



517th Parachute Regimental Combat Team



PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

MailCall No. 2323
May 15, 2016

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

Ray Hess, F Company

Raymond R. Hess

July 23, 1924 - May 11, 2016



Ray R. Hess, 91, formerly of Bethlehem, passed away, on Wednesday, May 11, 2016 in Davenport, Florida. He was the husband of the late Pauline K. "Polly" (Kern) Hess, who passed away April 15, 2008.

Born in Bethlehem, he was the son of the late Thomas J. and Ella (Keim) Hess. Ray was a graduate of Valley Forge Military Academy and served his country in the U.S. Army during World War II, as a paratrooper in the Battle of the Bulge. He was a Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Technician for Tri City - York, later owned his own business and was head of maintenance at Bethlehem Vo-Tech for many years. He was a member of St. Thomas U.C.C. in

Bethlehem.

Survivors: surviving are his daughters, Judith Kochenash and her husband, Edward of Whitehall, Jeanne Walbert of Davenport, FL, Janice Watson and her husband, Robert also of Davenport, FL, with whom he resided for the past 4 years, 7 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Ray was preceded in death by a granddaughter, Jennifer L. Woodard in 1991 and a son-in-law, Donald P. Walbert in 2011.

Services: Funeral Services will be held at 11 AM Monday, May 16 at The Long Funeral Home, Inc. where friends may call from 10 AM until time of services. Burial will be in Altona Cemetery Bethlehem, with Military Honors. A memory tribute may be placed at www.longfuneralhome.com

Contributions: to the Church at Macada and Altonah Rd., Bethlehem 18017 or to a Charity of Your Choice. No Flowers Please.

[Ray Hess biography](#)



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<-- At Camp Toccoa, GA 1943

"Beard, cigar and dirt after three weeks"
in southern France-->

See more photos of Ray and F Company at:
http://www.517prct.org/photos/ray_hess/ray_hess2.htm



2nd Platoon F Company

August 14, 1944 or the day before we made the jump in Southern France.
The picture was taken in the "olive" on the outskirts of Rome Italy. -- Ray Hess



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MailCall News



Rhone American Cemetery (Draguignan, France) will host its annual Memorial Day Ceremony on Sunday, May 29, 2016 at 10:00 a.m.

Attendance is free and open to the public.



Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery (Belgium) will host its annual Memorial Day Ceremony on Saturday, May 28, 2016 at 4 pm.



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From <https://www.facebook.com/FrancoAmericanSociety/>

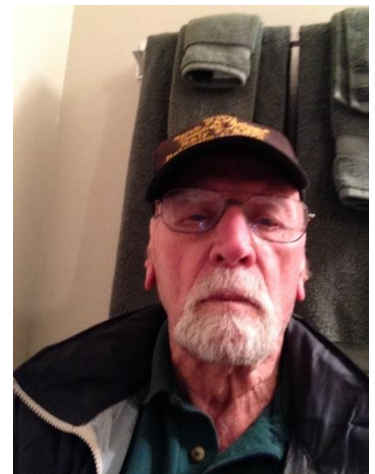


As Memorial Day fast approaches, the Franco-American Society is pleased to announce that this year we are hosting the family of brothers **Carl and Homer Beaver** who are buried side-by-side at the Rhone American Cemetery.

Homer Beaver (3rd platoon, D Company) was one of the five paratroopers of the 2/517th PIR to have been killed in the house booby-trapped in Sospel, on the 4 of november 1944

When I saw the picture you carried of an old trooper in a recent email I thought it was the photo of Saddam Hussein taken when they pulled him out of the hole he was hiding in. However, after taking out that picture of Saddam and comparing it with your photo I find Saddam much more handsome. After some additional review I find his name and picture on the FBI Watch List.

Merle McMorrow





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Sam "Sambo" Emmons, D Company

Sent in by John Egelhof:, son of **PFC Joseph B. Egelhof**, D Company:

Samuel Ewart "Duke" Emmons, Jr.

March 10th, 1922 - October 27th, 2015



Samuel Ewart "Duke" Emmons, Jr., 93, of Finksburg, MD passed away Tuesday October 27, 2015 at his home.

Born March 10, 1922 in Baltimore, MD, he was the son of the late Samuel Ewart Emmons, Sr. and Margaret Lippincott Emmons. He was the husband of the late Margaret Annetta (nee Berry) Emmons, who passed away in 2001.

He was a combat veteran of World War II, having served in the U.S. Army, 517th Parachute Infantry.

He earned his Bachelor of Arts in history from the University of Michigan. Prior to retirement, he had been employed as an aviation safety specialist. He was affectionately known to his family as the "Duke of Westwind Farm."

Surviving are his two daughters, Michele M. Forlines of Gallup, NM and Sarah L. Wilson of Edgewood, NM; three sons, James B. Emmons of

Westminster, MD, Peter H. Emmons of Finksburg and John L. Emmons of Covington, VA; 12 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren. He was pre-deceased by his brother, Thomas Emmons.

Friends may call Thursday October 29 from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. at ELINE FUNERAL HOME, 2901 Bloom Road, Finksburg (at the corner of Gamber and Bloom Roads). A graveside funeral service will be held 11:00 a.m. Friday, October 30, 2015, in Druid Ridge Cemetery, Pikesville.

More MailCall News

This note is from John B. Krumm, son of **John H. Krumm**, who served in the 517th Second Battalion, Company E. On April 16, 2016, I attended the World War II History Round Table at Fort Snelling in St. Paul, Minnesota. There are ten to eleven round table presentations each year at this particular site. The topic presented on this occasion was the Southern Invasion of France - Operation Dragoon and Anvil, August 1944. The speaker was Lieutenant Colonel Scott Wheeler, author of Jacob L. Devers (General Jacob L. Devers). His speech was followed by interviews with **Mel Dahlberg**, veteran of the 517th Paratroop Division, and another veteran who prior to the invasion was on a PT boat stationed on the island of Corsica off the coast of Italy. All of the presentations were excellent. Mel Dahlberg was in uniform, and his comments were very interesting. He looked really good and spoke very well. I was glad I was able to attend this particular round table presentation.



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I am assisting one of your surviving members, **Donald E. Boatright**, 517 Parachute Infantry Regiment, ?? Battalion, Company G, with a Veterans Administration Claim.

I need to obtain a copy of **GO No. 38, Hq 517th PIR issued June 25, 1945** that is the "source" document for the award of his Purple Heart. I am attaching an abstract of that Order I found at your Website, which shows his wounds were sustained on November 9, 1945 in ????? France. His Discharge Certificate states they were received on December 17, 1943, which is 6 months before he got into the European Theater. His Discharge Papers references General Order 38, HQ 517 PIR 1945 as authority for the Purple Heart.

Can someone help me with determining which of the three Battalions in the 517th PIR that Company G was assigned under?

More importantly, can someone help me obtain a copy of GO No. 38, Hq 517th PIR, issued on June 25, 1945? The VA will accept that General Order to resolve the conflict in his Discharge Papers. Also with the missing information about which Battalion he was assigned to, the location in France where he sustained his injuries, and the correct date of his injuries, the VA will accept his Claim for Assistance in Living.

Thank you for any assistance anyone can provide me in helping Donald Boatright.

Sincerely,

John Camp
478-397-0333
Wmj.camp@gmail.com

Hi John, First, we do know that G Company was part of the 3rd Battalion. And that the 517th did not arrive in Europe until June 1944.

I have most of the morning reports from G Company, but I could not find a copy of any morning report noting that Boatright was wounded. Then I kept looking... and I found some misplaced records that I did not even remember that I had. Copies of some of the GO's that someone (who?) collected I think, from the army records at the Carlisle PA Barracks. Eventually, I did find a copy OF GO #38, with the mention of Boatright wounded on Sept 5, 1944 (not the 9th). And even though I have most of the morning reports, it turns out that the September 5 morning Reports are missing. On the 4th, G Company was in Bendejun, France, and on the 6th, they were in "1 Mile N. Touetden Escarene, France".

The attached GO#38 is very specific and should answer your questions. Hope this helps,

Bob Barrett

DECLASSIFIED PER BY <u>WJ</u> NARA DATE <u>11/27/09</u>	R E S T R I C T E D
Sheet #2 Section I, General Orders Number 38, Hq 517th Proht Inf Regt., APO #333 U.S. Army, Dtd 25 June 1945, Cont'd.	
DONALD E. BOATRIGHT, 34766593, Technician fifth grade, Company G, for wounds received in action 5 September 1944 near **** France. Home address: Route #1, Carrollton, Georgia.	
FLOYD R. WESTON, 39575267, Private first class, Company G, for	



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From Nila Gott:

Leadership and the Janitor

by James Moschgat, USAF (Ret.)

William “Bill” Crawford was an unimpressive figure, one you could easily overlook during a hectic day at the U.S. Air Force Academy. Mr. Crawford, as most of us referred to him back in the late 1970s, was our squadron janitor. Army Master Sergeant William J. Crawford (Ret.), poses for a photo for a Denver Post photographer shortly before a Fourth of July parade in Denver, Colorado. Photo courtesy of Beverly Crawford-Kite.

While we cadets busied ourselves preparing for academic exams, athletic events, Saturday morning parades, and room inspections -- or never -- ending leadership classes—Bill quietly moved about the squadron mopping and buffing floors, emptying trash cans, cleaning toilets, or just tidying up the mess 100 college-age kids can leave in a dormitory.

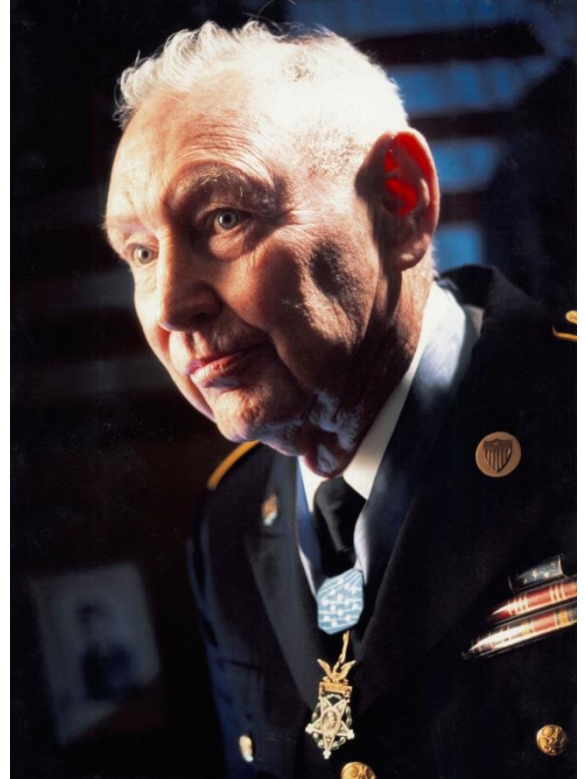
Sadly, and for many years, few of us gave him much notice, rendering little more than a passing nod or throwing a curt, “G’ morning!” in his direction as we hurried off to our daily duties. Why? Perhaps it was because of the way he did his job - - he always kept the squadron area spotlessly clean, even the toilets and showers gleamed. Frankly, he did his job so well, none of us had to notice or get involved. After all, cleaning toilets was his job, not ours.

Maybe it was his physical appearance that made him disappear into the background. Bill didn’t move very quickly, and in fact, you could say he even shuffled a bit, as if he suffered from some sort of injury. His gray hair and wrinkled face made him appear ancient to a group of young cadets. And his crooked smile, well, it looked a little funny. Face it, Bill was an old man working in a young person’s world. What did he have to offer us on a personal level?

Maybe it was Mr. Crawford’s personality that rendered him almost invisible to the young people around him. Bill was shy, almost painfully so. He seldom spoke to a cadet unless they addressed him first, and that didn’t happen very often. Our janitor always buried himself in his work, moving about with stooped shoulders, a quiet gait, and an averted gaze. If he noticed the hustle and bustle of cadet life around him, it was hard to tell. For whatever reason, Bill blended into the woodwork and became just another fixture around the squadron. The Academy, one of our nation’s premier leadership laboratories, kept us busy from dawn till dusk. And Mr. Crawford... well, he was just a janitor.

That changed one fall Saturday afternoon in 1976. I was reading a book about World War II and the tough Allied ground campaign in Italy, when I stumbled across an incredible story.

On September 13, 1943, a Private William Crawford from Colorado, assigned to the 36th Infantry Division, had been involved in some bloody fighting on Hill 424 near Altavilla, Italy.





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The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, March 3, 1863, has awarded in the name of The Congress the MEDAL OF HONOR to

PRIVATE WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD
UNITED STATES ARMY

for service as set forth in the following

Citation: Private William Crawford, U.S. Army, Company I, 3d Battalion, 142d Infantry, 36th Infantry Division, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Altavilla, Italy, 13 September 1943. When Company I attacked an enemy-held position on Hill 424, the 3d Platoon, in which Private Crawford was a squad scout, attacked as base platoon for the company. After reaching the crest of the hill, the platoon was pinned down by intense enemy machine-gun and small-arms fire. Locating one of these guns, which was dug in on a terrace on his immediate front, Private Crawford, without orders and on his own initiative, moved over the hill under enemy fire to a point within a few yards of the gun emplacement and singlehandedly destroyed the machine-gun and killed three of the crew with a handgrenade, thus enabling his platoon to continue its advance. When the platoon, after reaching the crest, was once more delayed by enemy fire, Private Crawford again, in the face of intense fire, advanced directly to the front midway between two hostile machine-gun nests located on a higher terrace and emplaced in a small ravine. Moving first to the left, with a handgrenade he destroyed one gun emplacement and killed the crew; he then worked his way, under continuous fire, to the other and with one grenade and the use of his rifle, killed one enemy and forced the remainder to flee. Seizing the enemy machine-gun, he fired on the withdrawing Germans and facilitated his company's advance.

May 11, 1944
THE WHITE HOUSE

William Crawford's Medal of Honor Citation.

The words on the page leapt out at me, “in the face of intense and overwhelming hostile fire... with no regard for personal safety... on his own initiative, Private Crawford single-handedly attacked fortified enemy positions.” It continued, “for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty, the President of the United States...”

“Holy cow,” I said to my roommate, “you’re not going to believe this, but I think our janitor is a Medal of Honor recipient.” We all knew Mr. Crawford was a World War II Army vet, but that didn’t keep my friend from looking at me as if I was some sort of alien being. Nonetheless, we couldn’t wait to ask Bill about the story.

We met Mr. Crawford bright and early Monday and showed him the page in question from the book, anticipation and doubt on our faces. He stared at it for a few silent moments and then quietly uttered something like, “Yep, that’s me.” Mouths agape, my roommate and I looked at one another, then at the book, and quickly back at our janitor. Almost at once, we both stuttered, “Why didn’t you ever tell us about it?” He slowly replied after some thought, “That was one day in my life and it happened a

long time ago.” I guess we were all at a loss for words after that. We had to hurry off to class and Bill, well, he had chores to attend to.

After that brief exchange, things were never again the same around our squadron. Word spread like wildfire among the cadets that we had a hero in our midst -- Mr. Crawford, our janitor, had been bestowed The Medal! Cadets who had once passed by Bill with hardly a glance, now greeted him with a smile and a respectful, “Good morning, Mr. Crawford.”

Those who had before left a mess for the “janitor” to clean up, started taking it upon themselves to put things in order. Cadets routinely stopped to talk to Bill throughout the day and we even began inviting him to our formal squadron functions. He’d show up dressed in a conservative dark suit and quietly talk to those who approached him, the only sign of his heroics being a simple blue, star-spangled lapel pin. Almost overnight, Bill went from being a simple fixture in our squadron to one of our teammates.

Mr. Crawford changed too, but you had to look closely to notice the difference. After that fall day in 1976, he seemed to move with more purpose, his shoulders didn’t seem to be as stooped, he met our greetings with a direct gaze and a stronger “good morning” in return, and he flashed his crooked smile more often. The squadron gleamed as always, but everyone now seemed to notice it more. Bill even got to know most of us by our first names, something that didn’t happen often at the Academy. While no one ever formally acknowledged the change, I think we became Bill’s cadets and his squadron.

As often happens in life, events sweep us away from those in our past. The last time I saw Bill was on graduation day in June 1977. As I walked out of the squadron for the last time, he shook my hand and simply said, “Good luck, young man.” With that, I embarked on a career that has been truly lucky and blessed.



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Mr. Crawford continued to work at the Academy and eventually retired in his native Colorado, one of four Medal of Honor recipients who lived in the small town of Pueblo.

A wise person once said, “It’s not life that’s important, but those you meet along the way that make the difference.” Bill was one who made a difference for me. Bill Crawford, our janitor, taught me many valuable, unforgettable leadership lessons, and I think of him often.

Here are ten I’d like to share:

- 1.) **Be Cautious of Labels.** Labels you place on people may define your relationship to them and bind their potential. Sadly, and for a long time, we labeled Bill as just a janitor, but he was so much more. Therefore, be cautious of a leader who callously says, “Hey, he’s just an Airman.” Likewise, don’t tolerate the O-1, who says, “I can’t do that, I’m just a lieutenant.”
- 2.) **Everyone Deserves Respect.** Because we hung the “janitor” label on Mr. Crawford, we often wrongly treated him with less respect than others. He deserved much more, and not just because he was received the Medal of Honor. Bill deserved respect because he was a janitor, walked among us, and was a part of our team.
- 3.) **Courtesy Makes a Difference.** Be courteous to all around you, regardless of rank or position. Military customs, as well as common courtesies, help bond a team. When our daily words to Mr. Crawford turned from perfunctory “hellos” to heartfelt greetings, his demeanor and personality outwardly changed. It made a difference for all of us.
- 4.) **Take Time to Know Your People.** Life in the military is hectic, but that’s no excuse for not knowing the people you work for and with. For years a hero walked among us at the Academy and we never knew it. Who are the heroes that walk in your midst?
- 5.) **Anyone Can Be a Hero.** Mr. Crawford certainly didn’t fit anyone’s standard definition of a hero. Moreover, he was just a private on the day he earned his Medal. Don’t sell your people short, for any one of them may be the hero who rises to the occasion when duty calls. On the other hand, it’s easy to turn to your proven performers when the chips are down, but don’t ignore the rest of the team. Today’s rookie could and should be tomorrow’s superstar.
- 6.) **Leaders Should Be Humble.** Most modern day heroes, and some leaders, are anything but humble, especially if you calibrate your “hero meter” on today’s athletic fields. End zone celebrations and self-aggrandizement are what we’ve come to expect from sports greats. Not Mr. Crawford—he was too busy working to celebrate his past heroics. Leaders would be well served to do the same.
- 7.) **Life Won’t Always Hand You What You Think You Deserve.** We in the military work hard and, dang it, we deserve recognition, right? However, sometimes you just have to persevere, even when accolades don’t come your way. Perhaps you weren’t nominated for junior officer or airman of the quarter as you thought you should -- don’t let that stop you. Don’t pursue glory; pursue excellence. Private Bill Crawford didn’t pursue glory -- he did his duty and then swept floors for a living.
- 8.) **No Job is Beneath a Leader.** If Bill Crawford, a Medal of Honor recipient, could clean latrines and smile, is there a job beneath your dignity? Think about it.
- 9.) **Pursue Excellence.** No matter what task life hands you, do it well. Dr. Martin Luther King said, “If life makes you a street sweeper, be the best street sweeper you can be.” Mr. Crawford modeled that philosophy and helped make our dormitory area a home.



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10.) **Life is a Leadership Laboratory.** All too often we look to some school or class to teach us about leadership when, in fact, life is a leadership laboratory. Those you meet everyday will teach you enduring lessons if you just take time to stop, look, and listen. I spent four years at the Air Force Academy, took dozens of classes, read hundreds of books, and met thousands of great people. I gleaned leadership skills from all of them, but one of the people I remember most is Mr. Bill Crawford and the lessons he unknowingly taught. Don't miss your opportunity to learn.

Bill Crawford was a janitor. However, he was also a teacher, friend, role model, and one great American hero.

Thanks, Mr. Crawford, for some valuable leadership lessons.

"Semper Vercundus"

Private William John Crawford was a scout for 3rd Platoon, Company I, 142nd Regiment, 36th Infantry Division, fighting in Italy during World War II on September 13, 1943 -- just four days after the invasion of Salerno.

Crawford was a hero, lauded by peers for his actions in combat but was missing in action and presumed dead. Army Major General Terry Allen presented Crawford's Medal of Honor posthumously to his father, George, on May 11, 1944, at Camp (now Fort) Carson, near Colorado Springs, Colorado.

It was later learned that Crawford was alive and in a POW camp. He returned to the United States after 18 months in captivity.

Crawford retired from the Army after 23 years and went to work as a janitor at the U.S. Air Force Academy so that he could remain close to the military. Master Sergeant William J. Crawford passed away in 2000. He is buried on the grounds of the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado. ★



William Crawford poses with his statue in Pueblo, Colorado.

Colonel James Moschgat, USAF (Ret.), is currently the associate dean of operations at the National Security Space Institute (NSSI) in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Colonel Moschgat can be reached for comment at james.moschgat@afspc.af.mil This article has been reprinted with permission.

<http://usoonpatrol.org/archives/2010/09/07/leadership-and-the-janitor>



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Another military story from **Nila Gott**:

On June 2005 the following item appeared in the Albuquerque Tribune:

A letter to the Editor;

Question of the day for Luke Air Force Base: Whom do we thank for the morning air show?

Last Wednesday, at precisely 9:11 a.m., a tight formation of four F-16 jets made a low pass over Arrowhead Mall, continuing west over Bell Road at approximately 500 feet. Imagine our good fortune!

Do the Tom Cruise-wannabes feel we need this wake-up call, or were they trying to impress the cashiers at Mervyns' early-bird special?

Any response would be appreciated.

Four days later, the newspaper published a response from Lt. Col. Pleus.

Regarding "A wake-up call from Luke's jets":

On June 15, at precisely 9:12 a.m., a perfectly timed four-ship of F-16s from the 63rd Fighter Squadron at Luke Air Force Base flew over the grave of Capt Jeremy Fresques.

Capt. Fresques was an Air Force officer who was previously stationed at Luke Air Force Base and was killed in Iraq on May 30, Memorial Day.

At 9 a.m. on June 15, his family and friends gathered at Sunland Memorial Park in Sun City to mourn the loss of a husband, son and friend.

Based on the letter writer's recount of the flyby, and because of the jet noise, I'm sure you didn't hear the 21-gun salute, the playing of taps, or my words to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques as I gave them their son's flag on behalf of the president of the United States and all those veterans and servicemen and women who understand the sacrifices they have endured.

A four-ship flyby is a display of respect the Air Force pays to those who give their lives in defense of freedom. We are professional aviators and take our jobs seriously, and on June 15 what the letter writer witnessed was four officers lining up to pay their ultimate respects.

The letter writer asks, "Whom do we thank for the morning air show?"

The 56th Fighter Wing will call for you, and forward your thanks to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques, and thank them for you, for it was in their honor that my pilots flew the most honorable formation of their lives.

Lt. Col. Scott Pleus

Luke Air Force Base



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I have heard of someone having a copyright of the photo of a German staff car and dead occupants near Les Arcs, France. Do you know of this? I would like to contact them regarding putting it in my autobiography for my family. I bought the snapshot for a buck from somebody soon afterward, and still have it.

Capt. LaChausse and I (C Co.) unloaded and took the car from the interception site and delivered it to **Lt. Alicki** for **Col. Graves** to use.

Thanks for any assistance you can provide about this.

Bill Bolin, C Co. First Sgt.

Hi Bill,

We have a couple of versions of the story of "The Mercedes Incident". Here is one version: http://www.517prct.org/photos/benz_incident.htm I had forgotten that you were there.

I have seen the photo that you refer to in all these accounts and, I think, in several biographies. That photo is well circulated, in several collections and autobiographies, and I think I have seen copies on sale on eBay. I doubt that anyone "owns" the copyright, or that they would care if you use it. Just my opinion.

Bob Barrett

Here is one version of the story, from **Clark Archer**, via **Patrick O'Donnell**:

The Mercedes Incident

An Interview with **Clark Archer**, 517 PRCT

A photo of the Mercedes German Army staff car and its slain occupants that were stopped by a roadblock manned by men of the 517 PRCT. The German officers in the car were carrying the a German unit's redeployment plans for Southern France.

On August 15, 1944 the men of the 517 Parachute Regimental Combat Team (PRCT) made their first combat jump into Southern France. They were the largest element of the First Airborne Task Force, with a little over 2,600 men. The 517's mission was to jump in an area outside Le Muy designated Drop Zone A. Their mission was capture the high ground near Le Muy, the towns of La Motte and Les Arcs, and block the main roads leading west to Toulon and Draguignan. The following interview was with Clark Archer as he describes their road block on the Les Arc-Trans road. Their surprise ambush led to the capture of a Mercedes convertible driven by several German officers and one enlisted man. Besides capturing the car, Archer and the men in his group also secured a black canvas brief case that revealed the German Army's unit redeployment to counter the Allied Invasion of Southern France. This intelligence coup had an impact on the course of the entire operation.

I arrived at the Chateau Ste. Roseline, the Regimental CP, at 11:00 am on D-Day, with Private Kellogg. We located PFC. Sutton and Stephan Wierzba and were instructed to set up a road block. We moved



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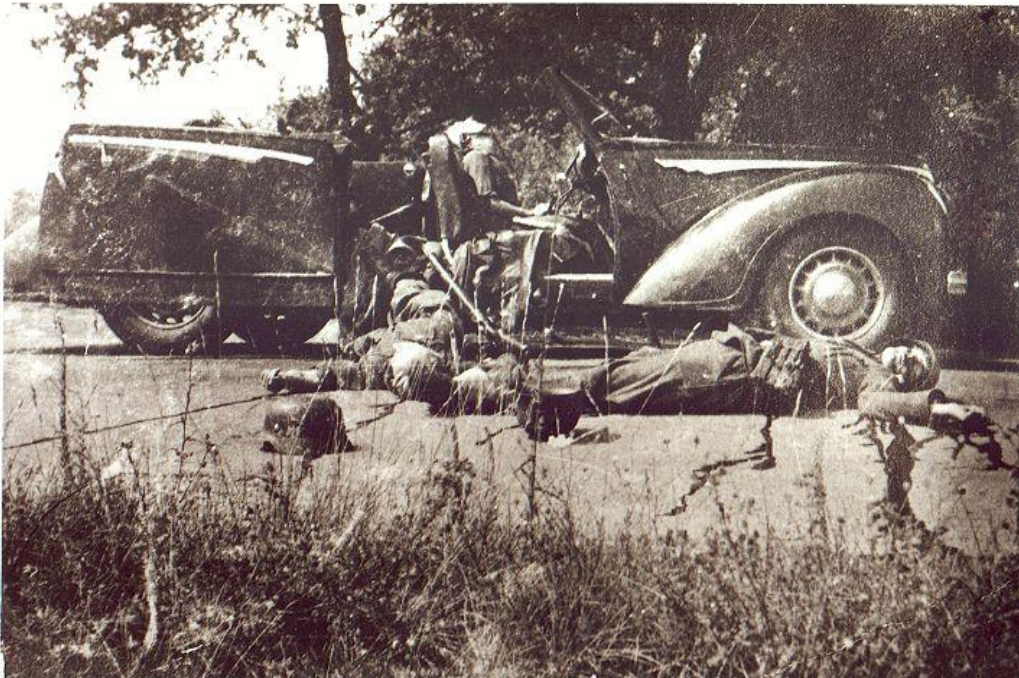
down the slope from the CP and located the Les-Arces-Trans Road. Kellogg and Weirzba were in a ditch with Sutton to their rear on the higher ground as a lookout and I took a position midway between them. At about 13:00, Sutton yelled, "One of ours. It's coming down Kellogg's side." Shortly thereafter, we could see the silhouette of a vehicle approaching. The car closed to within 50 yards of our position waving their arms as if to indicate a "friendly." There was considerable reluctance to commence firing, I did not see any visible weapons. All problems ceased as the convertible slowed down just past Kellogg's position and mine, they were Germans, there was no doubt about it. I stood up and started firing my grease gun into the driver's side door until it jammed, after firing eight or nine rounds. Then Kellogg popped up and fired a full clip from his M-1 rifle. Next, Wierba fired an "AT" grenade from his Springfield '03 rifle. The firing pin on the grenade had not been removed and subsequently did not detonate. It did, however, hit the driver's head, splitting his skull wide open. We cut the other Germans down with small arms fire. The Germans were carrying a black canvas brief case that contained maps. As I opened the case, I noticed that the top map was the German redeployment for the Invasion of Southern France. I put everything back in the case and rushed everything back to Headquarters. This intelligence latter proved helpful in countering the German redeployment of some of their forces as the invasion was unfolding. Later, I found out in a book titled "The Champaign Campaign" that an American OSS officer later tried to take credit for finding the brief case and plans even coming up with a story about capturing the car. Of course, that was all nonsense.

Not long after the battle, the car was put back into operational use by John "Boom Boom" Alicki, who kept it hidden for several days and later made several excursions with it.

It seems, at all of our 517th annual reunions, when the guys start talking about the war, that everybody in the unit seems to have a story on how they captured this car (laugh).

Source: Interview with **Clark Archer** 5/98

Copyright 1998 **Patrick O'Donnell**





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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, or just click on the unsubscribe link on the email.
- 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 Donations, In Memory of... etc.) and make all checks payable to:

517 PRCT Association, Inc.
c/o Miriam Boyle Kelly
19 Oriole Court
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

Website	www.517prct.org
Send MailCall news to	MailCall@517prct.org
MailCall Archives	www.517prct.org/archives
2016 Roster (updated!)	www.517prct.org/roster.pdf
Thunderbolt Archives	www.517prct.org/archives



PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM