

COMPANY I POOPSHEET

November 2002

BOB and STELLE MOLSBERRY - 368 Glenwood Pines Ct. - Grass Valley, CA 95945
Phone (530) 273-1698

Just a note to update you on Bob. After his first embolism on the lungs he had another and was hospitalized again. He is now home and has had surgery to give him a Pegtube to be fed through. He is doing well with it and I am adjusting to giving his feeding 3 times a day including medications. Still trying to get rid of the lung clots with 'COUMADIN'. Doctor says anywhere from 6 months to six years sometimes. We both feel lucky to be together so many years, 61 years and counting. Every day is appreciated all the more. We had a call from Mabel Howell and it was so nice talking with her. I had not had time to write to anyone as all the Visiting Nurses coming every other day kept us busy.

We so much enjoyed the "Snowbird Reunion" when we went. I can see why everyone likes it so much. Was happy to see and meet some of the widows of Company I men and others. Our prayers are for all Company I people.

Our Northern Calif. 101st Chapter bulletin had Dr. Frank Choy's obituary listed. It is nice to see the younger generation of our buddies writing in about their loved ones. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Frank Choy was assigned to 1st Battalion 502. But when 3rd Battalion started it's drive on the Carentan causeway Dr. Choy was sent to 3rd Battalion to help with the increase of anticipated casualties. When I was wounded and moved to the 3rd Batt. medical area Dr. Choy won me. I still remember the scissors he used to cut off all my clothes so he could get at my wounds to bandage them. I saw Dr. Choy one more time, at the San Francisco Reunion in 1963.

HARRY and JOANIE NIVENS - 1130 Monroe Ave. - St. Cloud, FL 34769
Phone (407) 957-0098

It was great being with you and our buddies at the "Snowbird Reunion". You continue to hold Company I together with the Poopsheet. Our prayers are with you and your family. I've finally mailed the videos of the interviews that we made at the Snowbird Reunion this year. I also mailed one to "Veterans History Project" at the Library of Congress.

Enclosed is a donation to help with Poopsheet expenses.

MRS. RALPH (PETRA) CASAS - 601 Lance Dr. - Barstow, CA 92311
Phone (760) 256-1338

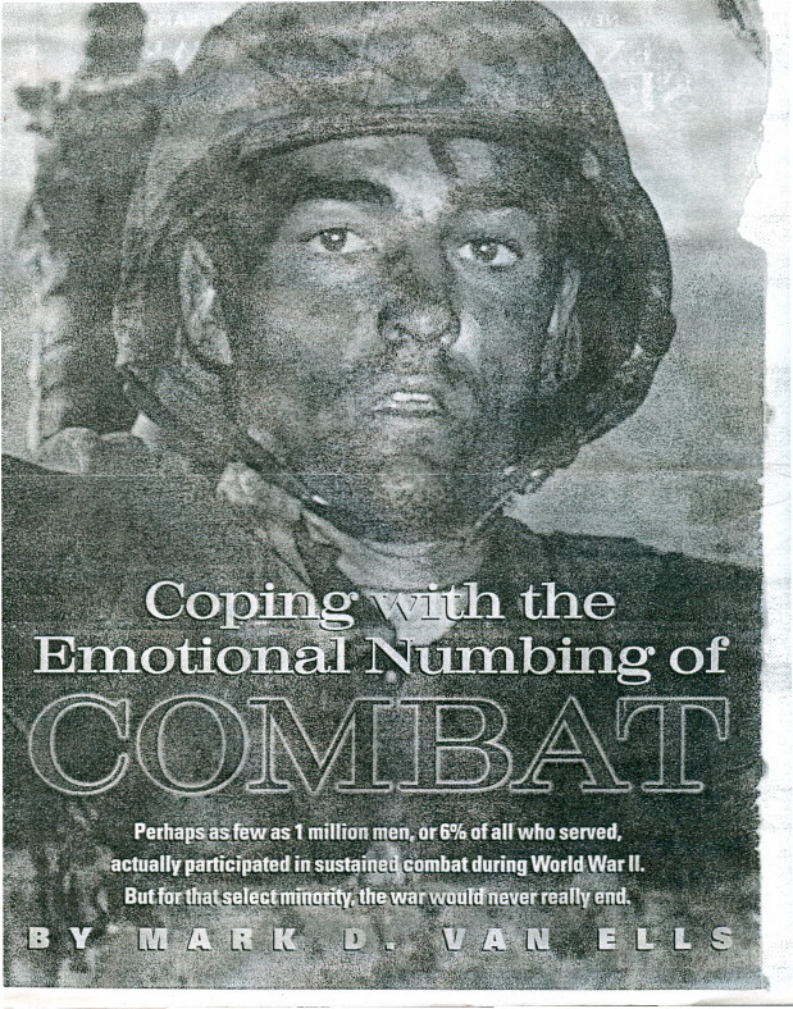
Hope this finds you and your family doing well, and hope Marie is also as well as possible. I am writting this letter to bother you for some items that were listed on the back page of the June Poopsheet as being available. They are the items I have listed below. I want to compile as much of Company I information as I can to leave to our daughters. Enclosed is a donation to help with the Poopsheet that you do such a great job publishing, to keep us all together.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I am happy to send the requested items to "Pete".

WALTER and KAY MURDOCK - 7220 Quartz Hill Rd. - Placerville, CA 95667
Phone (916) 626-7073

I won a new car in a recent raffle, but instead of taking the car we took \$20,000.00. We will be at the Snowbird Reunion in February.

I also received a mailing from Dan Paripovich's daughter.



Coping with the
Emotional Numbing of
COMBAT

Perhaps as few as 1 million men, or 6% of all who served,
actually participated in sustained combat during World War II.

But for that select minority, the war would never really end.

BY MARK D. VAN ELLS

Mortal combat is one of the most emotionally charged experiences a human being can have. And more Americans fought in WWII than in any other conflict in the 20th century.

Precisely how many American men participated in actual combat during WWII is not known; one historian has estimated that fewer than 1 million out of the 16 million who served saw any significant action.

For those who fought, the experience would deeply affect their minds, and the effects of combat would follow them into the postwar world.

'Damned Few Fearless Men'

The kinds of emotions combat soldiers experience vary from individual to individual. Fear is probably the most universal. William Manchester, a Marine NCO and later a noted writer, described his feelings upon attacking a Japanese sniper position on Okinawa:

"I could feel a twitching in my jaw, coming and going like a winkly light signaling some disorder. Various valves were opening and closing in my stomach. My mouth was dry, my legs quaking, my eyes out of focus."

Another Marine, E.B. Sledge, found being shelled the most unbearable of combat experiences. "During prolonged shelling, I often had to restrain myself," he wrote, "and fight back a wild, inexorable urge to scream, to sob, and to cry."

In order to perform his gruesome duties effectively, the fighting man must learn to suppress his fear. "Learning to live with [fear], and to go ahead in spite of it," reflected novelist and Guadalcanal combat veteran James Jones, "took practice and a certain overlay of bitter panache; it took time to acquire. There were damned few fearless men."

Combatants had to control other emotions. Some had moral qualms about killing other human beings. On Peleliu, Sledge shot and killed a Japanese

soldier about to throw a grenade at him from a bunker.

"I had just killed a man at close range," he reflected. "That I had clearly seen the pain on his face came as a jolt. ... The expression on that man's face filled me with shame and then disgust for the war and all the misery it was causing."

Many felt guilt about surviving battle while friends had perished. In one episode on Okinawa, Manchester was the lone survivor of a small group hit by a Japanese artillery shell.

"It isn't fair," he remembered sobbing in the shell crater. "It isn't fair, they're dead, why can't I be dead, it isn't fair."

Men who fight together in combat develop particularly strong bonds, and watching comrades horrendously die could deeply affect the fighting man.

Jones recalled an episode in which a fellow soldier had been killed. "He cried out, 'Oh, my God!' in an awful, grimly comic, burbling kind of voice," he wrote of the incident. "Thinking about him, it seemed to me that his yell had been for all of us lying there, and I felt like crying."

'Greatest Madhouse of History'

This maelstrom of sharp and deep emotions took its toll on the fighting man. "We were all psychotic," claimed Manchester, "inmates of the greatest madhouse of history."

Nearly every combat veteran can recall an instance in which someone broke down under fire. But reflection on the battlefield—even for a split second—can result in death, either for the soldier or one of his comrades. "It was bad form to weep for a fallen buddy," according to Manchester.

Combat forced the fighting man to wrestle with his emotions and search for ways to cope with the madness of war. In order to perform their duties, fighting men learned to numb themselves emotionally. "I vividly recall grimly making a pledge with myself," Sledge remembered. "The Japanese might kill or wound me, but they wouldn't crack me up." According to Manchester, "a foot soldier retains his sanity only by hardening himself."

Blocking the Memories

In the months after returning home, long-suppressed feelings sometimes came to the surface. "As the old combat numbness disappeared," Jones remembered, "and the frozen feet of the soul began to thaw, the pain of the cure became evident. The sick-making thoughts of all the buddies who died. The awful bad luck of the maimed."

To ease the pain of such wartime memories, many veterans continued to block out all memory of the fighting. Jones described the time after he returned home from the war as "a period when nobody wanted to remember things."

Fighting men were reluctant to discuss the war with anyone but fellow combat veterans. Rehashing traumatic memories could cause intense emotional pain, as well as shock to family and friends.

Scores of veterans avoided anything that reminded them of military service. Sadly, some turned to alcohol to dull painful memories, but as Manchester noted: "You can't drown your troubles, not the real ones, because if they are real they can swim."

Indeed, searing war memories could seldom be repressed completely, and the war often lurked just beneath the surface of the veteran's consciousness. Returning veterans exhibited signs of continued emotional stress for months and years after the war.

Dreaming about the war was common. "Men woke up in the middle of the night," Jones wrote, "and hit the dirt with a crash on the bedroom floor, huddling against the bed to evade the aerial bombs or the artillery shells they had dreamed they heard coming."

For some veterans, the shock of war memories gradually began to fade. After 40 years, Sledge could write that "time heals, and the nightmares no longer wake me in a cold sweat with a pounding heart and racing pulse."

For others, horrible war memories plagued them for the rest of their lives. World War II is still being fought in the dreams of many Americans even today.

James Jones described his fellow WWII combat veterans as a "generation of men who would walk into history looking backwards. ... None of them would ever really get over it." ○

Left: His face grimy with coral dust as the weariness of battle shows in his eyes, a Marine—after two days and nights of hell on Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands.

JOHN and LEONA SANDERS - 460 Ann St. Box 52 #B -Cedarville, CA 96104
We have a new address listed above. Don't want to miss any Pooopsheets.

MRS. THOMAS (DOROTHY) BOYD - 3434 Victoria Ave. - Santa Clara, CA 95051
Phone (408) 243-7251

Sorry I haven't written sooner, I've been meaning to write for months, but I just haven't. I had some health problems, but thank goodness they are under control now. Enclosed is a donation for Pooopsheet expenses. I always enjoy reading it. You do a great job putting it out. You and your family are in my thoughts and prayers.

MRS. LEON (ELEANORE) FORER - 1550 Greenfield #205 - Los Angeles, CA 90025
Phone (310) 473-0657

My husband, Leon Forer of Company I 502 died last month after a prolonged illness. Leon was very proud of his service in Company I, and he always looked forward to receiving the Pooopsheet.

MRS. NEAL (BETTY) BURKETT - P.O. Box 1295 - Andover, OH 44003
Phone (440) 293-7015

I wanted to send this donation to you for the Pooopsheet after I talked with you on the phone a few weeks back. It is so kind of you to continue sending it to me. I enjoy reading it very much. My best to you and Marie.

RAY and JUNE DUNLAP - 1123 Connellsville Rd. P.O. Box 65 - Fayette City, PA 15438
Phone (724) 326-4351

Would you send me a Company I picture taken at Fort Bragg and a copy of our Award of the French Croix de Guerre. We really enjoy receiving the Company I Pooopsheet, and we know all the others enjoy it as well. We missed going to the Snowbird Reunion last year. We are planning to be there in 2003.
EDITOR'S NOTE: I am happy to send the requested items to Ray and June.

JAMES S. NORRIS - 452 Richardson Dr. - Roanoke, VA 24019
Phone (540) 992-1846

Can you give me Mrs. Jim (Mabel) Howell's phone number? The number I have for her don't work. In the June Pooopsheet I thought that article written by John Fitzgerald about Col. Cole was just fantastic. John didn't pull any punches at all, he told just the way the Colonel was. I still have memories of our battle at Carentan. I was wounded by those 2 German planes the same time you were. I laughed when you wrote about how Ed Sowder urinated on you in bed after a night of drinking beer, because I had the same experience. James Dodson urinated on me in bed after a heavy night of drinking.

A PHONE CALL FROM EARL KELLY - 3 Morgan Lane -Aberdeen, MD 21001
Phone (410) 272-3330

I occasionally feel the need to talk with old Army buddies on the phone, someone who understands what we need to talk about, because we shared the same battle experiences. That is why I look forward to our yearly Snowbird Reunions. I've tried talking guys at the VFW and DAV but it's not the same. WHY? because their experiences were different. You company I guys fully understand my feelings and what I want to say, because you were there, we shared the same experiences and tragedies, events in our lives that we will carry with us to the grave. After listening to Kelly for some time I mentioned to him that he would soon have one heck of a phone bill. He said not to worry about that because he has a "phone card" with 700 minutes on it.

Kelly also occasionally visits with John Altomare who lives not too far away. Kelly asks for prayers for his son who is seriously ill.

FORT CAMPBELL, Ky. — The year was 1942. Maj. Gen. William C. Lee, the first commander of the 101st Airborne Division, told his new recruits that their lack of history would not stop them from accomplishing great things.

They had a "rendezvous with destiny," he said.

The division has been making history ever since, from the beaches of Normandy in 1944, to Hamburger Hill during the Vietnam War, to Central Asia in the war on terrorism.

It has evolved into a rapid-deployment force trained to go anywhere in the world in 36 hours.

During the allied invasion of Normandy in 1944, the division parachuted into France on D-Day to help seize positions west of Utah Beach.

Half a year later, Gen. Anthony McAuliffe, the division's acting commander, responded to a German surrender ultimatum at Bastogne, Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge with a one-word answer — "Nuts."

McAuliffe and his men were so cocky; they honestly believed the Germans were about to surrender to them — even though the Germans had them encircled, said Capt. Frank Sharik, division historian.

During the Vietnam War, the division participated in the fight for Ap Bia Mountain, better known as "Hamburger Hill." The 10-day battle in 1969 was one of the fiercest of the war, with 56 Americans killed and 420 wounded.

Soldiers of the 101st also were sent into the American embassy in Saigon to take it back from Vietcong invaders during the 1968 Tet offensive.

During seven years of combat, parts of the 101st participated in 15

campaigns.

In Vietnam, the 101st acquired the structure and equipment of an air assault division and started to routinely use helicopters.

The soldiers from the 1st Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment of the 101st deployed in Central Asia are called "Rakkasans." The parachute-equipped soldiers earned that name during the U.S. occupation in Japan after World War II. Loosely translated, it means "falling down umbrella" in Japanese.

"They really believed they were superheroes, and they carried themselves that way," Sharik said.

Although surrounded, they said "anywhere we shoot we get to kill Germans," Sharik said. The siege was later lifted.

McAuliffe's response and the division's defiance were a national morale builder, Sharik said.

The Rakkasans also participated in the Gulf War, as the 101st led the deepest air assault into enemy territory in history.

The 101st has historical ties to the 8th Brigade of the Wisconsin Reserve Unit, which had roots dating back to the Civil War.

The unit had an Eagle mascot — now on 101st Airborne patches — named "Old Abe." The eagle was used to scout out Confederate troops, which annoyed

some of the Confederate soldiers so much they put a bounty out for the bird. Legend has it that Old Abe would scream at the enemy. The bird was wounded twice during 36 battles but survived the Civil War.

The 101st now bears that history in its Screaming Eagles nickname.

Although it is perhaps best known for its fighting prowess, in recent years the division has supported humanitarian relief efforts in Rwanda and Somalia and peacekeeping missions in Haiti, Bosnia and Kosovo.

It's also been involved in domestic operations.

In 1957, President Eisenhower sent 1,000 paratroopers to Little Rock, Ark., to keep order while Central High School was integrated.

A Memorial Day statement

Acts of love are best remembrances

Memorial Day celebrations have become somewhat blasé. Sure, there were small town parades with crepe-papered bicycles, a color guard and high school bands. But what Memorial Day became for most people was an occasion to do spring yard work, picnic, go to a ball game, or watch the Indianapolis 500. Kids got an inkling of its real meaning when they caught sight of older men in tight-fitting uniform coats with faded ribbons on their chests.

Memorial Day was fading as a day for heroes, memories and patriotism. Not any more.

The events of Sept. 11 have changed all that. They have powerfully reminded us what is really important in life. Americans have been nudged to turn closer to their families, hug their children and thank God that there are heroes who have hearts big enough for all of us to rely upon.

If we can look past the tight coats and old faces we will see young faces who left home years ago. We recall their courage

and realize the immensity of what they did, and we tremble at what our country might be, had they not chosen to do so.

Millions and millions of American young men and women have fought and suffered for us in many wars over many years. How could we have gradually come to take them for granted? In times of peace and abundance, how could we permit our youth to wonder, "Who are these older people marching so proudly?" A country without an awareness of history is much like a person without memories—hollow inside.

Humans always hope to leave something lasting behind themselves. All of us can leave something most precious that outlasts the years. We do so when we reach out—in large or small acts—to love someone, to care or sacrifice for another. When we do so we become instruments of life, heroes who rise above our tendency toward selfishness. Acts of love are really the most exquisite gifts we can leave behind us.



SNOWBIRD

27TH ANNUAL REUNION
February 6th - 8th Year 2003

Name: _____ Unit: _____
Last First M Must include

Spouse: _____ or Guest: _____
First First

Address: _____ City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone (____) _____

E-Mail: _____ Name on Tag: _____
(If different than above.)

Special Instructions: _____

Make your reservations today! Space is limited to 400 only - no exceptions! There will be no "pay at the door" for the Banquet Dinner!

Registration Fee: \$49.00 per person Payment due no later than January 1, 03.

Registration includes ~ Hospitality Room, daily Buffet and Banquet Dinner.

Please indicate how many will be attending: _____

Beef _____ Please indicate your meat choice and how many of
 Chicken _____ each. If no selection is made, you will receive
 Fish _____ Chicken.

Total amount Due: \$ _____

Mail Payment to: Sunshine State Chapter
 (Include this form) 120 Neptune Ct.
 Indialantic, FL 32903



Questions? Call ~
 Bill Haupt at
 (904) 246-2362 or
 e-mail him at
 BillHaupt101@Hotmail.com

Hotel reservations may be made by calling Toll Free (800) 327-9170 - daily 8am to 6pm or online at www.ramadagateway.com Mention 101st Airborne Division for a special room rate of \$61 + tax per night.

Driving? Take Epcot exit: Hwy. 192 W (small sign reads - formally exit 25B) go 4 miles and hotel is on the left.



(There will be a \$10.00 cancellation fee if receive no later than January 25, 2003)

LORI NOVOTNI (neice of Edward Sowder) - 935 B Hamilton Clevess Rd. #11
Phone (513) 895-0941 Hamilton, OH 45013

I have a new address listed above. I am sorry it has taken so long for me to reply back to you. We've had an illness in the family that consumed a lot of our time, and I've moved. I greatly appreciated receiving the Poop-sheets and tapes. I've shared these with my other uncle, Tom Sowder. He was even more thrilled, as he remembers Ed. He remembers Ed as being quiet, for the most part, but also having a mischievous side.

I've heard from one other person who knew my uncle. His name is Harry Nivens, from St. Cloud, FL. He sent me a video of the most recent Reunion. Maybe we can make it down for the next one. It looks like everyone had fun.

MRS. JIM (MABEL) HOWELL - Box 528 - Aberdeen, MS 39730
Phone (662) 369-4395

I have been meaning to write for some time. Things are finally getting done. It seems like it takes so long to get things like this done. I do want to thank all of Jim's buddies and friends for all the love and support that they showed me during my sad time. Jim will be missed by so many. He was such a fine person. We had a wonderful eight years together. It is still so hard to do things by myself. I did make my first trip alone last week. My daughter and family are back from London, England and her husband is stationed at Scott AFB, IL for awhile. I made the trip to see them, and I made the trip fine. It was awfully hard, as Jim made trips so much fun. I played a lot of his tapes and shed a lot of tears, but got it out. I made myself think that I would try extra hard to do some more things from now on. Who knows I just may show up at one of the Reunions some day. Now that will be hard.

Love to you all, and know that you all meant so much to Jim. Thanks so much for being his friends and buddies.

I have recently heard from Mrs. Leon Forer, Jim Norris, and Bob Molsberry

2003 SNOWBIRD REUNION INFORMATION

The Florida "Sunshine State Chapter" of the 101st sponsors this annual mini-Reunion which will be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 6, 7, 8, 2003 at the - Ramada Plaza Hotel Gateway - 7470 Highway 192 West - Kissimmee, Florida 34747 - toll free phone 1-800-327-9172 - just outside of Orlando, a hop and a skip from highway I-4 - one mile from "Walt Disney World Resort" entrance.

The cost of the Hotel Rooms are \$61.00 plus tax per night for single or double. Reservations for rooms require a one-night deposit or a credit card number. Cutoff date for Hotel Reservations will be January 6, 2003, after that date reservations are on a space available basis. Make your reservation directly with the "Ramada Plaza Hotel Gateway" phone 1-800-327-9170.

Registration fee for the entire Reunion, including 2 continuous Hospitality Rooms full of food and drink, and a sit-down Saturday evening dinner is \$49.00 per person. The Saturday evening dinner will feature Filet of Beef, or if you prefer fish or chicken.

Please send your Registration Fee of \$49.00 each, check or money order, payable to "101st Sunshine Chapter" to 120 Neptune Ct. - Indialantic, FL 32903. If necessary pay him upon arrival in the Hospitality Room, but do let him know you are coming, You can always cancel if you find out you can't attend.

"Mears Shuttle Service" at the Orlando airport entrance, is available for transportation to the Hotel and return to the airport for \$28.00 each round trip, or if you have 2 or more people the rate is about \$48.00 for a taxi.

BETTY TAYLOR HILL (sister of Lester Taylor) - 15255 Gray Ridge Dr. #816 -
Phone (281) 497-9468 Houston, TX 77082

I've recently moved, my new address and phone number is listed above. I hope this finds all my friends of Company I 502 well. I have really enjoyed the video that Harry Nivens provided from the last Snowbird Reunion...good stuff! Thanks Harry. Today a wonderful surprise arrived from John and Lydia Altomare. A picture of some men of Company I, 502. I believe that is my brother, Lester Taylor, second from left. Lester has a cigarette in his right hand. John says they are doing their laundry. Lester's letters said that was a job he really hated. Good things just keep coming in this regard, the people I've come to know since I began looking for information about my brother, are so kind and generous...these are the greatest generation for sure! I hope to learn the names of the other men in the photo. I will bring the photo with me to the Snowbird Reunion in February and maybe we can determine the names of all of them. I'm also sending a copy of this letter to Bob Tripp, Earl Kelly and Marvin Cartwright.

CHARLES and MARILYN OLSON - 201 Grant St. Ph4 - Sewickley, PA 15143
Phone (412) 749-0290

Enclosed is a picture of Dr. Champ Baker III and myself, grandson of our Champ Baker, who is finishing his doctorate in Pittsburgh, during a visit to our place. He is most interested in learning of his grandfather's WWII exploits as a Paratrooper. As you can notice he very much takes after his grandfather, especially in his height. In your June 2002 Poopsheet I thought that article about Col. Cole was just great. I had a phone call from Eldon Abrahamsen asking information about the Snowbird Reunion. He wants to go this year. He also received a mailing from Dan Paripovich's daughter, as I did also. I am having back surgery October 1st. All should well in time for the Snowbird Reunion.

STEVE NIX - Aberdeen, MD, who is Jack Dulaney's grandson phoned that he talked with Earl Kelly, who lives close by, and Kelly encouraged him to call me. Jack Dulaney was Kelly's platoon leader. Steve is thrilled when he can talk with anyone who served with his Paratrooper grandfather, especially when he hears stories and episodes about his grandfather. About 10 years ago after Jack died, Jack's wife Gerry and daughter Sue (who is Steve's mother) attended our Washington D.C. Reunion, and they had fun.

And guess what, I neglected to get Steve's address and phone number, but I'm sure his grandmother will share our Poopsheet with him.

SUSAN RUSSELL (daughter of Dan Paripovich) - 2479 El Paseo Circle -
Phone (702) 732-4205 Las Vegas, NV 89121

I enjoyed the Poopsheet very much. I particularly liked the article "What I learned from my Father" because it had particular meaning for me.

I would like to have a copy of each of the items mentioned on the last page of the Poopsheet. Thank you for all of your help. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I am happy to send Susan the requested items.

IVAN and ANN HERSHNER - 5427 37th St. N. - Arlington, VA 22207
Phone (703) 538-4411

We are planning to attend the Snowbird Reunion in February. I received a mailing from Dan Paripovich's daughter.

My Father, Dan Paripovich died June 17, 1992 from a heart attack. My Father was a fireman in Minnesota after the war and in 1963, moved to Las Vegas, Nevada to become a Fireman at the Nuclear Test Site.

My Father then spent his later years owning a salvage yard. My Dad would demolish restaurants and older hotel/casinos in Las Vegas to make way for the newer ones, and scrap out all the merchandise from the property from copper and steal in the building, to chandeliers and sinks from the inside and take all this stuff to his junk yard and sell it.

In addition to what you see in the photographs, there are other items, such as newspaper articles, Citations and Western Union announcements to his mother regarding where he was wounded, just to name a few. The paper is so old and fragile, that I cannot copy it until I am advised on where to take it and what process to use.

My Father died with three bullets still in his back. He was shot in Holland and in Belgium. My Father was the most decorated Soldier from his small hometown in Hibbing, Minnesota-30 miles south of the Canadian boarder.

I have a newspaper clipping from the 40's where my Dad is quoted as saying:

“We spent a long time studying and memorizing our plans and maps in preparation for the attack (D-Day). Then as the time drew near the zero hour, we quietly loaded into our planes, and the roaring engines lifted the huge planes into the universe. The men remained quiet and motionless.”

“Simultaneously as we hit the coast of France, it seemed that all hell broke loose with ack-ack bullets, flack, tracers, and everything else coming at us from down below. Our plane was damaged immediately, so we went into the sky, which was lit up like a Christmas tree. As we came down, the enemy combed the sky with everything he had.”

"As soon as we landed, those of us who were still alive and uninjured set out for (I am getting chills copying this for you right now) set out for destination which was very near to us. We got there all right and did our job and then some. All this time we were being bombed, staffed, etc., by the enemy in a futile attempt to stop us."

"For the most part, I wasn't too frightened, but I must confess that things were rather uncomfortable at times."

"In this engagement, I captured 11 Germans and aided in the capture of many more. I have a great deal to say but cannot do so as yet so I will wait until later."

In goes on to say, "Pvt. Paripovich has been in two major battle engagements to date and in one combat jump. He was honored with the Presidential Citation and the Distinguished Service Cross and is serving with a Paratroop division."

There are many little things I want to add, later. One thing that sticks out in my mind is that until the day my Father passed away, he always held the men he fought with near and dear to his heart. He spoke of them, prayed for them and reminisced about them. As proud as my Father was of his service and success, he was also ashamed of what he had to do.

My Mother just told me a story my Father NEVER shared with me, that my Father was always sick over an order to kill German Soldiers with Bayonets. Can anyone confirm this story?

But what does amaze me is what he said was the scariest thing that ever happened to him in his life. Waiting for a war story, he said he had been inside a mine and when he came out, there were three Mountain Lions at the cave opening and near his truck. He could not run for it and he knew he was going to be eaten alive and no one would ever find him in the desert. He took a chance and threw a metal tool and hit some pipe and it scared the Mountain Lions away! He then ran to his truck!

German decoys were thrown out at the shooting and when it was over, he realized he killed a 14-year-old boy. He never, to the day he died, forgave himself for that. He knew he had no choice. He never forgot the boys name from his "Dogtag": *Herbert Runte*.

I loved my Father very much. His service and his accomplishments make me very proud. His stories that he shared with me are some of the dearest things I own. I will never forget how I would be playing and he would drag me in, 8 years old and up, and make me sit next to him and as the commentator would say what was going on, he would say, "Susan, that is bullshit! They are trying to glamorize this! I was in Belgium, freezing in the cold, we had holes in our shoes, we needed coats, we were out of cigarettes and we were hungry....."

I would do anything to have my Dad here today and tell me these stories again!

A REUNION NOTE FROM BOB HARTZELL: Some of the Hotel Rooms at the "Snowbird Reunion" are quite a distance from the Hospitality Room. All of us of Company I are 80 years old, or close to it, and we don't move too far after a few drinks. The president of the Snowbird Reunion told me when we phone for our Hotel Reservation we should ask for "John Allen", who is the Hotel coordinator for the "Snowbird Reunion", and ask him for a room close to the Hospitality Room because of our advanced age. If John is not available, ask for Janie. John Allen and Janie are at the Hotel Monday through Friday from 8.00 to 4.00 Eastern Time. Last year they gave all who asked for it, a nearby room. It worked.

For best results make early reservations with the Hotel as they have a liberal cancellation policy. Make sure you ask for the Special Snowbird Reunion rates of \$61.00.

FRED and DOLORES KRAUS - 4114 Murfield Dr. E - Bradenton, FL 34203
Phone (941) 753-8779

Thank you for all your efforts on behalf of all from Company I. Harry Nivens sent me a copy of the video tape of the last Snowbird Reunion. It was very welcomed. We will try to make it to the Snowbird Reunion in February. Enclosed is a donation to help with Poopsheet expenses.

COMPANY I TREASURY REPORT

Since our last Treasury Report in June we received \$127.00 in donations, we received \$1.18 interest on our money in the bank, we had a balance of \$825.76, leaving us a balance of \$953.94.

Our expenses since our last Treasury Report are, \$129.98 for reproducing our June Poopsheet, \$73.00 postage this Poopsheet, \$5.00 for address labels this Poopsheet, a total expense of \$207.98. Leaving us a balance of \$745.96.

Yours in the 101st

Bob

Robert J. Hartzell
313 Wentz St.
Tiffin, OH 44883
Phone (419) 447-0448