Airborne units spearhead attacks, 1944

517 Parachute Combat Team Association

1995 - 1st Quarter - 1995
The cover art is an enlargement of the GENERIC AIRBORNE U.S. postage stamp that was issued on 6 June, 1994. All elements and thousands of Airborne veterans wrote thousands of letters to the stamp selection committee in an effort to get an Airborne stamp issued to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the genesis of U.S. Airborne Forces in 1940. We were unsuccessful in this effort but we were promised an Airborne stamp in the WWII stamp series to be issued in 1994. The stamp the committee had in mind was to be specific for the Normandy D-Day Airborne invasion. It isn't widely known or recognized that this Airborne stamp as you see it is GENERIC only through the salesmanship skills and determination of our own Joe D. Miller. Somehow he pulled it off and all Airborne veterans are grateful to Joe for the time, effort, and money he put into this project. We of the 596 are especially proud that one of our own was able to accomplish this almost single-handedly. Get Joe to tell you the details of how this stamp came to be and also about his adventures with the official color enlargement of the stamp that was presented on D-Day to the Airborne Museum and the Mayor at Ste. Mere Eglise, France—and then why he had to go back to France in September and do it again. Thanks, Joe! You are Airborne All The Way and have reflected great credit on the 596 PCEC.
Please accept my apology for not putting together an issue of WINGS sooner and more regularly. I could cite a half dozen justifications for my failure to perform, but that is not the 596 way of doing things. I plan to try to pass the Editor's job along to someone who has more time than I and who would like to do it. If I fail in that effort, I promise to do better in the future.

Whomever edits, pastes up, prints, and mails this newsletter in the future will need some money from you members because the kitty is empty and in need of your ante.

This issue is so large that it has been very expensive. I am making it this grandiose out of guilt for being so remiss. Future and more regular issues, say quarterly or semi-annually, need not be so many pages and photographs.

At the Kansas City reunion there will be a Hospitality Suite for the entire Combat Team but on one day and evening, Monday, May 29, after the Business Meeting and Luncheon, 596ers will be meeting in their own Hospitality Suite for our Company business meeting, open bar and snacks, conviviality, hugs and kisses, laughter, love reminiscing, remembrances, and friendship. This afternoon and evening will be one of the highlights of the reunion for us Engineers. The location of the meeting room will be posted and also announced at the business meeting. So plan to be there for FUN with the 596 FAMILY!

WE WERE WARRIOR SOLDIERS ONCE AND YOUNG—-AND AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!
WE ARE CIVILIANS NOW AND OLDER—-AND STILL AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!
WE WERE PROUD AND COURAGEOUS THEN AND REMAIN THE SAME TO THIS DAY!
AIRBORNE ALL WAYS, ALWAYS, AND ALL THE WAY!

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
OUTSIDE OUR HOSPITALITY SUITE IN KANSAS CITY
MANY THANKS TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE WRITTEN A FEW OR, IN SOME
instances, a lot of lines and to those who sent other items of
interest for Wings. These contributions make this newsletter
more interesting and informative. Thanks also to those who
have been so generous with the donations of the money that
makes it possible for us to communicate in this medium. Here
are the names of those contributors. Some of them have contrib-
uted more than one time since the last issue of Wings. If I
have omitted the name of anyone who sent a donation, please accept
my apology and bring it to my attention. Editor

Mike Bulino
Dick Brumley
Bill Conger
Bob Dalrymple
Frank Grbinich (517)
Tom Cross (517)
Ray Hild
Gene Hyman
Ernie Kosan
Lyle Madison
Gene Markle
Herb Larson
Dr. Jim Lyon
Wayne Norwood
Vince Podraad
John Randall
Herb Reichwald
Dennis Shipley
George Shull
Marshall Turner
Bob Verdi
Bill Winterling

My good friend, Dr. Earle Williams, is a
Dallas Oral and Maxillofacial Surgeon. He
just celebrated his 91st birthday. While
he no longer practices dentistry, amazingly
he's at the office with his son, Dr. Craig
Williams, every day. In his words: "Like a
neutered Tom Cat, I'm just a consultant now."
"Dr. Earle" spends his office hours visiting
with patients, doing a few magic tricks,
telling lots of jokes, and quoting verses
like this one:

**FRIENDS NOT YEARS**

Count your garden by the flowers,
ever by the leaves that fall.
Count your days by golden hours
never look at clouds at all.
Count your nights by stars, not shadows.
Count your life by miles, not tears.
And with the joy of every birthday,
count your age by FRIENDS, not years.

---

**When the last of the U.S. airborne forces re-
turned from the Persian Gulf, the press clai-
med for interviews. "Sergeant," one reporter
said, stopping a young trooper, "what's the
first thing you're going to do when you get
home?"

"That's a very personal question," snapped
the soldier. "I'm a married man and I've been
away from my wife for eight months."

"I understand," the reporter replied. "So
what's the second thing you're going to do?"

"Well," the sergeant said, "I guess I'll take off
my parachute."
Friday - May 26, 1995
Early Registration
1330 - 1630

(Free time the remainder of the day)

Saturday - May 27, 1995
Registration 0930 - 1200
1330 - 1630
Optional Tour: Tour 1 - 9:00 am
12:00 noon.
Independence and Truman:
A visit to Independence provides a
detailed look at Harry S. Truman.
This tour features a stop at the
Truman Library. One of only 11
presidential libraries in the United
States.

Hospitality Room 1330 - Until 7
Optional Tour 2 - 5:45 p.m. - 10:20
p.m. Woodlands Race Track: This
evening begins with a delicious buffet
dinner, followed by greyhound dog
races.

Sunday - May 28, 1995
In the morning:
Church Services
Golf Tournament
Optional Tour: 9:00am - 12:00 noon
Independence and Truman
Registration 1300 - 1730
Hospitality Room 1300 - Until
Optional Tour 4: 7:30 p.m. - 10:30
p.m.
Riverboat Gambling: Riverboat
Gambling, brings Casino enti-
tlement to Kansas City every day of
the week.

Monday - May 29, 1995
0830 - Board Meeting
Registration 1000 - 1200
1230 -1:00
Ladies Luncheon -1200 - Until
Men’s Luncheon Business
meeting - 1200 - until
5:46 (Hospitality room will open after the
General Membership meeting)

Tuesday - May 30, 1995
Optional Tour: Tour Fort
Leavenworth 0830 - 1200
Memorial Service

Sequence of events:
a. Posting of 517 and National
Colors
b. Invocation: Ft. Leavenworth
Chaplain
c. Welcome by Fort Leaven-
worth Command
d. Brief history of Zais Memo-
rial Park
\[...\]
Hospitality Room 1300 - 1600
Cocktails - 1800
Dinner - 1900
Dancing (After dinner)

Wednesday May 31, 1995 - Departure

Stealth Bomber

There is a possibility we,
maybe a remote possibility, will be
able to tour an air base... the home of the
"Stealth Bomber".

If this comes true we will
not set up buses for the tour. We
plan, if the Air Force is agreeable to
tour the base on Sunday afternoon.

You no doubt remember
reading about the French Army
traveling to the front in taxi cabs
during World War I. We plan to
duplicate that effort and all of us
share rides with members who
drove to Kansas City.

With us luck...this probably
will be the only time we will have
an opportunity to see the "Stealth"
bomber close up.

Nelson Art Gallery

The Nelson art Gallery is 
well known museum with many
outstanding exhibits.

They have a foremost col-
lection of Chinese Arts and Artifacts
in the world.

They will do a guided tour
of 20 people. Of course it is not
necessary to take a guided tour
since they have a number of differ-
ent galleries so one can wander and
view exhibits of their interest.

Virginia Seitz is project
officer for this effort. If you are
interested please contact Virginia.
RegISTRATION FORM - 517 Parachute Combat Team Reunion - Kansas City, Missouri - May 26-31, '95

Name ________________________________ Guest ________________________________

Unit ________________________________ Battalion ________________________________

Company or Battery ________________________________

Registration fee: $45.00 per person

Number of people ___ X $45.00 = $ _______

Fort Leavenworth Tour _______

Number of people ___ X $8.00 = $ _______

Grand Total $ ______

We plan to arrive _______ and will travel by - Air - Train - Privately Owned Vehicle

Write check in the amount of your grand total, make check payable to the 517 PCT Reunion and mail to the headquarters at 178 Maple Ridge Lane, Seymour, Tennessee 37865

To receive the rate mentioned in the KCI Shuttle advertisement to the right you must specify your are with the 517 Parachute Combat Team.

SPECIAL FOR ALL 596ers
COME TO KANSAS CITY IN MAY AND LET'S SHARE SOME OF OUR MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL LEFTOVERS OF THE PAST 52 YEARS THAT ARE MORE COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS MEMORIES.

KCI Shuttle
AIRPORT GROUND TRANSPORTATION

TO OBTAIN KCI SHUTTLE SERVICE: 

Upon arrival to KCI Airport locate the red "KCI Shuttle" golf cart near your bag claim area (with the flashing yellow light) at _______.

Dial "5500" on any white Airport Courtesy Telephone.

Advise ticket agent that you are with the 517th Parachute Combat Team Conference. A gate will advise what time the next shuttle will be departing for the Hyatt Regency Hotel.

One Way Fare $11.00
Round Trip Fare $17.00

Shuttle service to the Hyatt Regency Hotel every 30 minutes.

Shuttle vehicles will be departing under the yellow and black KCI Shuttle signs located outside your bag claim area.

NO ADVANCE RESERVATION REQUIRED.

596
Please mail this reservation form directly to the hotel

FOR GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS ONLY
I understand I am liable for one night's room and tax which will be deducted from my deposit or billed to my credit card in the event that I do not arrive or cancel on the arrival date indicated.

Signature

Arrival Date _______ Time _______
Departure Date _______ Time _______

a $23.00 charge will be assessed for any departures earlier than the above stated departure date.

☐ SMOKING ☐ NON-SMOKING

PLEASE CIRCLE RATE REQUESTED

☐ Single 1 Person - 1 Bed $66.00
☐ Double(s) 2 Person - 1 Bed* $66.00
☐ Double(s) 2 Personas - 2 Beds* $66.00
☐ Triple(s) 3 Persons - 2 Beds* $66.00
☐ Quad(s) 4 Persons - 2 Beds* $66.00

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

* Share with: (1 Reservation Card Per Room)

Name: ______________________________

Name: ______________________________

Contact Reservations Department for suite information Room type request subject to availability at time of arrival. All deposits are refundable upon 24-hour notice prior to date of arrival. All reservations subject to local sales tax.

REvised MILITARY OATH: With all of the recent downsizing in the military, it has been suggested members of the military raise their left hand and repeat the following oath -

"We, the willing, led by the unknowing, are doing the impossible for the ungrateful. And, since we've done so much, for so long, with so little, we are now qualified to do anything with nothing!"
Biennial Business Meeting - Monday, May 29
at 1:00 p.m. - Kansas City, Missouri.

Agenda

I Minutes of the July 23, 1991 meeting, held Niagara Falls, New York.

II Financial Report

III Secretary's Report

IV President's Report

VI Constitution and By-Laws

VII Long Range Planting

VIII Election of Officers

IX 1997 Reunion Plans

X New Business

XI Adjournment

Dick Selz informs us that Jim Lantz, 460th Field Artillery is the publicity chairman for the 1995 Kansas City reunion.

Jim was a Captain in the 460th and directed a lot ofillery fire in support of the Combat Team.

After the war Jim settled in KC and got into radio and TV. He knows KC well and will do great for the Combat team.

He is looking forward to seeing many 460th troopers in KC.

We have a hotel registration form in this issue. If you prefer, you can make your reservation via telephone (800-233-1254), ask for the Reservation Department and state your unit (217) affiliation.

Check in time is 3:00 p.m.. If you plan to arrive after 6:00 p.m. guarantee your reservation with either a $50 deposit or with your major credit card.

Cut off date is April 25, 1995. Reservations after this date will be confirmed on a group room block basis at our group rate.

The rate for our Association is $66.00 per room either single or double.

Complimentary parking will be furnished to all members attending. The hotel also will have complimentary coffee in the lobby each morning.

One of our problems, at our reunions, is getting a large enough hospitality room. At Niagara Falls our hospitality room was on the main floor. By utilizing the hotel bar at reduced rates we are able to have our hospitality room in a first class area.

At the Kansas City reunion we will again have a no host bar. Rains drinks $3.50, wine $3.00 per glass, beer $1.25. We will be served, it will not be necessary to have some of our members responsible for the room, the ice, glasses, napkins and other amenities.

With all of us cooperating, this should be a successful method to defeat the "too small hospitality area" syndrome.

The hospitality room and the registration area will be opposite each other on the Mezzanine level of the hotel. One can reach the Mezzanine by either elevator or escalator. The entrance to the covered walkway leading to Crown Center Shop is adjacent to our registration room.

A convenient and economical form of transportation in the downtown Kansas City, Missouri area is the "Trolley". The trolley is a rubber-tired replica of the old-fashioned trolleys prominent in the early part of our century.

Fare for senior citizens is $3.00. This ticket price allows you to ride the trolley unlimited time that day. We plan to have a representative available to sell trolley tickets.

The trolley, besides carrying you to different shopping areas also stops at the City Market, Arabia Museum, Union Station, Liberty Memorial, Nelson Atkins Museum of Art and the Kansas City Art Institute.

Air Transportation: We did not get an official Airline to represent us. Considering the volatility of all fares we believe you can do as well or better through your travel agency. Your travel agency does not charge you a fee for service, they do get a small commission from the airline. Ask your travel agent to get you the lowest possible fare and they will search for competing rates and get the best for you. Look into senior citizen coupons, if you also attend one of the mini reunions or do other traveling during the year this may be very economical for you.

Airlines serving Kansas City, Missouri area: U. S. Air, American, Midwest Express, Southwest, TWA, Delta, Midwest, Continental, United, Northwest.

************
Bob Dalrymple has served with characteristic distinction as the President of our Combat Team Association for the past two years. Our Association has enjoyed an unbroken string of excellent leaders, with the possible exception of my tenure, but Bob's performance is now the paradigm. He has set a standard of excellence that may never be surpassed and seldom equaled. He continues to set and meet the high standards for himself that he instilled in and demanded of 596ers as individuals and as a unit during WWII. The life of a perfectionist is not an easy one and it is even more difficult to work for one as we 596ers had to do. But, as the years have gone by, we 596ers have come to better understand and appreciate what he was trying to accomplish with our unit. Under his tutelage and sometimes severe prompting, we came near to achieving the level of excellence he envisioned. Bob, we may tease you for being a martinet and a hard task-master, but we admire, respect, and love you for forcing us to become the BEST soldiers and better men. AIRBORNE! The Editor

SCUTTLEBUTT

RISKS

TO LAUGH ... is to risk appearing the fool.
TO WEEP ... is to risk appearing sentimental.
TO REACH OUT FOR ANOTHER ... is to risk involvement.
TO EXPOSE FEELINGS ... is to risk exposing your true self.
TO PLACE YOUR IDEAS, YOUR DREAMS BEFORE THE CROWD ... is to risk their loss.
TO LOVE ... is to risk not being loved in return.
TO LIVE ... is to risk dying.
TO HOPE ... is to risk despair.
TO TRY ... is to risk failure.

But RISKS must be taken, because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.

The person who risks nothing does nothing, has nothing, and is nothing. He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he simply cannot learn, feel, change, grow, love ... Live.

Chained by certitudes, he is a slave, he has forfeited freedom.

Only a person who RISKS is FREE!
PARATROOPERS ARE FREE

GOF LIMERICK

There was a young couple named "LEAR"
Who were suspended from their country club for the year
For an act most obscene
On number nine green
Where the sign says "Enter Course Here".
Bob Dalrymple getting an earful from a belly-dancer at a Greek restaurant in Palm Springs, CA.

Charley and Ann Pugh

Bill Cochran & Hank Simpson

Charley Pugh with grandson, Devin, and daughter, Thersea
CALIFORNIA COUPLES

Marie & Bob Verdi

Lyle & Mary Ann Madison

Retirement is twice as much wife and half as much money.

Sophia & Bill Christian

Bill & Gloria Hudson

Alan & Alice Goodman
Bob Wilkerson & James Moses

Gloria Hudson, Elaine Markle, Mary Jo Hyman & Sophia Christian

Ed Phillips

Gene Markle

Allen Ward

Marge Conger, Ann Pugh, & Dick Bramley

Joseph Herrera's Airborne son & Joseph.
Dennis Shipley, Williamson's daughter, Sunshine, George & Shipley's granddaughter, Reana

Joe D. Miller & George Shull

Hank Simpson

Bob Dalrymple & Ray Hild

Mickey & Cyndi Moses with THE Moses
Looking great!

Bill Lewis & Gene Markle

Dr. Jim Lyon

Dick Bartholomew

Winston Shull & Bob Dalrymple--Two beautiful and happy smiles

George Mitchell & Joe Senter

The two Genes Markle & Hyman

Joe Senter & Brooks Moses

16
For combining sentiments both high and low, it's hard to beat the favorite of Fort Worth cowboy poet Larry McWhorter, who heard it from some other sage of the trail:

Here's to those we love, and may blessings be bestowed on them.
And here's to those that love us,
and may blessings be bestowed on them.
And here's to those who love us not. We would ask that their hearts would be turned.
But if their hearts would not be turned, we would ask that their ankles be turned.
So that we would know them by their limp.
Cheers.

1st Sgt. Bernie Barnes and Thelma on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

First Sgt. Bernard Barnes in Europe

Bernie Barnes Airborne All the Way

Niagara Falls, site of 1993 Reunion of 517 FRCT
A few of our men were on leave at the time the photo was made.
THELMA BARNES wrote to thank the 596 for the beautiful flowers with parachute that we sent to her and Bernie for the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary in 1993. Thelma said there were 62 friends and relatives at the party. (Editor's note: It was our pleasure and we wish you many happy returns of the days and years that you and Bernie have been together.)

KATE McCONNELL WROTE TO REPORT THE PASSING OF JOHN (JACK) McCONNELL in September, 1993 from cancer. She said that Jack enjoyed receiving WINGS. He didn't speak much about his time in Europe but he did think a great deal of Don Saunders and mentioned him often.

JAMES ROGERS wrote a long and very interesting Christmas letter along with two books of poetry by his talented wife, CARRIE. She recently received her Bachelor of Arts degree in English and is a professional writer. Some of her talent has infected James who also sent me two of his poems—quite good ones, to my untutored eye. James was 76 in February and says that old age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill.

ROY HERREN writes that his left ventricular is acting up after his 4 way by-pass operation. He is also having trouble with his right thigh that makes it difficult for him to walk any distance. He and NACOMI had planned to make the Florida mini-reunion but these health problems interfered.

ERNIE KOSAN writes that he marvelled at how much our wives enjoyed one another at the Niagara Falls reunion and, for that matter, at all of the other ones. He said that after his discharge in 1946, he enrolled at Rice University to study Engineering. At the end of his freshman year, he arranged for Judy's immigration from Germany and they were married in 1947. When he graduated in 1950, they had two children. He said the scarcity of money during those college years made it a terribly rough go for them. After graduation, he worked for an architectural engineering firm and then was called back into the army to serve in the Army Security Agency in Korea for six months. He then went to work for Minneapolis Honeywell for five years and then went with Rohm and Haas as a project engineer. In that position, he built plants all over the world for the next 25 years. He retired in 1984 but continued to work for the same firm as a contract engineer for another 5 years. He and Judy have 5 children and 8 grandchildren. Ernie wishes more of our 596 buddies would come to a reunion. He says they just don't know what they are missing.

Foot Bronson, home of the Army's parachute school, is near Columbia, Ga., its primary drop zone lies across the Chattahoochee River in neighboring Alabama—as I discovered when I made my first jump. After my parachute had opened wide, I looked around and spotted a sign, visible only to descending jumpers: "Welcome to Alabama—Drop in Anytime."

"Contributed by Lt. Patrick J. Chaisse"
JOHN RANDALL sent several WWII photos. John and Alice have 2 grandchildren. He retired from the Maryland Defense Force last September after 11 years, with the rank of Colonel in charge of the Eastern Area Brigade. He said it had been a lot of fun times in spite of the long hours of work.

GEORGE SHULL writes that in April, 1994 he broke his arm playing tennis and that it has healed well. He said it caused him to miss six months of playing golf. He still hunts quail. (Editor’s Note: It sounds to me like George is leading a tough and deprived life of retirement). George was wounded in southern France by an anti-personnel mine and was in the hospital from September until November. He was well in time to go to the Bulge and then on to Berlin where he played on the 307th Engr. Bn. football team.

ED AND MARY HORRIGAN write that Ed had a heart by-pass in Nov., 1991, and is now in good shape. They moved to Florida for the better weather. They have 3 children and 8 grandchildren. Before retirement Ed was a Hancock Insurance agent. Golf is a big part of his life for the past 40 years. Ed also played on the 307th Football team in Berlin.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON writes that he and Dennis Shipley visit with one another with some frequency. He worked for Monsanto Chemical Company in Texas City for 37 years and is now retired since 1983. He and Mary live on a 90 acre place.

BILL HUDSON writes that they left the 517th group last September after visiting in Belgium so that they could try to find some of Gloria’s relatives in Dusseldorf and Dresden, Germany. Gloria’s Mother was born in Germany and an aunt was killed in the infamous Dresden bombings. They were able to locate a 90 year old female cousin, had an emotional 3 hours with her, and now are writing letters to contact other relatives. They also went to Berlin and found the house that Bill and the lst platoon lived in there.

BILL CONGER wrote and sent a few items of memorabilia for inclusion in this and other issues of WINGS. He says that when he was sent back to the States to be discharged, he was sent by train to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. It was Christmas Eve when the train reached the railroad yards in Indianapolis, Bill’s home town. He wanted to be home for Christmas so he jumped off the train. After Christmas, he took a bus to Camp Atterbury, 30 miles away, reported to the officer in charge who said to him, “Your bags are in the corner over there, FALL IN LINE.” He was discharged with no further fanfare. The other reason he could not wait any longer to get home was Marjorie Ross whom he married in 1947 and whom we all know affectionately as Marge.

ROSE ZUBRICKY wrote to inform me of PETER’s demise in September, 1993 from congestive heart failure, hepatitis C, kidney failure, and diabetes. They have four children and four granddaughters.

22
BILL WINTERLING writes that after 75 years of living, his paratrooper experience has been the most vivid. He was in John Holbrook’s squad in third platoon and came in as a replacement. He says he was the 596 horseshoe pitching champion. When he left the 596, he went into the O.B.S.. He said he enjoyed a visit a few months ago by Dr. James Lyon who was visiting relatives on the Eastern Shore.

RAY HILD writes that his Airborne memories have faded over the years but come back after a few martinis. He retired from Dresser Industries 18 years ago. Mary and Ray have been married 50 years and he just had birthday #84. Ray has a bad foot and knee which slow him down a bit.

ED MCKINLEY writes that his vision isn’t too good anymore. He was an aircraft electrical inspector for 20 years. He retired in 1978. He has been married for 51 years and has 2 daughters and 2 sons.

ED PHILLIPS writes that he has had a prostate rem job (no cancer) and is doing well. When it gets too cold in Maine he goes to Oregon to visit with his daughter. He sent some interesting news clippings for use in WINGS and some of them will probably be seen in this issue.

PETE LANNEN writes that he isn’t sure whether he was attached to the 596 or to the 129th Engineer Bn. When the 596 was deactivated and made a part of the 13th Abn. Division. He said the 596ers were a close-knit group and that it took quite a few crap games and a lot of jugs of wine and cognac before he and other newcomers were accepted into the 596 fraternity. He closed his letter by saying that “the youthful 596ers demonstrated great maturity, courage, judgment, and cohesion under very difficult and often dangerous conditions and I am proud to have served with them”.

JIM BOTTs writes that he was in the first platoon and that Sgt. Moses was his favorite trooper and that Moses was well liked by everyone. He praised Bob Dalrymple and said he planned to continue to work even though he could retire if he cared to.

AL & ALICE GOODMAN recently attended the Florida mini-reunion where he saw Joe Miller. The Goodmans were visiting with their daughter and her family who live in Ft. Lauderdale. Al was in the third platoon.

LEO WROBLEFSKI writes that he is in good health, has 5 children, and is retired from the Sheriff’s Department. He was in the 3rd platoon.

ED HROREGAN writes of his and Mary’s 53rd wedding anniversary this May.

RAL BEAN wrote to give me the names of those who served along with him in the second platoon.
JACK GUTHRIE wrote to give names of those he served with in the 3rd platoon before going over to "I" company of the 517 PIR after the Tennessee maneuvers. He went on to say that he will forever owe Davis Valdez for getting him out of a minefield in Germany where Capt. Birder was killed.

LYLE MADISON wrote with a list of 3rd platooners. The Madisons are still in California but are planning to sell their home and go back to New Jersey to be near their children and grandchildren.

KATHLEEN LYON wrote that Bernie passed away on 5 July 1992 from diabetes. He enjoyed reading WINGS and THE THUNDERBOLT. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. He was a wonderful husband and father and talked often about the Airborne. She wishes to continue to receive WINGS.

JOHN WHITEMAN writes that he joined the 596 at Chablis and was in the 1st platoon. He returned to the States in August en route to Japan with the 13th Abn. Division. He said, "Thank God for Harry Truman and his decision to use the atomic bomb".

I think DON and JAN SAUNDERS must be the most widely traveled couple in America. They are constantly on the go in their Airstream. Don writes or calls from time to time and his recapitulation of where they have been and their plans for the next trip are mind boggling. They have a newly built home in New York that they visit occasionally. They visit with 596ers as they journey around the country. They annually visit with Bernie and Thelma Barnes. They have visited with the Hal Roberts and the Ventozas in Seattle, briefly with the Pughs in Ft. Worth and many others.

AIMEE NORWOOD wrote to tell us of WAYNE's death on 1 September 1994. A driver ran off the road and hit him on his bicycle. She expressed the wish to be kept in touch with happenings of the 517 PRCT Assn.
Dear Charley,

29 May 1994

As I stated on the post card, I served in the second platoon under the leadership of Earl Dillard. I don't recall who was our second in command while at McCall. However, while we were in Italy, Earl picked up a young lieutenant from an officer replacement depot who happened to be from his hometown. That was Wayne Norwood.

Gene Warkle and I were two or eight men housed in our company hqrs. barrack while the company was at Benning for jump training. We did all kinds of odd jobs around McCall until the company finished that training at which time we all were sent home for 10 days.

Gene and I had taken our basic training at Camp Wheeler near Macon, Ga. then went through jump training together. A fter Jump School we both were sent to demolition school. (I don't recall, but I think that was a concentrated four week course which ended with a jump and ground maneuver exercise). This was still at Benning. We completed this the week before the company was sent to Jump School. Upon return from our ten day leave Gene was assigned to the first platoon and I the second.

One of my first encounters with our company commander, Bob Paimryms, was quite humorous. We still laugh about it every time we see each other. (as you can see my typing is something else).

Sometime that Autumn of 1943 (on the proper date) Bob summoned me to his office on a Friday and said "Pvt. Hyman, I have on my desk a three day pass for you in order that you may observe Yom - Kippur!" Well, like a dumb fool I stood there rigidly at attention and quite firmly and emphatically snapped "Sir, I am a Methodist". Naturally, as soon as I said that I tried to re-capture those words and swallow them. But they were out and gone along with that damn three day pass.

Again, Jo and I would, to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude to you and Ann for all you have done through the years for our beloved 596th Company and our great 517th R.C.T.

Best Regards & AIRBOURNE ALL THE WAY

THELMA BARNES writes that BERNIE went into the Army in 1935, and served on the west coast as the Golden Gate Bridge was being built. They were married in 1943. Bernie was hit twice during the Battle of the Bulge. After the war Bernie left the service for two years and worked in the steel mill. He then rejoined the service and in 1950 he was sent to Korea and combat. He was in combat for six solid months and in Dec. 1950, was wounded twice, the second time so severely that his left arm was lost. He spent a long time recuperating and getting physical rehabilitation at Walter Reed Hospital. In 1955, Bernie went to work for the Post Office in Jacksonville, FL. In 1965, they moved to Youngstown, OH and Bernie retired there. They then moved to Schenectady NY to be near their son. In 1986 Bernie had a massive heart attack and stroke that left him paralyzed on the left side and unable to speak. He is very alert and understands everything. He would love to receive cards and letters from 596ers----his favorite military unit of all that he ever served with. Editor's note: If you don't do anything else this year, send Bernie a few words.

25
Dear Charley:

Glad winter is over in Wisconsin and everything is greening up again. Am still all involved in projects around the house and repairing autos....even including some newer models. And now it's almost boating season again so getting the piers and boat lifts back out in the water is the prime concern...next it's relaxing out in the boat with a fishing pole and a cold beer. Now that's what you call retirement!

However, we are getting ready to leave for Europe now as we are flying to Frankfurt first and visiting my cousins in Germany in two locations. We leave Aug. 17th and then will meet the troopers in Liege on Sept. 7......actually we will arrive on the 6th & have a confirmed hotel reservation so that we can get all rasted up before the rest of the 517th arrive. Got a phone call from Bill Hudson lately and he and his wife plan to arrive in Liege also on the 7th.

Marie and I had a very bad 1993 - on June 8th our area was hit by a serious tornado. We lost 11 very large, old oak trees, one striking our house and another demolishing our car. The oaks were literally pulled up by the roots so that we had all of last summer trying to clean up the yard, have the tree roots removed and establishing a new lawn. We had so replace the car, of course, and then have a lot of the roof replaced, basement foundation repaired, windows replaced, etc. It has really taken until this summer to get everything back in reasonably good shape. The roof, car, windows, etc. can be repaired and replaced but we can never put back the 100-200 yr. old oak trees that so shaded our house and yard. We have planted new trees but have a hunch we won't be here to see them replace the oaks.

It did give us room to think that maybe if we are going to enjoy the remainder of our retirement years while we are in good health, we better take the bull by the horns and do so....so we bought a travel trailer and spent most of the month of March along the Gulf Coast in and around Biloxi, MS. Had a great time and did enjoy the great weather - didn't miss the snow and cold at all!

Our son and daughter and all six grandchildren are all in fine shape and growing like weeds and that in itself is one of our richest blessings. This Fall the plans are already underway for me to go on a hunting trip out west with my son and grandson and I'm really looking forward to it.

I hope this note finds you and Ann in good health and as you say on your card - AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!

Aug. 8, 1994

Our very best wishes,

Herb Reichwald (and Marie)

ALAN GOODMAN writes that he and ALICE are putting their house on the market and plan to move into a smaller place and do some motor home traveling. Al had a little spook in February of 1994 with an atrial fibrillation that put him in hospital for three days. He is fine now but the Doctor ruled out the motorhome trip to Alaska that they were planning. They visit with the Madisons from time to time and he says that June has become a MASTER CABINET MAKER and has a number of beautiful pieces in his home. Alan still has the golf mania.
Dear Charley and Ann,

23 May 1994

Marion and I went to our first 517th reunion in Chicago in 1961. We have made all but two since then—Denver and New Orleans. We were also at the 40th Anniversary in Nice, France in 1984. We were also at the dedication of the 517th plaque at Arlington National Cemetery and at the 50th Airborne Anniversary Celebration in Washington, DC in 1990. We have also been to several mini reunions in Florida. We have been so fortunate to have stayed in touch with so many from our outfit.

I was in the 1st platoon from Toccoa till Sept. 19, 1944, when I was transferred to the 3rd platoon to replace men who were lost at the Nice airport explosion.

I worked at Alcoa Aluminum Co. for 40 years and retired at the end of 1982. I have worked part time since as a heavy equipment operator and I now work at the Frogtown Speedway as an electrician and track grader and upkeeper. I was an electrician at Alcoa. I have always been an ardent race car fan and owned and drove my own car at local tracks for 12 years. I went to 'INDY' 40 years and Daytona for 7 years.

We named our third son after David George Twight and have visited George many times in Duluth and with Art Von at the same time.

I have always thought that one reason we have such successful reunions is because we have included our wives, children and grandchildren. Our grand-daughter Melissa has attended three reunions and enjoyed them very much. Over the years our wives have made many friendships in our group. My biggest pride is having been in the 517th Airborne ALL THE WAY.

Hank Simpson

P.S. Charley, what was the third word that ended with 'gry'?

Editor's note: Angry, hungry, and ?. I don't remember--if I ever knew.

ROY HERREN wrote a 4½ page letter. Roy was drafted in November 1941 when he was 22 years old. After basic training he was assigned to two or three different infantry divisions before ending up in the 326th Glider Infantry Regt. He then volunteered to go to Jump School and ended up in the 129th Engr. Bn. of the 13th Abn. Div.. When the 596th was incorporated into the 129th Engr. Bn. at the end of the war, Roy was attached to the 596th motor pool. After his discharge, he worked for 13 years for Studebaker and then 26 years for Electro-Voice Corp. as a materials control analyst. He is now a gentleman farmer near his only child, a son, in Indiana. He and Naomi also have a home in Florida and they both play golf. They have two grandchildren. Naomi has been in nursing most of her life. Roy's health began to deteriorate in 1989 with a balloon angioplasty and then a 4-way by-pass in January, 1993. That plus Paget's disease and arthritis have taken their toll.

As you must have noticed, we have a phenomenal number of contributors of cards, letters and other types of material for this gigantic issue of WINGS. Please let me express my thanks here lest I forget to do so when next I see you. Some of you who have responded to my request for information about yourself have not yet made it to one of our reunions. We think it is a loss for you and that you have thus far missed an emotional experience that would do your heart and soul good and we know that your absence has been a grievous loss to the rest of us who keep hoping and looking for you at every get-together. Please come and stand REVEILLE with us once again before the sounding of TAPS.
MARSHALL TURNER wrote a six-page letter. He volunteered for the service after finishing the eleventh grade where he had been a football star player. After the war he finished high school and went on to the Univ. of Tennessee where he took civil engineering for two years and then business law and real-estate for two years. He has licenses in both surveying and real estate and his wife is also a real-estate broker. He and Devona have one daughter and three grandchildren. Marshall said he didn’t get married until rather late in life and that is when his real life began. All that preceded it was just adventure. He recounted the story of how he jumped into southern France when his chute went under the chute of Jim MacFadden and caused it to collapse. MacFadden grabbed Turner’s risers and held on for dear life literally and they landed in a large tree. They managed to get down from the tree and as they moved out there was a blood curdling scream that scared the hell out of them and they couldn’t figure out what it was or where it came from. Several years after the war was over Marshall was visiting a farm in Tennessee and heard the exact same scream for the second time in his life----it was a peacock.

I regret that I cannot tell you who wrote the following letter. It came to me many months ago and I have lost the envelope it came in and it is unsigned. I’m sure the author will recognize his writing and let us know:

The 1993 reunion of the Combat Team is now history. It was really a great experience to get together again with friends we first met at Toccoa and Mackall 50+ years ago. MY GOD! 50+ years—that’s over half a lifetime. Most of us feel it, all of us show it, but none of us give in to it. Those bands of friendship we forged years ago seem to get stronger as time goes by. These friendships must be nurtured at our reunions or they may be weakened to the point that they fade away. What a shame and loss that would be.

Come on—-those of you who have never attended a reunion as well as those who have been to one or two. We need to see each other, talk to each other, laugh with one another. You have no idea how invigorating an experience a reunion can be. The years are passing us by and we should take every opportunity to make the most of the time that is left. The most fun of all is seeing and greeting and enjoying reunion with first-timers. So, come on to Kansas City in May. It’s not too late.

Even though they have known each other only a relatively short time, our wives have found friendships which they also renew every two years. They enjoy the reunions of the Combat Team almost as much as we do, and besides, it gives them an opportunity to shop in stores of a new city.

HAL ROBERTS writes that on the jump into southern France he landed inside the German compound in Teymuy. He crawled a whole day through a grape orchard trying to find a safe way out. He encountered 8 of our dead while looking for an exit. He shot a German machine gunner and belt man in getting to a water ditch. He and Hoffman teamed up and ducked under water part of the time to an area of cattails where they went to sleep for awhile from utter exhaustion. A French 10 year old told them how to get to the English paratroopers. They joined the English when they assaulted and took over the German compound and CP.
BARNEY FREIBERG writes to say that he joined the 596 in the spring of 1945 when it was "B" Company of the 129th Engr. Bn. of the 13th Abn. Division. He found himself the senior officer and Company CO although he felt Ray Hild should have been in that position. In the military seniority prevails. Barney was not comfortable in that situation but the men were tolerant and cooperative. He and wife, Zee, spend their retirement years trying to keep from getting too deldapidated to continue to play golf.

CHARLES SWANSON's brother Ernest wrote to say that Charles died in April, 1994 of colon cancer in California.

BOB WILTERSON writes that he was in HQ platoon. He maneuvered a small caterpillar earth mover when we were rebuilding blown out road sections on the way to Sospel, France. After discharge in September 1945, he went with a chemical plant running a locomotive crane for 31 years. He is retired, in good health, and rides bike every day.

DAVE PIERCE writes he was in the hospital most of last summer for double heart bypass surgery and the removal of his gall-bladder at the same time. Dave was a Corporal in Sgt. Goodman's 3rd Squad of the 3rd Platoon. He is retired after 32 years with the Postal Service.

GENE HYMAN writes that he and Mary Jo greatly enjoy the reunion get-togethers with the 596 family. He served in the second platoon and said he highly admired and liked Earl Dillard.

HAL ROBERTS writes that he had a heart attack last year but is now doing GREAT!

HOMER McROY writes that he recently had cataracts removed. He weighs 150 pounds and has never married. He was in 1st platoon and says his memory isn't what it used to be. (Editor: You are fortunate if it is only your memory that has deteriorated.)

HERB LARSON writes that he and wife, Ann, plan to attend the Kansas City reunion.

MARVIN RIGDON wrote that his memories of Europe are somewhat hazy on many details. He has a 14 year old granddaughter, Angie Rigdon, who shows a champion reignig horse in competitions. He says he is a LITTLE proud of her.

ERNIE KOSAN writes again. He made calls after the California earthquake to check on our 596ers out there and determined that none of them suffered any injury or damage. He said that he had a cataract operation in January 1994. His osteomyelitis, as a result of a long ago broken leg, occasionally recurs but doesn't bother him much. He says he has been able to avoid the ubiquitous roto-rooter operation. He sent meseveral beautiful color photos of their home and surrounding trees, etc.. Very beautiful.
Hi Charlie:

Enjoyed having dinner with you. Ann and the rest of the 596 canz at Zorba the Greeks at the Palm Springs reunion. The neck rub each trooper received was stimulating to say the least. I have to have my haircut once a week now, instead of once a month.

You asked for interesting experiences so decided to tell of my hobby. I needed a hobby to keep the juices flowing when retiring at age 60, so took glider lessons, got my pilots license and bought my first sailplane in that year. Sailplanes should not be confused with hang gliders or ultralights. My plane has a wing span of 46 feet (taller than a four story building if stood upright), retractable landing gear and full instrument panel including oxygen, (which I use above 7000 feet by doctor's orders). I have been flying at least once a week during the last ten years, weather and health permitting. My flights are usually out off the Hemet, CA valley which is surrounded by mountains up to 11,000 feet. Naturally the target of opportunity is to climb the mountains using thermals and ridge lift and then fly peak to peak as far as possible and return to Hemet to land. I have had eleven flights to 18,000 feet, the limit without clearance from air traffic control.

I normally fly within a 50 mile radius of the airport because I do not enjoy the inconvenience of landing in some farmers field and dismantling the plane to tow home. Knock on wood, I have only had two forced landings in fields. My normal flight is three to four hours in duration and I now have 1300 hours. At this rate I should have 2000 hours to celebrate my 75 th birthday.

My longest flight was 318 miles and took seven and one-half hours. My most interesting flight was out of Lome Pine, CA working up to the top of Mount Whitney, at 14,495 feet, the highest place in the lower U.S. and flying 60 miles southeast over Death Valley 279 feet below sea level, the lowest place in the U.S., and returning to Lome Pine all in the same flight.

Enclosed is a picture of Bill Hudson and I just before a one and a half hour flight during the Palm Springs reunion.

Russ Pearson

SPECIAL REQUEST

Michel De Traz is a Belgian writer who has written two Airborne books and is now writing one about the Airborne part of the Southern France invasion. He would like to use some photographs of 596ers taken just before we loaded up on the planes for the jump or short-ly after we landed. He would also like photos that show the blown out sections of the moun-tain roads that we were rebuilding on the way to Gaspel. Please send them to me and I will make sure they are returned to you in a short time. The 596 will be represented well in this new book only with your help.

Thanks-----Charley Pugh
Dear Friends,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men." Luke 2:14

In recent weeks our thoughts have turned to God's wonderful love for us and His many blessings to us. These thoughts have included you also. We continue to thank God for you, for your love, concern and prayers.

It does not seem possible that four years have passed since we returned to the United States from Central Africa. But I guess the calendar is right! Much has happened during that time. My mother passed away three years ago. Shortly thereafter we purchased a house and have been 'settling in' for almost three years. Tom has had two interim pastorates...the second church, Buffalo Cove Baptist Church, extended a call and we have been with them just over two years.

Mary and I continue to work with a small church up in the mountains. I have pastored them for just over two years and am grateful for this opportunity of continued service. The membership is primarily senior adults. Many of the young people have moved away.

I am still playing golf and try to walk two 18-hole rounds per week. My last round was the best I've played since being back in the States...41 and 39. I missed a hole-in-one by about six inches. Oh well, maybe someday.

Charley, I understand some awards were given our company after I left the outfit. I was with the company from its inception through all combat. We were camped at an airfield awaiting a jump into Germany when one evening, as we were playing ball, I slipped down and dislocated my knee. I was hospitalized, sent to the States, and given a medical discharge shortly after Japan surrendered. If the awards given were for the time we were in combat, I would like to receive them if possible. Can you tell me how to go about it.

N.C. is a wonderful place for golf. If you and Ann should be up this way, we would love to have you in our home and we would surely be able to get in a few rounds.

I deeply appreciate all you are doing to keep us in touch with each other.

We are still trying to find the true meaning of the word 'retirement'. Although we sometimes wish for more time to visit family and friends and to do other things, we are grateful that we have the opportunities to serve our Lord in the church and association. We are thankful, too, that we both enjoy good health and are able to keep active.

Even though you do not hear from us often (we keep saying we are going to do better), you are in our thoughts and prayers. We are concerned about you and what God is doing in your life. Pray for us that God will grant wisdom and strength to lead His people at Buffalo Cove; for our children that God will have His way in their lives; for Mary's father who is in a skilled care nursing facility; and for the church with whom we work that they may experience deep and lasting revival.

Our love and prayers,

[Signature]

This letter is a composite made up from two letters of June and December, 1994

31
Reflections: When the Old Wound Aches

By NELSON BRYANT

WEST Tisbury, Mass.

WHEN the barometer drops, and a cold, wet wind comes out of the northeast, my old wound aches and sometimes reminds me of some of my fellow paratroopers and I jumped into Normandy a few hours before dawn on D-Day 50 years ago.

For many years I replayed that wound, made less than a week after my first combat jump by a machine-gun bullet that entered my chest and exited through my shoulder blade. Until I was in my late 50's, I would convulse to steer post-dinner conversation around to the war, and then, if sufficiently unhinged by wine or hard drink, I would tear off my shirt and invite guests to poke fingers in the bore and all indentations. There were times when I set fire to a hair on my chest to add a bit of drama.

Of war, heroism and the plain of life; a few second thoughts about D-Day.

...ma tory antics and so better reveal the little entrance scar.

"Wear the silver badge of courage, drop like an eagle your prey," the airborne recruiting posters had said, and the scars were symbols, albeit fading, of my having heeded that call.

Now having passed three score and 10, I have, I believe, put my participation in the Normandy and Holland jumps, and the Battle of the Bulge in reasonable perspective. A decade ago, I wrote that taking part in those campaigns with the 82nd Airborne Division overshadowed all that followed, including love, marriage, career and children. That is no longer true. I have belatedly come to understand that staggering across the plain of everyday life with dignity and as much honesty as one can muster can be as much heroism, if only because the struggle never ends, as assaulting a flaming hill.

We were not for the old wound aching. Months could pass before I thought of lying alongside a hedgerow, conically taped over the hole made by the bullet, trying to swallow some of the soup a buddy was serving me from his fire-blackened helmet, or before I again recalled the first German soldier I killed as he walked along a dirt road in Normandy on the birching dawn of June 6 not knowing that I had him in my sights from the hedge above, slaying him from behind. I took up the slack in the trigger and thinking of my buddies.

American paratroopers pictured in sight on their way to landing sites in France on D-Day.

be justified only if he was firing at me. A few hours later, that dangerous reluctance departed in a short, fierce (eye) fight that took the lives of several of my buddies.

THERE are also recollections of absurd encounters as when, the second morning after D-Day, I headed up a scouring patrol of three. I was given that task not because of my rank (I was a private first class) but because I had a smattering of French, enough to allow me to converse with the natives of the region. A mile or so from our front line we came upon a farmhouse where we stayed. The daughter of the strapping 6-footer, told me that she had found in one of their pastures, I understand, a bullet that looked like a burst of a burst that had killed a German. She wanted me to find it, so I did.

My Normandy endeavors ended the following day on a paratrooper by Maj. Shields Warren Jr. The single bullet that hurtled me on my back was one of a burst that rid all my fellows with whom I was in the field, "Help me, sir, I'm dying!"

The patrol swarmed on the embattled farmhouse...
than it could handle, and returned under fire. Major Warren bent over me and said, "Nelson, if you don't want to be taken prisoner, you'll have to get off your butt and get the hell out of here."

I got off my butt, put my left arm over the shoulders of a fellow paratrooper and managed a stumbling trot back to billy 30 where, draped with a parachute, I joined the other wounded. I don't remember whether we spent the two or three hours there before a breakout with American artillery through Utah Beach allowed us to be evacuated. I paused out as I was being loaded into an ambulance that took us to a tent hospital on the shore of the English Channel. And when I came to, I was lying in the open on a cot and a fine rain was falling.

An older man's face, gaunt and compassionate, emerged from the bark clouds above me.

"Doctor Nelson," he said, "How long have you been here?"

"I don't know," I replied, wondering how he knew my name, wondering if he was God. (A chaplain, he had looked at the metal identification tags that hung from my neck.)

My confusion ended when he told some barking G.I.'s to take me into a large tent, where a weary surgeon glanced at me and cursed my chest wound.

Recovering in a hospital in Wales, I was at first overwhelmed by the visita-tion of my flesh, but by early July I was walking and, soon afterward, jogging, in the surrounding woods. I wandered to see how haute Montaigne had to erase the slumped-shoulder, the hump caused by my damaged right lung, after my body mend, my desire to avoid further conflict be-came strong.

When a rumor reached me that the Nazis was pre-paring for another jump, I desperately wanted to take part in it. I cannot recall whether I left the hospital for-manily, but at some point in late summer I was back with my comrades — many new faces among them — in Notting-ham, England, an early Sunday afternoon of Sept. 17 I flopped down on a soft, handmade landing in a wide meadow on the outskirts of Nidegen in the Netherlands. Part of the rekkas for the gentle landing was thin, but yet be-ting in top condition, I kept my gear to a minimum. My ar-mament was a little M.1 Carbine, a pocketful of shells for it and a couple of grenades. I soon regretted the choice of the carbine, which was useless at distance over 100 yards.

The Holland jump took the edge off of me, and when the Battle of the Bulge erupted a few months later I would have been content to sit on the sidelines, but that was not to be.

Rest after the Bulge campaign did wonders, howev-er, and accounted for some more flexible of compulsive behavior. A few days after Germany's unconditional sur-render in May 1945, I marched down to company head-quarters and requested permission to be transferred to the Pacific Theater, where the war had not yet ended. The company commander told me to go back to the bar-racks and read a good book.

The old wound aches, and most of the time the ache blends with all the other physical indignities to which my aging carcass has been subjected and reminds me of nothing save the attrition of the past decades. Of late, however, I have been walking on D-Day, and I am grateful that I was part of it.

I remember with some embarrassment the speech I delivered at my high school graduation in 1941. Laden with patriotic hyperbole, it brought tears to the eyes of the principal, but I cannot forget the bad and disapproving face of one of the town's ministers who sat in the front row. It was years before I understood his horror of all wars, however just.

I remember with grati-tude the rifle range ser-geant in basic training who, on the bottom line that I was God, bewitched me out for shooting my M-1 from my left shoul-der. I whispered to him that I had to throw from that side because my eye had been nearly blind since birth, that with a bit of chi-canery — covering the bad eye twice, first with my right hand, then with my left — I had come to pass the airborne physical. "If you want it, that much, I'll stay nothing," he said.

I am grateful to him be-cause making D-Day jump gave my emotional sus-tenance in the years thus following.

I had responded to the call as I heard it. In the dark watches of the postwar civilian night, I would lie listening in the measured-breathing of a fellow whoso crackle, because we were so poor, was a bureau drawer. And although frightened at the responsibility of caring for my family, I knew that fear alone was not enough to make me flay the gambler, that, in some ways at least, I was a man.

The old wounded aches, and I am an old man filled with wonder at why I have been given so much time to wrestle with choices, to savor love, friendship and laughter, to dwell on the meaning of the long silence after while so many of the others with whom I drifted down through curving skylines of tracer bullets were so swiftly subtracted. Tomorrow evening, on the anniversary of D Day, I shall sit on a boulder on the edge of Lake Umbra-gina in the Maine wilderness on a quiet hill, looking west over the hills, thanking of the brotherhood in which I have a cherished membership.
The hospitality and warmth of welcome extended our group in Belgium and France last September were heartwarming indeed and far surpassed our expectations. Here is a short excerpt from the speech by the Vice President of the Belgian-American Association: "The D-Day landing and the Battle of the Bulge are among the most powerful symbols of the triumph of democracy. If we have been able to bring up and educate our children and grandchildren in a free society, it is largely because young Americans in 1944 came here to fight at the risk of their lives. Today we are here to honor them, it is for me, as Vice President of the Belgian-American Association, a great honor to be able to express, in the name of our members, our gratitude and affection to those heroes of the Battle of the Bulge here present and to all those who sacrificed their lives for our liberty."

Fire in the hole! AMOC. Sick call in 50 day wonder. Short arm inspection. Boots and raincoats only.


Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.
This is the bronze plaque we placed at the Nice, France airport in 1984 to honor and commemorate the six 596ers who lost their lives while demining that airport.

Growing up in an Army base, I was always homesick for the last base where we'd been stationed. My father would then tell me to think of one good thing about our new base that was different from any other place on earth.

Years later, I lived in Fayetteville, N.C., which is near Fort Bragg. An Army friend of mine from Tennessee was homesick for the mountains of his home state. Telling my father's old remedy, I told him, "Maybe one good thing about North Carolina?"

He thought for a moment. "What, he said; "It does keep the mosquitos from washing up on Tennessee."

—Contributed by Ann Paul Kane

Below are two notes from Bill Conger's autograph book—look at the date.

Dear Bill,
May 5, 1943
Remember the good old pain-free days at Camp Vigo.
Don't forget the day we do 50 push-ups.

Fondly,

[Signature]

Bill
May 5, 1943
When you remember where you been, remember me as a friend in the paratroopers. We are good buddy. The story that says even if the fighting got blood, put Joe D. Miller.

ERRORS & MISTAKES: Errors and mistakes have been purposely included so people who enjoy finding them won't be disappointed when they read "WINGS."
The Honorable Mayor of LE MUY
Monsieur BARDON
Hôtel de Ville
LE MUY, France

Dear Sir:

I am writing to express to you and to our dear friends of LE MUY our thanks and appreciation for your generous hospitality during the recent visit of our Combat Team Association members with you on 20 September.

The memorial ceremony and salute honoring our fallen comrades, both US and French, was a very stirring occasion for all of us. I'm sure it was for you and your French compatriots as well.

We were astounded when we saw the MUSEE DE LA LIBERATION your community citizens had put together. The entry and view of a descending parachute caught one's eye immediately. It was an indelible and long-to-be-remembered sight. It is a significant tribute to all who contributed to the liberation of PROVENCE from five years of German occupation.

The young men who collected all the materials for the JEEP and assembled them with meticulous care and diligence are certainly to be applauded and congratulated. They will truly remember the great sacrifices of the Allies, as well as those of your own French countrymen.

And, of course, the T-Shirts depicting the Airborne forces in the 15 Aoû 1944, OPERATION DRAGOON became collector's items at once. My grandchildren will be presented theirs at our family gathering here in Arizona during the Christmas Holidays. You can be assured that we will be remembering our dear friends in LE MUY on that occasion.

I am sending this letter via Colonel John Wilms, Commander, Riviera Post No. 5, American Legion, to present to you personally along with my WWII jump suit that I wore on my jump near LE MUY at 0432 Hrs., 15 Août. Perhaps you will be able to incorporate it into your MUSEE. I was a Captain at that time, Commanding the 596th Parachute Engineer Company, a unit of the 517th Combat Team. Also, I have included a 596th Engineers Logo that you might be able to use.

Once again, our deepest gratitude and thanks to all of you. You made our visit to LE MUY one of lasting memories and of fond, new friends.

May God Bless you and all of our friends there this Holiday Season.

Best sincerely, for the 517th Parachute Combat Team Tour group.

R W Dalmeyer
Colonel, US Army Ret.

This a sample of the personalized letter of thanks and appreciation that Bob sent to the Mayors of Nice, LaMotte, Les Arcs, Sospel, Luceram, St. Martin du Var, Paris, and all of the towns and villages visited in Belgium in September, 1994, by 67 men, wives, and children of the 517 FCT Assn., His diplomatic follow-up letters are indicative of his effectiveness as an ambassador of good will.
A Generation of Heroes
James Cox, Jr., Son of James Cox, Sr. - 513 F Co.

The Philosopher Rousseau called gratitude "A duty which ought to be paid."
As citizens of the United States of America, we have much to be grateful for.
We live in a nation with no equal. We are freer, more prosperous and have more opportunity than any other people in any other nation anywhere on the face of the globe.
We owe a large duty, a large debt of gratitude, to those who helped make our country what it is.
I rise in front of you today to pay that duty, which not only ought to be paid but also needs to be paid.
I am here to express my gratitude, and the gratitude of my generation, to my Father and his generation - to your generation.

My Father was a member of the 17th Airborne, 513th F Company.
My Father parachuted into Germany over the Rhine River in 1945 as the agony of World War II in Europe was being fought to its conclusion.
You, the Veterans of the 17th Airborne, and in fact, all Veterans of World War II, no matter where they served, deserve a large helping of gratitude.

All that my generation enjoys and takes for granted we have because of your efforts - and I refer not only to how you won the war but also to how you won the peace after the war.

Your generation is a generation of achievers, perhaps greater than we will see again for a long time.
You were young men, many of you only teenagers, when the call to duty came.
You didn't hesitate. You went - you went wherever you were needed: Europe...The Pacific...China...Northern Africa.
You fought and won one of the bloodiest conflicts in the history of mankind. More than 400,000 of your comrades died.

But then you did something even more remarkable. When you came home, you set about building an era of growth and prosperity the likes of which were never before seen and perhaps shall never be seen again.
We, your sons and daughters, are the baby boom generation, 76 million strong, and we are better educated, healthier and wealthier than any other generation...thanks to you.
Yours is the generation that built the housing developments that for the first time made home ownership attainable.
Yours is the generation that crisscrossed this nation with superhighways.
Yours is the generation that broke the sound barrier.
Yours is the generation that built the first computer.
Yours is the generation that found the polio vaccine.
Yours is the generation that built the great corporations.
Yours is the generation that strengthened the labor movement and advanced its cause.
Yours is the generation that built the far-flung communication networks.

And yours is the generation that first explored space.
Someday, when future historians look back at your generation, it is likely that they will label your time as an age of heroes, a time when large deeds were routinely accomplished.

What are heroes, after all? Heroes are men who do extraordinary things. But perhaps they're men who, day in and day out, simply do the right thing. Men who go to work, labor hard, men who love their families and their country and respect their neighbors.
I have come to several of these reunions with my Mother and Dad. Always I have been moved by feelings of respect and admiration.
And that is why I rise before you today, not only for me but for my generation, to simply say, "THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU!"

(THANK YOU—Editor Joe Quake, 17th Airborne Div. Assn.)

Airborne Quarterly

37
A Paratrooper's Load

Troops parachuting into Normandy on D-Day carried over 100 pounds of equipment. The standard list included:

1 helmet with liner
1 rifle or other gun, bayonet, and carrier. (Shown is a Thompson submachine gun. Private Bryant carried an M-1 Garand semi-automatic rifle)
80 rounds of ammunition
2 hand grenades
1 anti-tank grenade
1 entrenching tool and cover
2 parachutes
1 small switchblade (attached to chest pocket, used to cut parachute lines)
1 complete uniform
1 knit cap
1 change of underwear
2 pairs of socks
1 canteen and cover
1 pair of leather gloves
6 packages of K-rations
1 spoon
1 toilet kit
1 first aid pack
1 packet sulfur tablets
1 escape kit (silk map of France, compass, money for bribes)
1 small clicker "cricket" (to signal other G.I.'s)
1 field bag with suspenders (to carry on back)
1 trench knife and leg scabbard
1 pair of boots
1 impregnated jumpsuit
1 gas mask, with 2 filters

Paratrooper climbing into a transport plane for the flight to Normandy

U.S. Army photo

New York Times
6/5/94

Courtesy of Ed Phillips
IN MEMORIAM

Boyd E. Baker
Richard B. Bartholomew
Joseph W. Bennett
Woodrow D. Bennett
James R. Benson
Manuel Bernal
John R. Berryhill
Robert S. Bogan
Charles M. Bonaventura
Jack W. Boyer
Ambrose W. Buchanan
Cyrus H. Buckner
John Calecz
Walter K. Charlton
Adolph A. Correa
William C. Doane
Joe Diaz
Earl Dillard
Milton O. Dorman
Carroll W. Dorothy
Frank R. Ennis
Bill Fishar
Jesse Floyd
Albert A. Foley
Jack R. Green
Max W. Grona
Francis J. Hale
Alton Wayne Harrell
Kenneth E. Harris
Clyde V. Hoffman
Dr. John T. Holbrook
Harold C. Johnson
Murray B. (Monk) Johnson
Jim Kennelly
Michael F. Kovach
Marion J. Kroll
Robert E. Kuston
Gorda L.(Tommy) Landrum
Warren J. Leatham
Francis M. Lester
Peter Liberatore
Ralph A. Longstreth
Dr. Bernard W. Lyon
Joseph J. Malone
Durland (Bucky) McCauley
John A.(Jack) McConnell
George E. McCook
James W. McManeley
Ray W. McMullen
Arthur W. Kemp

William J. Metzger
Claude K. Mills
Nicholas G. Mirissis
George Missage
Laverne B. Moore
Wilburn T. Montgomery
Ray Morgan
Taylor L. Myers
John F. Nelson
Oiver J. Nelson
Elise A. Nolan
James H. Nolan
Wayne D. Norwood
Richard J. Nosky
Francis A. O'Line
Donald F. O'Neil
Mason Harold Phoebus
Robert E. Powers
Doole H. Pridy
John J. Riccardi
William A. Ross
Charles Rynic
Warren Sandberg
George A. Savelli
George Sebring
Don Sherman
Clarence D. Smith
Glenn C. Spangler
Bernard E.(Pop) Spencer
Lloyd H. Spencer
Roscoe B. Stevens
Joseph A. Stihl
Bruce Stroud
Eugene F. Stucky
Charles E. Swansoa
Morrill W. Sooley
Earl B. Thomas
Davis S. Valadez
Ira Von Dyke, Jr.
Leonard J. Walker
Walter Wasieucka
Glenn D. Widick
Eugens L. Wilson
Robert Wilson
Art Von
Thomas J. Young
Fred H. Zavattoro
Peter D. Zubricky

Remember to Remember
Off the Cuff...

Dr. Wiggins' great prescription

In Old Fort Worth

By Mack Williams

Dr. Wiggins of Fort Worth were alive today, he would know exactly what to tell those middle-aged youngsters who are saddled with drugs, caught in between children, drenched with alcohol, wrecked with AIDS and living at will.

For in 1994, Dr. Wiggins was the balm of society. Whereas we feel about the terrible cost the United States had gained from its start with the Vietnam War. Wrought intelligent parents with no reason for the new generation in what was formerly a civilized nation.

Many parents to listen at as a good example for their children. Dr. Wiggins said... That was in the 1960s and 1970s when heroin and cocaine were the principal problems.

Think what we reported yesterday. Dr. Wiggins would say about drivers for shootings, shots for hire and the gang wars we try to cope with today.

Dr. Wiggins liked to head out little lieutenants that committed his vision. He gave his own, and came to many other friends. Originally directed to the young people of the 1960s, it applies more than ever to the teenagers of today.

Here's what Dr. Wiggins had to say:

"I would like you to look and see some of the most remarkable periods with the city.

There, where you and I have lived, where you have worked, there are people who are doing it, they are working long and hard. But it is the young people of the 1960s, there are people who have..."

The preacher came along and wrote on the signboard: "I pray for all." The doctor wrote: "I prescribe for all." The plain citizen wrote: "I pay for all."
Zoe and Bernard Freiberg

Brooks, grandson, and son Martin Moses

Herb Reichwald, Bob Dalrymple & Charley Pugh at 1994 Memorial Ceremony at Nice Airport

Pete Zubicky

Joe D. and Edie Miller in France

Ross Pearson taking Bill Hudson soaring in his glider near Palm Springs, CA

42
ANDERSON, Rout E. (Avis)
AYLING, George (Lee)
BARNES, Bernard F. (Thelma)
BEAN, Harold R. (Euna)
BENT, James R.
BREMLEY, Richard L.
BULLOCK, Michael (Catherine)
CHRISTIAN, Bill (Sophia)
COULLA, Salvatore J. (Donna)
COCHRAN, Bill E. (Beverly)
CONGER, Bill H. (Marge)
COURCHAIN, Charles R. (Elaine)
DAIL, Robert L.
DALRYMPLE, Robert W. (Col, USA-Ret) (Carroll)
DIAMON, Dennis
DRISCOLE, Cornelius (Glenice)
EDDY, Harold L. (Polly)
EDELER, Robert P.
EMERICK, Alfred E.
FRANCE, Ralph W. (Virginia)
FREIBERG, Bamber S. (Zella)
GAZER, Glen N. (Capt, USA)
GLEN, Louis (Vera)
GIBSON, Corry P. (Anna Loyd)
GIBSON, Frank A. (Laura)
GLENN, Verlin R. (Eva)
GOODMAN, Allan R. (Alice)
GOODIE, Jack (Donald A. (Jean)
GREENWOOD, James O. (Hildred)
GUTHRIE, Jack (John M. (Agnas)
HATTLESPOD, Clarence T. (Donna No)
HERRON, Roy (Marion Lorry (Neona)
HERRERA, Joseph Y.
HILD, Raymond (Mary)
HORRIGAN, Ed (Mary)
HOSTETTER, Ned R. (Shirley)
Hudson, Bill (Gloria)
HUMAN, (Gene) Lester W. (Mary Jo)
KELLY, Pat (Kay)
KENYON, Kyle F. (Shirley)
KIRK, Ernest C. (Judy)
KUIZER, Alfred
LA LIBERTA, Joseph C.
LARIVIER, Edward J.
LANNEN, Pat K. (Josephine)
LARSON, Herbert W. (Col, USA-Ret)
LUCY, Edward T.
LYON, Dr. James H. (John)
MCINTYRE, Carl Lee (Lucille)
517 PARACHUTE COMBAT TEAM ASSN.

AIRBORNE

1943 - 1945
517 Parachute Infantry Regiment
460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
596 Parachute Combat Engineer Company