

# WINGS



596 Parachute Combat Engineer Company

596  
PARACHUTE  
COMBAT  
ENGINEER  
COMPANY

*Spring 1986*

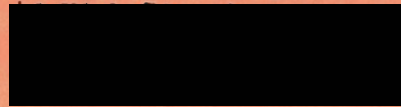




" W I N G S "

Official Publication of the  
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Editor: Edward P. Phillips

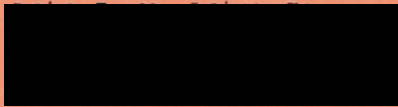


## 596 Parachute Combat Engineer Company

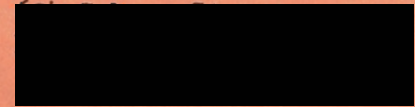
Chief Engineering Officer  
Earl H. Dillard



Jr. Engineering Officer  
Manuel Ventoza



Past Chief Engineering Officer  
Don Saunders



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## THE EDITOR'S DROP ZONE---



You are receiving an incomplete issue of WINGS. - For many reasons this issue, which was started in May, is being sent to press in October - still unfinished. All of a sudden, time has run out. I must be in Lake Placid on Thursday, October 24th. Today is the 22nd. I will be attending a meeting of S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. On Nov. 4th my daughter expects me to be on a plane landing in Sacramento, Ca. for a two week stay. No matter what I do I cannot finish this Spring issue.

There are many wonderful things that I wanted to report. My trip by auto to California this winter. Along the way I had visits with Charley and Ann Pugh, Earl and Edith Dillard, Joe Senter, Manny and LaVerne Ventoza, Hal and Jeanne Roberts, Bob and Garnet Dalrymple, Ray and Mary Morgan and Ray and Mary Hild.

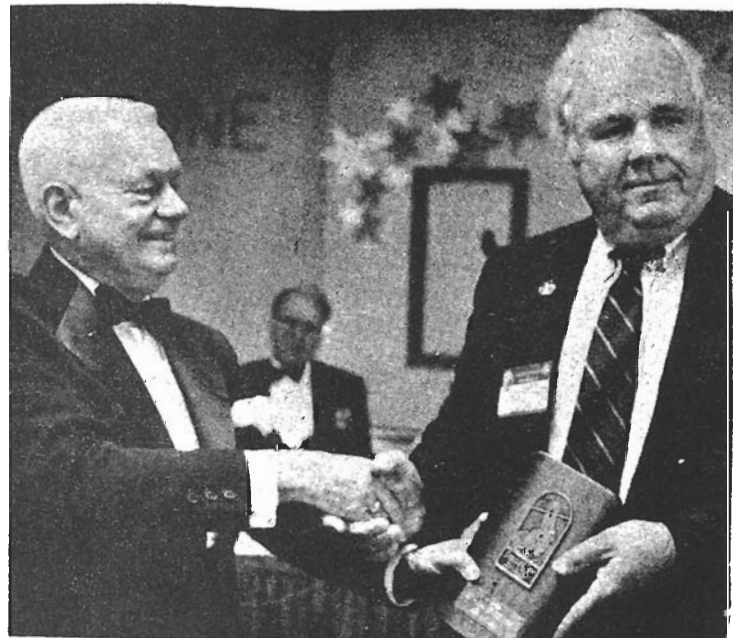
So, the solution to the problem is quite simple. By the first week in Dec. another issue of WINGS will be sent to you which will contain all the items I did not get in this issue.

They include: pictures of Charley's Pub; pictures and a write-up of Joe Miller's award as 517th Man Of The Year; a correct, up to date list of addresses; information about the 1987 reunion at the TURF INN in Albany, N.Y. in June.

Bernie Barnes is in the VA hospital in Albany, N.Y. He had a heart attack and a stroke this winter. I will be in Albany next week and hope to get to see him.

Talked to Ray Morgan the other evening. He is home but confined to a wheel chair, the result of a stroke. He sounded well and his voice is still the voice of Sgt. Morgan.

Joe Miller (R) accepts the award as the 517 Man of the Year from Don Lassen at the Airborne Awards Festival April 19.







HAL ROBERTS and JEANNE

Dear Ed,

It was really great to visit with you and Manny when you were in Seattle. Wish it could have been longer.

Jeanne and I have been busy with my contracting and her building those (wicked) missiles for Boeing. We haven't bought any more investment houses, but are looking all the time.

We are looking forward to seeing everyone in Albany in 1987.

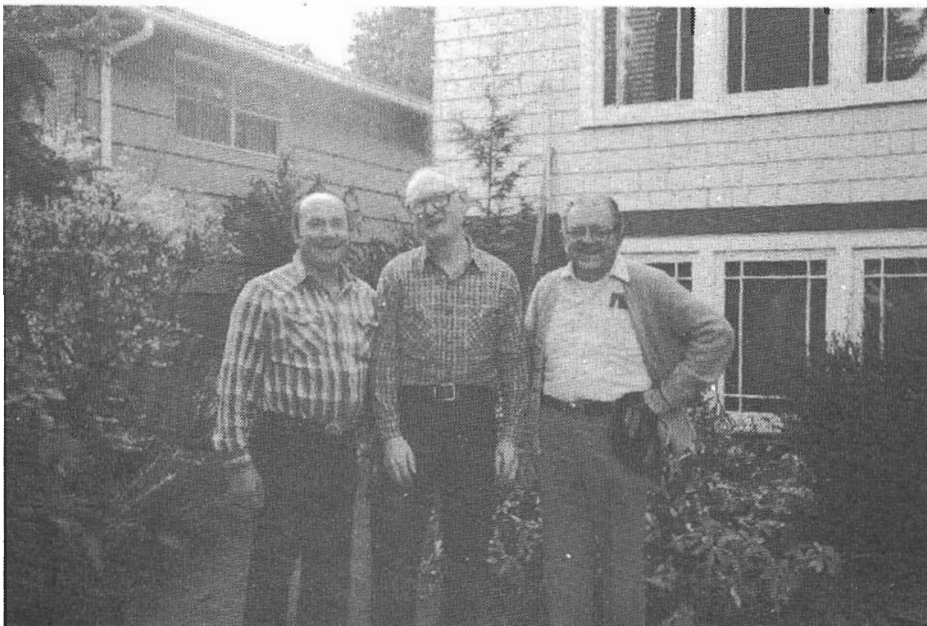
Here is a small contribution so you can buy stamps for the wonderful newsletter.....

Jeanne got me the history book for my birthday and I got a chance to refresh, awaken sleeping memories.

Also; it's disgusting to see me getting older, while you and Ventoza don't!

Warmest regards,

Hal Roberts



VENTOZA, ROBERTS and PHILLIPS



Dear Ed & Kay,  
 We received your most informative letter as of July 10th, 1986. It was most welcomed. We enjoyed hearing from you again Ed and hope this letter finds you and Kay in the best of health. Your letter was postmarked South Paris. Where is that anyway, somewhere north of the Riviera? The name does bring back pleasant memories. I am looking forward to traveling up your way sometime, Ed. I bet it is beautiful all throughout Maine.

LaVerne and I received a very nice correspondence from Charlie and Ann informing us that they and the Goodmans were to meet up in Vancouver, B.C. to take in the '86 Expo. They all had a great time, but a tight schedule, so as time would have it we didn't come in close contact with each other, other than by telephone from Vancouver, B.C. They sounded real good and we wished them a happy journey home. They were taking 101 down around the ocean.

We have had a busy schedule ourselves this year or should say, as all years. We do a lot of traveling with the Shrine unit of Nile Temple. I was so indoctrinated by the Officers and Non coms of the 596 that I never got over the discipline that was so instilled in us. I belong to the Legion of Honor Drill Team of the Nile Temple, which consist of Ex and active Military men. We have an intinerary that covers the United States and Canada, in which we perform close order competition drill maneuvers and participate in many parades throughout the areas. This year alone we had engagements in Minneapolis, Los Angeles and our next will be in Tacoma, Washington at the end of this month. We all have alot of fun and meet a lot of wonderful people, and you'd be surprised to know that these Legion of Honor members belonged to all branches of service and all theaters of Operation. A lot of them are from the 517th. A/B combat team, 101st., 82nd division and some from the Japanese Outfit that caught hell in Italy and also the Canadian Rangers. We are also honored by one

Distinguished Service Cross  
 Paratrooper from our theater of operation in the 517th. A very fine quiet sort of a Gentleman.

We all get together about twice a year and have a great time at reunion, just like we do in the 596th., and believe me, Ed, we are going to have another great time at our Albany reunion. I'm certainly looking forward to it, as I hope we all are, and I do hope we can get some of our buddies who have drifted away, back into the mainstream. We miss them all and want to see and hear from them before they hit the obituary column, it's too late then and a long time gone. So let's get up and at em, come and enjoy the Fellowship of years gone by and the good years yet to come and be with the fellows of your youth. Your old foxhole and double timing buddies.

I remember the time when Good Old Fred broke us out of barracks after we had loaded up with pop and other p.x. garbage after we finished our jump training exercises for the day at Fort Benning. It was so ungodly hot, Bob was there and so were you, Ed. The order was fall out with boots and running trunks, what a horrible order that was. Our stomachs were so bloated with all that garbage it was sheer misery, but orders are orders and we obeyed. It was a five-mile run and I believe it was over the Alabama line and back. Good old Jesse Floyds stomping grounds, we had a lot of drop outs. We were all in excellent condition except for all the junk sloshing around in our stomachs. But anyway my good old buddy Leo Wroblewski was clowning around as usual and talking in ranks when he should have been silent, we were at attention and I was encouraged to go along with him to kind of kill some of our miseries and in doing so, I'm not sure who it was, either Bob "Captain Dalrymple", or Fred "Lt. Zavatarro", who caught us and ordered us to double time around the Company. We were already at double time, so around we went, good old Leo and I sounding off - I will not talk in Ranks - I will not talk in Ranks, around and around we went, the further we went the

stronger we got. It was amazing we ceased to get tired after awhile, like we could have gone forever. That was when we first realized what it felt like to get our second wind, just before you're ready to drop but keep on going - then you get it. It's like an extra valve in our heart that opens up and gives you a super charge type energy boost and you never get tired after that. That was the kind of training we got in that outfit - Be tough or get out - When the going gets tough, the tough get going. I guess that's why we're here today.

Leo, I hope you are reading this and understand what I'm trying to tell you and some of you other company men whom we haven't seen in a long, long time. Come out and be recognized, we all miss you and hope you miss us, at least enough to come to Albany in 1987. We have alot in common, you know. We have all been there and back, so come around and see us sometime while we are still around.

I wish to extend my greetings and a standing invitation to all in our coming up reunion in Albany. We shall have the time of our lives. Bring warm clothes, as Ed informed me by mail his garden froze in June. A little rain gear and unbrellas may be in order also.

Many thanks to Don Saunders who has taken the initiative considering the circumstances to make the arrangements for the hospitality suite, along with other necessary arrangements for the oncoming reunion. Our accomodations can be made anytime, thanks to Don, so just let him or me know and we will get with it. Time marches on, you know. We'll be staying at the TURF INN-ALBANY, N.Y.



Ed visited LaVerne and I this past March, 1986. We had a wonderful time as short as it was. The weather was perfect for vacationing. Seattle and the surrounding area is really a beautiful sight to see and especially to live in. Our climate is very moderate with no radical extremes. With each drop of rain some sun must shine. A rose is born along with all our other lovely flowers, green forests and our majestic snow-covered mountains. And on the eastern side of the Cascades, we have our plains. With our modern method of irrigation, our plains have become plush valleys, green with alfalfa hay, apples, grape vineyards, hops and many other agricultural benefits, including cattle and to say nothing of our hydro-electric dams and waterways.

While Ed was here enjoying the lovliness of our state, we paid a visit to the Roberts' which was another one of his priorities. We all had a nice time together and took a few pictures which I'm enclosing.

LaVerne and I took the horses out to the farm in Gold Bar Friday, July 18th. We leave them there till fall or the first frost. They sure like it out there, belly deep in grass and a whole river to drink up. The farm is right along the Big Skykomish River, on the south side of the Stevens pass, hiway 2, west side of the Cascade Mountains. and about one mile east of the town of Gold Bar on Gunn Road. The largest town west would be Everett - then east to Monroe and the farm.

Well, Ed, I guess I've bent your ear or should I say eyes long enough for now. Thanks again for everything, our best of health, wealth and prosperity to you and Kay. We hope you have a wonderful summer, fall and winter, and we'll be looking forward to seeing you in the near future.

Most sincerely, your friend.

Manuel Ventoza

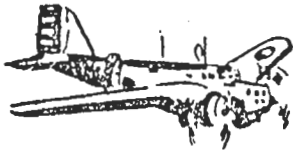
Dear Charly, Henry Simpson and  
all 596ers,

You said to write if I had some  
news. I finally got some. I'll  
let the reports I'm sending along  
tell the story. I can't write much  
- broke bone in right hand. I paced  
off the distance of the chase and  
it's almost exactly 440+ yards.

I enjoyed so much the short visit  
I had with Hank and Marion. I'm  
not much for writing, but inside  
of me is still all 596. One ex-  
trooper asked me what I was trying  
to prove doing this. After some  
thought it could only be one thing  
- Once a trooper, always a trooper.  
I'll be glad to hear from anyone.

Thanks and good luck,

Joe Smith



Dear Ed Phillips,

Thanks to Warren Sandberg, I received  
the most recent copies of the 596th  
newspaper.

I thoroughly enjoyed it, and it is  
hard to believe 45 years have passed  
so quickly. Regrets also followed  
when I saw the deceased roster  
listing four friends.

God willing, we will meet at Albany  
in '87. My wife (Mary) and I will  
be available a day or two before the  
Albany meeting. If we can be of  
assistance, please let us know.

I have some pictures I will send  
on. Good luck to your publishing  
efforts. Check enclosed can be  
applied to your printing expenses.

Sincerely, Ed Horrigan

Editor's note: In February in  
Minneapolis, Joe Smith (596)  
ran down and captured a 23-year  
old robber/rapist. Joe is receiving  
a medal from the City of Minneapolis  
for his bravery. When asked why  
he did such a dangerous thing,  
he replied, "I guess it's because  
of once a paratrooper, always  
a paratrooper." Way to go, Joe!  
We are proud of you also.

The following is taken from the  
staff information Memo of the  
YMCA of Metropolitan Minneapolis:

WE SALUTE YOU: Joe Smith and  
Bob Salberg were coming to work  
at the Downtown YMCA Sunday,  
Feb. 2 when they saw a man and  
woman on the ground on the west  
side of the parking lot adjacent  
to the YMCA. The scene they were  
witnessing was a mugging of a  
79-year old woman by a 23-year  
old man. The two engineers started  
towards the pair and the man  
took off. Joe chased the assailant  
while Bob remained with the victim.  
The chase went down Ninth, north  
on Hennepin and then east on  
Seventh into the Amfac Hotel  
underground parking ramp where  
Joe was able to corner the assailant  
and apprehended him after a scuffle.  
Joe dragged the man to street  
level where Hotel security assisted.  
Police arrived and jailed the  
assailant. The victim is in Hennepin  
County General with a broken  
hip. Joe was featured last week  
on Channel 4's 10 p.m. newscast.  
Minneapolis Police Chief Tony  
Bouza will be presenting Joe  
with a medal from the City of  
Minneapolis as a commendation  
for his bravery. We salute Joe  
and Bob for their bravery and  
service in this matter. (Feb. 10, '86)





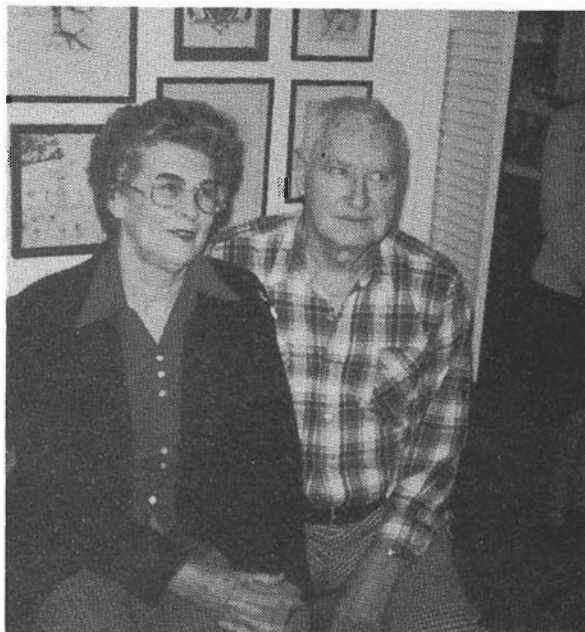
HAROLD JOHNSON - Iowa, 1986



PHILLIPS and LAVERNE VENTOZA



VENTOZA and PHILLIPS



MARY and RAY HILD



Manny with his  
horses and  
his cousin



Dear Ed,

Sorry we missed you when you were in Big Springs.

We retired Sept. 30, 1985 and Oct. 8 we were in Arizona. One year ago we bought a mobile home, so we're all set for the retirement.

I spent 40 years with Nebraska Public Power District. The last 17 years were spent in Big Springs. Was just getting to old to go thru winter storms, so retired early.

Several years ago we visited the Albert Schronbergs in Detroit. The summer we plan on seeing them. Have corresponded with Gene Markle.

We plan on leaving Arizona late May and return in September. Certainly is nice to have a mild winter.

Our winter address:  
834 So. Meridian Pueblo M.M.  
Space 40, Apache Jct., AZ 85220  
It's nice to read about the 596.  
Keep up the good work.

Bob Anderson

Hi Charlie,

Just a note to let you know that Don Smith is also here at Paradise Park with his Airstream. He was in the 2nd Platoon, but went to the 517th "F" Co. before we went overseas. I was really surprised when he stopped at my trailer and told me who he was. He had seen in Ed's newsletter that I would be here for the winter.

Regards,  
Don Saunders

Dear Ed,

Thought you would have learned in the Army never to volunteer, but since you did, thank you. Your efforts are greatly appreciated.

Mid-May I stopped in Bakersfield, CA, to visit Allan Goodman and his lovely wife, Alice, the camp follower. We had a nice Basque dinner at the Wool Growers' Ass'n. They (Al and Alice) graciously allowed me to sleep on the street in front of their home.

Enclosed is small donation for newsletter expenses. Got my first Social Security check in Sept. and may be able to send more.

Geronimo,

Bramley

P.S. You're a pretty fair bartender.

Dear Ed,

George and I learned of Earl Dillard's death on March 3, 1986, through Charlie Pugh's column in the "Static Line."

We are enclosing a check to initiate an "Earl Dillard Memorial Fund." Perhaps other members of the 596th would like to contribute. The proceeds could be used as needed; flowers or memorials to other 596ers as they make the "Final Jump"; for cards to send to the men or their wives during illness; or for things that seem "needed", but there are no "funds" for!!

We will miss Earl. He and Edith have been and are our dear friends.

George and I are fine. We're looking forward to Albany, the reunion, the friends, and all the other "fringe benefits"!

Our best to you and to all,

Winston D. Shull

Ann and I spent a delightful weekend in August in Eureka Springs, AR visiting with Bill and Marge Conger (596). It is a beautiful and scenic mountainous area and a picturesque village. The Congers have been very successful there in the restaurant business. They are in the process of selling their holdings and retiring to their new home in Arizona. Many 517ers will remember Bill as a member of the boxing team. He said that he and his nose will always remember John Lissner's training sessions on how to throw the left jab. Bill continued his boxing for awhile after the war and fought for a Golden Gloves championship before retiring to less strenuous endeavors.



BILL and MARGE CONGER

Charley Pugh



Dear Kay & Ed,

Just a note to say hello. I know I'm not too prompt in my reply to yours, but for me that's pretty fast. I received a note from Moses in 1946, answered it in 1968 - 22 years to let him know I will stop in to say hello.

Went to the Florida mini-reunion. Only 3 from the 596th attended -- Chas. Pugh, Hank Simpson and myself. I thought there would be more from down here as I know of 12 596th that live in Florida, maybe more.

I see Barnes moved to Clearwater, Florida, about 35 miles from me. No phone listed in the roster. Tried to call, but no listing.

Ed, Bill Lewis lives about 10 miles from me and I mentioned the 596th newsletter to him. He would like a copy if you can, as one Editor to another.

Thanks for your efforts. Here's a little something for paper and ink.

Warmest regards,

Art Starck

Dear Ed & Kay,

We hope you're safely home by now and Kay is better. You really made us happy by stopping by and we appreciated it. Just wish you could have stayed longer so we could have shown you a lot of Hoosier hospitality.

We both O.K. here and getting ready to go to Richmond for my biannual eye checkup. Weather here still cold and damp with mebbe snow tonight.

Ed, two pix was all I managed to pry loose from my album, both with Dillard in them. Keep them. Also enclosing some more lire to help out on the newsletter, for know you can use it. Your 1st issue was really nice.

We both send all our love,

Ray & Mary



Dear Ed:

I sorry I couldn't get to see you when you were in the Denver area. I've started a letter 3 times, but somehow don't complete them. This time I'll make it.

I feel I've had a very interesting and happy life, but somehow I have trouble with a letter. I can either write about my life, which is quite ordinary for my era, or write about my experiences in service. That presents a problem because I have a very poor memory. I recall very little of the activities in service. When I've read of the recollections of others in the newsletter, it frustrates me.

I do remember well some of the men in the platoon like Whalen, McIntyre, Bennet, Wurch, Schornberg, Williams and Springer & Haddlestad. I've appreciated the newsletter, because then I recall others.

It's strange, but I remember few of the Non Coms except Sgt. Barnes and Sgt. Morgan. At the time I thought they were both sadists. Since then I've realized how wrong I was. They had a real job to do & did it well.

After discharge I returned to Red Wing, Minn, married Dorothy, whom I'd known since grade school. We were lucky in having five children.

We might have had more, except for the last being twins. After service I was never content to stay in that small town, with no opportunity. I got a job with a box plant in Iowa and after many moves with them and subsequent mergers I stayed for 30 years, 20 as Plant Mgr.

My health has not been the best. It's puzzling how you can fall apart from age 21. I had cancer in 1978, a heart attack and by-pass in 1981. I also acquired asthma and emphysema along the way. Somehow, with a good wife, fine medical help, I've been very fortunate as with all that I'm not restricted in life's activities, just slowed down. I'm thankful for each morning and each spring.

I retired in January and have enjoyed that much, so far. After all the horror stories I'd heard and friends asking "What are you going to do?" or "Do you have any hobbies?" I was getting edgy.

Sincerely,

Merrill Seeley

P.S. I'm enclosing a picture of Dorothy and me.



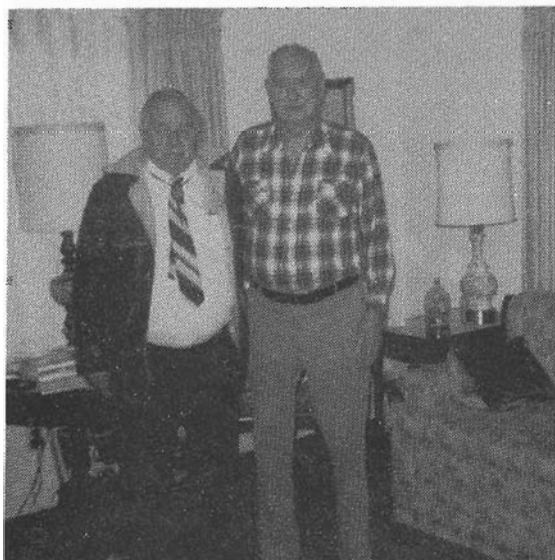
MERRILL SEELEY and wife DOROTHY



RAY HILD and ED PHILLIPS  
Connersville, In. - 1986



HANK and MARIAN SIMPSON  
with MARY HILD



JIM ROGERS and RAY HILD  
Connersville, In.- 1985



JEAN and ART START at the 517th Reunion  
Orlando, Fl.



AL GOODMAN, ALICE GOODMAN,  
& CHAS. PUGH (the suspenders  
are red) (the hat is a 596  
hat donated by Moses for all  
who come to Albany in 1987)



C. PUGH, AL GOODMAN & ANN PUGH  
in Victoria, B.C.



Dear Don:

Thanks for the letter. I don't remember any John Gainer--must be a distant (and unknown) cousin! The news of Earl Dillard's death, coupled with the list of others of the old 596 group who are gone, saddens me greatly. I haven't attended the reunions, but many times my thoughts are filled with the older memories of the war years and associations.

Wayne Norwood stopped and visited with us briefly about a year ago here on the boat at the Daytona Marina. We had a very pleasant evening. He invited me to go with him on a cruise aboard his sailboat while his wife was visiting relatives, but I was unable to accept. Unfortunately I haven't heard from him since. Sent him an Xmas card but it was returned as "address unknown".

Since I retired from Bethlehem Steel we have taken our time boating leisurely south--stopping here and there for a month or two, or even a season. It is a pleasurable, tho' purposeless, existence. Our 52' houseboat is comfortable, reasonably fast, and much like a floating mobile home. Two Chrysler 260hp engines can take us almost anywhere our pocketbook can afford. Marinas where live-aboards "are tolerated" here in Florida are few and far between and becoming rapidly out of our price range for a "hole in the water." At this stage, if we can sell our boat, we will move north, possibly the New England area. The New Hampshire section is being discussed. But that's a certain amount of dreaming. Boat's are rather difficult to sell in this area. It was good to hear from you. My address here is:

"The Wanderlust"

Best regards,

Glenn Gainer

Dear Charlie,

I certainly appreciate your letter and information on the 596 Parachute Engineer Company. I am happy that you took the time to look me up and send me information on many from our old outfit.

I started as one of the original Cadre officers in old C. Co. at Camp McCall in March of 1943. I stayed with the unit until December, 1943 when transferred to B.Co. and then stayed with the 139 Airborne Engineers through the Battle of the Bulge and Rhine Crossing. I ended up as Company Commander of B.Co. before transferred to 101 Airborne.

Anne O'Connor of Washington, DC and I were married in July of 1943--while most of you were in Parachute School. Ray Hild was the best man and Freddie Zaverto, Ray McMillen and Eddie Philipps attended the wedding. Four daughters and seven grandchildren later, we are about ready to retire from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. in Akron. I started with Goodyear right after the war as a Development Engineer and now am Corporate Director of Quality Assurance.

We plan to retire by April 1st of this year and hope to be in our condominium in Florida by July 1. Our new address will be:

Richard & Anne Wollam  
6140 Midnight Pass Road  
Sarasota, Florida 33581

Again, thanks for your letter and information and please put me on your mailing list so I can make some contributions, both monetary and newswise. Say "hello" to all the gang!

Best regards,

Dick Wollam

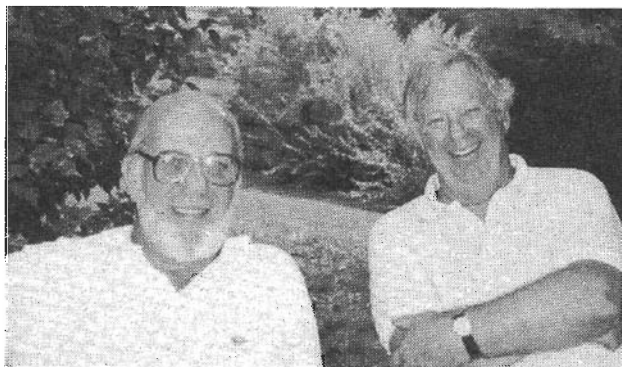
Dear Ed,

Sorry I have been so remiss in writing and in sending some financial assistance for the 596 newsletter.

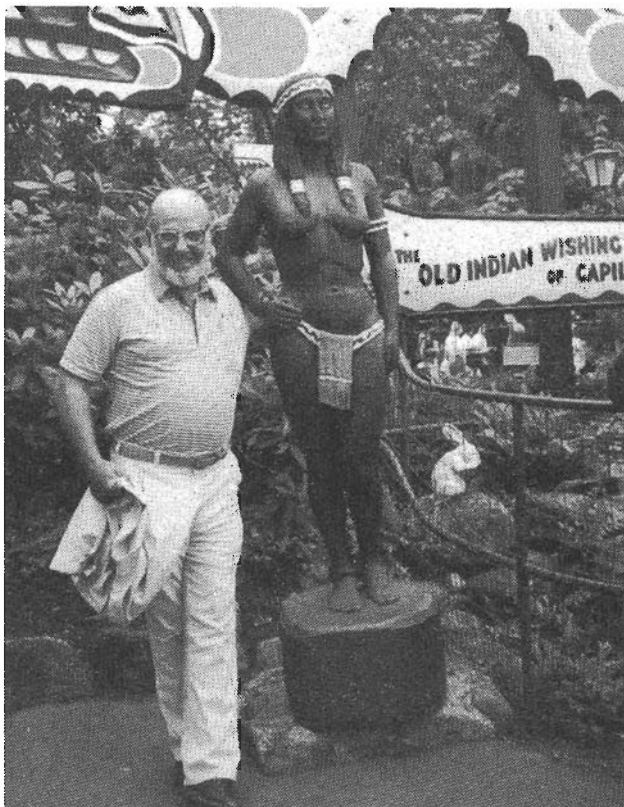
I was sorry to miss you on your winter-spring trek to CA. I have a brother in Sacramento and would have come up after our Mexico trip, but didn't know how to contact you at your daughter's.

We took off again Memorial Day weekend to the Jazz concert in Sacramento. This is a four-day international affair with over 100 groups from many countries playing from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. all over town and in outlying areas as well. You should time a visit to your daughter to include this. We meandered on up to Expo visiting relatives and friends and sightseeing Oregon and Washington and met the Pugh's in Vancouver on June 21. The four of us had a great time for five days at Vancouver and four more at Victoria.

We spent a few weeks at home and then flew to Maryland (Gaithersburg, just outside of D.C.) and spent the month of August taking care of grandchildren while our daughter and husband attended the Presidential inauguration in Bogata, Columbia, and then visiting with them when they returned. Lyle and Mary Ann Madison stayed over one night on their way from New Jersey to Virginia Beach where they were going to



AL GOODMAN and LYLE MADISON



Last year AL was chasing a statue in Dallas, this year it is a wooden Indian in Victoria

help her sister do some painting. They drove right in to that tropical storm the weekend of August 15-17, so I guess they are still waiting for the paint to dry.

Enclosed are a few pictures from the Victoria stop. The suspenders are a present from Charles--since I kept hitching up my pants--and the cap is the first distributed by Charles on behalf of the most generous Moses who has sent enough to Charles for all the 596ers who make it to Albany.

The beard I grew in Mexico and shaved off after the Maryland grandchildren saw it.

I hope things are better for you and yours and we look forward to seeing you next year.

Your friend,

Al Goodman



Dear Ed,

I am asking Garnet to write for me as my arthritis makes my script a bit difficult to decipher.

As I promised you about ten days ago, we are safely in Montana and I have time to collect my thoughts a bit and write to you more leisurely and, hopefully, more meaningfully.

In particular, I have been thinking about our departed friend and comrade-in-arms, Earl Dillard. What a shock it was to hear of his sudden death last March. We are all well aware of such possibility as we progress through the years, but who is ever prepared? God's will will be done.

Earl was an exceptional soldier! Quiet, reserved, methodical, dependable, thorough, loyal, and steady as a rock in the midst of combat. Truly, a leader of the first magnitude and a great boon to any organization. He was always able to accomplish the ugly business of war with minimum lost effort and maximum efficiency.

Earl's 2nd Platoon assumed a great deal of his demeanor and strength of character, proceeding accordingly to insure the defeat of a stubborn enemy.

Earl was not one to be foolhardy, but he was brave and courageous. Too, he could dish out his type of discipline pretty even handedly, all the while commanding respect. May he rest in peace and know of our thoughts and love for him.

And then, I think too of the sudden loss of Wayne Harrell. "Judge", as he was known affectionately, was a fine soldier and much liked by his buddies. They knew he could be depended on to carry his share of the load, whatever the team mission might be.

I didn't know him well as a trooper in the 596th, but it was a

real joy to be with him and his lovely daughter in Orlando in 1981; then again in '83 and '85. He had a fine touch of wry humor that we were all privileged to know and enjoy. Joe Senter said it best in a recent Thunderbolt; "We all miss the Judge."

Ed, you are doing us all a fine service with Wings and I know Charlie is pleased particularly. His is a touch act to follow. In fact, my comments above are not nearly as well done as Charlie's in the May '86 Static Line, but none-the-less heartfelt.

Garnet and I enjoyed your brief visit in January. Sorry we were not feeling up to par. We hope you are well and Kay is holding her own.

With love and affection,

Bob and Garnet Dalrymple

P.S. You may want to use the enclosed pic with Ray Hild on the right and I-don't-know-who on the left. It was sent to me after I left the Company. Please return.

P.S.S. I'm sending, separately, a tape (to keep) of my singing group, "The Lonesome Cowboys." B.



FISHER, DILLARD and HILD  
Chablis, France - 1945

The LONESOME COWBOYS is an excellent vocal group... Bob is their leader and spokesman.

Editor's opinion

# EARL DILLARD

Dear Ed,

We lost another great one on 3 March, when Earl Dillard succumbed to a heart attack. Ann and I attended his funeral in Jefferson, Texas. There was a beautiful wreath from the 596 PCEC. He is survived by his lovely wife Edith, daughters Mary and Nancy, two grandchildren, two brothers, two sisters and a host of friends that include all the men of the 596 PCEC.

Earl and Edith have made the past several reunions, including the 1984 trip to France. He was the current President (CEO) of our Company and had been very active in the affairs of our Association. Earl had been retired for a few years from his position at Texas tech University.

During the 1943-45 period, no one in our Company was better liked, admired and respected than Earl Dillard. He was a soft-spoken, considerate, and caring person who, as a platoon commander, led decisively but gently and quietly with his southwestern drawl. He was a gentleman and I have never met anyone who didn't admire and like him.



EARL -- Chablis, France --  
1945

Thank God, the euphorism, "the good die young," is not always true. Our feeling of personal loss is eased by the knowledge that Earl had a full and happy life filled with accomplishment and with love for and from his family and many friends. Forever Airborne, till we meet again.

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Warmest regards,

Charley Pugh



EARL and EDITH DILLARD  
Jefferson, Tx. - 1986



ANN PUGH, GEORGE SHULL,  
EARL DILLARD, WINSTON SHULL  
and EDITH DILLARD



# IN PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP

by Charles E. Pugh

Good friends are a treasure beyond price because they care for you when they don't have to. Friends will love you even when you are being terribly unlovable. They will hang in there through grumpiness and anger and fear, refusing to let you run them off. They have a large capacity to tolerate, to understand, and to accept your eccentricities, imperfections, and weaknesses.

Just being with them starts a healing process for problems that may never be directly addressed. The warm, friendly talk flows back and forth and fears are soothed, hurts are eased, shaken faiths are steadied. If there is one motif to these friendships, it is laughter. Laughter is the keynote, the tongue with which we speak of love to one another.

In the hospitality suites at our reunions all the jokes, the teasing, the witty retorts, the bad puns and the irreverent banter spring out of love--love for laughter, for quick thinking, and for each other.

Friends are an extended family and the relationship is held together with ties as strong as those of blood. Even though friends may be separated by great distances and may not see or talk with one another for months on end, they are comforted with the sure knowledge that their friends are there and can be counted on for succor and solace in times of doubt or depression or adversity.

One's friends come in all shapes, sizes, colors, ages and both sexes and they frequently are as different from one another as day is from night. Yet they all have one thing in common, they have all added something to your life, some color or texture that would otherwise have been missing. There must be parts of all of us that can function only among particular friends, parts we might not even know we had otherwise. Every friend

plays a different tune on your soul. That's why there cannot be one single all-purpose friend. One should have a complete set, like a set of golf clubs. How many, you ask? As a generalization, I'd say as many as you can take care of. That number will vary from one person to the next. Few people know how many friends they have and most people underestimate the number. The degree of closeness among friends varies so widely that there are differing depths of friendships. You may be counting only the closest ones while I am taking a different census when I count my own.

We in the 517 PRCT were so unusually fortunate to be together in one military unit for three years. In most instances, this was the entire extent of our military experience. This fortunate fact has resulted in a closeness that seems to exceed that experienced in those units that had so many people coming and going.

The love and caring by and for true friends helps greatly to keep our personal world in balance.

Friends are a solace and a joy equally for the best of times and for the worst of times.

Let me close with a note of what-the-hell, so-what-if-I-cry-at-the-movies sentiment that is proper to the subject.

"From quiet homes and first beginnin'  
Out to the undiscovered ends,  
There's nothing worth the wear  
of winning,  
But laughter and the love of  
friends."

Hilaire Belloc, Dedicatory Ode

Dedicated to the memory of Earl Dillard, Wayne Harrell, Ray McMullen, James Nolan, Fred Zavattero, and Dr. John Holbrook.

# WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER...



PODRASKY and SAUNDERS  
(regulation laces?)



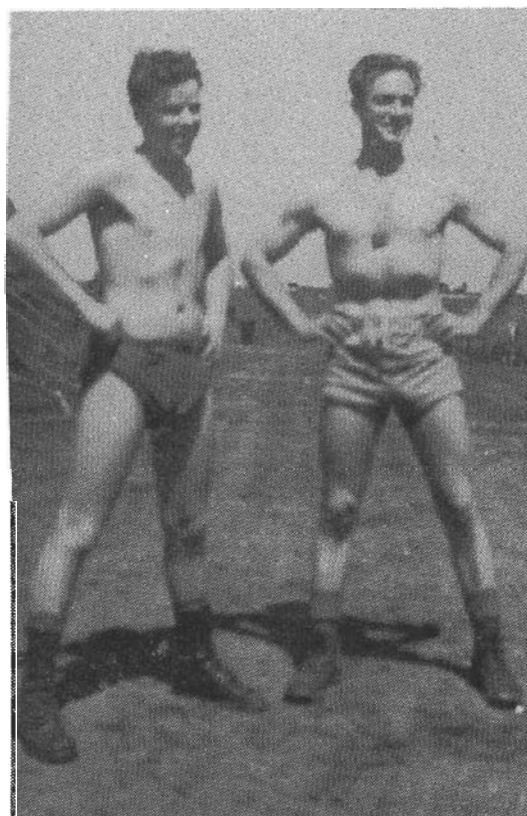
Never did enjoy  
the ride



GEORGE AYLING



SAUNDERS and SHORNBERG  
(V-E Day)



STERLING and THOMAS

# WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER...



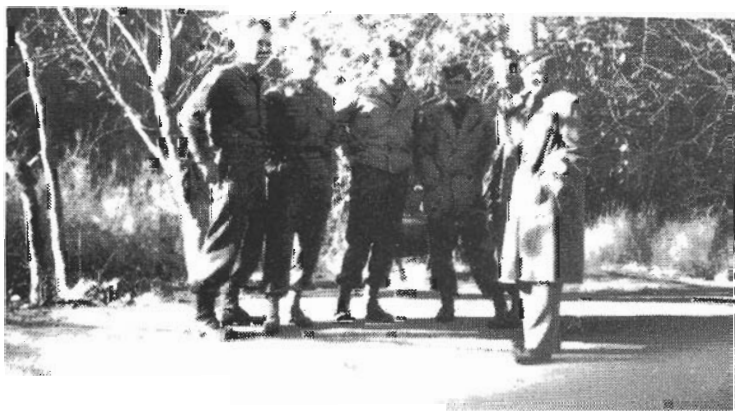
CHARLES PUGH  
1944 - Verdun Bar  
Nice, France -  
Have you been there?



SAUNDERS and HERRERA



KAYE and ED PHILLIPS  
Southern Pines 1943



Ray Hild writes that this picture is:  
HILD, GAINER, DALRYMPLE, NORWOOD,  
DILLARD and BONEVENTURA

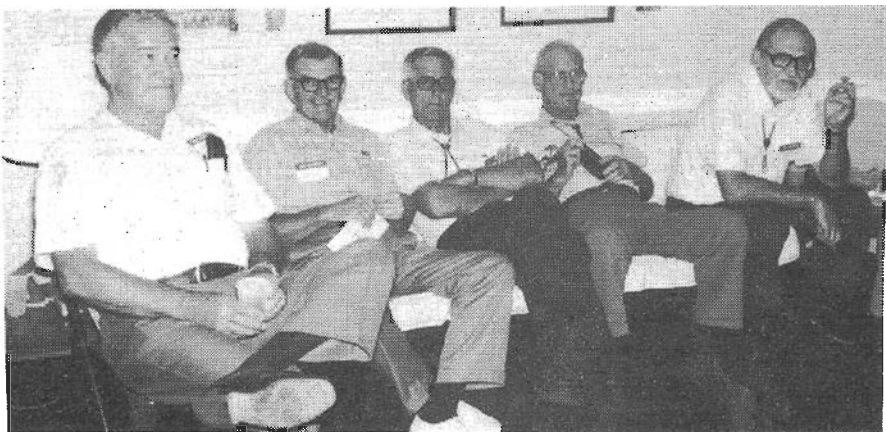
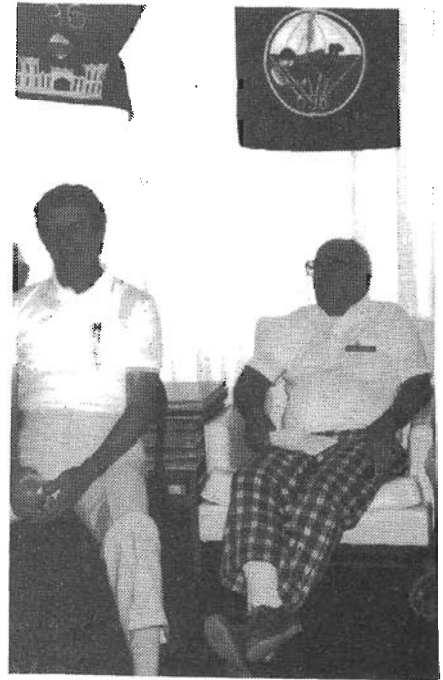
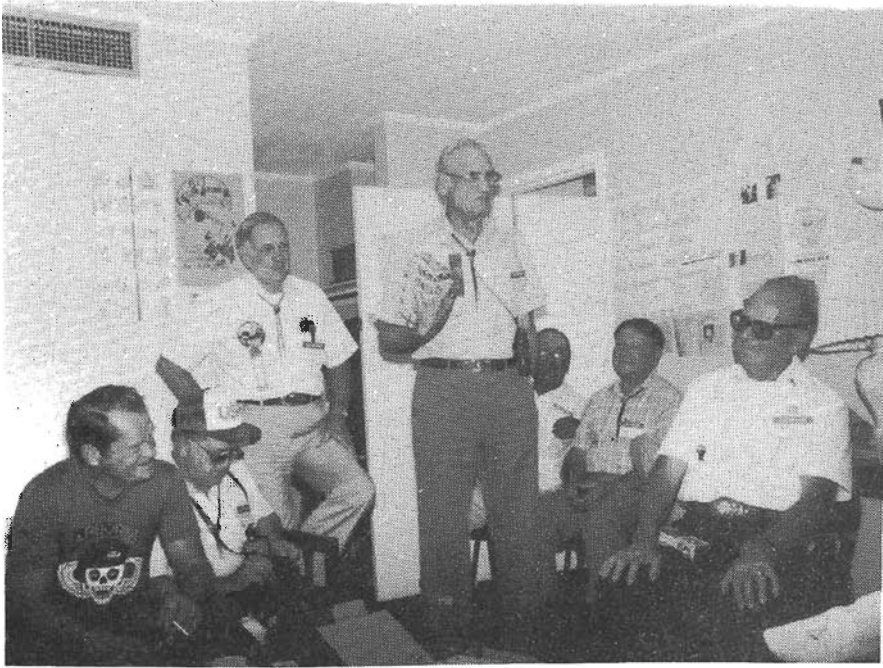
The Editor thinks it is:  
HILD, GAINER, DALRYMPLE, ZAVETERO,  
DILLARD, FLANNERY



LT. and MRS. PHILLIPS  
1944



# SAN ANTONIO 1985





# SAN ANTONIO 1985







596 Parachute Combat Engineer Company



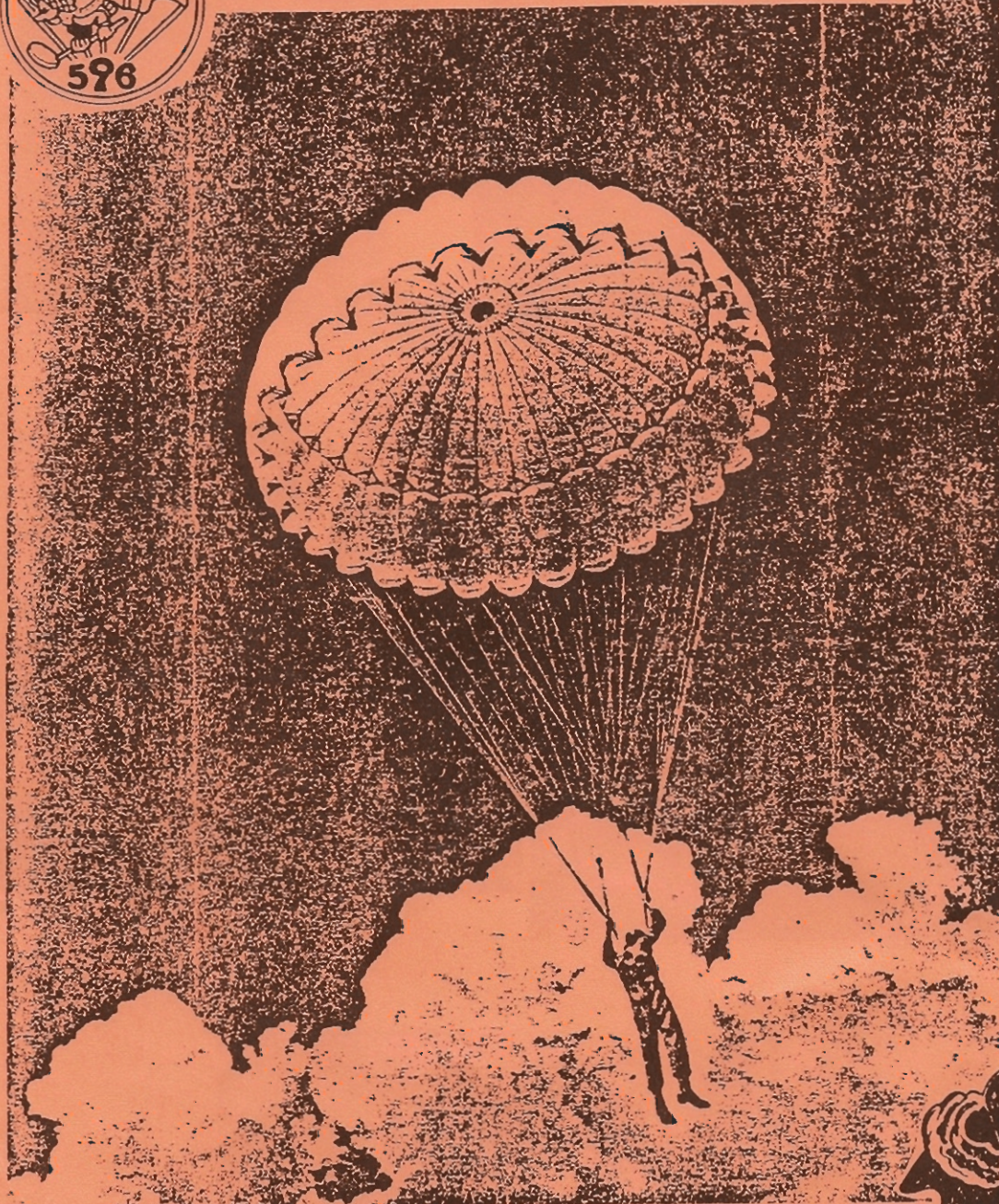
# NEWSLETTER



517<sup>th</sup>

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SPRING 1986

