



Company I Poopsheet

Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne, US Army

December 2008



Merry Christmas



Prayer

Prayer is one of the best free gifts we receive.

I asked God for water, He gave me an ocean.
I asked God for a flower, He gave me a garden.
I asked God for a friend, He gave me all of YOU...
If God brings you to it, He will bring you through it.

Happy moments, praise God.
Difficult moments, seek God.
Quiet moments, worship God
Painful moments, trust God.
Every moment, thank God.

May God's love and blessings fill your heart this Christmas season. Thank you all for the love and support you show for the Poopsheet. It is such a joy to be in touch with you Love and best wishes, Merry Christmas & Happy New Year. Betty

Susan Rayn for Mary Cavanaugh (Michael W.) Forty Fort, PA, My mother wanted me to send this check. She enjoys the "Poopsheet" so much. When my brother (Michael) was alive he looked forward to it as well. Thanks so much for keeping it going. Susan Ryan.



Mrs. Denver C. (Sybil) Hatfield, Pawnee, OK, Christmas Greetings, May the month of the Christmas season fill your heart with joy.

I enjoy getting the Poopsheet, thanks for sending it to me. My husband was in the 101st Airborne Division. He passed away 20 years ago, his name was Denver Hatfield. I'm glad Bob Hartzell is doing okay. It's a little early but I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I'm sending some money, maybe it will help a little. Sybil

Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, Elk Mound, WI

Greetings to all the 101st Airborne fellows, their wives & families. Wishing each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy 2009. Asking God to keep you and Bless you this happy holiday season And always. From the frigid northwest comes our love,

Marvin & Charlotte Cartwright

P.S. Marv says every Christmas beats the Christmas of 19



Mrs. James K. (Mable) Howell, Aberdeen, MS,

I know Jim would have loved to share his message. Do hope all is well with everyone. Wish I would be better to write a note from time to time. I always enjoy the Poop Sheet. Would love to send messages to Harry and Joanie, Bob Hartzell, Mary Garcia, June and Joe, Earl Kelly, And many more that I can't pull up right now. Love to all, still think of all the fun times we had at reunions. Would love to hear about Jim Norris and family. Take care and have a wonderful holiday season. Mable.

Editor's Note: We are pleased to include in this issue a part of Jim Howell's memoirs regarding the winter in and near Bastogne.

*Editor's note: I found this letter separate from my newsletter files recently. If it did not get into a newsletter in 2006.. I must sincerely apologize, I thought it had. It's worthy of printing, even again.... July 9, 2006, Dear Betty, I am writing to let you know that my father **George F. Cruz** passed away on April 27, 2006. He joined the Army and served with the*



101st Airborne Infantry. He was injured when he parachuted into France on the early morning of June 6th, D-Day. My father was with "I" Company. He suffered a broken leg and had told us that he hung in a tree for three days. Below is a picture of him in the hospital that came out in the paper when he returned. The caption read

as follows, *Calling Home - Pfc George F Cruz of Flagstaff Arizona gets first chance to call the folks at home from his bed in Army's Birmingham General*

Hospital, Van Nuys. Cruz was with "I" Co. in the 101st Airborne Screaming Eagles Division.



I realize how very fortunate I

am to have been allowed to have my Father return from WWII and to have such a wonderful memory of him. He always shared the stories he read in the "Poopsheet". As a Vietnam Vet myself I will always remember when I was sent to Vietnam and my Father tired to be transferred over there to "take care of me". He worked at the Navajo Army Depot in Belmont, Arizona .. I was very proud of my Father. I will miss him dearly. I am honored to have my shadow box next to my Fathers. The top picture is of his unit, in

the original frame he had it in when it hung in his home. He was very proud of who he was and what he did. I hope you continue to send the "Company I



Poopsheet" to my Mother as she enjoys reading them as well. Enclosed is a donation for expenses. Thank you for all you do. With Great Appreciation and Gratitude. Ed Cruz & family

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Fred Kraus Jr., son, and Dolores Kraus, wife, of Fred K. Kraus (I/502).

Dolores' address is 8100 Clys Road, Apt. 317. Centerville, OH 45458. Phone: 937 432-6508.

Nov. 11, 2008: Sad news about my dad, Fred. He passed away Nov. 10 after a long illness. He really enjoyed reading the Poopsheet, and so did my mom. We all had a chance to enjoy the photo of them in the last issue taken at a Snowbird Reunion of a few years ago. Thanks so much for all that you do in making the Poopsheet available to everyone. We love it and appreciate it, and are sending a donation for the expenses of the oopsheet.

We hope that everyone has a chance to be with loved ones as we enter the holiday season. Best wishes and Merry Christmas to all. Much love, and peace, sincerely, Fred Jr. and Dolores Kraus.

Fred "Fritz" Kraus, 85

Former Cleveland, OH, and Sarasota, FL, resident Frederick K. "Fritz" Kraus died Monday, November 10, 2008, in Centerville, Ohio, at his home in the Health Center at St. Leonard Senior Living Community after a long illness.



A memorial mass will be celebrated on Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 9 a.m. at the St. Leonard Senior Living Community chapel.

Mr. Kraus was born Sept. 4, 1923 in Cleveland, Ohio, to John and Sophia (Conyer) Kraus. He graduated from Lincoln

High School in 1941, where his nickname was "The Baron." While he played football, it was at the pool table where he truly excelled. He married Dolores Ann Magda on Sept. 2, 1950 in Cleveland, Ohio.

He served in the 101st Airborne, I Company, 502nd Regiment, as a Paratrooper, during World War II. He parachuted in behind enemy lines during the Normandy D-Day invasion. He fought at Bastogne, where the 101st Airborne's defense of that town became legendary. He also fought at Operation Market-Garden, and in the Battle of the Bulge. He was twice wounded in battle and was awarded the Purple Heart.

Following his discharge from the U.S. Army in 1946, Mr. Kraus worked as a laborer, and became an apprentice at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) at its Lewis Research Center in Cleveland. He was employed by NASA for 27 years, where he worked as a pipefitter and project supervisor. Some of the projects he worked on

included the testing and construction of the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo mission spacecraft infrastructure. After retiring from NASA in 1981, he and his wife moved to Sarasota, FL, where they lived for 10 years. They then moved to Bradenton, FL, for 17 years, in the Peridia development. They moved to the St. Leonard Senior Living Community in Centerville, OH, in February 2008.

Mr. Kraus enjoyed hunting, fishing, crossword puzzles, and all manner of problem-solving. He especially enjoyed walking the beaches near his home in Florida, which he did on a daily basis. He loved being barefoot. While in Florida he enjoyed the annual Snowbird Reunions of the 101st Airborne. He was not a man of many words, but always had a wink and a smile for everyone. Mr. Kraus was often described as being rock-solid and steady as a rock. When he gave his word, it was as good as gold. He was a good man, a good soldier, and he enjoyed living a good life, good food, and good cigars (though he said that he never inhaled). Mr. Kraus was a loving husband, a devoted father and a beloved grandfather. While in Ohio, he was a member of the South Cuyahoga Sportsmen Association in Medina.

Mr. Kraus is survived by his wife of 58 years, Dolores, of St. Leonard Senior Living Community in Centerville, OH; son and daughter-in-law, Paula and Fred Kraus Jr. of Dayton, OH; his grandson, Maxwell Frederick Kraus, of Dayton, OH; nieces and nephews, including Jeanne, Joanne, John and Ken; and many friends. Some of his friends included Fitzwater, Scooter, Luke, Stelma, Perry, Collins, Andy, Schroeder and Bob. He was preceded in death by his sisters, Sara, Sophia and Marie; and by his brothers, Peter and John (who was killed in action in World War II).

Routsong Funeral Home of Kettering, OH, was in charge of arrangements. Mr. Kraus was cremated. A memorial gathering and reunion for all family and friends will be Saturday, Dec. 20, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. at MarCal's Restaurant in Parma Heights. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to St. Leonard Senior Living Community in Centerville.



Fred & Dolores Kraus - June & Joe Hennessey 2/2003

This is a 1942
GPW Ford
Jeep with
1919-a4
Machine Gun
Mounted.
owned by
Joseph M.



Bossi, CSM.(Ret) Honorary Sergeant Major 327th Infantry Regt. riding in the Vehical's Commander seat and driven by SFC. Jimmy Balot during the annual Veterans Day Parade Clarksville, TN. 2008. *Bastogne! Joseph M Bossi*

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Teresa Callery, (Patrick J. Callery, medic, I Co 502) Medford, NY, in a phone message December 4, 2008 sends her love and best wishes to all the I Company "family" and wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

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Agnes and Warren Welling, Woodville, OH, (daughter of **Rogert Hartzell, I Co 502**). December 6, 2008, We love the Poopsheet, thanks for doing the work. Have a great holiday. Love, Warren & Aggie

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Harry and Joanie Nivens, St Cloud, FL, December 7, 2008, We are doing fine and wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. We will see you at the Snowbird Reunion.

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Ray and June Dunlap, PO Box 65, Fayette City, PA 15438, Phone: 724 929 2731. (Medic, I/502 and 3rd Bn Aid) In a phone conversation December 8, 2008, Ray and June are now living with their daughter, Jill Lehew. Both are doing well. Ray and daughter Jill hope to attend the Snowbird Reunion in February and will if health and vacation time permit.

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Earl R. and Virginia Kelly, Aberdeen, MD, I-502, December 11, 2008. In a phone call Earl sends best wishes to everyone. He plans to see us at the Snowbird Reunion and has sent in his reservations.. Earl recently talked with **Louis Dunch**, (I-502) Shannon, PA, and reports Lou is doing okay. Lou was last with us at the Snowbird Reunion in 2003. We look forward to seeing many of you there this year..

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Our last newsletter mail to **Walter J. White**, I/502, Chattanooga, TN was returned "undeliverable" no new address and no answer to our phone calls.

The following is from the memoirs of I Company, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne Division's, **James K. (Jim) Howell** titled "Highlights of a Short Military Career" (1999) courtesy his widow, Mrs. Mable Howell, Aberdeen MS.. (Some dates and the photos,

except this one (left) of Jim Howell, have been added by Poopsheet Eidtor and are not in his memoirs)



Bastogne Campaign

I have a kaleidoscope of memories, both vivid and dim, of the Bastogne Campaign, but can

remember no chronological order of the events. Consequently I will record the events as I remember them without regard to dates and places.

As well as I remember our truck convoy stopped just north of Bastogne and we were advised to travel north until we made contact with the enemy. We encountered numerous troops retreating and they appeared to be really beat. Some I remember, were from the 28th Division.

The 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, who was on our right flank, made first contact with the Germans. This was south of Noville. The 506th was stopped cold and they dug in alongside the road leading into Noville. The Third Battalion of the 502nd was now ordered to attempt to capture Noville. Word came down from further up front for "All bazookas up front". Our bazooka man was a small trooper named Boris. During the movement he became exhausted and I was carrying his bazooka when the up front order came. I looked around for Boris and he was nowhere in sight. I had no alternative but to move up toward the front of the line. The Germans had numerous tanks protecting Noville. Noville lay across a valley and below us. The tanks were firing proximity fuse rounds timed to explode in the air over our heads. In the open there is no protection from the air burst. Reluctantly I began to move forward with Boris's bazooka. At one point I momentarily stopped opposite a 506th trooper dug in near the side of the ditch. He handed me a large bottle of red wine. That was probably one of the most satisfying drinks in my entire life. We were unable to move on Noville and withdrew to the left flank of the 506th

Parachute Regiment.

In 1969 I returned to some of my old battle sites in Europe. Some of us rented a van and driver and were leisurely reviewing the area. Noville was an important cross road and this was the reason the German fought so desperately to hold onto it in 1944. In 1969 it was still just a crossroad with a large tavern and restaurant. A great amount of traveling tourist stop at this tavern and we stopped for a cold beer. Each of us wore some type of identification indicating we were from the old 101st Airborne Division (Screaming Eagles). As we rested with our cold beer, we noticed an elderly gentleman in the tavern became very excited when he saw us. A German tourist approached us and advised that this elderly gentleman was most anxious to meet with us. We invited him over and the German tourist translated for him. He insisted that we go outside with him. Through the German translator he showed and told us where twelve German tanks had been dug in and firing at us in 1944. He also showed us the cellar where he stayed during the Battle of Noville.

As previously stated the 502nd Parachute Infantry was dug in on the left flank of the 506th Parachute Regiment. Our Company Command Post was at Longchamps. This was the most northern section of the encircled Bastogne. We stayed there during the entire duration of the encirclement. My platoon had two positions. One foxhole for nighttime and one some yards to the rear during the day. It was extremely cold and we only had one blanket for each trooper. Our company command post was in a farmer's home. The farmer was probably fairly prosperous as he had fourteen milk cows. We ate every one of them. He also had a barn loft full of half-rotten Irish potatoes. We consumed all of these too, peeling and all. A favorite meal consisted of a bucket of these mashed up potatoes with a hunk of melted K ration cheese. Each person in the foxhole would eat two or three spoon full then race to the next foxhole with the bucket and so on up the line until the bucket was empty. We lined the bottom of our foxhole with hay. Then we would place our two blankets over the hay. After that we would put another thick layer of hay on top of the blankets. The person sleeping would slip between the blankets and stay relative warm. No one was ever completely warm. An American tank destroyer was dug in immediately to the rear of our

daylight position. They still had food after we had completely run out, and I am sure they would have shared had we asked. There were a number of days when we were actually pretty hungry. Ammunition became extremely low and we attempted to make every shot count. The Germans did not attack the entire encirclement at once, but concentrated on sections at a time.

One morning we had pulled back before daylight to our daytime positions. As it became light we gathered around a small fire to heat our canteen cup of water for coffee. It was overcast and we did not really expect the Air Force to be flying. We heard two planes in the distance and someone mentioned about the Air Force actually getting some planes in the air. The planes approached extremely fast and suddenly all of us recognized them as German Focke-Wolk Fighter Planes or Messerschmitts 109's. I don't remember which. We proved it was possible to get six men in a one-man foxhole. I wasn't on the bottom, but not near the top either. They each dropped a 500-pound bomb that landed some distance to our rear and no casualties were inflicted.

Probably the most feared weapon in the German arsenal was the 88MM Cannon. It was used on tanks, as an artillery piece, and as an anti-aircraft weapon. It was as accurate as a rifle and fired at about 2900 feet per second. Each evening at approximately the same time this particular "88" started firing down our line. **Fred Cid** and **Lorain Westenhaver** were in a foxhole to my left. They received a direct hit and were killed instantly. The next day **Benigno Salazar** came back to us. He had broken his foot in the Holland jump. Salazar and **Leonard Bruce** now drew that foxhole. That evening the same "88" started its periodic firing down our line and again scored a direct hit on that same foxhole. Salazar and Bruce were killed instantly and we never filled that particular foxhole again.

(Poopsheet Editor Note: Our Item Company 502 Records indicate the dates of the above events were December 28 1944 and December 29, 1944 or January 3) 1945)

The Germans had requested that we surrender and the world knows about General McAuliffe "Nuts" answer. Christmas Eve, Division Headquarters personnel, having nothing better to do,

mimeographed a Christmas greeting and sent each trooper a copy on the front lines. The message read as follows:

MERRY CHRISTMAS Headquarters 101st Airborne Division Office of the Division Commander
24 December 1 944

What's Merry about all this, you ask? We're fighting - Its' cold - we aren't home. All true, but what has the proud Eagle Division accomplished with its worthy Comrades of the 10th Armored Division, the 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion and all the rest? Just this: We have stopped cold everything that has been thrown at us from the North, East, South and West. We have identifications from four German Panzar Divisions, two German Infantry Divisions, and one German Parachute Division. These units, spearheading the last desperate German lunge, were heading straight west for key points when the Eagle Division was hurriedly order to stem the advance. How effectively this was done will be written in history; not alone in our Division's glorious history but in World history. The Germans actually did surround us, their radios blared our doom. Their Commander demanded our surrender in the following impudent arrogance.

22 December 1944

'To the U.S.A. Commander of the encircled town of Bastogne.

The fortune of war is changing. This time the U.S.A. forces in the near Bastogne have been encircled by strong German armored forces. More German armored units have crossed the River Ourthe near Ortheuville, have taken Marche and reached St. Hubert by passing through Homoer-Sibret-Tiller. Libramont is in German hands. There is only one possibility to save the encircled U.S.A. troops from total annihilation: That is the honorable surrender of the encircled town. In order to think it over a term of two hours will be granted beginning with the presentation of this note. If this proposal should be rejected one German artillery corps and six heavy A.A. battalions are ready to annihilate the U.S.A. troops in and near Bastogne. The order for firing will be given immediately after this two-hour's term.

All the serious civilian losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the wellknown American humanity.

"The German Commander"

the German Commander received the following reply:

22 December 1944

"To the German Commander:
NUTS!
'The American Commander'"

Allied troops are counter attacking in force. We continue to hold Bastogne. By holding Bastogne we assure the success of the Allied Armies. We know that our Division Commander, General Taylor, will say: "Well Done!"

We are giving our country and our loved ones at home a worthy Christmas present and being privileged to take part in this gallant feat of arms are truly making for ourselves a Merry Christmas.

s/ A.C. McAuliffe

t/ McAULIFFE Commanding

The most usual response to this from us troops in the front line foxholes was "BULL S- - -!", with emphasis. Most used theirs for toilet tissue, but for some reason mine survived. It is now framed and considered to be an important historical document.



(Poopsheet Editor note: Left: McAuliffe and Actress Marlene Dietrich)

As previously mentioned my sequence of dates are not always correct, but I am almost sure that it was Christmas Day when tanks and infantry hit us hard.

The brunt of the attack came on the left part of I Company and the right side of Company A. From my position we could see the tanks and knew they were playing havoc with our comrades. **Sergeant Presley** sent me over to see how serious the situation was becoming. As I neared the second or third platoon I observed a tank destroyer (TO) behind a house. He pulled out to get a shot at the German tanks on the hill, but never got a shot off. One of the German tanks scored a direct hit and there were no survivors. I was moving up a narrow

road and another TO was on the other side of the road. As I drew opposite this TO the Germans scored another direct hit and this TO went up in flames with no survivors.

I heard later that about this same time **Lieutenant Edward Tyree**, Platoon leader of second or third Platoon, received a direct hit with a "88" shell. (Poopsheet Editor Note: tyree's date of KIA was anuary 3, 1945) We were able to kill all the infantry, but at least three tanks broke through A Company. They were later taken care of in the rear of our companies. It was like this most days and for some time after General Patton's tanks broke through to us. About the only thing different after the break through was the supply of ammunition and food improved.

The first day of sunshine brought the most amazing scene imaginable. Thousand of bombers high over head heading for Germany and hundreds of all type fighter, planes darting all around us, The most pleasing sight was the many G47's parachuting food and ammunition to us over Bastogne.

When the entire bulge became stabilized it was time to begin to push the Germans back. This was a very costly venture for the 101st. I remember one day we fought ferociously all day through the thick forest only to gain a few hundred yards and sustain many casualties. Almost every mortar shell or artillery shell was a tree burst. As it became dark we halted and looked for some degree of protection in abandoned German foxholes. There were three of us in one hole, each sitting between the others legs. I do not remember who was in the back but Sergeant Presley was in the middle and I was in front. We were hunkered over attempting to get as much of our bodies as possible below ground level. We had remained in this position for over an hour when word came down to move back. Using my hands to pull up and "Pres" pushing from behind I managed to get out of the foxhole and promptly fell flat on my face. I was completely paralyzed from the waist down and became frantic. They drug me for a considerable



Sgt. Walter G. Presley

distance when I began to feel some tingling in my legs. Shortly after this I was able to walk. My legs had gone to sleep due to the poor circulation caused by the position I was in. This was most definitely one of the most frightful times of my life.

By this time, **Captain Baker** had become a casualty and our platoon was down to very few. This was during a period when my mother received a "Missing in Action" telegram about me. You can

imagine the devastation this caused my parents. Usually this meant dead or captured.



Photo left: Capt. Champ Baker, 3rd Bn 502 and,

Right: Capt. Robert (Bob) Jones, 2nd Bn 502

I suspect this situation was the result of tanks breaking through our lines. You cannot stop a Tiger Tank with an M -1 Rifle so we killed all the infantry and let the tanks through. Later we would re-group and form a new defense line. This was probably one of those times when we had not re-grouped and the morning report indicated others and me as missing. Three or four days later my parents received a follow - up telegram that I was back in action.

Trench foot was prevalent and finally we received some rubber galoshes. Everyone except Irishman, **Ben Carty**. He wore size 13 EEE and none were available. I do not remember if his feet froze or if he was wounded, but he was a casualty.

One January 14th or 15th an American P-47 accidentally bombed us killing, *(Right)* Lt. Col. **John Stopka**, our **Battalion Commander**, *(Photo Left: Troy W. Norris, (T-Dub)* my platoon Sergeant, and a number of other troopers. Sergeant Presley and T-



Dub were from the same area in Texas and had known each other prior to the war. They were close comrades. That night Pres wanted to go back to the aid station to see T-Dub and get his wedding ring to return to his wife. I volunteered to go back with him. While Pres was paying his last respects to T-Dub I went scrounging. In one of the unoccupied first aid tents I found a gallon jug of rum. As Pres and I were making our way back to our front line positions I slipped on the ice and snow covered ground and broke our gallon of rum. We both felt like crying, as neither of us had even sampled the product.

Sergeant Presley was now promoted to platoon sergeant, **William G Kelley** to squad sergeant and myself to assistant squad leader. I continued to perform scouting duties when necessary.



Above Photo taken In Holland, Left to Right: Corey Shepard, Champ Baker, Ed Augustanski, Robert (Bob) Burns, Robert (Bob) Molsberry

One day before **Lieutenant Molsberry** was seriously wounded we overran a German bunker. This was a pretty elaborate dugout. The way it was

constructed, it was almost impossible to blow the door open. We knew it was occupied, but no one would respond to our request to surrender. Molsberry climbed onto the roof and dropped two hand grenades down the protruding stovepipe. We could hear two muffled explosions, but still no one would come out. Upon careful observation I determined that it might be possible to fire a bazooka shell at

the door jam and maybe blow open the door. Bazookas designed for Airborne troops were made in two sections. The two sections were placed together in a slot, then turned a half turn clockwise,



then locked in place by a locking lever. I borrowed **Norris'** (Photo left) bazooka and thought I had securely locked the two sections and wired it. I took careful aim from 12 to 15 feet and fired the bazooka. As the projectile went

through the bazooka tube the bazooka came apart. The second half of the bazooka and the projectile went off at a 45-degree angle landing almost in the middle of the rest of the squad. Fortunately the bazooka shell buried a few inches in the earth before it exploded. As it was, "Pres" and one other trooper in the squad received a minute piece of tin from the shell. I received a considerable amount of ribbing as a result of this incident. Apparently the connecting grooves on the bazooka were clogged with snow and ice and did not make a correct fit. However due to this explosion the door did open and the Germans came out with their hands in the air. They were a motley looking group, but not one was wounded. There must have been twenty in the group, including one female. She was probably a nurse.

I remember only one case of serious battle fatigue or shell shock. This happened to one of the troopers in the platoon. He took as much as he possibly could then completely lost it. He took off after a German tank and prepared to attack it with no weapon. Fortunately another trooper tackled him until others came up and helped restrain him. He was evacuated and never returned to us. He did recover completely and I saw him at a number of our reunions in later years.

One evening just before dark we had ceased our attack and were digging our foxholes for the night.

Sergeant Presley, **Ted Murphy** (Photo right) and myself were digging close together. I looked up and saw a Lieutenant walking down our line. As he approached me I recognized him. He had been one of my Company Officers in the



old 515th Parachute Infantry Regiment. I had not seen him since Camp McCall in North Carolina. I

said "Hello, Lieutenant Gay. This is certainly a far cry from Camp McCall." He answered in the affirmative and started walking to our front. There was nothing to our front, but Germans. Pres, Murph and I continued digging. In approximately five minutes a mortar round landed to our front and we heard some type of human sound. I looked at Pres and said, " That has to be Lieutenant Gay". Pres, Murph, and I went looking and found him a couple of hundred yards in front of our positions. One leg was almost blown off. He was one of our very respected officers in the old 515th and I never forgot this situation.

(Poopsheet Editor: Because of limited space we have omitted the contact with Mr. Gay and the letters between Jim Howell and the Tommy Gay and Gay family in 1996. Both men are now deceased, but did find each other 50+ years after the war)

.....Finally one morning when Company I assembled there were only seven of us left. Lieutenant Metheny, Sergeant Presley, Myself and four other troopers. I do not remember who they were. **Lieutenant Metheny**, who was really the Company Executive Officer, reported to Battalion by radio requesting orders. Our orders for the day was to take a certain town or village. Lieutenant Matheny screamed into the radio, "Take Hell!" I've only got seven men including myself". "Well. do the best you can do", replied Battalion. Lieutenant Metheny, Pres, and I moved out to the side of the small clearing to discuss our situation. Suddenly we looked one hundred feet or so to our front and there, in plain view, was a German soldier squatting down taking his morning constitutional. The only thing we could figure, he must have thought we were Germans. Pres un-slung his Thompson sub-machine gun, but Lieutenant Metheny advised that he would take care of him. He waited until the German completed his business, stood up and was buttoning his trousers. Then shot him dead. We later checked out this village, and found that it was not occupied by the Germans.

I have really only scratched the surface when describing myself and our part in the "Battle of the Bulge", however, after these fifty-five years many memories have faded away.

I think the following poem written by a Paratrooper of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment is appropriate.

THE HILLS OF BASTOGNE

The crops should be full in Belgium next year,
The soil should be fertile, but the price has been dear.

The wheat should be red on the hills of Bastogne.
For it's roots have been drenched by the blood of our own.

Battered and reeling we stand in their way,
Embittered, wrathful, we watch our pals fall,
God where's the end, the end of it all?

Confident and powerful they strike at our lines,
But we beat them back fighting for time.
Berserk with fury they are hitting us now
Flesh against steel. We'll hold-but how?

For each day that we stay more mothers will grieve.
For each hill that we hold more men must we leave.
Yes, Honor the men who will some day come home.

But, Pray for the men "Beneath the hills of Bastogne".

Bernard J. McKerney, 502nd PIR

Jim Howell, "Highlights of a Short Military Career" (1999)

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Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance on hand before Last Issue	\$503
Amount to publish Last issue/Supplies	\$220
Contributions received	\$122
Balance on hand to publis this issue	\$405

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Group Photo Below in the Ardennes January 1945.... 502 PIR... Do you recognize anyone? Please let me know if you do.

This picture came from a fantastic website by Webmaster, Donald van den Bogert in Holland www.pararesearchteam.com Donald is adding Item Company 502 to the menu on this website, those pages are under construction. Keep watch on the website for their release. **We need your WW II photo, any WWII photo you send to me can be copied and the copy sent to Donald. I will return the original photo to you.**

Photos can be emailed to Donald at webmaster@pararesearchteam.com Donald is committed to keeping the memory alive.

Betty T Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 or bjth23@yahoo.com



Ardennes 1945

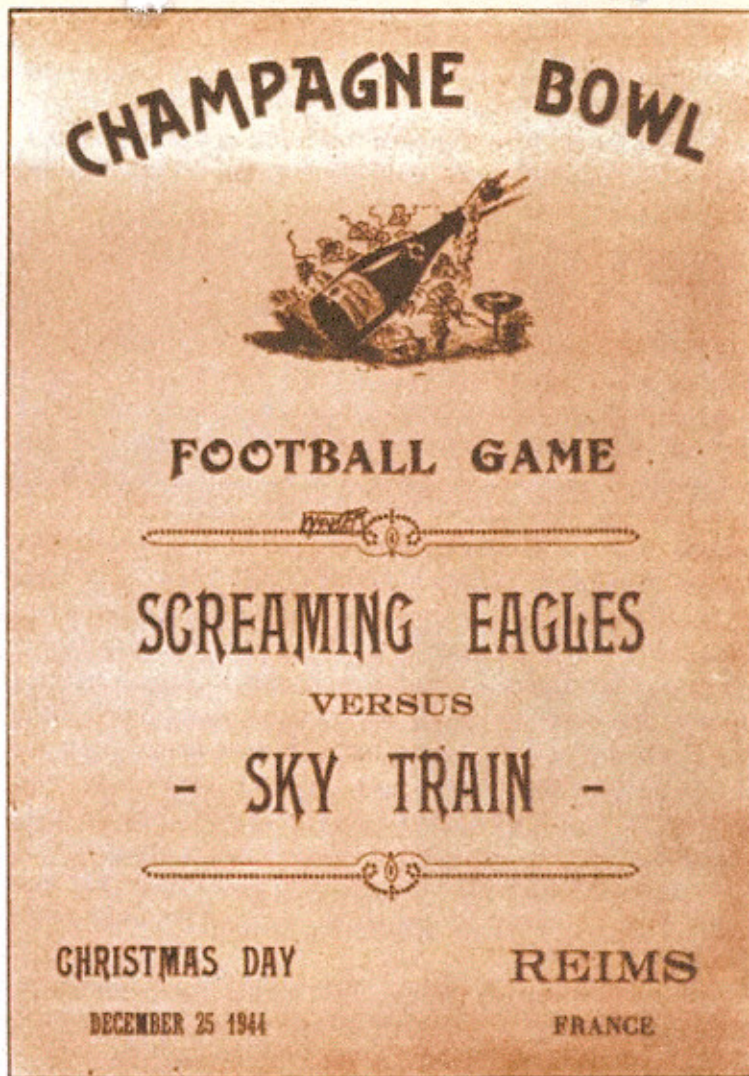
Tom Timmermans, webmaster, battledetective.com, Eindhoven, Netherlands

Invitation to Never Played Football Game

Through an online auction Battledetective bought a very interesting document from renowned expert on the Battle of the Bulge; Pierre Godeau. An invitation card to a football game which never took place as a result of The Fuehrer's plans for a counter attack in the Ardennes in December 1944. The entire 101st Airborne Division, including all Screaming Eagles and Sky Train team members had to hurry to Bastogne and stop cold everything the Germans threw at the Eagle-men. And they succeeded!

It took a while to finally get the document delivered to our office, but with this football game invitation we own a piece of history. It proves that the future can't be planned. This is the original document:

By the time the 101st was planning this football game, it had already learned the painful lesson that the course of war can't be predicted. Their role in Operation Market Garden was planned to only last a few days. Eventually it was after 72 days in combat in Holland that the eagle men were sent to Mourmelon to recuperate and refit.



This unplayed football game was to settle a tie played the year before in England by the 502d "Screaming Eagles" and the 506th "Sky Train."



(Our thanks to website www.battledetective.com Tom Timmermans, Webmaster)



The **Screaming Eagles of WWII Foundation** has yet another Operation Torch trip to offer you!

In 2009 it will have been 65 years ago that a large part of Europe was liberated from tyranny. This will make 2009 a very special year. Not only will there be special memorial activities everywhere. It also may be the last year the remaining World War Two veterans will be able to come overseas.

For the anniversary year 2009 we have planned a special version of Operation Torch. We will start our trip with an addition to the normal Operation Torch plan: Normandy – where we will visit the D-Day beaches and numerous museums. Then we will work our way North to spend a few days in the “Nuts” city area (Bastogne, Belgium).

After this, a warm welcome is prepared by the Dutch people in the Operation Market Garden area. We will kick off the first night in The Netherlands with a WWII style welcome party!

In The Netherlands we will visit the cities of Eindhoven, Nijmegen and Arnhem and surrounding areas.

A few surprises are planned for you by the different groups and individuals who take responsibility for parts of the programme.

PROGRAMME (subject to minor changes):

- Arrival* September 8th Stay in Normandy.
- Sept 11th depart for Bastogne.
- Sept 14th depart for Holland, Welcome Party.
- Sept 15th visit Best, Son, St. Oedenrode.
- Sept 16th visit ‘The Island’
- Sept 17th visit Eerde, Veghel, Heeswijk-Dinther
- Sept 18th Eindhoven Torch Parade
- Sept 19th Nijmegen
- Sept 20th Eerde Memorial Walk
- Sept 21st Arnhem: ‘A Bridge too Far’

Departure on September the 22nd.

Arrival and departure from Brussels (Belgium)

Operation Torch
 Operation Torch
 2009

Price: \$ 3000

Price includes hotels, transportation, food, museums. Airfare NOT included. Interested? For full reviews with pictures of previous Operation Torch trips, have a look on our website www.screamingeagles.nl

Or contact our Director of US operations, Mr Joseph M Bossi CSM (Ret) call: **931-624-8060**

CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

Care of:
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2222 Settlers Way Blvd. # 914
Sugar Land, TX 77478

First Class Mail



Arlington Cemetery Christmas Wreath

**THE 101ST AIRBORNE'S
SNOWBIRD REUNION
and I Company 502 Reunion
February 11-15, 2009
Kissimmee, FL**



Downtown Bastogne 1944 - Photo from www.pararesearchteam.com

The 31st "Bastogne December Historic Walk" takes place on Saturday, December 13th, 2008

64 years ago the greatest land battle of the American Army began, the Battle of the Bulge. This year we will walk through Mande-Saint-Etienne (west of Bastogne), where elements of the 101st AB arrived by truck from Reims, France, on 19 December 1944 to block, then halt the German drive to Bastogne.

Senonchamps (southwest of Bastogne), fiercely defended by American artillery and tanks, finally fell on 24th December 1944. In the afternoon there will be a parade downtown and wreath laying ceremonies honoring the victims of the Battle of the Bulge. Choice of 4 routes/distances: Route 1 (6km), Route 2 (12km), Route 3 (20km) or Route 4 (30km). (website:

www.bastognehistoricalwalk.be)

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We hope to see you at the 101st Airborne Snowbird Reunion in Kissimmee, FL February 11 - 15, 2009. Registration form was in last issue of Co I Poopsheet and on-line at www.screamingeagle.org (Reunions) Registration deadline is January 10, 2009.