



517th Parachute Regimental Combat Team



MailCall No. 2052

May 22, 2011

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

Website www.517prct.org
Mail Call MailCall@517prct.org
Mail Call Archives www.517prct.org/archives
Roster (from 2008) www.517prct.org/roster.pdf

Atlanta Reunion

Hello, all -

Lory Curtis has worked tirelessly to arrange the Atlanta reunion. It promises to be best ever! We will be visiting Benning and Toccoa, where it all started. I cannot wait to see the jump tower with my dad, and hear about it from all the vets.

Have you made your reservations yet??!! Please do it today.

Everyone - please make a call to a friend you haven't talked to lately and make arrangements to meet in Atlanta. We are going to have so much fun!

Who wants to set up laptops in the hospitality suite and capture soldiers' stories, sending them directly to Bob Barrett for the website? Let's think about who could help with this. Bob says only 2% of the soldiers have their stories online - we need to crank that up a notch or two.

Start planning now:
Atlanta in July
Kissimmee in January
Palm Springs in April

Looking forward to seeing everyone in Atlanta!

Claire Giblin



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Mail Call News

Let Myrle and Betty know I am excited to see them down in Atlanta. Myrle will have some great stories to tell. I hope the rest of you are getting your registrations in. Time is closing in!

Lory Curtis, son of Bud Curtis, HQ, 1st BN.

Bob: An outstanding Mail Call - from the excellent article by Prof. Poteat on WWI (he very succinctly captured its enormously, world/cultural altering impact), to the trailer on the WWII documentary that will come out in November to the Fred Patin pictures, news article and updated views from the same spot to Herb Loken's article. We look forward to meeting the Riley's at the reunion events and are very grateful for their assistance. My cousin John just told us that he will also be coming to the reunion.

Alan and I will be in Italy for Memorial Day, on the Amalfi coast south of Naples. Our trip enabled us to elicit a few remembrances from Dad when the 517th was there. He will be going to Ft. Bragg this week for the 82nd Airborne celebration and he is looking forward to the reunion as are we. Look forward to seeing you there as well.

To all the men of the 517th, on this Memorial Day, a very deep thank you for the freedom you have given us. May we be inspired by your sacrifices to be as dedicated to preserving it for the generations who come after us.

Sincerely, Pat Seitz and Alan Greer.

Just a note to let you know that Myrle is in the hospital again. Last Friday he was sitting on a chair repairing the kitchen drawer and when he leaned to the left to see under the drawer, he leaned too far and the chair slipped from under him and he landed hard on his left hip. I wanted to take him to the ER but he said "no" that he was okay. He was sore but walking until he got up Monday morning. He couldn't put any weight on his left leg. I called an ambulance and off we went to the ER. We got there about 12:30 pm and by the time they got the xray it was 5 pm. They said they were going to take a CT because the xray didn't show anything. Well, the CT showed that he chipped the bone and has a fracture behind he chipped area. I called our son, Ken to pick me up it was 8:30. Tuesday: Ken and Shirley picked me up and we went to see Myrle. They had done more blood tests and his blood level was 7.90 (should be above 10) so he had had two transfusions. He said the surgeon didn't want to operate because it would be a difficult recovery. Instead they are going to give him therapy and at this point in time I don't know how much longer he will there. The surgeon also told him that it will take six to eight weeks for his hip to heal. We both hope that this will not hinder our plans to attend the reunion. I have already made our arrangements to travel so we will see how he does but we will have to make a decision before the cut off date. I will keep you posted on his recovery. It's the pits that I can't see to drive anymore and that I have to depend on others to take me around. I'll just keep my faith in Him that Myrle has a quick recovery and take one day at a time. -- Betty



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Subject: Reunion

Finished signing up for reunion today. My wife cannot travel and I have care for her. Have new address: rlhammel@roadrunner.com

Richard Hammel

Mr. Bob,

I thought it would be nice to have a good picture of my father posted on the Fighting 517.

*Thanks,
Tony Patin*



Hi

Myrle is home from the hospital. He is using a walker to get around here in the house. Doctor said he can't drive for at least a month so it will all depend on how he is feeling July 13th. Say a prayer that he will feel like traveling then because he sure wants to attend the reunion.

Betty



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Guestbook Entry

Submitted by

Comments:

Name: **Larry Britegam**

From: Salina, Kansas

E-mail:

larryb@sunflowerbank.com

I just wanted to say a few words about a commencement at St. John's Military School yesterday. I attended SJMS and served on the board in the 1980's with LTG Dick Seitz. I still serve on the board and have maintained a close friendship with him over the last 30 years. I invited him to speak at our commencement yesterday for the 123 corp and not only did he speak about leadership and the lack of it in today's society but he absolutely did an amazing job in his talk. I can only imagine what kind of leader he was and how I'm sure people would follow him anywhere. His health is excellent and what an amazing patriot. I how so much admiration for him.

Larry Britegam
President
Sunflower Bank
Salina, Kansas

Added: May 15, 2011



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Blue Angels from a Different Persepctive



For more pictures, see: <http://buburuza.net/2008/07/blue-angels-from-a-different-perspective/>



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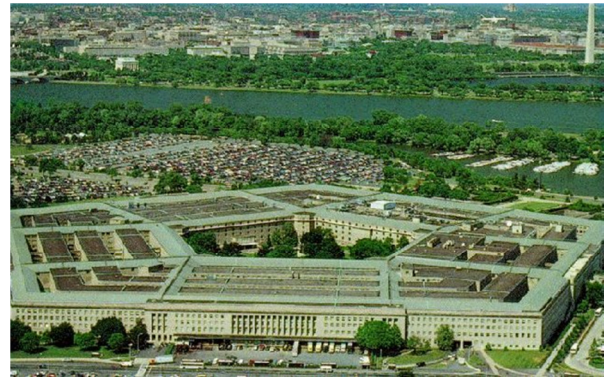
Fridays at the Pentagon

Forwarded by Walter Smith:

Fridays At The Pentagon

I was not aware of this practice until now. I am pleased that it happens and am astounded that it does happen, given the political situation that exists in our government today.

It really breaks my heart to know that we didn't know this goes on every Friday, well at least I didn't know. Instead, I guess the media feels it's more important to report on Hollywood stars as heroes. I hope this article gives you a sense of pride for what our men and women are doing for us, every day, as they serve in the armed forces here and abroad.



IT HAPPENS EVERY FRIDAY! WERE YOU AWARE?

Mornings at the Pentagon

By JOSEPH L. GALLOWAY
McClatchy Newspapers

Over the last 12 months, 1,042 soldiers, Marines, sailors and Air Force personnel have given their lives in the terrible duty that is war. Thousands more have come home on stretchers, horribly wounded and facing months or years in military hospitals.

This week, I'm turning my space over to a good friend and former roommate, Army Lt. Col.. Robert Bateman, who recently completed a year long tour of duty in Iraq and is now back at the Pentagon.

Here's Lt. Col. Bateman's account of a little-known ceremony that fills the halls of the Army corridor of the Pentagon with cheers, applause and many tears every Friday morning. It first appeared on May 17 on the Weblog of media critic and pundit Eric Alterman at the Media Matters for America Website.

"It is 110 yards from the "E" ring to the "A" ring of the Pentagon. This section of the Pentagon is newly renovated; the floors shine, the hallway is broad, and the lighting is bright. At this instant the entire length of the corridor is packed with officers, a few sergeants and some civilians, all crammed tightly three and four deep against the walls. There are thousands here.

This hallway, more than any other, is the 'Army' hallway. The G3 offices line one side, G2 the other, G8 is around the corner. All Army. Moderate conversations flow in a low buzz. Friends who may not have seen each other for a few weeks, or a few years, spot each other, cross the way and renew.

Everyone shifts to ensure an open path remains down the center. The air conditioning system



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was not designed for this press of bodies in this area.

The temperature is rising already. Nobody cares. "10:36 hours: The clapping starts at the E-Ring. That is the outermost of the five rings of the Pentagon and it is closest to the entrance to the building. This clapping is low, sustained, hearty. It is applause with a deep emotion behind it as it moves forward in a wave down the length of the hallway.

"A steady rolling wave of sound it is, moving at the pace of the soldier in the wheelchair who marks the forward edge with his presence. He is the first. He is missing the greater part of one leg, and some of his wounds are still suppurating. By his age I expect that he is a private, or perhaps a private first class.

"Captains, majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels meet his gaze and nod as they applaud, soldier to soldier. Three years ago when I described one of these events, those lining the hallways were somewhat different. The applause a little wilder, perhaps in private guilt for not having shared in the burden ... Yet.

"Now almost everyone lining the hallway is, like the man in the wheelchair, also a combat veteran. This steadies the applause, but I think deepens the sentiment. We have all been there now. The soldier's chair is pushed by, I believe, a full colonel.

"Behind him, and stretching the length from Rings E to A, come more of his peers, each private, corporal, or sergeant assisted as need be by a field grade officer.

"11:00 hours: Twenty-four minutes of steady applause. My hands hurt, and I laugh to myself at how stupid that sounds in my own head. My hands hurt. Please! Shut up and clap. For twenty-four minutes, soldier after soldier has come down this hallway - 20, 25, 30.. Fifty-three legs come with them, and perhaps only 52 hands or arms, but down this hall came 30 solid hearts.

They pass down this corridor of officers and applause, and then meet for a private lunch, at which they are the guests of honor, hosted by the generals. Some are wheeled along. Some insist upon getting out of their chairs, to march as best they can with their chin held up, down this hallway, through this most unique audience. Some are catching handshakes and smiling like a politician at a Fourth of July parade. More than a couple of them seem amazed and are smiling shyly.

"There are families with them as well: the 18-year-old war-bride pushing her 19-year-old husband's wheelchair and not quite understanding why her husband is so affected by this, the boy she grew up with, now a man, who had never shed a tear is crying; the older immigrant Latino parents who have, perhaps more than their wounded mid-20s son, an appreciation for the emotion given on their son's behalf. No man in that hallway, walking or clapping, is ashamed by the silent tears on more than a few cheeks. An Airborne Ranger wipes his eyes only to better see. A couple of the officers in this crowd have themselves been a part of this parade in the past.

These are our men, broken in body they may be, but they are our brothers, and we welcome them home. This parade has gone on, every single Friday, all year long, for more than four years.

"Did you know that? Don't send it back to me, just send it on its way as you see fit.



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Recent website additions:

[517th Order of Battle by Clark Archer \(18.4 Mb\)](#)

[Fred Marron, B Battery, 460th PFAB](#)

[Charles William Young, C Company](#)

[2nd Battalion - Communications, Mortar and Machine Gunnery](#)

1943 May 10 - [Letter to parents of new recruits from Lt. McKinley](#)

Administrivia

- If you miss any MailCalls, they are all available online at <http://www.517prct.org/mailcall/>
- At any time, if you want to be added or removed from the MailCall list, just let me know.
- Send any news, stories, or feedback to: MailCall@517prct.org
- If you send me email that you do not want included in MailCall, just label it as FYEO.
- I now understand how Ben could get confused about what he already posted and what he didn't. If I miss something, please just send it again.
- Donations for any programs involving the 517th should be sent to:

Brenda Verbeck Mortensen
13046 Race Track Road #220
Tampa, FL 33626

