



# Company I Poopsheet

Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne

July 2006



**Jennifer Warren,** 73594 Cicada Cirle West, New Caney, TX 77357 May 10, 2006, Hi Betty, I am one of the many grandchildren of Bob Hartzell. As a child growing up I always knew that grandpa's life in the Screaming Eagles

was very important. I just didn't know why. I remember when I was 5 seeing the scar on his shoulder for the first time. It scared me. That's when I started to learn that grandpa was a part of something great. I am still learning just how great it was. I really enjoy reading all of the stories that ya'll write in the Poopsheet. I've been saving them to help my daughter understand about her great-grandpa and the great man he is along with the great men he served with. Thank you for keeping up with the Poopsheet. Love and God Bless you all... Jennifer Warren

**Mrs.Corey R Edwina) Shepard,** 4538 Warm Springs, Houston TX 77035, Ph. 713 723 2754 Betty, thank you so much. I can't imagine why I never heard of Mark Bando before. There was another photo of my husband on the 1st page of the 502 Officers. He is in the middle of the top row, and they misspelled Shepard. I remembered a couple of others on the same page: Jordan and John Stopka. And on the middle section the ones I heard about all the time were Chappius and Michaelis and of course Col. Cole (all superior officers). Col Cole and his wife, Allie Mae had a house in Fayetteville where we had a garage apartment. Allie Mae and I were pregnant at the same time, and we were invited to their house for dinner one time. I think Bruce was born before our Robbie and Allie Mae took my mother (who had come to help me on the Base at Bragg while I was in the hospital. She wrote me a post card when Col Cole was killed. She lived in peace time in San Antonio, and we lived in Amarillo.

Again, I appreciate your attachment to this little 'band of brothers'. They are shrinking and some memories are getting a little foggy but their attachment to each other will never fade.

I realize how very fortunate I am to have been allowed to have my husband return from the terrible

WW II and to have such a wonderful family. I remember going to the Prop Blast (big splashy dance party the paratroopers had--the last one before going over seas). There were all those big strapping handsome young men oozing energy and testosterone just passionately ready to get over there and do what they had been training for. I remember after they had gotten there and done the build-up and finally gone in --it was what war is-- this terrible reality and instant death all around as they waded and trugged in those beaches after our guys had dropped into trees and where ever and a lot never made it even for a few minutes. I just never could forget how they looked at that Prop Blast and there was one I remembered particularly just because I had heard him talking so confidently and bravely and he died in the first day or two.

I start out each day almost getting up at 5:00 a m and meeting three of my neighbors in the street to go walking. we walk 4 miles and usually get home about 7:20 . Because I have never been able to go to bed at a sensible hour I stay sleep deprived and after breakfast I try to take a nap. we go 6 days a week and have been doing it for about 12 years we think . We try every once in a while to think exactly when we started but aren't absolutely sure -. some of our grand children have gone through school and one has done high school, university, law school and got married since we started walking. We've gotten great grandchildren, gone grey, gone through a lot of walking shoes, blisters, sore heels, sore throats, aches,'n pains, recipes, jokes , gorgeous sunrises, gotten acquainted with some very interesting people. Love, Edwina

**Mary Cavanaugh,** 954 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort, PA 18704, As usual it was nice hearing from you (*the Poopsheet*), love hearing about the 101<sup>st</sup>. You are doing a great job. Wish I was able enough to attend reunions. Enclosing a donation. Sincerely, Mary Cavanaugh.

**Josephine Kokol,** 4112 S. 405h St., Omaha, NE 68107 - May 17, 2006, In memory of my brother, **Louis J. Morong**, enclosed is a contribution for the Poopsheet. Congratulations on the great job you are





doing on continuing Bob's good work. I enjoy receiving the newsletter even though I don't know the people. I've looked forward to receiving every issue and learning about his buddies. Let's remember 101st Airborne. Jo

**Kathleen Hagan**, Yakima, WA, daughter of **Glenn Moe**, Phone call May 26... Kathleen and a friend are planning to go to Holland on the Operation Torch tour in September. Glenn passed away in 2001. Kathy says her mother is now living in a senior apartment home near her.

**Kathleen Burns**, P.O. Box 84623, Sioux Falls, SD 57118, daughter of **Robert G. Burns**, Phone call May 24...Kathleen called to express her appreciation for the Popsheet and interest in any photos one may have of her father.

**Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hyland**, Tranquility Farm, 3018 Whipoorwill Road, Ellan, VA 22719, Thank you for keeping us informed on the 101<sup>st</sup>. Please accept this donation toward expenses. I hope someday to make a Snowbird Reunion since we are now snowbirds ourselves. Susan Lillyman Hyland  
(*Daughter of Frank and Jane Lillyman*)

*Enjoy - a sweet story enhanced... may God bless you and those you love!*

**Doctor's Appointment .....**

It was a busy morning, approximately 8:30 a.m., when an elderly gentleman in his 80's, arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He stated that he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, we began to engage in conversation. I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry. The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing

home to eat breakfast with his wife. I then inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's disease. As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised, and asked him, "And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?"

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is."

I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought, "That is the kind of love I want in my life."

True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be and will not be.

*Author Unknown.*

**Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright**, Box 212, Elk Mound, WI 54739, Ph: 715 879 8241.. June 21, We finally got Marvin's medals put into a frame. We are so dry right in this area of Wisconsin. All the rains

have been going around us--how frustrating. It takes all the time we can spare to water our big garden. It isn't as good





as rain water, but it seems to be gradually growing a little. We are very busy these days, helping daughter Jennie & Dan prepare for our granddaughters graduation (High School) party. Actually the graduation ceremony was June 11th, but her party is this coming Sunday, June 25. Marv & I made 122 little miniature pecan pies and put them in the freezer until Sunday. Update June 24: Hey! It began raining at noon and rained for about 20 minutes! Won't have to water any more today! Love, Charlotte and Marvin

**Robert J. Hartzell**, Tiffin, OH June 24, In a phone call with Bob... said he hanging in there but is slowing down...occasionally going out to lunch with a family member and to church. Bob sends best wishes to everyone.

**Earl R. and Virginia Kelly**, Aberdeen, MD June 24, in a phone call with Earl, said he is doing well, stays close to home most of the time Earl, dressed in uniform and medals, visited the patients at the local VA hospital on Memorial Day where he was warmly welcomed by all the veterans and staff. He said it was a heartwarming and rewarding experience.. He will be one of this year's four grand marshals in the July 4<sup>th</sup> parade in the town of Harv de Grace, Maryland, near Baltimore. He enjoyed the recent phone calls from **Ed Mobley** and **Harry Nivens** and sends his love to everyone. In this issue is one of the WWII stories involving Earl and a friend from Mark Bando's new book.

**Donald J. O'Neil**, Sarasota, FL, June 24, in a phone call with Don, he is slowly recovering from surgery complications in early spring time now walking with the aid of a walker. In July, he will be moving into assisted living in Rochester Hills, Michigan, which is near his daughter. He sends warm greetings to all.

**Joe and June Hennessey**, Southbury, CT, in a recent phone call with Joe. They're well and now back at home in a rainy Connecticut from their winter abode in Florida. Best wishes from Joe and June...

**Ed and Clara Mobley**, Lawty, FL, June 24, Ed was just recently in the VA hospital to remove fluid build-up around his heart. He is at home now, feeling as he said, 100 percent better, can breath good now! They send love and good wishes to all.

**Pat and Teresa Callery**, W. Hempsted, NY, recent emails from Pat indicate he is sharp and still on top of

things even with the aid of the constant oxygen tank. It's good to receive viewpoints that he has inked to our government leaders and media news programs.

#### POOPSHEET EXPENSES:

Balance before May issue	\$351
Printing & Postage May issue	- 155
Donations Received	+ 70
Balance prior to this issue	\$266

Thank you for the messages and your donations to keep the Poopsheet alive. Our current mail list is in this issue.

Please help us with updates and corrections you may want to add.

Would be nice to have an email address from you also. Send to:

**Betty T. Hill**, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 Phone 281 277 3787  
email [bith23@yahoo.com](mailto:bith23@yahoo.com)

#### GRANDKIDS.... AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL...

An elderly woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws.

"You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fella. Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head.

His grandmother knelt down next to him "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles, she said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek "Freckles are beautiful!"

The boy looked up, "Really?"

"Of course," said the grandmother. "Why, just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles."

The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma's face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles."

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When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied "I'm not sure."

"Look in your underwear, Grandpa," he advised.

"Mine says I'm four."



## MEMORIAL DAY 2006, WASHINGTON, DC

From [www.screamingeagle.org](http://www.screamingeagle.org) website:

*The following is taken from a June 3, 2006 article about the Memorial Day Weekend activities from the Screaming Eagles Association President Larry Redmond - Pictures courtesy of Charles Gant are added.*

Wanted to let you all know what a great job was done by the Washington Capital Chapter over the Memorial Day Weekend. To say it was a great time is an understatement. A true GLORY PILL. The Capital Chapter Gang deserve some great accolades for all they did. I include in this comment especially Dennis Husereau, Bob Ponzio and Dick Schonberger for their outstanding work. Lots of others deserve mention in dispatches also, too numerous to mention but they all have my thanks. CK Gailey and George Malleck have been doing great work visiting the WIA at WRAMC, Hooah for that. More on that to follow.

The Saturday activity included being bussed to the WWII Memorial, where Vinnie Vicari, Bob Lott and Joe Bossi Jr placed a wreath. Vinnie spoke and not long either. Good job. We then bussed and walked to the Korea Memorial and the VietNam Wall where wreaths were laid. It was truly quite a moving experience. After that we all returned to an informal lunch and then to an outstanding HOSPITALITY ROOM set up by the Capital Gang. Evening saw us gathered around a large conference room table doing what Screaming Eagles do pretty well, imbibing and telling war stories.

On Sunday we all traveled to the 101st Memorial at Arlington. My talk was short, just at two minutes (everyone appreciated that). We unveiled the 265 RRC engraving on the back of the Memorial. As in Nam they remain in the shadows. The next time you are in D.C. check it out. As you face the Monument the far right corner of the granite behind the Memorial is where you will find it. Then MG Schloesser, spoke for about 5 minutes. Great talk and a true SE. (Note; If you haven't heard, MG Schloesser is now designated as the next CG of the Division to replace MG Turner who will be getting his third star.)

We then proceeded to place 26 wreaths in front of the Memorial. Dennis tells me that is a record.

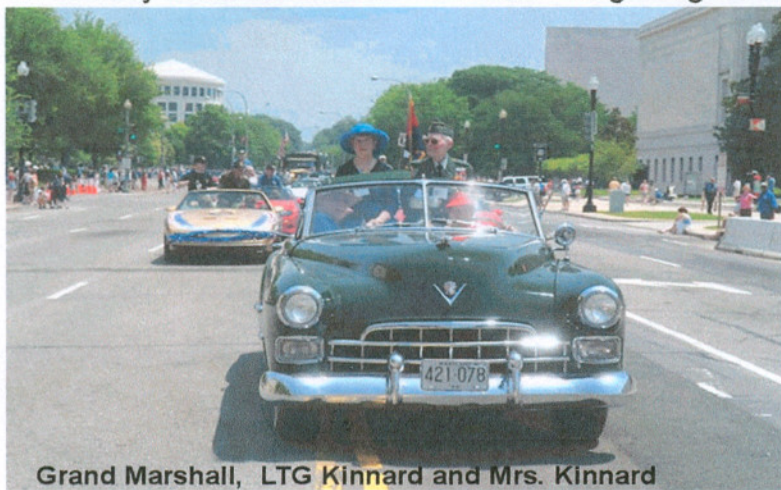


Following the ceremony at the Memorial we returned to a great lunch at the Hyatt where Ben Lam, CPT ARVN, was honored by the ASSN for his 7 years combat service with the Division in VietNam and his continued service to the Association. We also honored Bob Ponzio for his efforts over the years to make these Memorial Day Activities all they are now.

The gang did have to put up with a short talk on the State of the Assn from me and then Ben Lam gave a gang buster talk about what it means to him to be an American and a member of our brotherhood. With us all morning and at lunch we had three of our WIA from WRAMC. They were superb and had a great time. SSG Wilson one of the Division LNOs at WR was also in attendance. Following lunch we sort of all adjourned to the Hospitality room. I think I mentioned they had one, didn't I?



On Monday we assembled at 1100 under the guiding hand of Dick Schonberger to be part of the First Official



Grand Marshall, LTG Kinnard and Mrs. Kinnard

Memorial Day National Parade. They were late getting this organized due to the usual D.C. red tape but let me tell you IT WAS superb. They had about 175 marching units and WOW, some of them were fantastic to include the 101st element led by LTG Harry W.O. Kinnard at 91 years of age.

The G3 of the Division at Bastogne is a true trooper and still going strong. Dick Schonberger magically produced 8-10 convertibles from a local car club and we all rode. With us for the parade were 5 WIAs from WR. I can only tell you that Constitution Ave was packed and the people very supportive! We, at least Specialist Max Ramsey form the 506th, made the front page of the Washington Times, HOOAH! Following the parade we adjourned to the, yes you guessed it, the Hospitality Room.



I delayed my departure for home on Tues and spent all Tues AM visiting our WIA at WRAMC. it was amazing to see those lads. They are super, motivated, and Air Assault to the MAX. I can't say enough about their attitude, patriotism and love for our Division. Just fantastic. I don't know where we keep finding men and women like them. Guess the crowds on Constitution Ave at the Parade point up that Patriotism isn't

dead and our future soldiers are there. It was overall one heck of a Glory Pill, and I was proud to represent our over 8,000 members at these activities.

One more point of interest to all. One of the 3rd Infantry Regiment Chaplains, CPT Stephen Pratel Sr. gave the invocation at the Memorial Service. Both Dick Schonberger and I had interviewed him as a possible Association Chaplain to replace Chuck L who has not been able to continue in that capacity. He is a former First Brigade Chaplain and was recommended by his old BN Commander. He is ramrod straight and a recruiting poster candidate ( Wonder if I was ever that young and good looking?) Chaplain Pratel gave a superb Invocation and Benediction. I asked him if he would serve us, and he agreed.

Hence I am announcing to you that under my prerogative as Association President I have appointed Chaplain, Captain Pratel as our new Association Chaplain. To my knowledge this is the first time since Father Sampson of WW II fame that we have had a serving military Chaplain as our Chaplain. Chaplain Pratel will make every effort to be at the Minnesota Reunion in August.

Planning for the Minneapolis Reunion is going well. Should be a great gathering. Looking forward to seeing you all in Minneapolis in August. God Bless our Screaming Eagles and God Bless the USA.

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The following accounts are taken from Mark Bando's website.

[www.101airborne2.com](http://www.101airborne2.com)

The photo has been added (is not in the book).. Earl Kelly (Left) with Mark Bando at the Snowbird Reunion, February 2005, Photo by Betty Taylor Hill.

## "They're not Gonna Put ME Outta This Outfit!"

In studying the battlefield actions of 101st troopers one continually hears tales of men who refused evacuation for medical treatment, despite wounds which partially disabled them. There were a

number of reasons behind this phenomenon. First and foremost, these individuals would have felt they were letting their buddies down by leaving the front line with one less armed friendly trooper. The general feeling was that walking out was cowardly; only being carried out was acceptable. There was also an element of not wanting to miss the action. Finally, there was a real fear that they would be transferred to a strange outfit after hospital recuperation. There is no doubt the men took great pride in belonging to the elite Screaming Eagle Division.

Take the case of Willis Cady. Bill Cady trained with HQ/3, 502 and jumped into Normandy with Company 'G'. Bill Cady was a little guy from the Buffalo, NY area, and was always trying to prove himself. He had worked as a cook in a hotel in NY before the war started. In the dark first hour after landing in Normandy, Bill happened to meet Earl Kelly, and the duo was lost, like everyone else that night. They set off along a road to search for friendly troops. At a curve in the road, the moon came out and as they rounded the bend, MG42 fire was directed at them. A German roadblock had spotted them. Earl eased back around the corner, out of the line of sight of the German gunner. Then he realized that Bill Cady had advanced briskly in the direction of the Germans, when he heard a racket of shouts and gunfire.

Earl rounded the bend and ran up to the obstacle to see if he could assist. Cady had killed half a dozen German soldiers at pointblank range, but a seventh had butt-stroked Cady, knocking him down. Kelly shot that kraut as he was about to finish Bill off. That ended the action. An examination of Bill Cady's face indicated it was badly bruised, swollen and bleeding in places. "When we find our outfit, you'd better have the medics look at that", said Earl.

"Oh no, I'm not turning myself-in to no Medics', said Bill' they're not gonna put ME out of this outfit!"

Cady never did receive medical attention and several days later, he told Earl: "You know what,



Kelly? I don't even have to close my left eye when I aim my rifle any more. I can't see a thing out of it!"

So great was Cady's love of his buddies and his division, that he went through the duration of WW2 blind in one eye, his handicap unrecognized by his superiors or peers. Nor did he receive a medal for taking out the German roadblock on D-Day morning. Kelly says: "Bill Cady couldn't whip his way out of a wet paper bag when it came to fist fighting. He weighed about 120 pounds, but thought he could whip anyone. We came home together in 1945, then drove up from my family home in MD, to visit his relatives in NY. On that long drive, we got to arguing and Bill said 'Pull this car to the side of the road! I'm gonna whip your ass!' We got out in a farmfield and I whipped him (Kelly had been a welterweight on the 502 boxing team) then we got back in and continued to drive. About 20 minutes later, Cady says 'I'll bet you couldn't do that AGAIN!', so we pulled over and I whipped him again. We stopped three times to fight on that trip, but he was never convinced that I could really whip him."

Later, the duo cased a Bookie joint in MD, and planned to rob it, using souvenir weapons they had brought home from the war. But Earl changed his mind when Cady said "We leave NO Witnesses." Earl told him: "Dammit Bill-I know how you are! You plan to shoot everyone in there, don't you?" Bill was silent for a moment, then simply said: "NO Witnesses..." Earl talked him into forgetting about the robbery (and was called a coward and lots of other choice names by Bill). Then, instead of pulling the robbery the pair joined the Merchant Marine on a whim, serving a short tour.

Earl was recalled for the Korean War, and later worked at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. Many years later, in the 1970's, Earl received a letter from Bill Cady's wife, informing that he had suddenly died as a result of a brain aneurysm. This may have been the result of a time bomb planted in his head on June 6, 1944, an injury which was never reported nor documented because of his devotion to the 101st Airborne. Is it any wonder that the Germans couldn't defeat a division full of men like these? Such characters epitomized the spirit of the Airborne. As S.L.A. Marshall wrote: "They were men indeed, and their enemies were well warned to beware of them as long as they remained above ground."

## "Lt.Gives his C.O. A black Eye- And Gets Away With it!"

This was the headline in Stars n Stripes. Here's the story:

On 18 September, 1944, a dual purpose German 88mm flak gun was captured on the edge of the Son Drop Zone. LTC John Michaelis, C.O. of the 502 PIR was several hundred yards away, in a small Dutch house, shaving. As he looked in the mirror, it suddenly jumped off the wall, striking him in the face, giving him a black eye. The abandoned 88 had fired one flat trajectory round, which came through the wall of the C.P., passing between Michaelis and Lt. Sid Clary. Fortunately, for everyone in that house, the round was a steel armor-piercing round, which flew through the house, made a hole in the far side, and kept going. Troopers looking out the window saw the spent round bouncing between the trees.

Why the gun fired: Lt Sam Carp of B/502 related the following to me in 1997. Some other officers had suggested that he should walk over to the abandoned German gun and spike it with explosives, to prevent it being used again, if that area was recaptured by German troops. Sam dutifully hiked



the 300 yards and found a crate of German stick grenades lying near the abandoned 88. He tied a circle of these grenades around the breech of the flak cannon then tied a long suspension line to the bead at the end of the string of one of them. He then backed-off and took shelter in a nearby trench, then yanked the line to activate one of the grenades. He had not opened the breech of the 88, to determine if it was loaded. There was a live 88mm A.P. shell in the chamber. When the grenades detonated, they fired the round in the chamber. This flak cannon was aimed directly at the 502 C.P., several hundred yards away. I've heard that LTC Steve Chappuis was standing in an orchard in front of the house when the shell also narrowly missed him.

One of the angry senior officers later stated to the embarrassed Lieutenant: "Carp, I never knew whose side you were on, but until today, I never thought it mattered!" Miraculously, no friendly troops were hurt, the only casualty being Sam's pride. He told me to get the story right when I tell it and he claimed that a small article about the incident appeared in a late 1944 Stars n Stripes with the above-captioned heading. This story is well-known within the 502 regiment and has achieved legendary status within that organization. But you won't find it in official histories. It is yet another of the many 'forbidden tales' of the WW2 eagle division.

Webmaster's (Mark Bando) note: If you enjoyed these stories, you'll like my 6th book, 'Avenging Eagles-Forbidden Tales of the 101st Airborne in WW2'. Mark

21 June, 2006-see ordering info below.

This long-awaited collection of tales that couldn't be included in my regular history books has finally been written. The stories describe training and combat mishaps, like parachute malfunctions, accidental shootings, brawls with members of other units, sexual encounters, battlefield mayhem and summary disposal of prisoners. Most of the stories you have never heard before, unless you read them on the Trigger Time website.

Walt Whitman wrote:

"The real war will never get in the books."

By self-publishing this work and avoiding any potential censorship, sanitizing or editing, I am trying to ensure that this particular slice of WW2 DOES get into book form. Only some of the names have been changed, to protect the concerned parties and their families from any potential embarrassment or hurt.

Most of these stories were previously known only to members of combat squads, platoons or companies.

This book could not have been written without 3.5 decades of research and interviews with almost 1,000 veterans of the WW2 101st Airborne Division by the author.

**BOOK IS AVAILABLE NOW - SEND ORDERS TO:**

Mark Bando  
PO Box 40715  
Redford, MI 48239

Mail Order price will be \$33- (\$30- plus \$3- for postage and mailing costs.)

Make checks payable to Mark Bando, NOT to the title of the book!

In-person sales will be \$30-per book.

The book is cloth-bound, 6 x 9", with a dust jacket. It is approximately 70,000 words in length, and about 200 pages. There are about 25 photos, in a center section.

I will be the sole distributor of this book, until the first printing is sold-out. So buying it from this website or in person from the author, will be the only means of getting a copy.

Overseas orders will be shipped to the UK and continental Europe only.

Terms: Total price per book including packing and shipping to Europe: Forty (40) Euros per book, paid in cash. If you are nervous about sending cash in the mail, don't order the book. U.K. orders, \$45- in U.S. money, either cash or money order, per book.



CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

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First Class Mail



July 4<sup>th</sup>  
Happy Independence Day



### Dates to Remember:

**August 2 -6, 2006 - 61<sup>st</sup> Annual Reunion 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne, Minneapolis, MN**

**September 15 -25, 2006 - Operation Torch - Tour of Operation Market Garden, Eindhoven, Holland's Liberation Celebration, and tour the Battle of the Bulge area at Bastogne. Check the May 2006 Poopsheet for details and registration form. Deadline for registration is July 31, 2006. Call me if I can provide more information. Betty**

This morning when the Lord opened a window to Heaven, He saw me, and asked: "My child, what is your greatest wish for today?" I responded: "Lord please, take care of the person who is reading this message, their family and their special friends. They deserve it and I love them very much."

