

517th Parachute Regimental Combat Team



MailCall No. 2391 July 8, 2018

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

Anthony A. Mandio – HQ/1 and A Company



Anthony A. Mandio Paratrooper/Pathfinder

It is with great sadness that I am sending Anthony's obituary to you. He loved getting Mail Call and I read the last few issues with him during his last days.

He was with 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment and with the 504th Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division. See the obituary attached and a clearer photo.

I have worked with him for 56 years and for the first 30 or so, he never spoke of his service except in very general terms. However, the last 20 years or so, he recounted his experiences, some horrifying, some heartwarming, some very funny.

He was loved by all and will be sorely missed by his family, friends, and clients.

Gerry Hayes, Paralegal Begley, Carlin & Mandio, LLP 680 Middletown Blvd. Langhorne, PA 19047



Anthony 'Tony' A. Mandio

It is with great sadness that we announce Anthony "Tony" A. Mandio departed this life on June 18, 2018. He was an attorney's attorney, gentleman, mentor, advisor and friend.

Born in Lodi, NJ, son of the late James M. and Mamie Azzolino Mandio, he was an area resident for the past 66 years, residing in Bristol, Yardley-Makefield and Langhorne.

As a teenager, Anthony enlisted in the Army and served as a paratrooper/pathfinder with the 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment and with the 504th Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division in the European Theater in World War II, which was instrumental during numerous battles, including the Battle of the Bulge in 1945.



After his discharge from the Army in late 1945, Tony attended Temple University School of Law where he obtained his law degree in 1951. Thereafter, he joined the law firm of Eastburn, Begley & Fullam which eventually became the firm know as Begley Carlin & Mandio, LLP. Anthony Mandio was honored in 2001 by the Bucks County Bar Association for being a distinguished member of the Bucks County Bar Association for 50 years.

Mr. Mandio practiced law for 67 years in Bucks County; and handled a wide variety of legal matters, which included estate planning, wills, trusts, school law including serving as solicitor for the Bristol Borough School District for more than 48 years, bank work, including serving as long time solicitor for First Federal Savings and Loan Association (now Penn Community Bank), real estate settlements and land development work.

Tony was known for his sunny disposition and attention to detail. His more than 66 years as a Distinguished Member of the Bucks County Bar Association are a testament to his skill, professionalism and longevity.

Tony was a member of the Bristol Lions Club and served as its president from 1960-61.

He was also a long-time member of Yardley Country Club and served on its board of directors and acted as its attorney for many years.

Anthony was an avid golfer but greatly enjoyed skiing vacations with his family and tennis matches with his friends.

He is survived by his wife, **Rosemarie Welsh Mandio**; two sons and daughter-in-law, Jim Mandio of West Palm Beach, FL, and Mark and Tonia Mandio of Riverside, CA; three daughters and three sons-in-law, Meridee and Steve Worthington of Santa Fe, NM, Donna and Rick Cordasco of Shrewsbury, NJ, and Maureen and John Benkovich of Annapolis, MD, and five grandchildren, Dan and Lisa Cordasco, Anthony, John, and Carolyn Mandio.

We cannot express how much Tony will be missed by all! Like the Frank Sinatra song - Tony did it his way and we loved him for it!

Friends and family on invited to call from 4 to 8 p.m. Monday, June 25 at the FitzGerald-Sommer Funeral Home, 17 S. Delaware Ave. (River Road), Yardley, PA. Interment will be at 11 a.m. Tuesday, June 26 at the Washington Crossing National Cemetery, 830 Highland Road, Newtown, PA.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to The National Pathfinders Association Monument, http://www.nationalpathfinderassociation.com/index.html. FitzGerald-Sommer Funeral Home 17 South Delaware Ave. Yardley, PA 19067 (215) 493-2228



Anthony Mandio

Headquarters Company and A Company, 1st Battalion, 517th PRCT

Anthony Mandio, 1st Bn. HQ most of the time and A Company some of the time. He volunteered for the army, lying about his age, and for the paratroops.

Tony served as a Pathfinder. Every battalion had a unit of Pathfinders.

He and his good buddy George Scecina volunteered together. On the jump, George was killed, and

several others were hit. "The jump was a disaster." We were a small group and scattered all over.

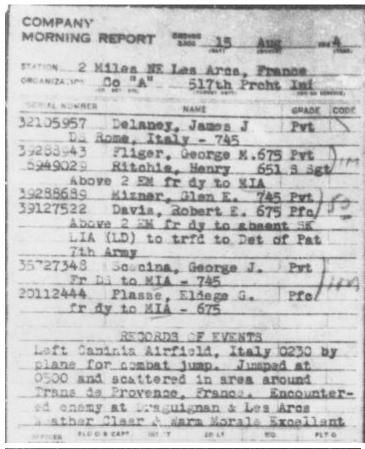
Pathfinders go in first, with the best pilots. It was so foggy when we flew in, we thought he was over the sea. He'd already been planning how when he saw the other guys drift away - "so then you know you're alone." He'd been thinking about how to ditch his equipment during a water landing, and had realized that he was unable to reach his jump knife. He realized he was over land, not water, at the very last minute.

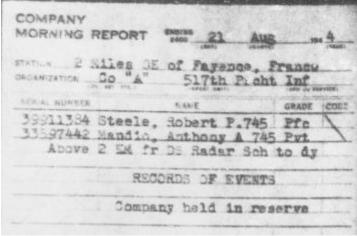
One of the problems was that when the red light went on, the jumpmaster paused, and then paused again when the green light went on. Then, only the first half of hte stick exited, and there was a break in the stick. They were scattered all over. There were some German patrols and minor skirmishes.

All of the battalion was at the Col de Braus area for a while - trench warfare there. They were relieved in October or November and walked from Sospel to Nice, staying in Nice for a while. They went to Northern France in 40 and 8's - "and that was a very nice trip. When we got to a town, we'd jump off and try to get a drink or something to eat."

The unit went to Soissons - and was then pressed into service in Belgium. Issued ammo and packed in trucks to get to the front lines. They approached the Soy-Hotton area, and the trucks turned around so fast it was tempting to jump on and head back!

They were in the Ardennes and the Rurh Valley, which was a minefield near a dam, adjacent to the Huertgen forest. We were being used as bait - it was a feint operation.





He vowed to himself that he'd never be cold again, but eventually took up skiing and really enjoyed it.



"At the end of the war, I had a lot of points. I chose occupation, and was with the 82nd in Berlin. I got home in November. Berlin was interesting. One day on and two days off - we would go to Tiergarten with our cigarettes and our chocolate - the Russians would bring counterfeit money - the Germans brought cameras - and we'd all trade until the MPs broke it up."

"Berlin had been destroyed, but there were some places that were untouched. We had a nice apartment."

Berlin was separated into quarters: Russian, English, French and American quarters. When I finally got out of Berlin, they took us by train to Harvre in France, and sailed on a liberty boat. A dinky ship, I was sick for four days. Bristol, PA was home then. I heard about the 20-20 club: I saved my 20 dollars every week, and by the end, the program had disappeared (replaced by the GI Bill). Tony attended Temple Undergrad and Temple Law, all on the GI Bill except the very last year of law school, and has been a lawyer ever since.

My mother had always been mad at me because I'd lied about my age to get into the army. Mamie was a great cook - she could whip up a great Italian meal in 10 minutes. When I was a kid, I did anything - set up bowling pins, deliver ice, anything to make money. We didn't have a phone.

I married Rosemarie Welsh, and we've been married for 65 years, and we have five children. My second son was a Marine captain (7 years) and is now a judge. Law school was in California, which saved me a lot of money! We have five grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Received from Anthony Mandio, via interview by Claire Giblin 517th Reunion, June 2015, New Orleans, LA



Gabriel Delsosio (460/C), Tony Mandio (HQ/1), Merle McMorrow (460/C)
At the 517th Reunion, 2015, New Orleans, LA



MailCall News

Dear Mr Barrett,

We also found a second dog tag in the same spot, belonged to **Richard B Johnson**, unfortunately the id Number is not complete as the tag is a little bit damaged. The visibile Numbers are 562336

We are not able to find any info about him. Could you please help?

In addition if you have pictures or material that we can use for the upcoming museum in Frascati it would be great.

Thank you

Kind regards

Goffredo

Hi Goffredo,

I looked at the 517th records, which are very incomplete, but did not find any record of a Richard B. Johnson with the 517th,

It is unlikely this is the same person – Richard B. Johnson is a common name – but I did find an obituary of a Richard B. Johnson who did serve in Italy during WW2: http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/starnewsonline/obituary.aspx?n=richard-b-johnson&pid=87392701

Good luck,

Bob Barrett

Bob: Not to worry about Mail Call. You take the well-deserved vacation. We can wait until you are ready to have the time to resume your legacy. We enjoy reading your news about the few remaining "troopers of the 517th" and those that have passed with honor.

You have made your dad proud of the continuing the legacy of the 517th that you have unselfishly shared with, us, the family of those "troopers". Well done.

Frank Ramos
Brother of Ismael Ramos
Company H



Subject: My uncle **Peter Sturgeon** of the 517th

Hi all. I'm pleased to see the 517th website staying strong and growing well. Thanks to all your efforts.

Several years back, I was delighted to find on your site a photo of Peter perched on the trunk of a vehicle, posing with fellow soldiers soon after his first jump into France.

After Peter's death in 2005 I had been busy researching his prior military service in Spain, so I put off searching his WWII records. (I wonder how many other guys in the 517th were veterans of the fight against Franco? Perhaps Peter was the only one.)

Peter was my father Ted's only brother, and they were quite close in age and temperament, Peter being the elder by 17 months. Born in 1916 and 1918 respectively, they grew up in Staten Island and Philadelphia and were well-educated, middle class kids. My father became a science fiction writer, making his name in the 30s, 40s and 50s in New York, whilst Peter worked as a medical writer in Brooklyn after earning his college degree in finance.

Some might know that Peter and his wife Inès founded the American chapter of the British MENSA organization in their living room in the late fifties. This continues to be a respected organization with a IQ test result being the requirement of membership, but some (including my dad) thought MENSA to be pretty elitist and unscientific. Nevertheless, MENSA conventions were the reason I and my siblings had any intermittent contact with our (happily childless) uncle and aunt. Peter having accepted development work with UNIDO in Geneva and later Vienna, he and Inès became permanent expats in the late 60s, although they remained patriotic, voting Americans all their lives, visiting the US nearly every year.

Inès died last August in Vienna at the age of 92, and my brother Tim and I were charged with sorting through 50 years of their belongings, which we completed last October 2017. I now have all the letters between Inès and Peter during his 517th period, the only time they were ever separated during their 60 odd years of marriage. From what I can tell, they wrote to one another every day. Peter wasn't allowed to reveal specific locations, but 517 buffs would doubtless be able to trace his progress from Italy, over to France and up into Belgium and the Bulge arena (including leaves taken in Grasse and Paris).

Finally, I'd like to transcribe a letter Peter sent to the American Embassy in Vienna on 5 April 1997, due to the fact that his passport was about to expire. Peter was always throwing intelligent observations and suggestions into his letters, whomever the audience, and this instance is no exception. At that time (1997) the US and allies were asserting power in the Balkans, and the embargo against Bosnia struck Peter as quite unfair. He wrote:

"In 1937 I was granted a passport that was stamped NOT VALID FOR TRAVEL TO OR IN SPAIN. Nevertheless, I went there to join the International Brigades that were fighting not merely the internal and external aggression against the Spanish Republic, but more generally, against international Fascism, which was growing stronger everywhere. It was our hope that, by stopping the progress of Fascism in Spain, we could possibly prevent World War II.

"At this time, the western democracies, including the United States, had imposed an arms embargo on the Spanish Republic, thus denying its ability to defend itself against aggression by fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, both of which poured war material and troops in support of the Franco rebels.



"When it became evident that its defeat was inevitable, the Spanish government withdrew the International Brigades from the battle lines and disbanded them. Its members, which included several hundred Americans, were sent home, if their governments would accept them. When we returned, our passports were confiscated. It wasn't until the 1950s that I was able to get another one, and then only after repeated attempts.

"The Spanish Republic was forced to surrender in March 1939, and World War II began only six months later, in September of that same year. During that war I fought in the American army as a paratrooper through all six campaigns, and this time I was on the winning side.

"In 1996 the Kingdom of Spain offered Spanish citizenship to the surviving veterans of the International Brigades, provided they gave up their present nationality. While I greatly appreciated the offer, I refused it, preferring to remain an American citizen.

"I was distressed to see the United States and its allies repeat the same self-defeating policy of embargo against Bosnia, which was subject to external and internal aggression, as had the Republic of Spain.

Peter A Sturgeon."

I hope that your site's visitors will find this interesting.

Sincerely,

Tandy Sturgeon (Wolff)

Hi Tandy,

Thanks for your letter and info about **Peter Sturgeon**. I will include it in this week's MailCall newsletter to our 517th family and friends.

You may already know that we have written a little about Peter previously in a MailCall. See: http://www.517prct.org/mailcall/2076.pdf

Also, I just checked, and I do see Peter's name on several Morning Reports. One interesting one is on March 10, 1945, when he was busted from Sergeant to Private after rejoining the unit on the 9th of March. (Note that these demotions were not that uncommon with the 517th.)

Thanks,

Bob Barrett MailCall@517prct.org

PS: In my younger years, I read a lot of science fiction, so I am a big fan of your Dad's stories.





Demo Platoon after jump into So. France

Front L to R: Peter Sturgeon, J.P. Jones, John Alicki and Herman Glenetske

Sitting on hood: Peter Christensen

Back: Paul T. Allison



See more about Peter Sturgeon at: http://www.517prct.org/mailcall/2076.pdf

I'm taking a look at visiting Currahee Military Museum and the Camp Toccoa Project during their Military Weekend October 4-7. As you recall, both organizations were the recipients of funds from the 517th PIR Association when we dissolved the business side of the association. It would be an opportunity to see some of the impacts the 517th has had on the museum. I was wondering if you know of anyone else that may be traveling to Toccoa during that time period.

Thanks

Rick Seitz

Hi Mr. Barrett, I would like to be added to the mail roster please.

My grandfather, **Wayland (Ben) Benjamin Adams** served with the 517th. . .I still remember a few of his stories, but am interested in putting some of the pieces together.

Take Care, Sally Adams

Wayland B. Adams was with E Company - BB



From: The Franco-American Society of Draguignan, France https://www.facebook.com/FrancoAmericanSociety/

Moments de partage à l'occasion de l'Independence Day au cimetière américain de Draguignan.









From Phil McSpadden

Subject: A Poem Worth Reading

He was getting old and paunchy, and his hair was falling fast, and he sat around the Legion, telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in, and the deeds that he had done. In his exploits with his buddies; They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbor, his tales became a joke, all his buddies listened quietly, for they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer, for ol' Joe has passed away. And the world's a little poorer, for a Veteran died today.

He won't be mourned by many, just his children and his wife. For he lived an ordinary, very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family, going quietly on his way; And the world won't note his passing, 'Tho a Veteran died today.

When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state. While thousands note their passing, and proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories, from the time that they were young, but the passing of a Veteran goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of our land, someone who breaks his promise, and deceives his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow, who in times of war and strife, goes off to serve his country, and offers up his life?

The politician's stipend, and the style in which he lives, are often disproportionate to the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Veteran, who offered up his all, is paid off with a medal and perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians, with their compromise and ploys, who won for us the freedom, that our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger, with your enemies at hand, would you really want some cop-out, with his ever-waffling stand?

Or would you want a Veteran, his home, his country, his kin, just a common Veteran, who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Veteran, and his ranks are growing thin. But his presence should remind us, we may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict, we find the Veteran's part, is to clean up all the troubles, that the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor, while he's here to hear the praise, then at least let's give him homage, at the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline in the paper that might say: "OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING, A VETERAN DIED TODAY."



Administrivia

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