

Company I Poopsheet

Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne

June 2005

May God Smile
On You Today

Company I Treasury Report

February 1st, a balance of \$738.07 in the bank, the February Poopsheet printing and mailing was \$238.13. The June 1st balance is \$500.16, with a cash donation still to be added. The "kitty" is lower than usual...only enough for one more after this one.

Donations can be sent to **Bob Hartzell, 313 Wentz St., Tiffin, OH 44883**. We do enjoy being in touch and can have another issue in a few weeks/months, plus more in the future based on contributions and desire to keep it going....(I'm lovin' it!) Thank you all so very much!

Especially a big thanks to **Bob Hartzell** for his hard work, love and dedication to Co. I....for without his efforts, maybe Item Co. 502 PIR would not have been in touch after 1945 and never have continued a life experience with each other. It seems he truly has been the 'glue' that kept this Band of Brothers together. It is such a joy to know you all. I hope we'll be in touch as long as there is a Co I veteran among us. Love, Betty

Ashley Haskett, 515 Abington Road, Lenoir, NC 28645; February 22, 2005 Dear 101st friends, My name is Ashley Haskett. I live in Lenoir, NC. I have a good friend from my hometown who was in "I" Company, 502nd PIR in WWII. His name is **Warren Shook**. I have been trying to research his unit. He told me he would like to contact his friend **Earl Kelly** from Maryland. I write a lot of WWII veterans, so I wrote to Mr. George Koskimaki. He, in fact, had a telephone number and address for Mr. Kelly. I called Mr. Kelly, and what a treat it was to talk with him. I told him I was very interested WWII history, especially the paratroopers. My interest in the military stems from a family of war veterans. My father, uncles and grandfather are all war veterans. Ever since I was a young boy I have had a strong interest in the military and history. I hope someday I can get enough information together to write a book. I have

met and written to a lot of WWII veterans. I love to sit and talk to these gentlemen and hear stories from the past. If you could help me in any way I would greatly appreciate it. Thank you and God bless. Sincerely, Ashley Haskett, Lenoir, NC, Phone 828-758-9628

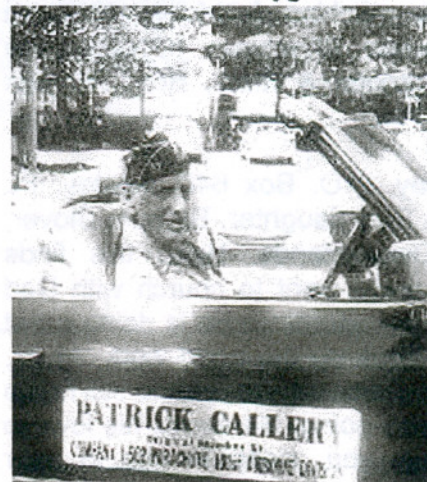
Patrick Callery, pcallery@optonline.net, 629 Park Ave. W. Hempstead, NY 11552, Ph. 516 486 7439

March 1, 2005, Hi, I know I am slow to answer e-mail, but I really love receiving it. I am still on oxygen but am getting stronger. I am looking forward to Memorial Day. I spoke to **Bob Hartzell**. Bob sounded good and said he feels good. Wishing you all the best. Pat

Update, June 10, Dear Friends, Two years ago I had to go on oxygen so I missed the Reunion, last year I had open heart surgery and wound up with a hole in my lung, after two months in the hospital I was sent home in hospice to die. They told my wife Teresa that I might last about two months, I was down to 110lbs. After a week Teresa called my family doctor, that afternoon he sent his nurse over to my house to do an ekg and blood work on me the same evening he came to my house and told Teresa that I had to go right to the hospital and get a blood transfusion and remove the hemic? valve that the other hospital put in my chest. He told Teresa that I wasn't going to die and he would get me back to where I was before the heart operation, he was right i'm still here, we had to miss this years reunion but we hope to make the next one, I'm still on oxygen but with a wheelchair and oxygen!!

I'M STILL THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD Oh, by the way, our doctor gave Teresa his cell phone number and told her to call night or day. I hope this finds you well and happy. With Love Teresa & Pat

Grand marshall of



2005 Memorial Day Parade in his community.

Frances Kopenits, 418 Main St., Vintondale, PA 15961 (daughter of **Rose Hubner**), March 2005, Dear Ms. Hill, I'm writing you on behalf of my mother. Sadly, she passed away August 25. She always looked forward to all correspondence from the paratroopers. He was **Lt. George Larish**. She missed him all these years, always kept close to our family's hearts. He was a wonderful man. I hope now she's with him. So many thanks to all the organizations that kept families in touch. I'm her only child and have a family history book I made for her. So I will pass it on to my children someday. Thanks again from Mom and me. God bless all of you and keep you safe. Fondly, Frances (Hubner) Kopenits

Marilyn Olson, 201 Grant St. PH4, Scwickley, PA 15143; February 15, 2005, Congratulations on the February Co I Poopsheet. You did a super job and the pictures were clearly recognizable. Keep up the good work, it is enjoyed by many. Thanks, Marilyn Olson *(Editor's note: Those kind words are much appreciated, and included here so others may share in hearing from Marilyn, wife of the late Ray Olson. Bob Hartzell said he had a phone call from Marilyn on D-Day and was great to chat with her.)*

John Sanders, Jr., 460 Ann St., Cedarville, CA 96104, age 84, passed away on February 28, 2005.

Email from Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright:

Hi, Betty--Sorry to tell you, but another trooper has gone to be with his maker. We got a call from John Sanders' son, Ernest Asher, saying John passed away on February 28th. He was 84 years of age. We had written to Sanders just a few days ago. He just keeled over and died instantly. Suppose you might say a massive stroke or heart attack. In his last letter to us not long ago, he talked of still running every day and exercising on a machine faithfully. What an interesting letter he wrote. Otherwise, hope you are doing well. Love, Charlotte & Marv, Box 212, Elk Mound, WI 54739

Ed and Clara Mobley, P.O. Box 648, Lawtey, FL 32058, In email from Ed's daughter, Barbara Slover, on **March 28**, Dear friends, Hope this finds everyone well: Cecil and I went to church with Dad (Ed) and Clara on Easter morning. He is doing great for now. Hoping he keeps up the good work. At 82, he is not as strong as he used to be, but he still has a strong will. He keeps on going. He sends his love to each and everyone of you. Keep in him in your prayers. A special love from Florida, Cecil and Barbara Slover and Ed and Clara Mobley

May 31, Barbara writes that her husband, Cecil, whom we've enjoyed seeing at the Snowbird Reunions, is home and slowly getting his strength back after recent by-pass surgery.

Lori Novitini, (neice of Edward Sowder) lnovotni@insightbb.com (new email address) Betty, I've been meaning to drop you a line. My uncle, Thomas R. Sowder (nephew of Edward Sowder, Company I) passed away in Cincinnati, Ohio on March 11, 2005. He had been sick for some time. Two of his favorite things were watching the History Channel and reading the Company I Poopsheet. He really looked forward to getting every issue.

I have several photographs that I want to send to you, perhaps you can put them in one of the future issues. I think they were taken at Fort Benning. My great uncle Eddie is in some, and there are other men as well, so maybe someone out there will recognize them. Lori *(We're still waiting for the pics Lori.)*

Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, April 19, email: We received a phone call this evening from Lola Calderhead, saying that Jim passed away yesterday. Anyone wanting to send condolences to Lola may write her at Lola Calderhead, 778 Mansfield Lucas Rd., Mansfield, OH 44903



The News Journal,
MANSFIELD, OHIO

James "Jim" Calderhead, 79, of Mansfield-Lucas Road died Monday, April 18, 2005, in Woodlawn Health Care and Rehabilitation after a long illness.

He was born August 4, 1925 in Larkhall, Scotland, to David and Agnes

MacFarlan Calderhead, and came to this country in June of 1931 aboard the steamship Cameronia through New York City. He settled in the Mansfield area in 1940, which would become his lifelong home, and attended Mansfield Schools.

On September 8, 1943 he enlisted with the U.S. Army, and served with Company I, 502nd Parachute Infantry in battle campaigns including Normandy, Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe. He was decorated with the European Mediterranean Service Medal with 4 Bronze Stars, Victory Medal and the

Purple Heart with one Oak Leaf Cluster.

On December 18, 1950, Jim accepted a position with Gorman-Rupp in Mansfield, retiring early in April of 1986 as supervisor over production of a parts line.

He had served as an elder and Sunday school teacher of a boy's class for the former Lincoln Heights Gospel Chapel, and more recently attended Grace Evangelical Free Church, which meets in the same location.

Jim enjoyed fishing and golfing, but he really enjoyed working around and maintaining his home, yard and garden. Jim will be remembered for his keen sense of humor, a deep character trait of caring for others, and fervent faith in the Lord.

He is survived by his wife, Lola J. Bemiller Calderhead, whom he married June 27, 1948; their children and their spouses, Linda and Les Campbell of Galena, J. Mark and Judy Calderhead of Lexington, and Scott and Donna Calderhead of Mansfield; ten grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; a sister and brother-in-law, Betty and Paul Hoffman of Mansfield, a brother, David Calderhead of Mansfield, a sister and brother-in-law, Anna and William Cunningham of Houston, Texas; a brother-in-law, Lee Bemiller of Fredericktown; and numerous nieces and nephews.

The family received friends Thursday, April 21, 2005 from 2-4 and 6-8 p.m. in the Lexington Avenue Snyder Funeral Home, where the funeral service were held Friday at 11 a.m. Pastor Denny Nezrick officiated. Burial was in Mansfield Memorial Park.

Memorial contributions to Richland Newhope or Southern Care Hospice may be made at the funeral home.

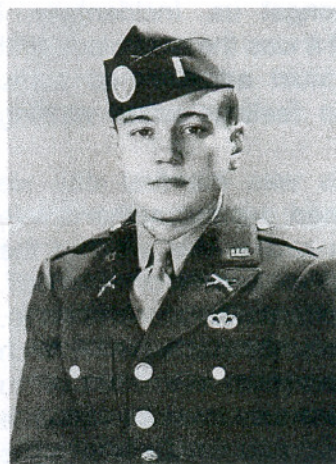
Earl Ralph and Virginia Kelly, 3 Morgan Lane, Aberdeen, MD 21001, Ph. 410-272 3330

Earl and Virginia Kelly's son, Charles Joseph Kelly, 55, lost his long battle with cancer on April 13, 2005. He was a veteran with 2 tours in Vietnam, served in the Seabees and Marine Corps. **May 25**, In a phone conversation with Earl, he sends love and good wishes to everyone in Co. I, and is feeling much better after a virus in late winter and early spring, has been working on special woodworking projects around home.

Estelle Molsberry, 382 Glenwood Pines Ct., Grass Valley, CA 95945, Ph 530-2730-1698,

Tues. May 31, 2005, Dear Betty, will send Bob's obituary to you. He was on his feet until he went into the hospital with pneumonia and with the Parkinson's, but he just could not make it. I had 64 years with him

and he gave me a wonderful life, so I can't ask more than that. The later photo of him didn't turn out too well, so will send another, also some copies of photos Bob took while he was with I Co. in Holland. I still have the same jacket and medals he is wearing in the photo. On 6, Oct. 2944 in the vicinity of Elst, Holland, Bob led his squad across two narrow foot bridges and an open field under enemy fire, accounted for eight enemy dead. He led his squad in attack during which seventeen of the enemy were captured. He received the Bronze Star for personally capturing five of the enemy from their entrenched position, or so his Bronze Star award reads. Jim Howell was one of his men and recalled this incident in a letter to Bob in 1998. Will get this off I hope in time for the Poopsheet. Thank you again for your phone call to me today, Love, Estelle Molsberry. PS, I was born in San Antonio TX and have many cousins there. *(Thank you Estelle for your contribution (\$) to the Poopsheet)*



Robert Molsberry

Private family memorial services for Robert "Bob" Molsberry of Grass Valley was conducted. Mr.

Molsberry died Friday, April 11, at Sierra Nevada Memorial Hospital. He was 85. He was born Aug. 14, 1919 in North Dakota to Henry and Leah Molsberry. He served in the U.S. Army with the

101st Airborne in the Battle of the Bulge and received a bronze star and a purple heart. He was a retired Postmaster. He enjoyed fishing and hunting. He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Estelle Anderson Molsberry; son, Jeffery Molsberry of Nevada City; daughter Kim Dossy of Grass Valley, and four grandchildren. Arrangements were under the direction of Hooper and Weaver Mortuary.

In a 1998 letter from the late **James K. (Jim) Howell**, P.O. Box 528, Aberdeen, MS 39730, **November 1998** and received by **Bob Molsberry** on Nov. 6, 1998, Jim wrote:

Dear Bob, I am going to attempt to write this letter. Don't know if you will appreciate it or not and don't really know why I am writing it. Partly as a result of the movie "Saving Private Ryan", partly because of one or more articles recently about combat veterans,

partly due to a book I have just finished reading entitled "The Deadly Brotherhood" by John C. McManus, and partly because I am getting old and sentimental. As one recent article said, an individual will not write something about himself, so if someone else doesn't, it will never get done. I plan to do the same thing about Sgt. Walter G. Presley. As a scout, I shared many a fox-hole with him. He was also a remarkable combat individual

Best, Holland: We were walking down a row of houses toward the canal before we turned toward the railroad tracks with the British tanks. Germans were jumping from their fox-holes everywhere. There were numerous others, but the only ones in the near vicinity that I can remember were you, W.G. Kelley and myself. You were walking along the row of houses lobbing grenades into second story windows. Obviously, I had a tremendous amount of confidence in your ability, because I do not remember having a back-up plan in the event one of your grenades missed and fell back amongst us. Incidentally, I toured this area in 1964 and it was the only place that had changed very little. Must admit I had some momentary chills and eerie feelings while walking over this area again.

Elst, Holland: I think this was the first day we crossed the road and cleaned out the orchard. We had to do this two days in a row. We entered the brick building with the roof either burned or blown off. Remember there was a dead British soldier inside. We went into and through the house into the ditch and some German fox-holes near the house. You found a way to the top of the roofless wall and had a birds-eye view looking down onto and into numerous German fox-holes. Have no idea of the number, but you destroyed many of the enemy from our elevated position. I am sure numerous DSC's and some MOH's were awarded for less.

Again, Elst, Holland: (Probably that night) We could hear the Germans moving troops back into the orchard. We could hear the distinctive sound of the German machine gun ammunition boxes being carried. "Pres" (Sgt. Presley) sent me back to your hole to see if you could call company and have them throw some 81 mm mortar on the orchard. We had a Platoon leader, don't remember his name, but he was not even considered. You ran the platoon. Don't know how you handled this situation. Military protocol I mean. I was hunkered down over your and his hole talking to you when a mortar barrage came in. Without hesitation, I piled on top of you two. I really think this First Lt. would rather I had been clobbered than fall on top of him. Either that barrage or others

had blown the communication line to Company. You and I crawled on our hands and knees and on our bellies when the shells came in until we found the broken line. You spliced the line, and we returned to your fox-hole and called company for the 31 mm mortar fire.

Notes: In our phone conversation May 31st, Estelle said that Bob's ashes would be buried in her father's grave, as both her father and Bob had requested. Estelle suffered a mild stroke about the same time as Bob's death, and she is now recovering at home, having graduated from a walker to a cane and on June 14, I called again, she was working in her rose garden.

Robert (Bob) Hartzell, 313 Wentz Street, Tiffin, OH 44883, Ph. 419-447-0448. June 14, in a phone conversation with Bob, he was laughing and joking...happy to get up and get going each day! A daughter and grandchild lives with him now. It's good to hear him feeling well. Bob said he had recent phone calls from **Bob Tripp, Harry Nivens, Ralph Kelly, Celso Garcia**, really enjoyed spending some time chatting with them about old friends and their times together.

Marcel Jungbauer, Belgium, May 8, email...

Hello 101 friends, Tuesday, May 4th, the day we commemorate our WW2 victims here, I had the chance to drive down to Luxemburg with my son Lennart (8). This time was special for him, since he also wanted to commemorate his favorite General Patton, also buried in Hamm. And, Doug as you can see in the picture, he's wearing the *Huertgenwald Color Guard* cap with great pride! Remember that we consider it an honor to keep the recollection alive, And see that the next generation is ready to take on the vows we made into the next decades! Lest we forget those gallant men! Marcel



Marcel Jungbauer and his son, Leonart. He's teaching their love and respect and passing the torch to a new generation in Belgium and Holland to care for the graves of our heroes in the national cemeteries.

April 22, Coert en Maurien Voortman, coma40@xs4all.nl Dear 101 Friends, We live in the The Vrijheidslaan (liberty-lane) in Amsterdam, which was the first street in Amsterdam that got liberated by the Canadian forces. Every year on the 5th of May there is a remembrance ceremony on the Amstel bridge over which the Canadians entered the city. We



have from our house a view on that particular bridge. We also dug up foto's in the Archives of Amsterdam, of Nazi's standing in front of our house, which is very strange to imagine if you see how peaceful it is here now, thank to all our liberators. The neighbourhood we live in used to be inhabited by 100% Jewish people, of which the most got deported to various death-camps of NAZI-Germany. We still have 4 survivors of the Holocaust as neighbours, of who 2 are having the NAZI-Auschwitz tattoo in their left under-arm. Off course we spoke a lot to them and even a foundation founded by Steven Spielberg (a jew himself) had interviews with them. This was done to document all the stories for future generations. A lot of these stories we have from 1st hand, as many

survivors returned to Amsterdam, being originally from a very Jewish town. Just 200 meters from where we live, Anne Frank lived for all of her young (free) live, before she got into hiding in the city centre. The address where she lived is Merwedeplein 37 and is not a museum but the house is still in the original style as 60 years ago and is already for 15 years uninhabited. So we live very close to history and therefore know much about what happened before we were born. My dad (born in 1927 in Utrecht) was captured by the Germans on a raid for steel-workers in the Ruhr-gebiet, but he managed to escape from the convoy and went into hiding for 1,5 year. My mom (born in Enschede, German/Dutch border area) lost 4 brothers/sisters on a mistake bomb raid of the English. The English bomb squads thought they were over Germany and dropped all their Brisant bombs (bombs that set fire to everything) and several hit the shelter my mom's family was in. She saw 4 of her brothers/sisters burn to death. During liberation my mom with some friends went into the country-side to have a look at the fighting Canadians and Germans.....All of a sudden they saw a German soldier with a Panzerfaust (RPG) in a ditch preparing to target a Canadian army vehicle. My mom ran to the Canadians and told them where the ambush was, so they cleared the ditch and captured the wounded single German soldier. Not a great heroic deed, but my mom still says that she was not aware of true danger doing those kinds of things.....I admire my mom for doing that. All in all we lost 21 members of our family in WW2, so there are many more stories to tell, perhaps another time..... Coert & Maurien

Left: *The Voortman's watch the Canadian veterans parade by their home on "Liberty Lane", Amsterdam, May 2005.*

Fred and Dolores Kraus, 4114 Murfield Dr., E., Bradenton, FL 34203, Ph. 941-753-8779, After Fred and Dolores had to cancel out on the Snowbird Reunion in February, we finally made the right contact, and they were refunded their reservation money along with an apology for the delay. Fred isn't walking good enough to be out much. *Thank you Fred and Dolores for a contribution to the Poopsheet.*

The last Poopsheet Issue returned with no forwarding address for:

Mrs. Frank Smaldino-Patterson, Dallas, TX 75230

Mrs. Daniel H. (Louise) Burton, Seal Beach, CA 90740

Mrs. Fred A. Wilhelm, Bristol, CT 06010

COREY
SHEPARD

CHAMP
BAKER

ED
AUGUSTANOSKI

BOB
BURNS

BOB
MOLSBERG



Estelle Molsberry
sent us these
pictures from
Bob's collection:

Left to Right:
Corey Shepard,
Champ Baker, Ed
Augustanoski, Bob
Burns, Bob
Molsberry.
Holland 1944.



In comparing the names written on the picture with the list of Co I men jumping into Holland, I came up with the following *identified* troopers in the picture: L -R John F. Rusiecki; Thomas G. Grey; Harry G. Blackledge; Fred A. Wilhelm (he wasn't on the Holland jump list though); Troy W. Norris; LeRoy J. Gravelle; Fred Cid; and Theodore E. Murphy.

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NORRIS

GRAVELLE

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Troopers of the 101st airborne are respected and admired by a younger generation all over the world, as evidenced here by just a few. These young men wanted to share with you their thoughts and appreciation.

L to R: Lucas Vinyard, Corey Mace, Brandon Vinyard, after their jump in Normandy, June 2004, they jumped with the airborne demonstration team near Son, Holland, September 2004. Lucas carries with him on each jump, a picture of a WWII trooper who was killed in action. We met at their jump at Son in Sept.



April 11, 2005, Dear Mrs Hill, I am sorry that it took me so long to reply. I have been very busy. I am trying to get a job with the Park Police in Washington D.C. I want to thank you for the pictures of your brother. I will jump with them in my breast pocket along with the pictures of two other Paratroopers who were killed. I hope everything is well for you and that you are enjoying this spring weather. I read an account

about your brother in Normandy and how he earned his Bronze Star. Amazing. I will be in Normandy again this June and go to the area around where he landed. I have included a photo of myself on the left, Corey Mace, and my brother Brandon before our jump into Normandy. We are so lucky and privileged to have jumped Normandy, Holland, and Bastogne on the 60th. I look back and wish I could do it over again. Sometimes I feel I just can't do enough for these soldiers who gave their life. Every time I come across a picture of a WWII Paratrooper who was killed I just stare at it. I wonder what his story was like and feel like jumping his picture too, but I just don't have enough pockets....Thank you so much! Lucas

MEMORIAL DAY 2005 --- To True Heroes....

This in honor of all the service men and women that sacrificed they're lives so that I may enjoy the fruits of freedom. I am a very proud American and I am proud because of those that have dedicated there time and effort to uphold our way of living, we live in the greatest country in the world. To all the veterans that have served and those that serve today, I would like to say THANK YOU!

Without all the young men and women willing to make the sacrifice for his or her country this nation would not exist today. To all those young men and women who have made the ultimate sacrifice , I pray to the Lord to pass along my thanks. God bless to all and much thanks. Sincerely, **Ashley Haskett**, Lenoir, NC
(Ashley, with his wife, Jennifer and their children are friends and neighbors of **Warren Shook**, Co. I/502, in Lenoir, NC)

**The 60th Annual National Reunion 101st Airborne
will be held in Tampa, Florida from August 10 - 13th in 2005
For additional information, please visit the following site:**

http://web.tampabay.rr.com/gulfcoast101/05_reunion.htm

or contact Jim Joiner, Reunion Chairman [emailto:junglejim101@juno.com](mailto:junglejim101@juno.com)

Tel: (813) 645-8777

May 17, 2005, Mike Austing, Dennison, OH.

Mike shares a poem that was written by his step-uncle, Robert E. Wahrab, who, family stories have it, was the youngest ever United States Marine promoted from enlisted rank to warrant officer (at the time). I believe he was 18 or 19 years old when that promotion occurred, probably during the closing year of World War II or a bit later.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I did when reading it. Our father, Gilbert L. "Bud" Austing, had showed it to me a LOONG time ago, but I didn't really appreciate it then. I hadn't seen it since until Marcia sent it to me. Now, after serving 14 years in the Army, I can greatly appreciate what Uncle Bob was saying. Unfortunately, I can't thank him or tell him what it means to me; Uncle Bob passed away back in the early '80s.

-YES, I SAW YOUR SON-

Yes, I saw your son over there.....
He was tall and dark, had jet black hair.....
His teeth were pearl white; eyes chestnut brown.....
A smile on his face, seldom ever a frown.....
Thoughtful and considerate a person was he.....
One look at him, this you could plainly see.....
Strong and sturdy, prepared for any task.....
Carried out orders, never a question asked.

Yes, I saw your son as we stormed that shore...
He rushed past me and many a score..
Hitting that sandy beach from time to time..
Desperately pushing to the front of that line....
I watched him closely til out of sight.....
Then fell to the ground and hugged it tight.....
No more of your son did I see that day.....
We were well entrenched and there to stay.

Yes, I saw your son that very next morn....
He was lying on the ground, his clothes badly torn...
The enemy had moved in throughout the night.....
This was the result! What a terrible sight!
I rushed to his side, hoping to ease the pain..
But quickly did I see would be all in vain...
It was just a matter of minutes til pain would cease.
It wouldn't be long til his soul rested in peace.

Yes, I saw your son that one last time.
He tried to speak but uttered not a line.
His lips were parched, he pointed to my flask.

I gave him some water, was a difficult task.
His body was now limp as he lay on the ground.
The smile had vanished, replaced by a frown.
He was not willing to leave this bright land.
But the good Lord in Heaven had lifted his hand.

Yes, I saw your son, I'm very proud to say.
His memories will linger through the days.
He was one of many playing the same game.
But the Lord called out, he answered his name.
It is difficult to understand what the Lord hath done...
Without a word of warning, had taken your devoted son.
Taken him away from those he dearly loved.
Only to look on from the high heavens above.

Yes, I saw your son as he was laid to rest....
His work was now finished, he had done his best...
He lies there sleeping in God's great earth.
But his soul is in heaven on a satin lined berth..
A passage was read, appropriate for your fine son...
Praising him on high the great deeds he had done.
Taps were then sounded, and all was mournfully still...
YOUR SON, now peacefully rests on the side of that hill.

Author, Robert E. Wahrab

IN MEMORY

Co. I, 502, troopers whom we have information of having passed from this life in most recent years are:

Richard L. Stephens, Eugene, OR, January 23, 2003
George O. Yutzey, Johnstown, PA, September 8, 2003
John J. Altomare, Baltimore, MD September 2003
Charles R. Womack, Midland, TX April 25, 2004
Manuel C. Gesulga, San Francisco, CA, June 2, 2004
Clyde D. Cater, La Pine, OR, July 4, 2004
Charles Ray Olson, Sewickley, PA, July 27, 2004
John Francis Farrell, Tallahassee, FL, January 2, 2005
Ivan Raymond Hershner, Jr. (Capt.) Arlington, VA January 26, 2005
John Sanders, Jr., Cedarville, CA, February 28, 2005
Robert Molsberry, Grass Valley CA, April 11, 2005
James "Jim" Calderhead, Mansfield, Ohio, April 18, 2005