



Company I Poopsheet

Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne

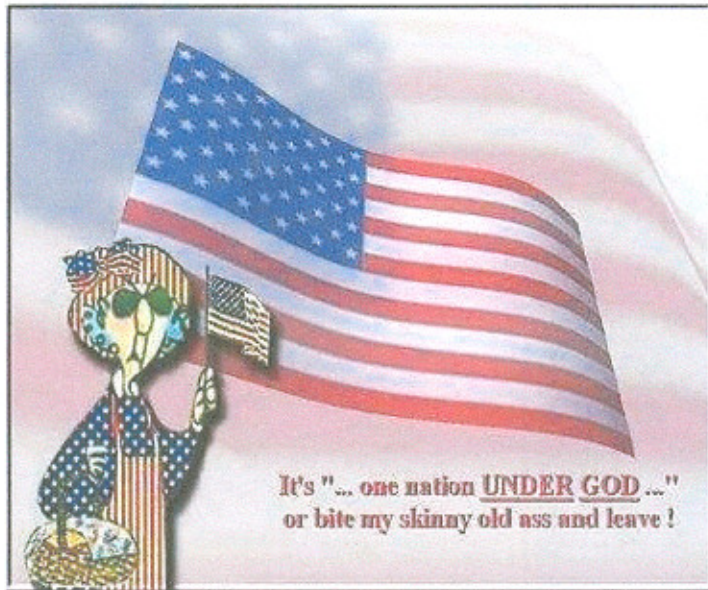
January 2008



Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, Elk Mound, WI, November 7, 2007 Hi, we just can't have you running short on money for putting out the Poopsheet. Just too many people (including us) who look forward to reading it and

keeping in touch. The boys were like a family and still are. Thank you so much for keeping the Poopsheet going. God bless you in all the work you do. With all our love, Marv and Charlotte

(Editor: Many thanks to everyone for the compliments and contributions. It is a joy to be in touch with the Item Company family in this way. Thank you all. Betty)



Don'tcha love Maxine, she's says what we all want to say but can't because it wouldn't be politically correct.

Troy W. Norris, Texas, (KIA) ASN 18109724, I Company, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne was a friend of **Chester Elliott** and also **Walter Presley** and many others in I Co.. Presley wrote about Norris in his memoirs published in two previous Poopsheets. He was best known as 'T-Dub' to his friends. Norris entered service from Sweetwater, TX, and survived the Normandy Invasion as well as Operation Market-Garden. On 13 or 14th of January, 1945 in the woods

between Michamps and Bourcy, Belgium, an American fighter- bomber dropped a 500 lb bomb in the woods north of the railroad line. Among those friendly troops killed in this accident were Major John P. Stopka, the 3/502 Bn commander and Sgt. Troy W. Norris (T-Dub)

Sgt. Troy W. Norris, (T-Dub) this photo originally provided by Chester Elliott (and copied here)



After reading the Presley memoirs in our Poopsheets that he had searched for Norris's grave in Europe, an airborne friend living in Belgium, Nelly van Loo-Polley, decided to search for T.W. Norris' name on a

"Wall of the Missing" or a gravesite at the three major national cemeteries in Holland and Belgium. She visited three cemeteries: Margraten in the Netherlands & Henri-Chapelle + Neupré (Ardennes cemetery) in Belgium. Some weeks after her visit she received an mail from the Margraten Cemetery Associate. He found out that Troy was buried at the temporary cemetery at "Grand Faily" in France, Plot I, Row 9, Grave 51, on January 17th 1945. In the late 40's he has been repatriated to Texas.



Nelly has a younger brother, Kris Polley, (both in photo above) living in Normandy, France. who is quite a talented internet researcher. Kris located the website of the records and cemetery in Texas where Norris is buried. Troy's name is listed along with another Troy Norris who may be his father, in the Roscoe Cemetery, Nolan County, Texas. The cemetery list states: NORRIS, TROY WELDON, 04/29/1920, 01/13/1945, 63, 8, 8, , S SGT. 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION U. S. ARMY

Cemetery Location: Just north of I-20, In Roscoe, Texas, at the junction of Highway 84 and Hwy 608. ..
Kris Polley and his sister, Nelly van Loo, seated in a WWII C-47 belonging to Michel de Trez, Normandy.

Ken Presley: (son of Walter Presley), November 16, 2007 This is fantastic. There are some amazing people out there. Can you please relay our thanks. Nelly's brother is obviously a real expert.
Ken Presley

Kris Polley, Normandy, France, November 17, 2007, Hello Betty, hello Lynn Many thanks to both of you for your e-mails and your very kind words! When my sis Nelly told me the story of the Presley family looking for Troy's grave I was immediately puzzled by the fact that Troy's name did not appear on the list of casualties in any US war cemetery. For me it was then very unlikely that he would have been buried in Europe on a non-military cemetery -this only happens for the commonwealth graves and so I assumed that he must have been repatriated to the US. I could then find on an official document (the US roster of WWII dead) that Troy was buried somewhere in Texas. Well, Betty you are right Texas is big, only 20 times Belgium, I believe!!!! But what made the search easy is that you have in the US a website with the list of all graveyards. And that's it, the story of how Troy's burial place was found..... Since I now live in Normandy (in Rouen for 10 years now) not too far away at about 250km) from the drop zones & beaches, Nelly and I have had the honour to meet up with some of the vets on several occasions especially during the d-day celebrations. It has always struck us that they don't consider themselves as heroes: for them the real heroes are their fallen buddies. That is why I can very well understand your father's quest, Lynn, to find Troy's grave. Yearly Nelly and I honour with flowers the grave of Everett K. Polley on the Colleville Cemetery. We don't know him and we know it is only a small gesture but it is just our

way to say to him and to all soldiers "thank you": you gave your life for our freedom and we will never forget that! Betty, I will be very honoured to appear in the Poopsheet newsletter!!! Should one day you decide indeed to come over to Normandy, please let me know as I would be very honoured meeting you personally and help with accommodation! Keep in touch. Many thanks. Warm regards from a sunny Normandy! Kris

Lynn McKelvey, daughter of **Walter Presley,** November 17, 2007, Mystery solved! Thank you so much for all your efforts in locating Norris' grave. I know my dad would be pleased to know his remains made it back home. I will email my thanks to Nelly and to her brother. Now the only mystery remaining is how my dad got TW's wedding ring to return to his widow after the war. Guess we'll never know the answer to that one. Thanks again! -- Lynn

Editor's Note: Recently, We learned from Earl Kelly that Presley had gone to the building where the bodies from the bomb blast were taken. There he removed the ring and returned it to Norris' wife after the war. She was quite upset with Presley for having removed the ring, and hard-feelings developed causing a rift between them, however, we can hope this abated when Norris's body was brought home in the late 1940's, still Presley never knew that T-Dub had come back home to rest. .

Mark Bando, author/historian, November 17, 2007, I believe Chester Elliott told me that TW was from Sweetwater, TX. It makes sense that he is buried in Roscoe, because that place is very nearby to Sweetwater. I now wonder if Walter Presley knew that *T-Dub* was buried there? He lived about 2 hrs west of there, down I-20 at Odessa, TX.

I have attended many rattlesnake roundups in Sweetwater since 1986 and am a little familiar with that area. Next time I go down there, I'll go by and pay my respects at TW's final resting place. Good to know it has been 'found'. Regards, M. Bando

Ed and Clara Mobley, Lawtey, FL, Dec. 26, 2007, In phone call, say they're doing fine and send their wishes for a Happy New Year for everyone and look forward to the Snowbird Reunion. Ed said he had talked to **Earl Kelly** recently who also hopes to be at the reunion.

WALTER PRESLEY'S MEMOIRS NOW A BOOK IN PUBLICATION

Marla Cooper, niece of **Walter Presley**, and writer of "My buddy", the memoirs of Walter Presley, wrote:
Nov. 16, 2007, Thank you SO MUCH for all the work you put in finding T.W.'s grave!

Also, because Ken Burns' series *The War* is renewing interest in WWII, I felt like a wider audience would be interested in Uncle Dub's experiences which are the "bottom up" kind the series profiles. So, with Lynn's (Lynn McKelvey,) encouragement, I've contracted with iUniverse to publish the stories found in *My Buddy*. The name of the book has been changed to ***From Basic to Bastogne*** and because iUniverse required it, I changed names "to protect the innocent as well as the guilty." But anyone who has read the book as it was presented in the Company I Poopsheet will certainly recognize who Uncle Dub was talking about.

The book is a paperback, 6" X 9" and can be purchased for \$11.95 from Barnes and Noble bookstores (I think they order it for you so it might take a little time to receive) or by calling 1-800-AUTHORS (1-800-288-4677). The little book might make a nice stocking stuffer for veterans and/or their descendants.

I appreciate that you shared the stories with the Poopsheet subscribers. I know doing that meant a lot to Uncle Dub. (I feel like he and T.W. are reunited now and watching us from above!) But there may be some who would like the stories in a single volume, so will you please make an announcement in the Poopsheet about the availability of *From Basic to Bastogne*? Thank you so much for your help. Marla

Nelly Van Loo in Belgium requested information of any other memoirs from item Company.

Mabel Howell, widow of **James K. Howell**, Aberdeen MS, sent Nelly a copy of Jim's book, *Highlights of a Short Military Career*.

Nelly Van Loo said she enjoyed seeing the Nivens group on their trip through France in September. Harry and Joanie's French friends have a website where you can follow their adventures in Normandy on this French web-site

:"www.carentan101airborne.free.fr" click on "événements" and then on "visite de Harry Nivens" for photos.

Harry and Joannie Nivens, St. Cloud, FL. Nov. 19 2007, thanks so much for the latest newsletter. It was great of Ray Hershner's son to share Ray's notes on his experiences in the Bastogne battle.



In September, we returned to Normandy for a week visit with our French friends. It was great and very emotional for me. My son Theodore (Ted) my daughter, Sherry, my niece, Marlene and her husband Phillip were with us (or rather we were with them as they took care of us old folks). It was an emotional experience for Sherry and Ted to visit the battle site where so many Company I men died. Ted is named for Emmett Theodore Nix and Cornelius Owens who was called Neal in Co. I. They both died on Purple Heart Lane. We visited the cemetery where four Co. I men are still buried, among them is Edward Sowder. Flowers were placed on their graves. We visited the Dead Man's Corner Museum near Carentan. They have done a great job displaying paratrooper items. They are also collecting donations to a statue of four men of the 3rd Battalion (502) which will include Ed Sowder. We also visited the museum at St. Mere Eglise, and I was allowed to go aboard the C-47 on display there. It brought back some memories as I had not been in one since June 6, 1944.

We are looking forward to the Snowbird Reunion. Happy Thanksgiving and a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. Harry & Joannie Nivens
Enclosed a donation

Ted Nivens, son of Harry Nivens, wrote on Nov. 8, Our trip with Dad was wonderful. It was more than what we had expected! We took over 500 pictures and are still trying to process them all.

I would like to share them to you and others but don't know what would be the best way. Please let me know.

Dad is doing well. Dad, Joanie, Phil, and Marlene Potter stayed in France for another two weeks after we came back. They rented a car and drove along the coast of France going towards Spain. Dad will be

coming to North Carolina for Thanksgiving with Sherry for that week.

Cindy and I are doing well. We became Grandparents while we were in Normandy. Everyone that evening in France toasted us with Champagne. I learned a great deal while in France. A trip of a lifetime! Ted Nivens



Photo of the 3rd Battalion monument to be built in Carentan, Normandy, France that Harry Nivens mentions in his letter above. With Col. Cole depicted as leading the Bayonet charge, is Sgt Kenneth N. Sprecher, 1st Sgt. H Co. 502, Pvt 'Allen Emery, HQ Co. 3rd Bn 502, and lying killed in action just prior to the Bayonet charge is Pvt. Edward Sowder, I Co. 3rd Battalion. The monument is scheduled to be dedicated in June 2009. Details were in our April 2007 Poopsheet.

TO CONTRIBUTE to the monument and museum construction: Send personal check made to: Carentan Historical Center, 103-105 Rue Marcellis, 970 Wezenbeek-Oppem, Belgium, Attention: Michel DeTrez, Director

Earl Kelly, Aberdeen, MD, Thanksgiving Day 2007... Earl phoned with best wishes for Thanksgiving, and reminiscing about all his dear friends in Item Company and sends his love to you all. Earl recently phoned **James (Jim) Norris**, and Jim answered the phone, but Jim could not remember him. Jim's Alzheimers disease is progressing. Jim's son talked with Earl

Earl said that he and Virginia often eat at the local Golden Corral Restaurant in Aberdeen. Recently, wearing his 101st Airborne jacket and a few medals,

he was quickly spotted by a group of GI's the 101st and 82nd also in the restaurant. They enjoyed talking with each other about WWII and Iraq experiences, each, of course, calling the other "their hero". Pictures were taken and good memories and friendships formed

*Editor's Note: At the 101st National Reunion in Omaha this past August, we were honored to sit and chat a while with a fine young soldier about to be deployed to Afghanistan on December 26, 2007 for another 15-month tour. He was then a Captain, now promoted and is **Major Mark S. Morgan**, from Ft. Campbell, KY, married, with a lovely wife and 3 adorable little girls.*

In November, we wrote to wish him well and to let him know he is in our prayers. If we hear from him during his tour of duty, we will pass along his messages. We received the following note from Maj. Morgan in November:

"Mam, I as well as all the Soldiers of the 101st appreciate your kind words. We know that you all keep us in your prayers and hope that more people like you continue spreading the words of goodness that all our Soldiers are doing. We love all of you more than words. We do what we do because we love our country! Take care. I was fortunate to get promoted on Oct 2. A greatly needed pay raise. My wife and children are very happy". MAJ Morgan

Bob Hartzell and daughter, Clara Hartzell, Tiffin, Ohio

May the Peace, Joy and Love of the Christ Child and His Holy Mother be yours this Christmas and each day of the New Year.

Mabel Howell, (**James Howell**) Aberdeen, MS
Warmest wishes for a merry and peaceful Christmas season. Always tood to read the Poopsheet. Will not make the Snowbird Reunion this year.

May Schultz Junkin (**Charles A Schultz**) December 7, 2007, My present husband and I recently moved to Village Green, a retirement campus, and my new address is 35451 1st Ave. S., Apt # F206, Federal Way, WA 98003.

I was looking through an album of pictures and came across these two pictures of **Joe Zamblauski** at two different parties that my late husband, **Charles A. (Artie) Schultz**, had for his paratrooper "buddies" (back in 1964 and 1965. Joe and his wife, Louise, lived in the suburbs of Hollywood, CA and we lived in

Anaheim, CA. We saw them quite a few times until Joe died in some kind of work related accident. It was always an interesting time to see them as Joe was quite a character. We had a lot of laughs when he talked about his war experiences. Joe was rather outrageous but lovable. I'm sure that those who knew him felt the same way about him.

I know that pictures and stories about Joe were requested so thought I'd pass these pictures on to you and trust you will know what to do with them.

You are doing a great job with the Poopsheet. Best wishes for the Christmas Holidays.



Photo: At the home of Charles A (Art) Schultz, Anaheim, CA, 1964, Anne Hoskinson, (Everett A) Joe Zamblauski and Muriel Metheny, (Fred R.)

Our thanks to May for sharing these photos with us. In a recent Poopsheet we told about finding Joe's jacket a few years ago at a thrift shop and it will be on display in the museum at Carentan.

Later, Dec. 8, May Shultz-Junkin (**Charles A. Schultz**) wrote: It is a pleasure to know that the Joe Zamblauski may be remembered in the Museum at Carentan. I remember that Joe had been referred to as "The Mad Russian" because of his wild and impulsive behavior and he was a fearless soldier. I brought oodles of pictures from my home to this retirement place and need to go through many of them and determine what to do with them. It is possible that I will come across some more 101st Airborne pictures which might be of interest. My late



Photo: 1965 at home of Charles A.(Art) Schultz, Anaheim, CA of George Gillespie and Joe Zamblauski (seated).

husband (Charles Arthur Schultz) who went by the name of Art or Artie was very involved in local activities of the 101st and 82nd Div Airborne. We were able to attend a few reunions, the first one being in San Francisco sometime in the early 60's., then our local group hosted one in Las Vegas. We went to one in Buffalo, NY, and another in Pittsburg, PA. in the 70's. These gatherings meant a lot to Art and I enjoyed being a part of them also. Unfortunately, Art died of cancer of the esophagus (he was a heavy smoker) in 1989 at age 66. He actually had a party room added to our home in Anaheim, CA, so he could host some local parties involving the Airborne buddies. He had a large bar and a player piano and we had some wonderful parties there.

The lady in the picture with Joe and Muriel is Anne Hoskinson. Her husband was **Everett (Hoppy) Hoskinson** who lived in Costa Mesa, CA. Hoppy died a couple of years before Art passed away if I remember correctly. In the Battle of the Bulge, Art was struck in the chest by shrapnel from our own planes and he ran and fell at Hoppy's feet. As I remember Art saying that Hoppy used a condom to stop the bleeding and probably saved his life. Art was sent to a hospital in England and then back to the States to Walter Reid Hosp. and then to Camp Upton, NY for discharge. I was a USO girl and met Art at a social in Camp Upton shortly before his discharge. There were only a few Paratroopers there

and I have to say the Paratroopers stood out with their neat uniforms, highly polished boots, and a sense of pride in themselves. Of course, Art stood out and it was love at first sight. We were married the next year and had been married 43 wonderful yrs when he died. Sorry, didn't mean to bore you with my story but my memory got stirred up thinking back to those days. I am now 84 yrs old and have a lot of good memories. Five years after Art died, I was fortunate enough to have married another good man and we now are enjoying this retirement home. I do not remember who the man with his back to the camera

When I think of the slides, albums, and just loose pictures that I need to review and do something with, the job is overwhelming and if I pass on before I have done this, I know that most of them will be tossed out. I can't let that happen. After our move is completed and we are settled down, I hope to be able to get to this task. We are still active in computer clubs, politics, the local historical society, family, friends and the Red Hats, etc. and are planning to join in activities here. We are so fortunate to have the kind of life we have. Trying to move from a 6 room house to a one bedroom apt. is absolutely ridiculous when we want to take it all with us. LOL Hopefully, a 2 bedroom apt. will become available to us and we can move the "office" out of the living room into the second bedroom.

I don't mind sharing my memories with anyone who is interested. :-) I just wish I would have paid more attention to Art's stories and made written notes of what he did, where he was, etc. Love, May

Floyd M. Taylor, December 8, 2007 Midwest City, OK, Enclosed is a donation for the Poopsheet. May the good will and peace of this Christmas season be yours throughout the coming year. Best wishes for you and the 101st, 3rd, Bn 502 PIR.
Floyd M. Taylor, I Co.

Chester Elliott, HC3 Box 141, Birch Tree, MO 65438 December 8, 2007, Will drop you a line hope this finds you o.k. We are all doing fair, getting old. Well Betty, I don't write much any more as my spelling is not good but thank you for the nice card and letter. I don't remember your brother. Its like a dream, his name rings a bell, but don't remember him,
Yes Betty I loved my brothers I fought with. My best friend was killed the day before I left Bastogne, 1 -14 45 Troy Norris I'll try to send you a picture of me and one of Troy Norris, but I would like them back if you

don't mind. I hear from my friend Earl Kelly pretty often. I love old Kelly, he was a good old boy.

I don't remember that Walter Presley was out in rank over Norris. I thought Presley was never above a Corporal because I was in their squad and I had a time getting Bob Cole to put them back as Squad Leaders. He wanted me to be a Sargent and I wouldn't take it. I was on the machine gun and wouldn't give it up. After we came out of Normandy we were pretty hard hit.

I enjoy the newsletter. I missed Bob Hartzell when he left, AND glad you took over Love to all of my friends and their families Chester



Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, Dec. 10, 2007
MERRY CHRISTMAS We send greetings from Elk Mound, WI Writing this as a snow storm rages outside. Our first of the season. Nice to be inside looking out! We've had some aches & pains since last year, but they tell us that comes with getting older.

We've found long lost Livingston relatives to be in touch with, which is exciting. God works in mysterious ways! Hope to meet the girls this coming August. Our family continues to stay healthy and busy. Granddaughters Katie in Appleton and Danika at Marquette University in Milwaukee. It was a warm, quite dry summer here, but plenty of rain after the growing season. A real busy but quiet year here. Best wishes for a wonderful Christmas and may 2008 be kind to you all May the Good Lord Bless and keep you. HAPPY NEW YEAR

Ray and June Dunlap, Fayette City, PA, December 12, 2007 I enjoy reading the newsletter very much. My wife had a knee replacement about 1-½ yrs ago and a valve replacement in her heart, but thus far is doing fine. I have my problems also but nothing life-threatening. I can thank the good Lord for that. Can't make the Snowbird Reunion this year. Wishing you

all bes wishes for the holidays. Enclosed something for the kitty. Have the merriest Christmas ever, have the happiest New Year too. Ray and June Dunlap

Meredith E. Smith, Baton Rouge, LA, December 10, 2007 I really enjoyed hearing from you and I am feeling fine to be 86 years old. I enjoy the Poopsheet and am enclosing a check for the kitty. I was in the 1st platoon, 2nd squad. I did not know your brother. I know his family really miss him. Merry Christmas, Meredith E. Smith

Joe and June Hennessey, Southbury, CT, December 13, 2007 We hope all is well. Enclosing \$ for the Poopsheet. I'm going for one more test, and I hope I can leave for Florida. We will stay until May. Joe's feet are getting worse. He never says much. It's the nerves from frozen feet. Hope to make the Snowbird Reunion. We took Theresa Callery out to dinner a few weeks ago. She has a great family and it was wonderful to see them all. I love her triplet grandsons, age 4, and 1-year old. They are precious. Hope we see her again before we leave here. Keep well and I'll keep in touch. Wonderful job on the Poopsheet, we love you. Take care, June and Joe

Lew Rousch, Gallipolis, OH, 12-10-07, Monday a.m. Dear Betty, I am sorry I haven't written sooner because I really appreciate the newsletter. I know it takes up a lot of your time, but I really enjoy it. I look forward to every time.

I am sorry to bring up Best, Holland, but that's where I was wounded. We jumped on the 17th of Sept., and I got hit on the 19th of Sept. I went all through France and never got a scratch, but Holland is as far as I made it. Well, enough about me.

On our trip across the ocean our ship's one engine broke down, and they pulled in to the harbor at Newfoundland to get it repaired. We were in there a good while, and they decided that we were ready to go. The entrance to the harbor wasn't very wide, and the bottom of the ship hit something s they turned around and went back in. Anyway, they fooled around so long that the convoy we were in to start with was coming back, so they brought one of those ships in to replace the one that we were on. While they were changing chips they run all of us out on the land (please excuse all the mistakes. This is the first letter I have written for years.) As it happened, the squad I was in picked a nice place on the hillside to spend our time while waiting for them to change ships.

A way down next to a woods was a turnip patch. Our

lieutenant came by and said for us to stay out of those turnips. Well, he didn't much more than get out of sight till I went way out around in the brush and came out in the turnip patch. I pulled all I could carry and walked straight back up to where all the group was and threw the turnips down in a pile. Everyone grabbed a turnip and started eating on it. Who should turn up about that time but Lieutenant Gleason. Right away, he said, "Who got those turnips?" No one said anything so he said it a couple more times, and no one said anything. Well, I thought I just as well tell him because he can't do much to me out here. So I said, "I did it, Sir." I didn't much more than get that out of my mouth till Jimmy Ellis (a cowboy from Texas) spoke up and said, "We all did Sir." Then Lieutenant Gleason said , "O.K. don't get anymore." Well, we didn't want anymore, we had all we wanted!

I talk to Earl Kelly on the phone every once in a while. I'll be 89 on the 26th of next month. I didn't know I was so nervous till I started writing. I hope you can make it out. Here is a little something to help out on the Poopsheet. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Love Lew & Avalon
(Lew W. Rousch, 19 VFW Road, Gallipolis, OH 4563)

Theresa Callery (Patrick Callery) Medford NY Ph (631) 730-7700 December 16, 2007.. In a phone call Theresa sends her love and best wishes to all of I Company. She is living with her daughter and will be visiting next two weeks with her son in CT.

Editor's Note: Theresa Callery said that Bill Dunn (William F.) known as "Dunniewas a good friend of Pat's and she thought he had been in I Company Not seeing his name in th roster, I phoned his widow, Mrs. Nan Dunn, in Lee, MA. She said Bill died 5 years ago. Bill was actually in H Company, 502 and was a medic. Bill had been taken POW on D-Day. Some others may remember him as well.

Edna Cooney, (Paul Cooney), Texas City, TX December 16, 2007 Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

William Downen, Middleton, TN, Dec. 16, 2007, Best wishes for the Holidays. Love, William

Myra and Joe Kelly (brother of **Earl Kelly**, I/502) December 18, 2007, Wishing your peace, love and joy at Christmas and always. Thanks for your good work. A donation to the Poopsheet enclosed.

Edward M. Augustynowski, Chesterfield, CT, December 16, 2007 May the peace and beauty of Christmas be with you throughout the coming year. Thank you for the Christmas card and personal message. Also, I'm sure all the recipients of the Company I Poopsheet are as thankful as I am for the tremendous effort you have put into producing the newsletter on the steady and regular basis since our original editor Bob Hartzell relinquished the task to your capability. The enclosed check is for your discretion in funding the newsletter. Love, Edward

Warren and Aggie Hartzell Welling, (daughter of **Bob Hartzell**, I/502) December 18, 2007, What a wonderful time of year to wish you the best of Holidays and a right New Year. Merry Christmas! Can't wait to greet you all at the Snowbird.

FROM THE DESK OF

GEORGE KOSKIMAKI Christmas Season '07

Dear Friends anti family: I am surprised to still be around at the end of 2007.-wo many of my buddies from the war and friends my age have departed our world during the past twelve 11Onths. My "Lunch Bunch" of veterans and younger history butfs has continued to meet each month (except in Jul7 and August).



I had a good summer at our beloved Interlude. The lake was down so Andy and crew added another section to the dock. I had loads of time to pick blueberries. I never noticed my aches and pains while picking and managed to find 132 quarts. (People would not believe I was actually finding those blue gems with such drought conditions in Yooper Land.) I had a quick invitation to travel to the battlefields in October with Chris Anderson' s G-2 Tour where I pointed out battle sites of the 101st Airborne Division which would not have been visited on a tour which featured four members of the "Band of Brothers". In Belgium we came upon a school bus tour from a Charleroi academy which was using our Bastogne book as a guide. Many of wry Covington-Watton relatives were on hand for a book signing at the Baraga County Historical Museum in August. I have another one on December 22 in Ishpeming. If my health holds out I

am scheduled for two appearances before historical groups in Fort Wayne. IN and Selfridge Air National Guard Base northeast of Detroit in January. You people are often in my thoughts and more so as the Christmas season approaches. A Merry Christmas and a bounteous New Year to you and yours. I love you, George .

Rendezvous with Christmas

Filip Willems, 2007.

Christmas time, the calendar shows December

Christmas time, a time to remember

It was sixty-three years ago

A tough battle with the foe

Ice, snow, days and nights were cold

Their rendezvous with destiny, a story still untold

Fear and courage hand in hand

No matter what, they'll stand

To all those angels from the sky

Again I say thank you, I sure know why

They fought for their country, and for mine

Star of Bethlehem, especially for them, please shine!

Flip Willems is the author of the above poem is Webmaster of the Official Site of the 101st Airborne Division 463rd Parachute Field Artillery
<http://www.wv2airborne.net/>

BASTOGNE 2007

Stars and Stripes (Kevin Dougherty)

European edition, Sunday, December 16, 2007

(excerpted here)

BASTOGNE, Belgium several veterans returned to Belgium this weekend to commemorate the 63rd anniversary of the largest land battle in Army history. They were joined by scores of U.S. service members, hundreds of WWII re-enactors and thousands of regular citizens.

Originally dubbed "Watch on the Rhine," the German offensive, launched Dec. 16, 1944, triggered an epic clash involving more than 1 million combatants over hundreds of miles.

"Whether we live or die," Adolph Hitler told his commanders on the eve of their attack, "the enemy must be beaten now or never."

In his after-action report, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the supreme allied commander, cited the number of German casualties and the loss of enemy tanks,

planes, transport trucks and even locomotives. But, he wrote, "more serious, in the final analysis, was the widespread disillusionment within the German army and Germany itself, which must have accompanied the realization that the breakthrough had failed to seize any really important objective and had achieved nothing decisive."

While the annual commemoration typically falls on a Saturday, with Sunday's vehicle parade through Bastogne being the curtain call for WWII re-enactors, there is talk about extending it to three days next year. That's because in recent years it has drawn more and more people.

Staff Sgt. David Copeland, a mechanic with the 123rd Main Support Battalion in Dexheim, Germany, drove up for the day. The two-tour Iraqi war veteran did not want to let another year slip by without paying his respects.

The experience of war, Copeland said, "gives you a different perspective on life and combat."

Copeland spoke near to where Frank Soboleski, Herb Suerth and Ray Nagell, another WWII veteran, waited for a group of re-enactors from the United States to parachute out of a C-47 Dakota aircraft. The jump came toward the end of the 30th annual memorial walk, which each year retraces a section of the perimeter defense around Bastogne. The city became an enduring symbol of the battle because the U.S. Army managed to hold it despite being surrounded and attacked for five long days.

Besides the walk, there are several wreath-laying ceremonies, a couple of parades and a church service, among other activities. And, of course, there are all sorts of re-enactors, from Switzerland to Scandinavia, dressing the part and tooling around in vintage WWII vehicles.

"They look like they are having more fun than anything else," said Army Sgt. Lindsay Bjelde, who is assigned to Mons, Belgium.

The 25-year-old medic walked with Bob Watters, a retired artillery officer. A few minutes earlier, the pair had watched a wreath-laying ceremony in the village of Champs. It was attended by the U.S. ambassador to Belgium, Sam Fox. Watters, 67, said he was talking with Fox's wife when a German man in his 50s approached. The man had tears in eyes, Watters said. "It's an honor," the man said, "to march with you Americans."

Flip Willems, December 18, 2007, Your request to print the poem is an honor for me. The 502nd fought HARD and side by side on Christmas morning 1944

with the 463rd PFA, and not forgetting the 705TD. One always forgets those tank destroyer boys from the 705TD with their 'Hellcats'. Without them they would never have knocked out so many German tanks.

The Chateau Rolley (Bastogne) was the 502PI CP ('Silent' Steve) while in the little houses in front of the Chateau. Some men of the 463PFA could have a couple of hours to prepare themselves a meal. When I do some guiding/teaching on the battle sites I always mention Major Hanlons story (he was from Winchester) about the white sheets at Hemroulle, Bastogne.



Here is a neat picture of the Chateau Rolley, 502 CP. And, a photo of the lady who lives there (Mme Jacques de Rolley), She met Col. Steve Chappuis because she lived there in 1944 as well. She remembers him well. She said Gen. Patton slept in her bedroom for one night end of December 44 before the 101st AB moved their Division CP to the south of Bastogne, at Isle-La-Hesse.

Reg Jans, Belgium, December 18, 2007, :
The picture (above) shows the back of Sarge Don Burgett A/506 when we visited the castle in 2005 .The lady that lives there is Mme Jaques Maus de Rolley. She's almost 90 .
On 25 dec 1944 , Christmas day , she and her family attended a mass in the chapel . They were invited to by Steve Chappuis and his men . After the mass the germans started to shell the castle and Mme Jaques escaped to be hit by an inch .
The Barns in front of the castle were used as an aid station . On dec 24 the troopers in there were waiting

for their first hot meal . The cooks started to prepare the food when a shell hit the courtyard and splintered the windows of the barn. The cooks spend about 2 hours to pick out the splinters and served the food



Photos are from Reggie Jans, Belgium, Previous page is the HQ "castle" that Capt. Ivan Ray Hershner wrote about in his Bastogne diary, and the photo above is of Mme Jacques de Rolley resident of the castle/chateau with Reggie Jans... The photo in her hand is Don burgett.

BASTOGNE 1944 - 1945

The following story is from **TIME MAGAZINE Archives**. The photos were not a part of the article, we have used the "Battle of the Bulge" photo from website of Peter van de Wal and original source of the "road" is not known.

TIME MAGAZINE Monday,
Jan. 08, 1945
www.time.com (archives)

"The Hole in the Doughnut"
 Bastogne (normal pop. 4,500) suddenly became important. If the left prong of the German offensive were to be slowed in its thrust toward the Meuse it

would have to be done there, where the Liège-Arlon highway meets six other roads.

To Bastogne, soon after the German offensive began, hurried parts of two U.S. armored divisions—the 9th and 10th of Lieut. General George S. Patton's Third Army. In speeding trucks came almost the full strength of the 101st Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagle" paratroops and glidermen whose toughness and contempt for danger are legendary. Back upon Bastogne fell straggling groups from U.S. outfits that had been chewed up.

The U.S. command had given one order: hold Bastogne at all costs. The Americans (some 10,000) worked like devils to make some sort of defense. On a perimeter about two miles out of the town they set up a line of foxholes, manned by the 101st's paratroopers. Stationed nearby were groups of tanks and tank destroyers. Just outside the town was a last-gasp inner defense circle, manned largely by the stragglers. Slight (5 ft. 8 in., 135 lb.), salty Brigadier General Anthony Clement McAuliffe, the 101st's acting commander charged with holding Bastogne, called them his "Team Snafu." Inside the town was a reserve force of tanks and tank destroyers, to dash out against a major enemy attack. "Tony" McAuliffe called this force his "Fire Brigade."

Bad Breaks. On Tuesday, Dec. 19, the Germans rolled up from the east and collided with the American tanks, which had gone out to meet them at neighboring villages. A shuddering, small-scale battle developed and the Americans lost many a tank. But the Germans halted momentarily. Then the main weight of the enemy veered around the milling fight, probed at other entrances to Bastogne. Wherever the Germans poked there were Americans. The Germans kept on wheeling around the town, by the



The Battle of the Bulge



next day had it surrounded, a little island fortress in a swirling sea of gunfire. Headquarters, hoping for a weather break for air attack, radioed Bastogne for its positions. Replied Bastogne: "We're the hole in the doughnut."

On the first night one of the worst things that could befall an island of besieged happened to Bastogne: the Germans captured its complete surgical unit. Bastogne's wounded would have to get along without amputations, without fracture splints, without skilled care at all.

Through Wednesday and Thursday Bastogne battled almost continuously on its perimeter, suffered tortures in the overcrowded town. Shells poured in from all sides. Some 3,000 civilians huddled in cellars with the wounded. Food was running low—the Germans had also captured a quartermaster unit. Ammunition was dwindling—an ordnance unit had been taken too. Gasoline was down to tricklets—the Fire Brigade, to save fuel, did not keep engines running, clanked off to hot spots on cold motors.

By Friday Bastogne was a wrecked town, its outskirts littered with dead. There had been at least four fighting Germans to every American—the elements of eight enemy divisions. The dead were probably in the same ratio. Bastogne had already cost the Germans dearly, in time as well as troops. On one day alone the enemy had lost 55 tanks and hundreds of men who tried to infiltrate the lines against the G.I.s' Tommy guns and mortars. The Germans were sick of "crazy Americans." They tried a surrender offer.

Air Breaks. Through the lines on Friday came an enemy envoy carrying a white sheet. He delivered an ultimatum: two hours to decide upon surrender. The alternative: "annihilation by artillery." The German commander appended a touching

appeal to U.S. instincts: "The serious civilian losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the well-known American humanity."

General McAuliffe did not hesitate. He had been touring the aid stations, had heard the wounded beg him, "Don't give up on account of us, General Mac." He sat at a debris-littered desk, printed his reply with formal military courtesy: "To the German Commander—NUTS!—the American Commander." So there would be no misinterpretation, an officer translated for the blindfolded German envoy: "It means the same as 'Go to Hell.'"

McAuliffe's reply was mimeographed, passed around to his troops. With it went his

Christmas message: "The Allied troops are counterattacking in force. ... By holding Bastogne we insure the success of the Allied armies. We are giving our country and our loved ones at home a worthy Christmas present and, being privileged in taking part in this gallant feat of arms, are truly making for ourselves a Merry Christmas."

There was little else merry about Bastogne's Christmas, but the war soon looked up. On the 24th there had been a weather break. Tony McAuliffe could report to the Ninth Air Force that its Lightnings and Thunderbolts had done a "simply tremendous" job of mopping up enemy tanks and guns. Trains of C-47 transports had come over to parachute supplies (eventually more than 1,500 tons were dropped). A surgeon arrived by Piper Cub. More medical help was coming. There was a heart-warming Christmas gift: air pictures showing a ring of burning enemy tanks and vehicles all around Bastogne.

The beleaguered did what little they could about Christmas. Some who had shelter in houses brought in fir trees, decorated them with paper and any sort of bright bit that stuck out of the rubble. Pfc. William Horton hung on one tree a tiny celluloid doll—one of its eyes had been punched out. His buddies called the doll "Purple Heart Mary." To the accompaniment of bombs and ack-ack Major Charles Fife puffed out tunes on an ocarina, and the men hummed carols.

The Germans made Christmas grim with heavy shelling and more attacks. A bomb hit a house used as an aid station. In it were more than 100 wounded. The house flamed into a furnace before more than a few of the wounded could be carried out. But there was vengeance on the perimeter: the wily paratroops let German tanks filter through to ambush by the tank destroyers. The day's score in tanks: 32.

Christmas was the turning point. As darkness fell the next day, a sentry spotted several U.S. Sherman tanks rolling down a ridge from the south. He alerted the outposts ; captured Shermans had carried Germans up to the lines before, and sentries had been shot down.

The Big Break. Out of the leading Sherman's turret popped a bandaged head. The man with the bandage and the big shiner on his right eye yelled the proper password. He was Lieut. Colonel Creighton ("Abe") Abrams, commanding the 4th Armored Division's rescue spearhead.

Bastogne's ordeal was not entirely over. That night the Germans cut the narrow shaft Colonel Abrams' men had carved, and Bastogne got more shells from the other sides. But the narrow path was cleared next day and General Patton's tanks lanced on into the German bulge while Bastogne's wounded & weary went out to safety in a convoy of ambulances and trucks.

For the 101st Airborne's men there were two surprises: their regular commander, tall, 43-year-old Major General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, had ridden into Bastogne with the relief outfit (he had been in the U.S. for consultation, had reached the front from

Washington in less than two days); the Screaming Eagles were being relieved while there were still more Krauts around to kill.

The 101st Airborne and the others, along with a sky full of trigger-happy pilots, had created another epic of U.S. arms at Bastogne. They had never let the enemy seriously penetrate their outposts. They had punished him severely. The ground forces alone had destroyed 148 tanks and the German dead were counted in thousands. Bastogne's defenders had made possible a tactical success that might be turned into a large-scale victory.

History would probably award Bastogne a high place in the important battles of 1944. But the men of the 101st Airborne were confused by the adulation poured upon them. Snorted one: "What the hell — everybody in this outfit is just crazy, including me. If we weren't we wouldn't be in it."

Editor Note: The Screaming Ducks are a re-enactment group based in tNetherlands who focus on A/502 PIR.

We thankthe Screaming Ducks., Happy New Year.

"This is how the boys celebrated Christmas 63 years ago.

The Screaming Ducks wish you a Merry Christmas & Happy New Year"

*Kind Regards,
Sybren van de r Vel de n
(chairman)*

Christmas was the same for troops all across Europe December 1944.

(left) Unidentified photo



Official Logo of the Screaming Ducks.



Story of the bed Sheets of Hemroulle

(provided for the Pooosheet by Reggie Jans, Belgium)

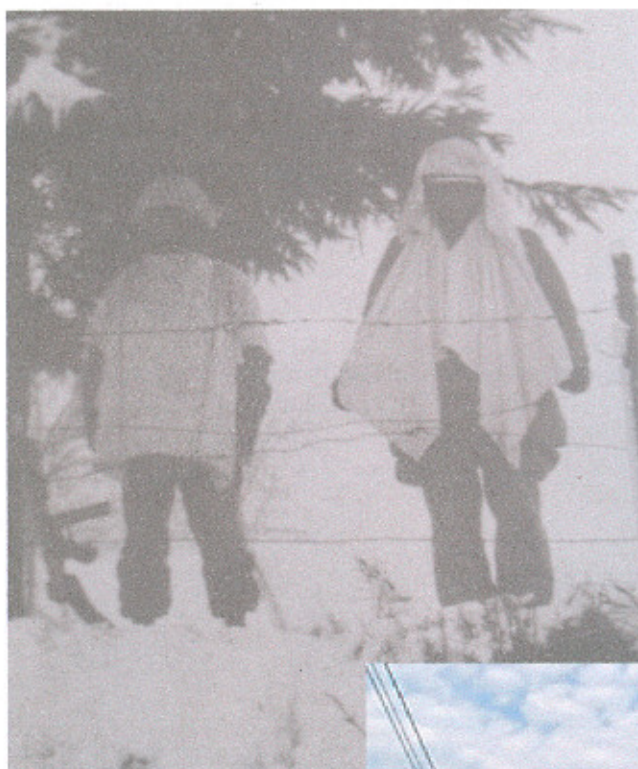


Lt Col Thomas Sutcliffe 2nd/502 Lt Col John Stopka 3rd/502 Lt Col "Long John" Hanlon 1st/502
KIA 14/01/1945

Wearing only an M-43 in the snow would be no good for camouflage . To be shot as ducks was not an option . In Hemroulle , a tiny hamlet on the outskirts of Bastogne , members of 463rd PFA were supporting 502 PIR and pointed to their officer : “ Sir , we can’t dig in here . There are no trees for the officers to hide behind..”.

A little further between Hemroulle and Champs , 502 PIR were holding the lines . The Germans used to paint their helmets white and even had white overalls . Five-o-Deuce didn’t ...

*Picture taken in the vicinity of Hemroulle (Rolley Castle) and Champs .
Photos Courtesy of Mark Bando*



Lt Col. “**Long John Hanlon**” , commanding officer of 1/502 went to Hemroulle and asked the mayor to go to the church and toll the bells so the civilians , who were hiding in their basements , would come out and gather around the church .

Hanlon asked them for bed sheets and pillow covers . So his men could use it for camouflage . He also promised to take care of it . So this way he could give his men some kind of protection

After the war, the story of the bed sheets was published in a local newspaper in Winchester , New York , home of John Hanlon . In the weeks after the story was published Hanlon received lots of packages from people from all over the US ...containing white bedsheets and pillow covers .

A few years after the war John Hanlon went back to Hemroulle . He went straight to the Mayor and asked him “ Would you please toll the bells in the church for me ? “ So the mayor did and the people came out and gathered around the church .

There was a small truck parked next to the church , filled with packages..... John Hanlon started to give back the sheets to the people of Hemroulle ... He kept his promise .



(Left) Church of Hemroulle

POST WAR

From the Archives of TIME MAGAZINE
www.time.com (archives)

Monday, Nov. 26, 1945

Lobster by Candlelight

Through the months of mud and misery, all of them
Photos dreamed elaborate dreams of the pleasures of



peace. To 30-year-old Frank Lillyman, a captain in the 101st Airborne Division, the dreams became obsessions. On Christmas Day at Bastogne, he hunched over in the icy rain to scribble his dreams on paper. As he moved

with the 101st across Germany, he kept adding to the list. It finally included every detail of a soldier's vision of heaven. To Lillyman, thrice wounded and eight times decorated, heaven was worth a try. When he learned two months ago that he would soon be going home, he wrote to Manhattan's Hotel Pennsylvania his order for a seven-day dream: "A suite that will face east ... a cup of English-made tea served to me in bed ... no military title —'Mister' will be music to my ears. . . ." A phonograph "with any & all Strauss selections," a "large, grey-haired, motherly" maid to look after his three-year-old daughter Susie, a new



toy for Susie every day, flowers every morning for his wife Jane, candles on the table for dinner, a one-way telephone—"outgoing only," a prodigious menu full of such delicacies as filet mignon and lobster a la Newburg, a daily program of sightseeing, theatergoing, and nightclubbing to be planned by the hotel. "Can you do it?"

Wistful Captain Lillyman finally started home. Still determined, he turned up at the hotel, pulled out \$500 in money saved for the dream, asked if it was enough. The management told him to put it away, go up to Skaneateles, N.Y. and get his wife and

daughter. The party was on the house. Last week, while the hotel staff turned itself inside out (and the public-relations man made hay with the story), Mister Lillyman, Jane and Susie lived his dream down to its minutest detail (a Maraschino cherry on top of each scoop of ice cream in their triple-scoop banana splits). Lillyman and Susie took it in their stride (see cut), but it was almost too much for Mrs. Lillyman. Said she: "He's always been a champagne dreamer."

We added Photos of Frank Lillyman and 2007 photo of Susan Lillyman Hyland.

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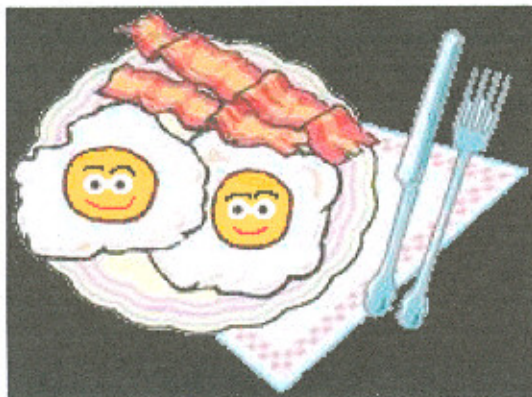
Fawn Jones, Frisco, TX, December 20, 2007, (daughter of **Edward M. Smith, I/502**) May your holidays be bright with happiness and your new year filled with joy. Thanks for all you do! Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas & wonderful 2008 to you and yours. Love, Fawn, Scott & jesse Jones

Kay Murdock, (**Walter Murdock**), Placerville, CA, December 21, 2007 Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a happy new year. This has been a hard year, I miss Walt so much. I am keeping busy with the memoriams. I'll be think of you all at the Snowbird Reunion.. You do great work getting the newsletter out. Love Kay]

Earl R. Kelly, Aberdeen, MD, December 21, 2007, I want to wish you the very best in the coming year, Betty, you have made life so much more enjoyable. Use the enclosed as you see fit. Merry Christmas and a good new year, Love, Kelly

James S. (Jim) Norris, 452 Richardson Dr, Roanoke, VA, 2409 December 21, 2007, I am writing this on behalf of my dad, Jim Norris. He is doing o.k. physically thanks to the medical team at the VAMC System, VA. However, he has moderate dementia which is creating some problems. He is still able to reside in his home with assistance, supervision from myself, my sister, Carolyn, and 10 hours a week of home assistance provided by the VA. He is sitting in his living room watching a football game now. I think it is wonderful of you to carry on with the Poopsheet. Dad always looks at it and reads it. He even saves old copies. I am enclosing a small check to assist with the funding. I hope you have a wonderful holiday season along with a safe, healthy happy new year in 2008. We also got cards from some of Dad's friends in I company, please let everyone know we really appreciate the cards. With Best Wishes, James Norris, Jr.

The people of Item Company, 502, are a blessing and joy to know. The newsletter is a great conduit and I appreciate so much your love and support. Thank you. Betty



We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the "seniors" special was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$1.99.

"Sounds good," my wife said. "But I don't want the eggs."

"Then I'll have to charge you \$2.49 because you're ordering a la carte," the waitress warned her.

"You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?" my wife asked incredulously. "YES!!" stated the waitress.

"I'll take the special then." my wife said.

"How do you want your eggs?" the waitress asked.

"Raw and in the shell," my wife replied.

She took the two eggs home.

DON'T MESS WITH SENIORS!!! We've been around the block more than Once.

Three old guys are out walking.

First one says, "Windy, isn't it?"

Second one says, "No, it's Thursday!"

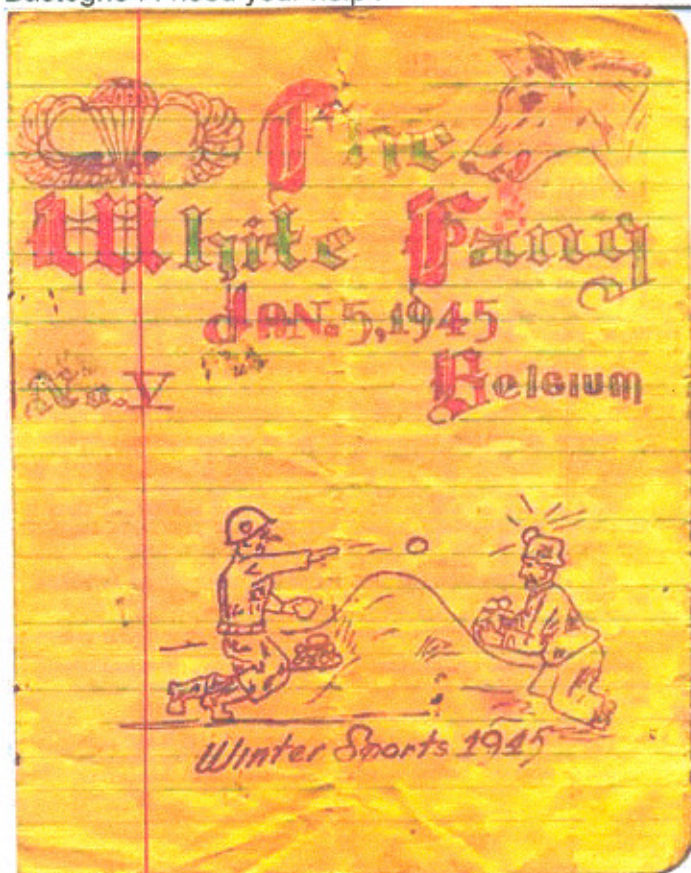
Third one says, "So am I. Let's go get a beer."

CAN YOU HELP THIS MAN WITH COPY OF "WHITE FANG"?

Reg Jans
St-Quiribusstraat 77
3550 Heusden-Zolder
Belgium

reg.jans@telenet.be

I live in Belgium and I been researching the bulge for almost 10 years now . I'm working on an article I want to use for a book I'm planning to write on the 101st in Bastogne . I need your help .



I know 2/502 , when they were near LongChamps , used to have their own handwriten limited editions of a magazine named "White Fang "

I'm looking for copies of these mags . I'm sure some of the 502 vets still mght have some drafts..Can you help me out here ?

Hans Arie Kroon Paris, France, 25 December 2007
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Christmas is above all things the time when we celebrate the birth of Our Saviour, Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. We've been to mass last night in our church

The view of the Margraten cemetery chills you to the bones, all those white crosses. My wife wept when



she saw them, I was also deeply moved. We have been standing also at Lt.Col. Robert Cole's grave. (picture attached). Margraten Cemetery, Holland, Photos: Memorial Day 2007 Hans Arie Kroon and his wife place flowers on gravesites and at Col. Cole's grave.

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Moral of this story: If you don't know God, don't make stupid remarks!!!!

A United States Marine was attending some college courses between assignments. He had completed missions in Iraq and Afghanistan. One of his courses had a professor who was an avowed atheist and a member of the ACLU.

One day the professor shocked the class when he came in, looked at the ceiling and flatly stated, "God if you are real, then I want you to knock me off this

platform. I'll give you exactly 15 minutes." The lecture room fell silent. You could hear a pin drop.

Ten minutes went by and the professor proclaimed, "Here I am God. I'm still waiting." It got down to the last couple of minutes when the Marine got out of his chair, went up to the professor, and cold-cocked him; knocking him off the platform. The professor was out cold. The Marine went back to his seat and sat there, silently.

The other students were shocked and stunned and sat there looking on in silence. The professor eventually came to, noticeably shaken, looked at the Marine and asked, "What the heck is a matter with you? Why did you do that?"

The Marine calmly replied "God was too busy today protecting America's soldiers who are protecting your right to say stupid stuff and act like an idiot. So he sent me."

SPECIAL POEM FOR SENIOR CITIZENS!!

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.

One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.

A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.

The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.

The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.

The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.

The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.

The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.

Such an array of brilliant pills
He lping to cure all kinds of ills.

But what I'd really like to know.....

Is what tells each one where to go!

There's always a lot to be thankful for if you take time to look for it. For example, I am sitting here thinking how nice it is that wrinkles don't hurt...

SOME THINGS I'VE LEARNED....

I've learned.... That when you're in love, it shows.

... That just one person saying to me, "You've made my day!" makes my day.

... That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

... That being kind is more important than being right.

... That you should never say no to a gift from a child.

... That I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in some other way.

... That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

... That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

... That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

... That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

I've learned.... That we should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.

... That money doesn't buy class.

... That it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

... That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

... That to ignore the facts does not change the facts.

... That when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting them continue to hurt you.

... That love, not time, heals all wounds.

... That the easiest way to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.

... That everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.

... That no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.

... That life is tough, but I'm tougher.

... That opportunities are never lost; someone will take the ones you miss.

... That when you harbor bitterness, happiness will dock elsewhere.

... That I wish I could have told my Mom that I love her one more time before she passed away.

... That one should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.

... That a smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

... That I can't choose how I feel, but I can choose what I do about it.

... That when your newly born grandchild holds your little finger in his little fist, you're hooked for life.

... That everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.

... That the less time I have to work with, the more things I get done.

I've learned.... That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

From Andy Roney, CBS

CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZEL

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

First Class Mail

HAPPY NEW YEAR....

**This year may your troubles be less,
your blessings be more and nothing
but happiness come through your door**



May 2008 be the best year of your life!!!

TO:

Dear Lord,

So far today, am I doing all right.



I have not gossiped, lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish, or self-indulgent. I have not whined, complained, cursed, or eaten any chocolate. I have charged nothing on my credit card.

But I will be getting out of bed in a minute, and I think that I will really need your help then.

DEADLINE FOR REGISTRATION: JAN.10

SNOWBIRD REUNION

KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA

Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 2008

All official reunion activities are on Feb. 1 and 2

Forms in last issue and in Screaming Eagle magazine and on www.screamingeagle.org (reunions) website

Questions? Call Betty at 281-277-3787

Or email bjth23@yahoo.com

DID YOU KNOW? The average number of people airborne over the U.S. in any given hour is 61,000