

COMPANY I POOPSHEET

FEBRUARY 2003

SCOTT FELDERHOFF (son of Alphonse Felderhoff)

P.O. Box 739 - Gainsville, TX 76241

I just received your Poopsheet from my dad's mailbox. With a heavy heart I'm writing to let you know that my father, Alphonse Felderhoff died on November 2, 2002 from lung cancer. Enclosed are a couple of newspaper articles and pictures from our small-town paper.

What you are doing is a great service to the men and family of those who served in Company I. Please accept this donation to help with Poopsheet expenses.

During WWII, Al entered the armed services Nov. 25, 1942, and later joined the Paratroopers, he was a member of the 101st Airborne Division. He was wounded in June 1944 during the Battle of Normandy; on Sept. 19 1944 he was seriously wounded in Holland, and was awarded the Purple Heart Medal. He received his discharge on March 25, 1946. He attended several 101st Reunions at which he enjoyed visiting in the company with his old Army buddies.



Al Felderhoff

MRS. JIM (MABEL) HOWELL - P.O. Box 528 - Aberdeen, MS 39730

Phone (662) 369-4395

This has been a very sad year for me as most of you know I lost Jim last January. I do try to stay busy and keep active in things, but it is so hard for me and as the months go by I keep thinking it will get better.

Holidays are very hard to deal with, as Jim enjoyed life and his friendship with you all so very much. I just couldn't go thru the Holiday Season without making contact with all of his buddies. I grew to love you all so much. I would really like to make one of the Reunions sometime, but I don't think it will be this year. Hope all is well with all of you and your loved ones. Enjoy them everyday, as we do know life can be short. Have a wonderful Holiday Season and do try to keep in touch. I am surviving on fond memories.

MRS. BILL (RUTH) PURDY - 268 Lawrence St. - Edwarsville, PA 18704

Phone (570) 287-5226

Hope all is well as can be, my prayers for you and Marie. I am requesting the cassette tape of the D-Day Jump to be played and put in the Memory Case at our local VA Hospital. A veteran can request to have it played whenever he wants. This case has a lot of Wellaids memorabilia in it. I am still volunteering at the VA two or three times a week, and also still bowl once a week. I've accumulated over 5,000 hours at the VA Hospital. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I am happy to send the requested D-Day tape to Ruth.

LEW and AVALON ROUSH - 19 VFW Rd. - Gallipolis, OH 45631

Phone (740) 379-2528

Thank you so much for the "Poopsheet". We really enjoy it. We don't travel any more so it's nice to read about those who still can travel. Lew is pretty well. I'm OK too. This is short but at least I will get it mailed this year. Last year I laid your card out to write you and it got lost. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses.

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ONE DAY, FOREVER IN THE MEMORY OF AL FELDERHOFF OF COMPANY "I"
502ND PARACHUTE REGIMENT OF THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

As with many other thousands of veterans, June 6, 1944, is one of the days engraved forever in their memory. Al Felderhoff recalled some of those memories to *The Muenster Enterprise* on Monday, 50th anniversary of that day.

"On June 1, 1944, the 101st Airborne Division Paratroopers moved from our base camp, which was about 60 miles south of London, to what was called marshaling area. There we spent about a week, in more preparation for the jump. We studied the terrain, aerial photos of gun emplacements and maps. We studied the port of Cherbourg Peninsula which was near St. Mere Eglise. This was to be our Drop Zone. The aerial photos had been taken by P-38 reconnaissance planes. Our mission was to knock out four coastal guns which were located inland from the beaches. In the photos the coastal guns were plainly visible pointing to the beaches where troops would come ashore from landing craft."

These were some of the recollections of Al Felderhoff as he spoke to *The Enterprise* Monday.

He continued, "On the eve of D-Day, June 5, General Eisenhower visited us in our marshaling area, to give moral support and prayers. After he left we went immediately to our planes. It was not yet dark. As we were walking to the planes, I saw a friend, Ernest Pike of Gainesville, also a Paratrooper. He was going to his plane, saw me, waved and said, 'I'll see you at Leon's when we get back.' Now Leon's was a "Honky Tonk" across the Red River to Oklahoma north of Gainesville in the early forties. But I never did see him again."

Felderhoff paused, ... then continued, "We crossed the English Channel in air formation, just after dark and were in the air about an hour and half. But the mood inside the planes was somber, quiet and reflective. We crossed over the west coastline of Normandy, which was opposite to where the seaborne forces would come on shore on the east coast of Normandy.

"We did not encounter opposition until we got a few miles inland, when all hell broke loose. We drew flak and anti-aircraft fire. At 12:30 a.m., just after midnight on a moonlit night, we jumped near St. Mere Eglise, from about 600 feet up. Pretty low!!



AL FELDERHOFF

"I landed in a small village, by myself on a hard-surface road, near a cemetery, between a high hedgerow on one side and three-story, old building on the right side. I got out of the parachute and got into the shadow of the hedgerow. In the moonlight I saw another man approaching, and with great relief recognized the sound of his boots on the road. We communicated at first by cricker signals. He had jumped from the same plane right after me.

"We had not been permitted to load our rifles prior to the jump, because there was the danger that we might shoot each other in the dark. By first light we began to pick up several more guys. By morning light we picked up several from the 82nd Airborne Division who had also jumped. By daylight we saw what appeared to be a PX (German store) for supplies. It was a two-story building with an outside stairway.

"Some of us began to climb the stairs and met Cecil Harry of Rosston of Company A, another paratrooper, coming down. The upper floor had been living quarters for German soldiers who were discovered hiding in a near-by ditch and had not touched their beds that morning. The soldiers, who surrendered, were actually men from the Polish Army who had been

conscripted and forced to serve in Hitler's army.

"To get back to our own company, we tried to follow our orientation maps. By mid-afternoon we decided to turn back toward the beaches and met an American tank, and continued to search for our own. We had a constant ebb and flow of skirmishes with the Germans, some severe, some lighter. Resistance and fire-power on June 7 were bad. We were finally reunited with our company. Two days after D-Day, on June 8 when we were moving toward Carentan, a French village, I was wounded by shrapnel, while in a bar ditch. Sent back to England, I spent two weeks in a hospital. Then I was sent back to base camp south of London, at Chilton Foliate. There the 101st Airborne would be returned from France, for reorganization and replacement, and retraining for any other mission that would come up. Losses had been heavy. Even in our own Company "I" only 40 guys came back out of the original 130 men. All others were killed or wounded.

"One day when I knew the 101st was returning from France, I waited on a street in camp, hoping to see my old friend Cecil Harry come marching by. By some miracle, he did. Was I glad!!

"We were put on Alert twice, then pulled back before being sent in on another jump. This jump for the 101st Airborne was in the battle for Holland on Sept. 17. I was severely wounded on Sept. 19. After three months in the hospital I was re-classified for ground personnel in the Air Force. Back in the states, I was sent to Brooke General Hospital in San Antonio for surgery to remove shrapnel I received in Holland.

"My next contact with Cecil Harry was after the war, for his military re-burial in Rosston with full military honors. Cecil Harry was killed in the fighting in the Holland Campaign. I was a member of the Muenster VFW rifle squad, and the Muenster VFW Post No. 6205 conducted the military rites."

With a touch of humor, Al Felderhoff observed, "My wife, Sis, and I observed another D-Day exactly six years later when we were married on June 6, 1950, in Sacred Heart Church in Muenster.

A LETTER FROM BARBARA SLOVER, ED MOBLEY'S DAUGHTER. We are looking forward to seeing everyone at the Snowbird Reunion. Dad has been under the weather. He needed some blood, and after getting 2 pints he had a lot more energy. He will be 80 years old January 14, and for the most part has had very good health. His wife Elizabeth is in a nursing home, and most likely will not come out again. She does not have much strength to stand up, other than this, her health is fair. Hope to see everyone at the Reunion. Oh yes, can you help me find for my dad a car tag with the Paratrooper wings? I have looked everywhere here and cannot find one.

EDWARD and ELIZABETH MOBLEY - 16244 N.E. 27th Pl. - Starke, FL 32091
Phone (904) 964-5935

Liz is in the nursing home this year. She is doing well, but cannot walk by herself anymore, and I cannot help her anymore. My son Wayne and his wife live with me. I am looking forward to being at the Snowbird Reunion. We will be there all three days. My daughter Barbara and Cecil will go with me. They are the ones who took us last year. Hope your wife is doing well. We have a new address listed above.

MRS. ROSE HUBNER - (sister of George Larish) - P.O. Box 465 - Vintondale, PA
Phone (814) 749-8475 15961

These greetings come from my mother, Rose Hubner, sister of George Larish. I'm her only child, Frances, and I moved back with her last winter to care for her. She has been in failing health for a year or so. She will be 92 on March 22 and only the last few months has her age caught up with her. She has bad lungs and has had pneumonia 5 times. My knees have to be replaced in January so she is being cared for in an Assisted Living home. She loves hearing from you through the Company I Pooosheet. She asked me to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you and all those you care about have a happy, safe, peaceful New Year. Thanking you for all your kindnesses.

JOHN and LYDIA ALTOMARE - 1814 Palo Circle - Baltimore MD 21227
Phone (301) 242-9649

We pray that God's blessings and love will be with you and yours, and that your wife is comfortable. We thank you again for your devotion in providing us with interesting news of all in the old Company I outfit. We keep your wife in our prayers and you also, with your family and your devotion and care of Marie for so many years. She is blessed to have such a devoted family. John will miss you all at this year's Reunion. He spent Three days in the hospital this past week, nothing too serious though. We were planning a trip to PA for our brother-in-law's funeral when John complained of chest pain, so I thought it best to have it checked out, they adjusted his meds and he's been doing OK. Since he has been seeing Earl Kelly every week for their counseling V.A. sessions, and he missed this week, he's lonely, just wished we were closer neighbors. It's only a 40 minute drive, and he still drives like he is 20 years old, it is sometimes upsetting. Earl and Virginia Kelly are one of our best friends. There is nothing Earl wouldn't do for John or I and we're very fortunate having them for friends. Enclosed is a donation to help with expenses. God's blessings to all.

BRONZE STAR NOTICE

For those of you awarded the Combat Infantry Badge (CIB) in WW II, but who have not received the Bronze Star Medal that was/is awarded jointly with the CIB, you may request the Bronze Star in writing. You must include a xerox copy of the front and back page of your discharge. The discharge

must show that you were awarded the CIB. Include your Serial Number and Social Security number. Send that information along with your request to:

Department of the Army,
ATTN: Commander, U.S. Army Reserve
Personnel Center,
9700 Page Blvd, St Louis, MO 63132-5200

VINCENT WENDT - 1342 W. Emerald Ave. #287 - Mesa, AZ 85202
Phone (602) 649-8179

We received the November Poopsheet today, and we want to say how much we have enjoyed receiving it throughout the years. One of our sons has recently moved to Florida and we are seriously considering visiting him in conjunction with the Snowbird Reunion in February. I have a few medical problems but I still get around pretty good. Hope to see many of our Company I buddies at the Snowbird Reunion.

MANUEL GESULGA - 933 Vallejo St. - Santa Rosa, CA 95404

I received the November Poopsheet, and I want to thank you for your efforts over the years to keep us informed of our buddies. I had surgery on my right eye to no avail. I am now blind in my right eye. I plan to phone Celso Garcia and Bob Molsberry and especially Walter Murdock to find out how he won that \$20,000.00 cash. I am planning to attend the Snowbird Reunion.

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

Thanks for the November Poopsheet. Will see everyone at the Snowbird Reunion in February.

PAT and TERESA CALLERY - 629 Park Ave. - West Hempstead, NY 11552
Phone (516) 486-7439

Hope to see everyone at the Snowbird Reunion in February.

MRS. ANGELO (LOVES) YZQUIERDO - 51 Bonner Ave. - Schenectady, NY 12304
Phone (518) 377-7016

May God bless all our GIs, both those who are still with us, and those who have died.

BOB and ALICIA TRIPP - Box 27 - Heath, MA 01346
Phone (413) 337-4964

I need to have one of my hips replaced, and I still use a crutch to get around. Due to physical ailments we will not be able to make the Snowbird Reunion this year.

MARVIN and CHARLOTTE CARTWRIGHT - Box 212 - Elk Mound, WI 54739
Phone (715) 879-5241

John Sanders phoned and we had a long and inspiring conversation. We talked about the Snowbird Reunion, and we decided not to attend this year, but that we would plan to attend next year.

BOB HARTZELL - 313 Wentz St. - Tiffin, OH 44883
Phone (419) 447-0448

For the first time in many years I am unable to attend the Snowbird Reunion. Several months ago I developed Shortness of Breath, and an imbalance on my feet. I am tired almost all the time, and I sleep 10 or 12 hours a day. When walking, I get close to something that I can grab on to, for when I lose my balance. The doctor keeps working with me and has hopes of improvement. For many years I have gone to church to attend Mass every morning. I had to give that up a month ago, but this morning I was able to attend Mass again.

About 8 years ago our buddy Fred Wilhelm died, and now his wife's mail is being returned to me marked "deceased", and I have no address for children. My wife Marie, occasionally seems to be a little better. She still has Alzheimers and Parkinsons diseases, she cannot talk or walk or chew her food and she sleeps a lot. All of her food is pureed, and is spoon fed to her. I still visit with her every day, and our daughters are there to feed her with the evening meal, if she is alert enough. The nurses put her in a wheel chair for me and I push her around the halls of the nursing home, and we frequently visit with other residents in their rooms. I can some times see by the expressions on her face that she enjoys this. Please continue to keep her and all our ailing Company I people in your prayers.

KENNETH PRESLEY (son of Walter Presley) P.O. Box 6097 - Bloomfield, CO 80021

I regret to inform you, and the other members of Company I 502nd Parachute Regiment, of the death of my father Walter G. (Dub) Presley, on November 6, 2002 in Odessa, Texas of heart failure, complicated by emphysema.

I feel that I grew up with Company I. We went to many Reunions over the years as I was growing up and I had the privilege of joining my dad, with my wife Leanne on the 50th anniversary of D-Day in Europe. It amazes me the degree to which Dad's experiences in the war changed him and shaped his life from that point on. He described over and over how his closeness with the men with whom he served was stronger than the bond between two brothers. He had a particularly close friend, Troy W. Norris who was killed in Holland, that throughout his life would bring tears and other strong emotions when he discussed him. I know how much he admired his Company commander Cap't Ivan Hershner, whom we had the honor of meeting during the D-Day celebration.

I know there were a few in Company I that he kept in touch with. One of them was named Jim Howell. I would appreciate it if you would publish this to let his buddies know that my Dad has died. I would also appreciate it if you could provide me a copy of the "Poopsheet", as my dad called your publication, in which you publish this announcement.

Please pass on my, and my family's appreciation to the men my dad served with, who watched my dad's butt, and made sure he was alive to produce the family that we have become, and to give us wonderful stories to pass on to his grandchildren.

LYNN DAMMANN (daughter of Walter Presley)-4713 Spring Meadow #8 - Midland, TX
Phone (915) 570-5292 *ldammann@odessa.edu* 79705

It is with much sadness that I have to tell you that my dad Walter Presley died on November 6, 2002. He was diagnosed with COPD about a year and a half ago but began to have more and more problems in early July. He developed gastrointestinal bleeding and anemia. The doctors couldn't seem to discover the source of it. Then in early August he was hospitalized with pneumonia and was just not able to recover. He was only out of the hospital for 20 days until he died. In fact, his condition was so bad that he had to be put on a ventilator 2 days before he died. His heart just finally gave out. I am trying to find a blessing in all of this and can only say that he was so sick and so tired of being so sick that there is some comfort in knowing he is at with Mom again. I think he had been so very lonely ever since Mom died.

I am so honored to be the daughter of a WWII Paratrooper Veteran. The sacrifices you all made for us are immeasurable and there is no way we can adequately repay you. I don't know about all the other veterans, but I believe my father's experiences during the war gave him the strength and gentleness that marked the rest of his life and that made him a hero. But I also know, because of things he said, that what he saw and what he had to do haunted him until his death. I don't know if any of you have similar feelings, but if you do, please know that it is with tremendous gratitude that I honor you all and acknowledge the great and difficult things you did for your country and the rest of the world. Thank you; you are all my heroes.

I would like to receive the Poopsheet if possible. I always enjoyed reading Dad's copies. Your names bring back many memories as I have heard them many times from my Dad. He loved you all. Enclosed is a donation for expenses
EDITOR'S NOTE: I am happy to include Lynn, Presley's daughter on our mailing.

Veterans Day 2002

A unique feature of the Association activities on Sunday was the induction of Glenn Hoppert, a Vietnam veteran of Co A, 2/502 Inf (Abn), as a Distinguished Member of the Regiment (DMOR) 502nd Infantry Regiment. Ray Hirschner, is an original member of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment, who jumped into Normandy on D-Day, presented the DMOR insignia to Glenn. Glenn, a retired police official now living in Connecticut, was the local chapter president for several years, during which time he co-chaired the highly successful 50th Airborne Reunion in Washington in 1990.

The DMOR ceremony is normally conducted by the active division at Ft. Campbell, but Glenn had requested that he be presented in Washington. He was nominated for the award by Mike McFadden, his company commander in Vietnam, for his outstanding work as point man on numerous operations in the Central Highlands. For his service in Vietnam, Glenn was awarded both the Silver Star and Bronze Star for Valor.

DMOR candidates are nominated and then selected by a committee of past and present leaders of the regiment. The award recognizes "the special place in regimental continuity, tradition and esprit de corps" for those selected. DMORs are usually recognized at annual ceremonies conducted by the regiment where they receive a unique DMOR insignia and certificate authorized by the Secretary of the Army.



L to R: Glenn Hoppert, Ivan "Ray" Hirschner.
Veterans Day, November 10, 2002, Arlington VA.

Airborne History Symposium

During the Airborne History Symposium in Washington, DC on November 9, I had an opportunity to visit with many young history buffs and sons of former Screaming Eagles. **Doug Cervi** teaches history in Mays Landing, NJ. He reported honored in having **Earl Kelly (U/502)** and **Joe Lofthouse (G/502)** as guest speaker.

The Final Inspection

*The soldier stood and faced God
Which must always come to pass
He hoped his shoes were shining
Just as brightly as his brass*

*"Step Forward Now, You Soldier
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek
To the Church have you been true?"*

*The Soldier squared his shoulders and
Said, "No Lord, I guess I ain't
Because those of us who carry guns
Can't always be a Saint.*

*I've had to work most Sundays
And at times my talk was tough
And sometimes I've been violent
Because the world is awfully rough.*

*But, I never took a penny
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime
When the bills got just too steep,*

*And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear,
And sometimes, God forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.*

*I don't deserve a place
Among the people here,
They never wanted me around
Except to calm their fears*

*If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand,
I never expected or had too much
But if you don't I'll understand."*

*There was a silence all around the Throne
Where the Saints had often trod
As the soldier waited quietly
For the Judgment of his God*

*"Step forward now, you soldier,
You've borne you burdens well,
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell."*

NIGHT COMBAT JUMP

The night was dark with only a moon,
 But filled with a rumbling roar.
 That sound was the engines of transports,
 Carrying nervous young men off to war.

Inside some of the planes there was silence,
 While in others bravado held sway.
 This served as a cover for inner fears,
 Protecting each in his own personal way.

With hearts beating fast, and minds awhirl,
 Troopers watched the lights turn green.
 A command of 'go', then out the door,
 Jumping into the props slip stream.

The enemies searchlights danced to and fro,
 and his ack-ack kept singing it's song.
 Here and there flaming objects plunged earthward,
 Grisly evidence of something gone wrong.

A fortunate few survived that night,
 But have never forgotten the past.
 With thoughts often turning to fallen comrades,
 for whom that jump was their last.

THE U.S. ARMY PARACHUTE RIGGER PLEDGE

- I Will keep constantly in mind, that until men grow wings their parachutes must be dependable.
- I Will pack every parachute as though I am to jump it myself, and will stand ready to jump with any parachute that I have inspected and packed.
- I Will never resort to guesswork, as I know that 'chance' is a fool's god, and that I, a rigger, cannot depend on that.
- I WILL never pass over any defect, nor neglect any repair, no matter how small, as I know that mistakes in the rigging may cost a life.
- I Will keep all parachute equipment entrusted to my care in the best possible condition, remembering always that little things undone cause problems.
- I Will never sign my name to a parachute packing certificate unless I have performed or supervised every step, and am satisfied with the work.
- I Will never let the idea that a piece of work is "good enough" make me a potential murderer through a careless mistake or oversight.
- I Will keep always a wholehearted respect for my vocation, regarding it as a high profession, rather than a day-to-day task.
- I Will be sure always.

TAKEN FROM THE VFW MAGAZINE: Normandy Cemetery: \$5 million from the VA budget will be used to build an education center at the D-Day landing site in France.

OUR STATUE OF LIBERTY

There is a lady waiting in New York harbor. She was a gift from the people of France to the people of the United States. She was first dedicated on October 28, 1886.

The lady has stood in the harbor for over one hundred years, waiting to greet returning Americans and new arrivals alike. She provides Americans with their first true feeling of being home. She serves as a symbol of freedom to millions of oppressed people who are given hope by the words emblazoned on her pedestal:

*GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES
 YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE, THE WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR
 TEEMING SHORE, SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TEMPEST
 TOSSED TO ME: I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR*

The hope the lady brings to new arrivals is the hope of liberty, self-government and the chance to go as far as their talents will take them.

On this her 116th year, let all Americans join in wishing our Statue of Liberty a happy birthday and a long and productive life.

A FIRST REUNION

As for me, all I wanted to do was to feel the atmosphere filled with Christmas and lots of paratroopers. First time since service that I had felt that proud Eagle. I slipped into a chair with three other men already sitting about the table. They were very involved in conversation and I'm not sure they even saw me. I sat there telling myself, "damn!, this feels so good to be so close to Abe today and each of these men have the same thing in common, they are America's best and brothers; a bond no man or battle can break. All of a sudden the word *Normandy* came to my ear. I came alive like switching the lights on the Christmas tree to "on". I stretched my hearing as I heard these guys discuss D-Day. I couldn't stand any longer. I burst in on their talks and said, "Were any of you at Normandy?" I've studied that jump and day for thirty years because I feel the actions of that day changed our whole world.

All three with skin of leather and faces of steel looked over at me, ice forming about their mouths. I said to myself, "damn, you've done it now, for sure. You'd better start apologizing or fight like hell". One of them looked like a short Santa Claus. He made the first move by putting both hands on the table, arms outstretched. With a very serious look about him, he began to speak to me.

"What do you want to know? We were all at Normandy". A smile came across his face from ear to ear. Man, I could feel my butt loosen up. Those three troopers began all at once to tell me of the walk into Normandy (which I didn't know). Seems they didn't have enough planes or gliders for all 101st troopers. They told me of the German soldiers being captured or giving up, under fire from the Germans, the General who died on landing in a glider. Brother! I could go on and on. Most of these stories I've never seen in print and never will. I felt, at times, I was standing or walking next to them. Glad I wasn't, of course. I wasn't born for another four months when these things occurred. These guys walked and jumped in Hell. Enough can't be written about them, for sure. These guys were the reason I wore that patch seventeen years later. God, how I admire their courage, their honesty, their abilities to overcome all odds of losing their lives. Those guys were great then and even greater now because they can look back on Hell and smile. The odds, without all factors known to a Math teacher, of me sitting with three Double Eagles in Kissimmee, FL are three billion to one.

In closing, I'd like to thank all three Double Eagles for the interest they did show me. God, I love those guys!

WHAT DO OLD SOLDIERS DO AT REUNION?

Old soldiers see old friends, find new friends; old soldiers remember and honor their dead and are thankful that they are still alive and in sufficient health to be there at all, when so many of their comrades never got beyond the foxholes, and so many more, who survived the battles, have since faded away. Old soldiers attend business meetings and some disagree on rules, procedures, and protocol. Some old soldiers drink too much. Old soldiers become moist of eye when the colors and division flags with battle streamers are paraded and presented. Old soldiers bask in the warm glow of comradeship and membership in a most exclusive club, where the dues were paid under fire and others, no matter their rank in society, their wealth, power or greatness of character, cannot join the club. Old soldiers at a reunion serve each other rather than themselves; old soldiers at reunion remember and, in so remembering, know that much that is good now is good because they and their comrades served in the old wars; old soldiers laugh often, for they know that they are the most fortunate of men, because they have lived for an eternity, have seen sun, moon, rain, snow, mud, fog, earth, forest, enemy and family with greater clarity than ever before or since. Old soldiers smile and nod to themselves, and to the ghosts of the past, because they have a wisdom all their own -- that's what old soldiers do at reunion.

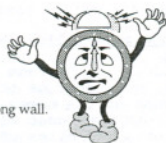
Salute

When it is all finished and we put aside the battle-stained blade and parachute, and lay away the silver wings and brown jump boots in some long-forgotten place, let us remember with what sweat, what fear, what agony purchased our wings and our Airborne lives together in combat...Remember, too, as we all must, those long-gone buddies whose bravery in that war-torn Gethsemane ransomed these, our present

days, for us and of our loved ones... days of peace and safety... We leave them to the memory of our hearts, for we have no words or price or deeds with which to pay homage to their ultimate sacrifice. As long as America remains free let us remember those hours and days of combat where they gave all they could give to keep the torch burning high... They gave their all that soldiers can give, their lives that America might live in Peace!... Let that be their accolade, O Geronimo!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE AGING WHEN....

- The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals.
- You feel like the night after, and you haven't been anywhere.
- Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D.
- You get winded playing chess.
- Your children begin to look middle-aged.
- You finally reach the top of the ladder and find it leaning against the wrong wall.
- You decide to procrastinate but never get around to it.
- Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet.
- You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.
- You look forward to a dull evening.
- Your favorite part of the newspaper is "Twenty-Five Years Ago Today"
- Your knees buckle, and your belt won't.
- You are 17 around the neck, 44 around the waist and 96 around the golf course.
- You stop looking forward to your next birthday.
- Dialing long distance wears you out.
- You are startled the first time you are addressed as an 'old timer.'
- You just can't stand people who are intolerant.
- You burn the midnight oil until 9 p.m.
- Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you watch a pretty girl go by.
- You get your exercise acting as a pallbearer for your friends who exercised.
- Tying your shoelaces leaves you breathless.
- Your reminiscences aren't as interesting to the listeners as they are to you.
- Your memory fails to recall the name of the gorgeous blonde you were madly in love with when you were 21 .
- The big house in which you grew up has shrunk in apparent size 70 years later.
- Your friends keep telling you how great you are looking.
- You sleep less and nap more.
- You realize that the good old days actually weren't as good as they were cracked up to be.
- Passers-by stop to pick up objects you have dropped.
- You allow yourself to luxuriate in casual attire at improper times.



SICK DOG

There was a man who had a sick dog—a very sick dog! He decided to take the dog to the Vet, and so he carried him out to his car and headed to the Vet. When he got to the Vets, the dog was comatose, so he carried him in and put him on the examination table. He said.. "My dog is sick...can you tell me what is wrong with him?" The Vet prodded and probed, listened for vital signs with his stethoscope, and said..."Your dog is dead" !! The man said..."I don't believe it...I want a second opinion " The Vet went into another room and came out with a cat. He put the cat on top of the dog, and the cat sniffed the dog a couple of times, and slowly walked up and down on the dog, turned to the Vet and shook his head. "The dog is dead" said the Vet. "Nonsense, said the man...I want another opinion "!! The Vet walked into another room, and came out with a huge Black Labrador Retriever, which proceeded to go around the table, sniffing and prodding the "Sick" dog with his paw. He looked at the Vet and shook his head. "Your dog is dead, the vet said again!!" "Well", said the man, "I guess I'll have to go home and bury

him. How much do I owe you ? " "Four hundred and twenty dollars", said the Vet. "You are going to charge me four hundred and twenty dollars to tell me my dog is dead ?", asked the man incredulously. "Well", said the Vet, "I usually charge twenty dollars for an office visit, but you were the one who wanted the "Cat Scan" and the "Lab Report"!"



THE SLUG

On the lawn, I saw a slug,
Not a snail, and not a bug;
It had no shell or carapace
And with a turtle, lost a race.
Would it taste like Escargot?
Not having tried, I wouldn't know!
Poor hipless, hapless, hopeless creature,
The slug has no redeeming feature;
But I'll bet it must be hell,
To be a snail without a shell !!

JUST 100 YEARS AGO

From a book called "When My Grandmother Was a Child" by Leigh W. Rutledge.

IN 1900, the average life expectancy in the United States was 47 years. ONLY 14 percent of the homes in the United States had a bathtub. ONLY 8 percent of the homes had a telephone, a three minute call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars. THERE were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and only 144 miles of paved roads, the maximum speed limit in most cities was ten-mph. THE tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower. THE average wage in the US was twenty-two cents an hour. THE average US worker made between \$200 and \$400 dollars per year. MORE than 95 percent of all births in the United States took place at home. NINETY percent of all US physicians had no college education, instead, they attended medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard." SUGAR cost four cents a pound. EGGS were fourteen cents a dozen. COFFEE cost fifteen cents a pound. MOST women only washed their hair once a month and used borax or egg yolk for shampoo. THE five leading causes of death in the US were: 1)Pneumonia and Influenza, 2)Tuberculosis, 3)Diarrhea, 4)Heart disease, 5) Stroke. THE American Flag had 45 stars, Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Hawaii and Alaska hadn't been admitted to the Union yet. DRIVE-BY shootings in which teenage boys galloped down the street on horses and started randomly shooting at houses, carriages, or anything else that caught their fancy were an ongoing problem in Denver and other cities in the West. THE population of Las Vegas, Nevada was thirty, this remote desert community was inhabited by only a handful of ranchers and their families. SCOTCH tape, crossword puzzles, and iced tea hadn't been invented. THERE was no Mother's Day or Father's Day. ONE in ten US adults couldn't read or write, only six percent of all Americans had graduated from high school. COCA-COLA contained cocaine instead of caffeine.

LOOK OUT BELOW!

When the men are down and your silk flares out,
 And the sky's full of men that are tough;
 When you know that spot they have picked is hot,
 And the party's bound to be rough.
 Do you wonder why you're a Paratrooper?
 Why you dared to be scared? Oh what the hell!
 The answer's NO! And it's LOOK OUT BELOW,
 For you know you'll go when you hear the man yell
 Stand up! Hook up! Go!
 Look out below - Look out below -
 Let the static line pull tight.
 Go! Geronimo - Look out below.
 Here we come in our domes of white
 As we shout our war cry from the sky.
 Geronimo! Look out below! Look out below!

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

We heard from Mabel Howell, it was nice to get her note and card. It is a rough time for anyone at Christmas time after you lose a loved one. Hope all is well in your life. Would like to send notes to all Company I men and women but there is not enough time. Bob's Parkinson's takes it's toll on both of us. He is so easy to care for, but with his Peg-tube to feed and medicate, it takes care of my time. We are so glad we went to the Snowbird Reunion when we did. Our prayers for Marie and all others needing our love.

JOSEPH PAGLIOLO JR. (son of Joseph Pagliolo Sr.) - 1180 50th Ave. NE -
Phone (763) 572- 1900 Columbia Heights, MN 55421

I am sorry to report to you that my father, Joseph Pagliolo Sr. of Company I 502nd Parachute Regiment died on January 23, 2002 due to heart failure. His death seemed easy for him without much suffering. My dad greatly enjoyed receiving the Company I Poopsheet with news about his wartime buddies. If possible I would very much like to continue to receive the Poopsheet. I would also be very interested in corresponding with men who knew and served with my father.

MRS. WARD (DORIS) FAULKENBERRY - 1745 Charles Ave. - Lancaster, SC 29720
Phone (803) 283-3746

My husband, Ward Faulkenberry of Company I 502nd Parachute Regiment died March 21, 2002 at home. His bodily functions just stopped working. He was in a full body cast, and he still has shrapnel in his behind. He was the Veterans Affairs Service Officer for 25 years. He was in the hospital 3 weeks and he just never got better. He enjoyed being with his WWII Paratrooper buddies at Reunions, and he looked forward to receiving each issue of the Company I Poopsheet with news about his buddies. I would like to continue receiving the Poopsheet if possible.

JOE and JUNE HENNESSEY - 32 Ave. B - Beacon Falls, CT 06403
Phone (203) 729-8803

Give our love to Marie. We will be at the Snowbird Reunion in February and will also be going on the cruise offered at the Reunion. We are well and hope all of you are the same. We have already had some lousy weather here. Can't wait to go to Florida. We will stay at our Sarasota home from Jan. 4 to April 15 or so.

A LATER LETTER FROM JOE AND JUNE FROM THEIR FLORIDA ADDRESS:

3407 Overcup Oak Terrace - Sarasota, FL 34237 - Phone (941) 955-0527

We heard from Mabel Howell and she forgot to cash a check we sent her, so we're sending you \$20.00 in Jim's memory. It will be one year that he died on January 16. We cared a lot for Jim, he was a great friend. We will sure miss all his nice pictures. We are planning on the Snowbird Reunion and also the cruise. Thought that would be fun.

COMPANY I TREASURY REPORT

Since our last Treasury Report in November we received \$330.00 in donations, we received \$1.16 interest on our money in the bank, we had a balance of \$745.96, leaving us a balance of \$1077.12.

Our expenses since our last Treasury Report are, \$125.66 for reproducing our November Poopsheet, \$73.00 postage this Poopsheet, \$5.00 for address labels this Poopsheet, a total expense of \$203.66. Leaving us a balance of \$873.46.

Yours in the 101st

Bob

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