



# Company I Poopsheet



Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne

July - August 2007



**Mabel Howell (Mrs. James K. Howell)**, 6/6/07  
Aberdeen, MS I have really enjoyed the newsletters and the emails, do wish I would keep up better. I haven't got to talk to any of our friends lately. Will have to get with it. seems like I

never get it all done lately. I am going to New Jersey this month one of my grandaughters are graduating HS. All is well here, still think of the guys when special things come up. Like today for sure. Memorial Day is always a sad time for me also, Jim use to watch the news and all the speeches on TV that day. I have been doing good, but still go to doctors too much but seems like that the way it goes. Use to be able to go to one doctor, now you have to go to different ones for everything. I am going to have cataracts removed in August. They will do one eye and two weeks later do the other one if all goes well. Getting Old.

Tell all hello for me and I might have some better news next time. Been meaning to write Estelle Molsberry for some time now, I did here from her. Also want to call Maryiln Olso, Mary Celso, June Hennessey and others. But will say hello to all with this email. Love Mabel

**Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright**, Elk Mound, WI, 6/7/07, thanks a million A super job at getting out the Poopsheets. We've both read it from cover to cover. We met Heinz Onnermann at the reunion in 2002. In fact, have a picture of him, taken with Earl Kelly & Marv. Back then he was living in Canada. Our garden is growing very well. Had a tornado watch a good part of today, but nothing developed. Not even rain. Our love, Marv & Charlie

**Patrick R. Burns**, Minneapolis, MN, 6/7/07 A D-Day story about my grandfather, **Robert (Bob) Burns**, below. Tom Burns is Bob Burns' nephew and is a Vietnam Vet who lives in SD. The family thinks of "Uncle Bob" often and Tom is always good for a story we have not heard. I just read the new Poopsheet

and appreciate you taking the time to do it - I am beginning to feel like I know some fo the people that I have read about a few times. Patrick

**Dr. Thomas & Roni Burns** (nephew/niece of **Bob Burns**) One of my favorites is what he told me one June day. He said he was cornered by some of his buddies who said they were at the Elks Club having a drink to toast D-Day and wondered where he was (they drank on June 6). Uncle Bob said, "I was there having a drink the night before; I started my war on June 5th" That little story reminds us that this "Band of Brothers" jumped into that June night to prepare for the landing of the rest of them. America will never forget what they did Even Garrison Keillor remembers 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Bob Burns was my father's brother. I know a lot of Bob Burns stories and would love to hear about some of his men. Dr. Thomas Burns, 125 North Shore Drive, McCook Lake, SD 57049

**Ed and "Clara Mobley, Barbara and Cecil Slover**, 6/8/07 **Lawty and Hampton, FL**, Thanks for the picture of dad and Gen. Petraeous We had some close calls from the fires in North Florida. They were only two miles from us here in Hampton. My children are firefighters so we had fears on both sides of these fires. Praise God they were in HIS HANDS and so were our homes. No homes were lost in our county but many, many acres of pine trees were burned. Dad (Ed) will be here at our home for Fathers Day. We are having a dinner for him. Hope all the fathers in the 101st had a wonderful day as well. Barbara, Cecil, Edward and Clara

**Tom Timmermans, Eindhoven ,Netherlands.** 6/14/07 [www.battledetective.com](http://www.battledetective.com) I promised you to send pictures and some reports about my stay in Normandy, but here is ssomething you will notice. 6/14/07 It is about the marker that was unveiled in Carentan in honor of 502 3rd Bn's CO Robert G. Cole and the Battalion's bajonet charge! There is a big mistake in the text in the plaque. The farm was the END of the Bayonet attack! And after the attack Cole set his CP in the building. Then the fight for the cabbage patch took place on later time. I have enclosed some pictures of the Ingouf farm I took last week. Tom (Picture on another page of this issue, and

many interesting "Then and Now" photos are on Tom's website: [www.battledetective.com](http://www.battledetective.com) )

**Mrs. Teresa (Patrick) Callery**, 114 Syracuse Ave., Medford, NY 11763 July 1, 2007, I want to thank everyone for their thoughts and prayers. I am moving in with my daughter on July 7. My new address is: 114 Syracuse Avenue, Medford, NY 11763  
Love, Teresa Callery

**Dr. Harold Parham**, Jacksonville, FL, July 2, 2007, Received a complimentary note from Dr. Parham regarding the Poopsheet. It had a "for your eyes only"; however, I'm always so happy to hear from a veteran of Item Company, can't help but tell it came and that he is doing well. Thank you all for your great support!! Betty

**Joe and June Hennessey**, Southbury CT, phone call July 5, 2007. They are well, and have their home in CT for sale, planning to move to their home in Florida to live year-round. Will keep us posted.

**Robert (Bob) Hartzell**, Tiffin, OH, phone call, July 5, 2007. Bob is doing okay, said he stumbles a little even with the walker, but enjoying each day and sends his love.

### MEET BEN GAMES...A GOOD FRIEND OF THE AIRBORNE TROOPER AND A FELLOW SOLDIER...



**Ben R. Games, PhD**, Major, CW-4, USA & USAF, TCNA-6, calls his home town Elkhart, Indiana. He was commissioned Army Aviation Class 43K. **Flew Bombers and night fighters in WWII.** During the Korean period he flew Jet Fighters and in Vietnam Chinook CH47

helicopters (1969-1970). He is a member of the the North American Mach Busters Club and Distinguished Flying Cross Society with 737 recorded combat hours. Ben was awarded the DFC, Bronze Star, 13 Air Medals, Army Commendation Medal, 2 Medals for Valor, and 2 Legion of Merit. He also

served as a pilot with the 1st Cavalry Division, 5th, 8th, 13th, 20th Air Forces, INANG, & MIARNG.

Ben's duties and responsibilities allowed him to live in different countries around the globe which included Japan, Texas, France, Vietnam, Okinawa, and Grand Turk. Along with his supportive wife (Whirly Girl #86, the eighty-sixth woman in the world to become a helicopter pilot) they made their home in all of these lands. After thirty-five years he retired from military flying and became General Manager of the Turks and Caicos National Airline. They have two sons and three grandchildren

*Poopsheet Editor's note: A letter the Poopsheet received recently from Ben Games, along with a premier copy of his latest manuscript: It relates a good example of the many times he assisted paratroopers in time of trouble:*

18 June 2007, To Editor Airborne newsletter: I'm not really sure why a Army Bronze Star without a "V" Device was awarded. It may have been for volunteering to climb sixty feet down a ladder off the rear ramp of a 1 st Cav. Div. Chinook (CH-47) onto the side of a mountain where forty-five troopers were trapped by an attacking force of North Vietnamese. The trees on the side of the mountain were over 70 feet tall, and Slicks (UH-1) could not make the pick up. Using a Chinook was the only way to get everyone at the same time. With a ladder off the ramp and one through the center hatch the Chinook let down between the trees until they almost touched the blades. The sixty foot rope ladders were then close enough to the ground that the troopers could start climbing. Cobra gun ships and OH-6s with gattling guns kept the attackers at bay.

This was a new system and had never been used in a combat situation. My job was to show the troopers what they had to do and how to climb without the rope ladders swinging. I was 45 years old, white hair, weighed 210 lbs, and old enough to be their father. It was a one way climb down for me:

When the last five men were climbing I stepped on the last ring of the ladder and signaled for the Chinook to lift. It climbed straight up 2,000 feet, flew five miles, and let down on a dirt road so I could calmly walk up the ramp.

Or; it may have been the time Helen (my wife) and I rode in the back of a Korean Marine White Horse Division 2~ Ton truck.

Or; it may have been when I led 17 troopers in a attack on an enemy machine gun that had shot my

Chinook down at LZ Vivian.

Or; it may have been when Helen and I were fish bait for a trap to destroy North Vietnamese Tanks.

Ref: Attached copy of "A Terrorist Mirror".

Once a soldier, always a soldier... Ben Games, PhD

*Ben has generously shared a "working manuscript" of his next book, "A Terrorist Mirror". Mostly about the North Vietnamese tank battle, and much too lengthy to include, but here is the first paragraph*

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"History is a window that looks into the future. All my stories seem to start by remembering yesterday. This one started as a letter to the Florida 13<sup>th</sup> District Representative Vern Buchanan written on my birthday 5 May 2007. I am now 83 and was trying to get Vern to read about when President Abraham Lincoln wrote, Quote; "Congressmen who willfully take action during wartime to damage morale and undermine the military are saboteurs. They should be arrested, exiled, or hanged." It seems like a good plan.

*The above "A terrorist Mirror" will be latest of Ben Game's many books published by Bantam's Little Big Books. Some of his military titles include:*

**MY GUARDIAN ANGEL** is about flying during WW II & Korea.

**WITHOUT PREJUDICE** is an autobiography of an Army Aviator during the Vietnam War.

**POWERED PARACHUTE ZONE** is a Coffee Table Picture Book about flying powered parachutes from farmers fields. It's all about being free.

**LIFELONG MEMORIES** -- A VFW Biography of Ben R. Games, PhD, Army Aviator & USAF Pilot by Vicki Lopez includes Tributes, Pictures, Movie, and stories. (Free, On-line at VFW website)

*Poopsheet Editor's note: The following book is about Joseph Kelly, the brother of Company I veteran, Earl Kelly. Books are available on-line at amazon.com and Barnes and Noble.com or their stores*

**CONFESSION OF A CIA INTERROGATOR** is a non-fiction adventure story covering 2 1/2 years of a CIA Contract Agent in Vietnam. It was the period when the Paris Peace Talks name was changed to the Paris Peace Accord to prevent the American people from learning that the United States had given up the fight to save the Vietnamese people from the Communist. It was a strange war where the citizen-soldiers of the United States never lost a battle but

were defeated by the Communist lies told to their families at home.

The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) discovered the Communist Plan to move the North Vietnamese Army on selected routs to encircle the US Army and trap them in Saigon to create an American Dunkirk on the day Paris Peace Accord was to take effect. It would prove to the world that the US Army had run from the battle field.

Mr. William Colby head of the CIA efforts in Vietnam was informed of the Communist Plane, and he along with a few patriots in the CIA developed a system to give the US Army time to leave Vietnam in a controlled military disengagement. This plan was so secret that no name was given to it and only the men who were fighting to save America from becoming a Communist State knew. Bill Colby used every tool available to him. One was a CIA Contract Agent Gilbert H. Moriggia, a CIA Interrogator, and another was the secret CIA Dai Phong Program. The basic plan was simply a matter of obtaining immediate intelligence and to destroy the communist (VC in all junctions of the North Vietnamese Army's transportation routes to Saigon.

This is a nonfiction adventure story of how a CIA Contract Agent helped Bill Colby's give the US Army time to save themselves.

#### **A BIG THANK YOU FROM CHARLES GANT Governor, 502<sup>nd</sup> Regiment**

June 22, 2007, I must apologize for not writing sooner to thank you for placing my request for donations in helping to purchase the wreaths for our 502<sup>nd</sup> fallen heroes during the ceremonies over Memorial Weekend. The placement in your well written and informative newsletter was very helpful as I received more donations from WWII era people than ever before and I was able to purchase all five wreaths without having to go into debt for our 502<sup>nd</sup> account is always struggling at best.

Regrettably, due to back trouble I was unable to drive to Washington myself to perform my duties as the 502<sup>nd</sup> governor which depressed me greatly for I take my duties very seriously, but I my dear friend, LT General Charley Otstott (ret) and Fred Behrens were more than honored to step up and lay our three wreaths at Arlington for us during the ceremony. I only wish I had some photographs to send to you.

The 2/502<sup>nd</sup> Battalion commander, Mike Getchell and others within the 502<sup>nd</sup> area at Fort Campbell had a nice ceremony on the traditional Memorial Day and laid the two other wreaths at the 502<sup>nd</sup> and the

2/502<sup>nd</sup> Memorials to honor our fallen heroes as well so the younger troops of today could see that we not only appreciate their sacrifices, but never forget the supreme sacrifices such as your brother and others made so long ago. We never forget.

I have also been working on a fundraiser for one of my fellow Strike Force comrades who is stricken with neurological neuropathy as a result of Agent Orange Contamination, but this was a fundraiser we wanted to keep within our Strike Force family as we have so many ill WWII vets within the Association, so we only reached out to Strike Force members in his behalf.

I hope you will be attending the reunion in Omaha and the 502<sup>nd</sup> unit dinner as well since you are a part of our family. I also hope you will mention the 502<sup>nd</sup> dinner although it is mentioned in the Screaming Eagle Magazine and has been this whole year.

It is always wonderful to have as many of our WWII 2/502<sup>nd</sup> vets with us as possible as time with them is so precious to me and to everyone. I was hoping to go to Holland this September on another tour with Joe and a number of WWII veterans who are still physically able to go, but it looks like I will be having back surgery which will most likely knock me out of traveling overseas which is a major disappointment to me.

It is going to be hard enough to drive to Nebraska, but I am going to have to take it slow and easy and stop a great deal as I can only drive a couple of hundred miles at a time, but I have a lot of stuff to carry out there so flying is out of the question.

Again, thank you for all that you do for the 502<sup>nd</sup> of all eras and I look forward to seeing you in Omaha .  
Charlie Gant, Governor 502<sup>nd</sup> Regiment  
101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division Association  
Liaison 2/502<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Battalion 67-68 Vietnam

*Chip Cifone* <[lcifone@comcast.net](mailto:lcifone@comcast.net)> wrote:

Website update: [www.502pir.com](http://www.502pir.com) Just wanted to let you know that I redesigned my entire site. When you get a chance pay a visit. Hope all is well and thanks for all your support. Chip

*Poopsheet note: Chip would like to add individual photos of the Item Company men. Send them to the Chip or at the above email or to the Poopsheet Editor.*

**Life is a gift, unwrap it and enjoy!**

## *Travel to Airborne areas of WWII?*

### **OPERATION TORCH SEPT. 14-15**

June 15, 1007 Joe Bossi, the American contact for the tour, writes that the Torch trip this year is shaping up nicely with the interest of some active-duty soldiers from the 101st planning to be a part of the group, including the Color Guard and 101st Soldier and NCO of the year out of Ft. Campbell, KY attending. Joey Bossi (Joe'sson) will also be returning and Dick Winter's, a nephew of the E/506 (Band of Brothers) Richard (Dick) Winter's, hopes to join us.. Dick is a veteran of the 101st Airborne and 82nd and 173rd Abn Brigade.

To join this tour, contact Joe Bossi. phone 931-624-8060. Register on-line at [www.screamingeagles.nl](http://www.screamingeagles.nl)

## **G-2 Associates Historical Tours**

**Check out the tours planned by Chris Anderson, Donald Musso and Steph Leenhouders, the accomplished travel staff of G-2 Associates.** Their remaining 2007 and planned 2008 Historical, Leadership, and Custom Tours can be seen on-line at [www.g-2associates.com](http://www.g-2associates.com) or contact them at:

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### **THEY WALK AMONG US.....**

One day I was walking down the beach with some friends when one of them shouted, 'Look at that dead bird!' Someone looked up at the sky and said, 'Where?' .....

I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area, so I went



**Everyone seems  
normal until you  
get to know them**

to the lost luggage office and told the woman there that my bags never showed up. She smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional and I was in good hands. 'Now,' she asked me, has your plane arrived yet?'.....

While working at a pizza parlor I observed a man ordering a small pizza to go. He appeared to be alone and the cook asked him if he would like it cut into 4 pieces or 6. He thought about it for some time before responding. 'Just cut it into 4 pieces; I don't think I'm hungry enough to eat 6 pieces.'

.....Yep, They Walk Among Us! They Walk Among Us, AND they re produce, and WORST OF ALL... they VOTE!

### **Sacramento, CA., May 17, 2007 Air Force Master Sergeant Saves The Life of an Air Force Officer During Horse-Back Riding Mishap**

An Air Force First Lieutenant narrowly escaped serious injury recently when he decided to try horse back riding, even though he had no lessons or prior experience.

He mounted the horse, unassisted, and the horse immediately sprang into action. As it galloped along at a steady and rhythmic pace, the Lieutenant began to slip from the saddle. In terror, he grabbed for the horse's mane, but could not get a firm grip. He tried to throw his arms around the horse's neck, but he began to slide down the side of the horse anyway! The horse galloped along, seemingly impervious to its slipping rider.

Finally, losing his frail grip, the Lieutenant attempted to leap away from the horse and throw himself to safety. Unfortunately, his foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was now at the mercy of the horse's pounding hooves as his head struck against the ground over and over and over. As his head was being battered against the ground and he was mere moments away from unconsciousness, to his great fortune an Air Force Master Sergeant shopping at the nearby Wal-Mart saw him and quickly unplugged the horse.

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### **EXPENSE REPORT**

Balance before June/July Issue	\$495
Cost of June/July Issue ( w/coupons)	\$127
Contributions Received	\$100
Balance before this issue	\$468

**If you're receiving this newsletter by regular mail and would like to receive the Poopsheet only via email, please let us know at [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com) Put "I Company newsletter" in your subject line. Note: the PDF file can be between 2 and 3 MB**

**Send Poopsheet correspondence to Betty T Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 Phone: 281-277-3787 email: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)**  
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### **Cpl. Walter G. Presley memories .....**

**lynn McKelvey, Midland, TX, daughter of Walter G. Presley,** The name of the book my cousin, Marla Cooper, wrote for our family of my Dad's (**Walter G. Presley**) memories is "My Buddy". That was Dad's choice for the titles. My dad really was a good storyteller. I don't know how many times I heard those stories growing up and it is so special to have them recorded. ....they were true heroes and the magnitude of what they did means more and more to me all the time. Lynn

*Poopsheet note: Marla Cooper, Editor of the book and the Presley family are sharing with us some of the memories they have documented from Walter Presley's own words with total frankness and in his Texas drawl.. There are no available copies today Possibly there will be in the near future. We begin in this issue and will continue in the next newsletters sharing a few of his memories.*

### **REQUEST:**

S/Sgt. Troy W. Norris, item Company, 502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne 18109724 was killed in late December 1944. Walter Presley, died November 6, 2002, never learning where his friend and buddy, T.W. Norris, was buried. His story of how Norris died from a mis-placed drop of a US bomb on the house where he and others were killed is told later in the Bastogne section of the book.

If you visit the national cemeteries, maybe you can locate the grave or see the name on the "missing" of Troy W. Norris, please inform us, and we can pass this information along to the Presley family, That would be greatly appreciated.

Betty Taylor Hill [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

## 'MY BUDDY'



: "I wouldn't go back through all of again for a million dollars, but I wouldn't take two million for my memories. W.G. Presley"

### INTRODUCTION

When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, I decided to join. I had got a notice that I was about to be drafted so in February of 1943 I went in and volunteered. When I told Mom, she didn't

say much.

Pop told me to make 'em a good soldier. I was inducted at Camp Wolters at Wichita Falls. I went from there to Camp Roberts in California and took my basic training. I was wantin' to get into the air corps and I took the examination, but I flunked by one point. I believe your grade was supposed to be 80 and I made 79, and they would not let me in. I thought, *Well, I'll just take the next best thing*, so I volunteered for the paratroops.

There was a boy there that signed up for it at the same time I did. His name was **T. W. Norris**. There was one number difference in his serial number and mine. Mine was 18109725 and his was 18109724. Like me, he was from the country. I believe he said his place was about 14 miles northwest of Roscoe, Texas. The difference was that he didn't have any brothers or sisters, and he'd got married before he joined up. He was maybe two years younger than me. We was in the same squad, in the same platoon, all the way through basic training and combat training. When we got to combat, T.W. and I didn't do normal fighting alongside each other too often, mainly because of the leap-froggin' that we did with rank. One or the other of us was platoon leader or squad leader, sometimes me over him, sometimes him over me. There wasn't no real competition between us though. We always congratulated each other when one or the other moved up. Army life is quite an experience. You learn what you really are within yourself and learn how you can apply yourself for the defense of the country. Really, you learn that a buddy

in wartime is closer than blood brothers are because you put your life in their hands and they put their life in yor hands.

*Qualifications to get into the elite Parachute Troops were tough. The men had to be aged 21-32 years old and at least five feet six inches tall. The maximum height was six feet two inches. They couldn't weigh more than 185 pounds and couldn't have any heart or blood pressure problems. They had to have completed one year of infantry service and had to be personally recommended by their commanding officer on the basis of "demonstrated soldierly qualities; agility; athletic ability; intelligence; determination; and daring." Also, the man who volunteered for the paratroops had to have the "necessary education to enable him to rapidly absorb instruction in map reading, sketching, radio, and demolitions." From Paratrooper! p. 85.*

### BASIC TRAINING

**Trip to Fort Benning** We'd been in basic training in California for three months. Then for jump training, they loaded the eighteen of us on trucks that took us down to the train-station. They put us in one sleeper car. There wasn't anyone else in that car with us. Of course there was a lot of empty bunks. You know you have an upper and a lower in those sleepers.

The other cars on the train had passengers in 'em. They fed us what ever'body else was eatin' too, so it wasn't so bad. I thought about home, but I was already over missin' it; I knew I was in for the duration. I thought about what Pop had told me, to make 'em as good a soldier as I could. It took us about two and a half weeks to go from California to Fort Benning, Georgia.

They'd take us north a while and then disconnect the car and we'd set there for maybe six, eight hours and then they'd tie us onto another train and we'd go south for a while. We just zig-zagged back and forth across there. We went through twelve or fourteen states getting from California to Georgia. Ever' station we passed we'd watch the people waitin' and we saw a lot of scenery. There wasn't no way to hear about what was happenin' in the war, but we weren't afraid. Of course, none of us knew what to expect. We played a lot of cards. There wasn't any place to take a bath so we did get sort of rank. But the guys were real good and did not cause any trouble. anyway, I got so damn drunk I guess, until I picked up this ole gal. And we went to a hotel. The next mornin' I woke up. I don't remember a damn thing about it. I just remember wakin' up in that bed. I was layin' on my right side and I was startin' to turn over and my elbow hit somebody. I just laid there for a while tryin'

to remember what happened. I finally turned on over and they was an ole gal layin' there in the bed beside of me and I know she was big around as a cow. So I just eased out of bed and dressed and went down and paid for the room and left. I left her layin' in the bed asleep.

## JUMP TRAINING

**FIRST JUMP** In our plane we had one ole boy that froze in the door. He was kind of a small fella. The door wudn't any wider to where he could catch old of each side of the door. They had two jumpmasters, good-sized men. They was bigger than I am. They



tried to shove that ole boy out on his first jump.

They haven't got him out yet. They had to pry his hands lose and let him go and set down. But that's one thing: If

you're afraid of something and you freeze in there, they

ain't gonna get you loose from it. He didn't get into the parachute troops. He had to go over to Pool Company and be put into the regular dough-boy army.

## COMBAT TRAINING

**Goosing the Officer** We went in on pass one time. Dye was with us, but not Jim Ellis. T.W. Norris' wife had an apartment there in Fayetteville. We'd go and spend the night there when we'd go in and not have to go back out to the barracks. So we had spent the night in there that evening. We had to be back in camp the next morning. On the way to where we'd catch the truck, well, we passed a place where they was some geese in a little pond in the back yard.

Dye run out there and caught one of them

geese and carried it out to camp and put it in the company commander's room. While he was asleep. It was about 50 or a hundred yards from the rest of the barracks. That goose didn't say anything, didn't make any noise, until the next mornin' when that officer got up. That goose started flyin' around the room there. I think that officer almost had a heart attack. They was a lot of stuff went on there and it would take three hours to tell on that... The whole time I was in training, me and Mom wrote back and forth. V-mail we called it. My brother Wilson was in a camp not very far from where I was and we visited a couple of times.

## OVERSEAS

They loaded us in a boat and we started overseas. We left out on that ship one day after my birthday. It was September the fifth, 1943. I was 23 years old. We didn't go down in the hold on that ship. We was all out on the deck and ever'thing.

And you think it wasn't an eerie feelin' seein' that ole gal holdin' that torch up disappearin' over the horizon? Not knowin' if we was goin' to get to come back, and if we did, when.

**5.5. Strathnaver** We was on a German ship that the English Navy had captured. The name of it was The S.S. Strathnaver. That was the fust time a bunch of us had been on a boat. And a lot of the guys got seasick. I didn't get seasick, but a lot of the guys did. This one feller got seasick; he went over to the rail and threw up. He was standin' there with his handkerchief wiping his mouth and he looked up. The wind was blowin' pretty good. Somebody on the deck above him and in the front done the same thing and it come down and hit him in the face.

We got three days out from New York City an it developed engine trouble. With one motor gone, it couldn't keep up with the convoy goin' the rest of the way over. Ya see, with all of the troop movement goin' overseas, a convoy is protected with gunboats and submarines. With any kind of protection they could give that ship, they gave it that protection.

They brought us into the harbor there at Newfoundland to get the boat repaired. I guess it was two, three o'clock in the morning. We was all laying around on the deck and just as soon as it got light, at about, oh I'd say thirty or forty minutes after sun-up, well, that boat was settin' there and all at once it started tiltin' to the side next to the dock.

All the men was rushing to that side of the ship because about half way up the side of the hill,

some ole gal had got up behind her house and was doing the strip-tease!

**Axis Sally** While we was settin' in the harbor there in Newfoundland on that German ship, the convoy that we left in had landed in Liverpool, England. Axis Sally, that done the broadcasting on the radio trying to break the morale of the American soldiers, reported that reach down and shake 'em and they'd shake thirty, forty feet away from ya. It was that entwined. And we was movin' up in line and we saw two, three pheasants huddled together under this bramble. One of us fell down on each side of that bramble and just trapped 'em to the ground. We put 'em in our musette bags.

All of my squad was in on that. We had enough pheasants where my whole squad had a good meal. I think there was either three or four of 'em huddled together there. They were not quite as big as a good-sized chicken, but they were a whole lot bigger than a quail or a dove. I'd say about half way between a quail and a good-sized chicken.

When we got back to camp we picked the feathers off of 'em, went down to the mess hall and scrounged some lard or some grease. We had a potbellied stove in ever' one of the barracks. They had coal there for us to build a fire out of. This was in the wintertime and of course we'd have a fire in that stove. We scrounged a skillet from the mess hall and the lard then fried 'em there on top of that stove. We didn't have anything to roll 'em in. They were just fried pheasants. We didn't have any glass to serve 'em under, but anyway we ate the king's pheasants.

## **FRANCE**

**D-Day** At 12:55 D-Day morning we had our fust combat jump. The man that says he wasn't scared is a damn liar and the truth's not in him because when you go into combat everybody's scared whether they say they are or not.

We flew across the English Channel and just a little bit before we jumped, we'd already put our helmets on and was settin' there with our chins in our hands and our elbows on our knees. All of us felt like someone had kicked every one of us in the butts as hard as they could kick us.

I looked over and right in front of the guy that was settin' next to me on my right and about half way across to the other side of the plane, there was a hole in the fusilage. It was about eight inches across. I looked up to the top and there was another hole about that big. An artillery round had gone through

the plane and it'd missed ever' one of us. It didn't explode in the plane. It just went on out, up through the top.

We jumped inland about, I'd say a mile or three-quarters of a mile. Our objective was to take bridges and road intersections and hold 'em in order to keep the Germans from bringin' reinforcements up to the invasion area.

We had a reserve chute on the front of our harness. Our backpack was the main chute. When ya jump, of course you always get an openin' shock from the jerk of the parachute. When that chute opened, I felt something hit my hand. Then of course I reached up and grabbed the suspension lines to start guidin' the chute.

Normally, they weren't supposed to jump us below 800 feet. I firmly believe they jumped us below 500 feet because when I jumped out, I swung under the chute and back and just when I was startin' under the chute again, I hit the ground. And that don't take long. Ya fall with all that equipment on, with that chute ... fallin' about 21 ... 22 hundred feet per second ... You can figure how close we were to the ground when we jumped. I landed in water that was just about knee deep.

When I unbuckled my reserve chute to get my harness off, something fell in my hand. It was that dem watch I'd found at Fort Bragg. The watchband had broken. The main chute must have broke the watch band and the watch fell between me and that reserve chute. I caught it before it fell in the water.

**German officer loses it** In the fust little town we took, a German officer come out the back of a house. There was about a seven-foot fence, big fence, down both sides and across the back of this house. He ran out the back of that house and jumped to go over the top of that fence.

I think ever' man in my squad fired at the same time and he fell back. We went ahead and searched the house and started to leave and I thought that might be a good place for me to get a piece of leather to make another band for my watch. I went back and pulled his britches leg up to cut a piece of leather off his boot and there was that P-38 pistol in a scabbard stuck down inside of his boot. I took it out and put it in my musette bag, cut my piece of leather off, and started to leave then thought there might be something in that other boot. I pulled that other britches leg up and there was one of those German dress daggers about 12 to 14 inches long. I carried both of 'em all the way through. I used that pistol from



then until the war was over. It was on my hip from then on.

**First Bronze Star** The second day after we landed in Normandy, our platoon was advancin' along. The Germans were going to attack on the right, tryin' to cut us off from the beachhead. My squad was in the middle. I pulled my squad back and around the direction where we had come because I knew we could move fast. There wasn't any Germans in that area because we had just come through there. So I took my squad and we ran around and attacked 'em from the flank. I think we annihilated all of 'em except about two of 'em got away.

### **TAKING CARENTAN**

**Taking Carentan** I was thinking of another time when we were taking Carentan. That was a key German communication center. They was a causeway with water on each side of it. I don't know how deep the water was. This causeway stood up about, oh, I'd say four feet with water up to the top where, you know, a car actually could drive across that causeway.

It was just about sundown when we started across that thing. Of course we was moving along kind of slow, because this little ole island that that causeway went to was where the communications of this Carentan were.

*A major German communication center was located at the town of Carentan around which much of the land was flooded. Causeways, roads raised above the wet ground and water, led to the town. The 101st attacked on the morning of June 8, Dday plus 2, across an asphalt road which stood on a shoulder of earth six or sevenfeet above the water. There was no cover for the men ..*

*General Taylor ordered the third battalion of the 502nd, Lt. Col. Robert G. Cole: S- battalion, to lead the attack on Carentan. From The Screaming Eagles, p. 57*

We got about half way across there and they was a German plane flew down. By that time it was between sundown and dark. I guess you could call it children's hour. He flew right down, right straight down over that causeway, circled around; and we knew what he was gonna do. Me and Rowsch started diggin' in together. We knew that he was gonna drop flares and shoot. So he come back dropping flares. We was diggin' holes as fast as we could dig and we got it about half big enough and deep enough for one man to get into. Then he turned back around and come back. Well, those flares was throwing the light.

Here this plane come a [trin' , and strafin' and bornbin' at the same time. We both dove for that hole.

*Col. Cole, who had been supervising the movement around the second bridge, moved up front to see what was happening. All along the way he was horrified at what he saw. Company 1, more exposed than the rest, was being methodically butchered by the German sniper and machine gun fire. Even the medics were being hit.*

*At dusk the battle seemed to slacken somewhat, as the German gunners found it harder to spot their targets along the causeway. But the respite was short-lived. Suddenly two Stuka dive-bombers appeared over the causeway. In turn, they screeched downward in their steep dives, let go antipersonnel bombs, climbed skyward, wheeled like vultures, and returned to strafe the troopers dug in along the causeway.*

*The Stukas just about finished off Company 1. Thirty men were hit by bomb fragments and machine gun bullets. Men tumbled out of their foxholes and rolled down the embankments into the marshes. Stretcher-bearers frantically ran back and forth. Only the badly wounded could be evacuated.*

*Later the causeway was named " Purple Heart Lane." Of the battalion (about 324 men) that had started out on the attack that morning, only 121 men were left. From The Screaming Eagles p. 60*

Rowsch was on my right side here and there wasn't no way you could get a toothpick between us. I don't know what it was hit me on the side here, but it made a hole. I had on a combat jacket, wool shirt, and longjohns. It made a hole clean through my longjohns and knocked the flesh off all the way to one of my ribs. The hole was about two inches long right on the side where Rowsch was and he didn't get scratched! I don't know whether it was a bullet or whether it was an empty hull that fell or what it was, but it made a gash through my clothes and then knocked some of my flesh out.

A full parachute company is 127 men; and we had lost, I think, about three or four men before that. And they was only 14 of us walked away from that. Of course they weren't all dead. A lot of 'em were wounded, first one thing'n another. We'd gotten stretchers and was bringin' those wounded guys back. I had made about, oh four or five trips back to this place we had set up where they were being treated. I raised my jacket up and told one of the guys to put some sulfa powder on that place so it don't get infected. He looked at it and said, "Sulfur powder, hell. You're goin' on back to the hospital!"

*First Purple heart Will be continued.....*

## New Plaque at the Ingouf Farm, Carentan



Above Photo by Tom Timmermans, Eindhoven, Netherlands, from the Ingouf Farm, Normandy - June 2007

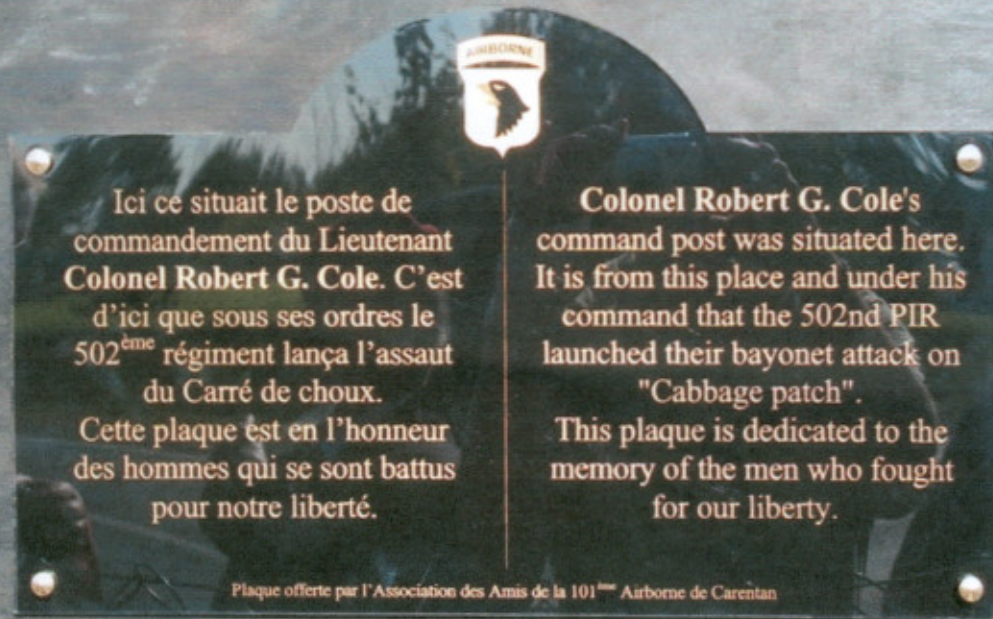
(oopsheet Editor's note: These comments and two photos below are taken from the TriggerTime forum, Mark Bando's website. Name of contributor unknown, but seems to have been the unveiling ceremony:

June 12th, the 63rd anniversary of the liberation of Carentan there was a small ceremony at the Ingouf farm. The event was organised by the Carentan Friends of the 101st Airborne Association. It was attended mostly by members of the association, plus the Mayor and a couple of senior Gendarmes. Representing the English-speaking world was just me and a charming family from New Orleans who had been tour clients of mine the day before. and who I had invited along. The speech referred to 3/502nd, the bridges along the causeway and the bayonet charge that followed. Mention was also made of the many dead lying around the cabbage plants that two of the elderly people present recalled seeing. I was invited into the farm building by the owners, and they told me some details about the part of the farm that was removed when the road outside was widened. It was the aid-station, and they talked about some of the veterans who have been back over the years.

Mark Bando's comment regarding the new plaque: The wording on the plaque is misleading as to what actually happened there. After Cole's men charged TO the farmhouse with fixed bayonets, that place became his command post.

The famous interpretive painting by Dietz is also responsible for reinforcing an inaccurate depiction of what happened that day, as it shows LTC Cole leading his men in a charge ACROSS the 4th bridge. This was impossible, due to the Belgian Gate which blocked passage and only allowed one man at a time to squeeze past it. About two hours after each member of his battalion had squeezed past this barrier, Cole led the charge west, to capture the Ingouf farm, which is depicted in the photos on this thread. Following-up, elements of 1st Bn continued south, instead of west, and occupied the Cabbage Patch. The 3rd Bn's charge also made it easier for most of 1st Bn to advance straight south along the highway and to infiltrate the cabbage patch-just west of the highway and due south of the 4th bridge. Fighting continued in and

near the Cabbage Patch all day on Sunday, 11 June, 1944, against elements of the German 6th Para Rgt. Meanwhile, Cole's men fought in the orchard behind the farmhouse, which is no longer in existence. Neither battalion conducted a charge TO the cabbage patch, and no bayonet attack was launched FROM the Ingouf farmhouse, TO anywhere. Lt Homer Combs of B/502 led his men in an isolated battle west of the farm, in the direction of the railroad tracks, to protect Cole's right flank after the bayonet charge.



CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

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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."

#### UPCOMING EVENTS

Operation Torch - Tour in Holland and Bastogne - September 14-25, 2007

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

62nd Annual National 101<sup>st</sup> Reunion - August 8 - 11, Omaha, Nebraska

Pathfinder Reunion, August 16, 17, 18, 2007, Ft. Campbell, KY

FOR MORE INFO ON REUNIONS: Sam Bass, Tel: (270) 439-0445 E-mail [sambass101@comcast.net](mailto:sambass101@comcast.net)