped for the weather and the temperatures were extremely cold. I wanted to know the details about the conditions of the "Battle of the Bulge."

I casually know a man who attends my church named Richard Hugh Wheeler. Every Sunday, he is the gentleman who greets and opens the doors for everyone. By purely looking at his physical appearance, I would have never guessed he was 86 and a WWil veteran. When I learned he actually survived the "Battle of the Bulge," I knew he was the perfect candidate for my interview. When I asked if he would oblige me, he was very enthusiastic. Mr. Wheeler was a credible source because he was a participant in this renowned event and lived through a very challenging time period. The interview took place in person on March 3, 2011 at the Wheeler residence.

The first couple of questions I asked Mr Wheeler were background questions to lead up to the "Battle of the Bulge." I wanted to know prior experience, skills, and the branch of the army he served. He told me he was 20 to 21 years old during the war. Mr. Wheeler was a trained paratrooper with a total of nine jumps, one into combat. He chose to be a paratrooper because it paid \$60 more per month than other positions. Mr. Wheeler said his mother specifically told him not to be a paratrooper, but he became one in spite of her request. Mr. Wheeler was in seven battles including the "Battle of the Bulge." He received a battle star for each of the seven.

Mr. Wheeler was in the Ardennes Forest during the "Battle of the Bulge," and I wanted to know about the conditions of the Ardennes and what part of the battle he experienced. Specifics were important to me, so I could make a mental picture. He began by telling me that there were 52 total days in the battle, but his platoon was only there for thirty six. However those 36 days were the most difficult days compared to any other combat Mr. Wheeler experienced. For the entire 36 days, the troops were outside. December of 1944 is still on record as one of the coldest winters in Europe's recorded history. The average temperature ranged from 10 to 20 degrees below zero. All the men were without winter clothing; Mr. Wheeler was only in his jump gear. It is beyond my imagination to think about how cold it was. Also, Mr. Wheeler did not have any gloves even when there was snow on the ground. Somehow during this time, Mr. Wheeler managed to save all his extremities. He still suffers from frostbite damage today, but it is his interior circulation that is the reminder. Everyone slept in "fox holes" which the troops dug with their personal shovels. These holes were not works of art; they were about 18" by 20" and just deep enough to crouch in. There was no wandering around and talking to friends. A person spoke when spoken to, advanced when commanded, and did not even sleep until told to do so. Mr. Wheeler was not even allowed to make a fire, or else the enemy would spot him. For all 36 days, Mr. Wheeler barely slept at all. Most of the time all he did was move forward and dig more fox holes, and fire at an often unseen enemy.

Next, I asked Mr. Wheeler about his hygiene. He only had one pair of clothes at the battle, and he slept in a dirt hole. I wondered if he ever bathed. Mr. Wheeler said only once did the group shower in 36 days, and that it was against his will. One of the men in Mr. Wheeler's company had an infection called scabies. Everyone was commanded to shower. There were showers set up outside and everyone had to strip down completely. The temperature was still ten below. Mr. Wheeler said "that was when I thought I was going to die." Showering was not worth it in the intense cold. The men got their clothes washed, but not dried. I asked him how he managed to get his clothes dry in the extreme cold. He said you just had to lay on them over night

I was curious to whether Mr. Wheeler was ever without food. Among all the discomforts of being cold and dirty, hunger was not an issue. He was always supplied with "K." or "C" rations. Both of these are bundles of food that provide three daily meals. The letters do not stand for anything, they are just the



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letters of the alphabet. Mr. Wheeler was not supplied with gourmet hot steaming food, but he was not hungry.

When I asked Mr. Wheeler how he had been able to survive the bitter cold and uncomfortable sleeping conditions, he said his basic training prepared him well. With a lot of discipline, and learning not to complain, he was suited for the roughest of situations.

After talking to Mr. Richard Wheeler, I have a much better understanding about what WWII veterans went through. I was mortified to think about the cold, and everyone's personal hygiene. Mr. Wheeler also mentioned a story of a fellow soldier who urinated in his fox hole. The next morning, his legs were frozen to the ground. I respect Mr. Wheeler's ability to live through the conditions he described. Overall, I felt my interview with Mr. Wheeler really helped my search and elevated my personal opinion about WWII veterans. I greatly appreciate the time Mr Wheeler dedicated to me and all the information he was willing to supply.

From <http://www.veteransofthebattleofthebulge.org/wp-content/uploads/2011/03/2011-Aug.pdf>



Anna Davis & Richard Wheeler  
2004

### *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](mailto: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 Donations, In Memory of... etc.) and make all checks payable to:

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



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## Frederick's Freighters

I found online this copy of "Frederick's Freighters" comic book. *Frederick's Freighters* is a story about **Brig Gen Robert T Fredrick** and his First Special Service Forces published by True Comics, in September 1946. The comic strip details the concept, training and deployment to the foot of Mt. La Denfsa a Nazi stronghold at the Anzio Beachhead.

Here are the first 2 pages:

The rest can be viewed at:

<http://oshawaremembers.wordpress.com/2008/11/28/story-fifty-nine-fredericks-freighters-illustrated-comic-book/>





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## *2014 West Coast Reunion*

### **2013 517th PRCT PALM SPRINGS REUNION**

**March 10-14, 2014  
Palm Springs, California**

**Anahata Retreat/Lodge Hot Mineral Springs Pool and Spa** here we come!

This will be a reunion like no other!! We have reserved the entire resort for our use.

We will provide breakfast, lunch and dinner while you sit soaking your feet in the warm springs.

There will be options for each meal and snacks all day so you won't go hungry.



**Rate:** Rooms will run from 120.00 to 200.00 per person for the entire stay, not per night, including all taxes and resort fees. This fee will be based on how many sign ups we get.

**Registration fee:** \$ 100.00  
Your registration fee will cover all meals at the resort including the banquet which will be at the lodge with a choice of chicken or steak.  
We may leave the lodge for ribs, museum, follies or ??, which would be additional charge.

Please mail registration form (next page) as soon as possible to lock in rate.

Karen Wallace  
66295 Highway 20  
Bend, OR 97701  
541 948 2486

Please join the Frice Team, (the gals), and our many friends for another great 517<sup>th</sup> event!

**Questions?** Karen 541 948 2486 or  
Wayne 541 948 2484

**Please confirm by March 1st.**





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## **2013 517th PCT PALM SPRINGS REUNION**

### **Registration form**

**March 10-14, 2014  
Palm Springs, California**

Please provide the following information before March 1st:

Date and time of arrival: \_\_\_\_\_

(We will arrange transportation from airport and return if needed)

Names of participants:

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Note: Extra person for banquet at \$20.00 per person

Any special activity you would like to do?

Please send this registration form and \$100.00 registration fee per person to:

Karen Wallace  
66295 Hwy 20  
Bend, OR 97701