



Company I Poopsheet

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

May 2010

'Honor and Remember'

Flag for Fallen Heroes

Holidays, memorials and parades are a few of the ways Americans honor and remember the



commitment and sacrifice of our military. Now there's a new flag designed by a proud father to recognize those who have paid the ultimate price. Millions of service men and women have laid down their lives for our freedom. And one man is on a mission to see that their sacrifice is never forgotten. "Everywhere I would see the P.O.W. flag and I thought, 'Wow, what an awesome tribute to that group of individuals,'" said George Lutz, founder of Honor and Remember.

"They were given a flag to remember that they were missing, that they were captured, and I thought what an honor and then I thought the fallen need a flag." George Lutz's son, Tony was killed in Iraq in 2005. The loss inspired George to design the "Honor and Remember flag" -- which he hopes will one day fly in all 50 states as a tribute to American heroes. As of March 3, 2010, The State of Virginia has designated the "Honor and Remember Flag" as Virginia's emblem of service and sacrifice by those in the U.S. armed forces. A drive is underway for this to become the National emblem for our fallen heroes.

Please help update email addresses... send me your email address for our airborne list bjth23@yahoo.com



This photo in our last issue of Madeline Fitzgerald Matz with Harry Nivens at the Snowbird Reunion needs correcting. My thanks to Mark Bando for helping me out. We totally misunderstood the identity of Madeline F. Matz showed with Harry Nivens. She is not related to John Fitzgerald, Cole's runner. She is the daughter of Captain Cleveland Fitzgerald, who commanded Company B, 1st Bn 502 on D-day and who was killed in a car crash in Reims, France around August or September, 1945, after VE Day.

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Mrs. Denver (Sybil) Hatfield, Pawnee, OK, March 2, 2010, (a contribution) This isn't much but maybe it will help a little. I really enjoy reading the paper (Poopsheet) I think I told you before that my husband, Denver, was a paratrooper in the 101st Airborne Div. He passed away 23 years ago this month. Bye for now, Love Sybil.

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Mrs. Gene (Eleanore) Forer, West Los Angeles, CA A contribution) enclosedIn honor of my late husband, Gene, who was a "super dooper" paratrooper!!

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Thank you all for your contributions to support the Poopsheet.....
It keeps us going.

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Returned mail, unable to deliver or forward:
Mrs. Thomas C. (B.W.) Grey, Macon, GA
Mrs. Albert (Joyce) Glatt, Rapid City, SD

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Faith, Hope & Love -- but the greatest of these is LOVE.

1 Corinthians 13:13

In memory of my brother, **Louis J. Morong. I-502, Josephine Kokol**, Omaha, NE sent a donation for the wreath and Pooosheet and writes: Love the wreath idea. Love the newsletter. Both a fitting tribute to I-502. Lou loved the newsletter, now I know why.

Barbara and Cecil Slover, 5465 Spruce St., Hampton, FL 32044, daughter of **Edward Mobley, I-502** write: Please change our address, we no longer have a P.O. box. We would like to make a donation to the Pooosheet and the wreath. We enjoyed everyone being together on Saturday a.m. before we had to leave Orlando. Thanks for all you do.

Conrad and Erika Maher, nephew of Eugene Caukel, I-502, pictured below, writes :

March 2, 2010, I have enclosed a contribution towards the expenses of preparing the I Company Pooosheet.



We have only recently learned of information about my uncle, Pvt Eugene O. Gaukel. A search using the Google search engine found a link to the article by Kurt Barickman based on interviews with Eldon Abrahamsen who was in I Company and wounded along Carentan causeway. This is where my uncle was mortally wounded

and spoke to Eldon when he was making his way back towards St Comte du Mont.

Eugene volunteered for the Army in 1942. My older brother, one younger brother and my two oldest sisters all remember the sad goodbye. He was the youngest of 10 children in my mother's family and was born on St. Valentine's Day in 1922. My grandmother would have been about 42 years old when Eugene was born. She died in 1940 and did not have to see her youngest boy go off to war and learn of his fate.

Uncle Gene enlisted in the army and did his basic training. At the end of this training he developed some sort of rash on his hands that was a consequence of working in a meat packing plant in St. Paul, MN before basic training. By the time this had cleared up, his buddies from basic training had moved on and Uncle Gene was put into a company of

men like himself who had not been able to stay with their original basic training buddies for one reason or another. This is when he decided to volunteer for Jump School and eventually became a member of I Company prior to the Normandy invasion.

We have only discovered this information on Uncle Gene and with so many of I Company KIA and the time that has elapsed, there probably is not much more that can be discovered.

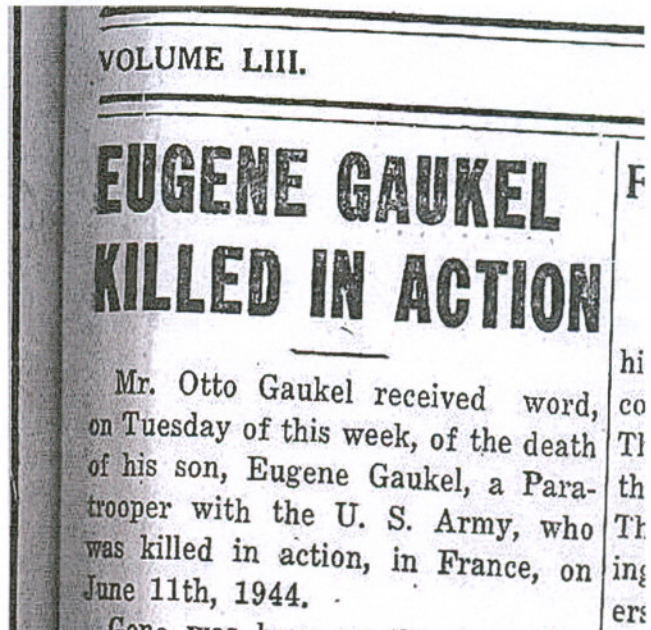
Our family would be very grateful for any news or comments from anyone who knew Eugene.

Betty we thank you for the good work you are doing and look forward to the next issue of the I Company Pooosheet.

Is there any prospect of accessing or obtaining previous issues of the Pooosheet?

Conrad Eugene Maher Dalkerth, W. Australia

PS In summer we live in Newport Beach, CA. We will head back there in early May and if all goes well, I will make a short trip to Normandy while we are in Germany to celebrate the 75th birthday of my brother-in-law. My wife is from Germany and our Uncle Gene was only the second generation from German ancestors who came from southern Germany. It is ironic that he was fighting his ancestors when his great great grandfather had fled Germany so that Uncle Gene's great grandfather who was sixteen in 1864 would not be drafted into military service to fight in local wars in southern Germany. Attached is an obituary for Uncle Gene and reflects what I remember about him. A quiet and likeable young man.



“My Luck”



A paratrooper on his first jump was given the following instructions: Jump from the plane and yell "Airborne!" Count to three and your chute will open.

If main shoot doesn't open, pull the reserve ripcord. When you get down on the ground, a truck will pick you up and take you back to the base.

The paratrooper jumped and yelled, "Airborne!" He

counted to three and nothing happened.

He then frantically pulled the reserve cord. Nothing happened.

Then the paratrooper said to himself, "Damn, with my luck the truck won't be there to pick me up either!"

What you might not know about Martha Raye

The following is from an Army Aviator who takes another trip down memory lane:



There was the singer and actress, Martha Raye, with a SF (Special Forces) beret and jungle fatigues, with subdued markings, helping the wounded into the Chinook, and carrying the dead aboard. 'Maggie' had been visiting her SF 'heroes' out 'west' We took off, short of fuel, and headed to the USAF hospital pad at Pleiku. As we all started

unloading our sad pax's, a 'Smart-Ass' USAF Captain said to Martha.... Ms Ray, with all these dead and wounded to process, there would not be time for your show!

To all of our surprise, she pulled on her right collar and said.....Captain, see this eagle? I am a full 'Bird' in the US Army Reserve, and on this is a 'Caduse' which means I am a Nurse, with a surgical speciality....now, take me to your wounded. He said, yes mam'.... Follow me.

Several times at the Army Field Hospital in Pleiku, she would 'cover' a surgical shift, giving a nurse a well-deserved. break.

The grave of Martha Rafye, Ft. Bragg Main Post Cemetery, North Carolina.

only woman buried in the SF (Special Forces)

cemetery at Ft. Bragg.

Birth, August 27, 1916, Death, Oct. 19, 1994

Entertainer, Actress Martha Raye. Born Margaret Yvonne Teresa Reed, she joined her parents' vaudeville act at three years old. The singer, dancer, actress, comedienne performed on Broadway, in



movies and on television.

Beginning in 1942, she entertained American troops through World War II, Korea and Viet Nam. For nine years she made trips to Viet Nam, sometimes staying



up to six months at a time and often using her training as a nurse to help with the wounded. She was made an honorary member of the Special Forces units that she often assisted and received her Green Beret and title of

Lieutenant Colonel from President Lyndon Johnson. Nicknamed "Colonel Maggie" by the troops, she received the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest commendation for civilians, in 1993. In honor of her service to the military special exception was made to policy so that she could be buried in the military cemetery at Fort Bragg.

(bio by: [Melanie](http://www.findagrave.com)) <http://www.findagrave.com>

BURNT BISCUITS

Author Unknown: When I was a kid, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day at work. On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad.



I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that biscuit and eat every bite!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: "Honey, I love burned biscuits."

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your Momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides - a little burnt biscuit never hurt anyone!" You know, life is full of imperfect things.....and imperfect people. I'm not the best at anything, and I forget birthdays and anniversaries just like everyone else. What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each others faults - and choosing to celebrate each others differences - is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship. "Don't put the key to your happiness in someone else's pocket - keep it in your own."

No one believes seniors . . . everyone thinks they are senile.

An elderly couple was celebrating their sixtieth anniversary. The couple had married as childhood sweethearts and had moved back to their old neighborhood after they retired.

Holding hands, they walked back to their old school. It was not locked, so they entered, and found the old desk they'd shared, where Andy had carved 'I love



you, Sally.' On their way back home, a bag of money fell out of an armored car, practically landing at their feet. Sally quickly picked it up and, not sure what to do with it, they took it home.

There, she counted the money -fifty thousand dollars! Andy said, 'We've got to give it back.' Sally said, 'Finders keepers.' She

put the money back in the bag and hid it in their attic. The next day, two police officers were canvassing the neighborhood looking for the money, and knocked on their door. 'Pardon me, did either of you find a bag that fell out of an armored car yesterday?'

Sally said, 'No'. Andy said, 'She's lying. She hid it up n the attic.' Sally said, 'Don't believe him, he's getting senile' The cops turned to Andy and began to question him. One said: 'Tell us the story from the

beginning.'

Andy said, 'Well, when Sally and I were walking home from school yesterday'

The first police officer turned to his partner and said, 'Let's go!'

March 10,, **Kitty Ebner , Elk River MN**, Dear Betty, I am a niece of **Eugene O. Gaukel** (I-502) and the sister of Conrad Maher who has recently corresponded with you.

I too wish to thank you for all the work you put into the "Company I Poopsheet."

Without it we would not have found the story about our beloved uncle, Eugene O. Gaukel.

I am enclosing a donation so that others like us can finally have some closure and know about our uncles last hours. I am grateful that my mother learned his story with him by her side in heaven. I don't think she could have endured the added grief had she read the story before her death eleven years ago.

God Bless and Thank You once again,

Kathleen Maher Ebner

P.S. So named Kitty / Kitsy because of me being the baby when he left and having a lot of black hair .. On all of his letters home at the very bottom he wrote "Kiss my Kitsy" for me. In my heart I think I may have been the baby he never got to have.

Mrs. Dorothy Boyd (Thomas J. Boyd, I-502)

Santa Clara, CA Dear Betty, I'm sorry for being so late in sending a donation. You are doing a great job on the Poopsheet. I don't know how you do it. I'm doing pretty good for my age but slow about getting some things done. Thank you for the Poopsheet.

Yours Truly, Dorothy Boyd

Kathy Hagen, Yakima, WA, writes, My mom, Lillian Moe (Glenn Moe, I-502)

has been in hospital for diabetic attack and is recovering in a rehab nursing home. For a while she will need more care than I can give her. Love to all, Kathy

Kathy. You and Lillian are in our prayers. Betty

Mrs. Choochie Abrahamson, (Eldon Abrahamson I-502)

Just a note to let you know I have moved to Napa, CA. Keep up the good work on the Poopsheet.

Choochie Abrahamson, 1269 Leaning Oak Dr., Napa, CA 94558. (enclosed a donation for Poopsheet).

Joe Brangwin, (I-502), Ridgecrest, CA sends a contribution to support the Poopsheet, along with best wishes to all in I Company. Joe came to I Company as a replacement in Bastogne. He trained at Camp Fannin, Texas. Thank you Joe.

CFA Annual Reunion. Flags are flown from these markers on appropriate National Holidays.

A LIVING MEMORIAL - CAMP FANNIN



The old Camp Fannin Depot is preserved...



Memorial monument at Camp Fannin site
CAMP FANNIN, TEXAS...A 50 YEAR PERSPECTIVE by Gordon J. Neilson is available for \$18 by mail, payable to:

Camp Fannin Association Museum Fund
P.O. Box 132024 Tyler, TX 75713

Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance on hand before last issue:	\$266
Supplies and Cost of last Issue	\$222
Memorial Day Wreath	\$ 75
Contributions received	\$588
Balance on hand before this issue	\$557

Thank you for your support... please stay in touch.
 Betty Taylor Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 Phone: 281 277 3787

www.campfannin.com Camp Fannin, Texas...named in honor of the hero of Goliad, Colonel James Walker Fannin, was located northeast of Tyler, Texas. In March 1943 Camp Fannin was officially dedicated as an U.S. Army Infantry Replacement Training Center. There have been few military facilities located in Texas that have made greater social and economic contributions than has Camp Fannin. It is a place where more than 200,000 young American men became Army Infantry Replacements between May 1943 and December 1945. When they had finished their training, these soldiers were assigned to serve in both theaters of war at places with names such as Anzio, Normandy, Malmedy, Remagen, Leyte, Bougainville and many other sites of combat. It is probable that at least 5,600 who trained here made the supreme sacrifice while serving their country. Today, few recognize that this WWII Infantry Replacement Training Center ever existed. Even local residents are not aware of the magnitude of the gift given by the young men who came here to learn how they could protect and preserve our freedoms. The area where Camp Fannin existed was returned to non-military use during 1946, and few vestiges other than foundations of some of the many buildings were built in the main cantonment area can be found. A few hardstands built in range areas where training exercises were held also remain. Regimental Memorial Markers located throughout the original Camp Fannin area were dedicated during the 1999



Photo left: Lt. Corey Sheperd, I Co. 502 PIR. Shepard's widow, Edwina lives in Houston, TX.

Photographer was Joe Pangerl. Photo shared with us by Mark Bando, author and 101st historian.

American paratroopers, heavily armed, sit inside a military plane as they soar over the English Channel en route to the Normandy French coast for the Allied D-Day invasion of the German stronghold during World War II, June 6, 1944. (AP Photo)



www.101airborne2.com

D-Day June 6, 1944



Airborne troops prepare for the descent on Europe of D-Day invasion June 6, 1944. (AP Photo)

U.S. paratroopers fix their static lines before a jump before dawn over Normandy on D-Day June 6, 1944, (AP Photo/Army Signal Corps)



Ste Marie du Mont: picture taken in June 1944 toward the Town Hall (Pump is on the left)

**THEN: Ste Marie du Mont June 1944 town hall
TODAY: Ste Marie du Mont June 1944 town hall.**



Ste Marie du Mont: picture taken in June 2006 toward the Town Hall (Pump is on the left)



Mrs. Denver (sybil) Hatfield, Pawnee, OK sent us the photo below made in Paris, France, at the Eiffel Tower. Her husband, Denver, who was in Item Company, 502 PIR, is pictured 2nd from left in the 2nd row. We don't have the identity of others, maybe you will remember if you were there. Thank you Sybil for sharing this photo

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**MEMORIAL DAY
WASHINGTON DC 2010**

Harry and Joan Nivens and, hopefully, other Item Company veterans along with some of their family, will be attending the ceremonies in Washington. They will participate and will lay a wreath on behalf of Item Company, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne in the ceremony. Harry Nivens' phone no. is 407 957 0098

Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Rally

Sunday, May 30, 2010. Departure from the Pentagon at 12 p.m. Speaker Program and Musical Tribute 1:30 p.m. at the Reflecting Pool across from The Lincoln Memorial.

Sunday, May 30, 2010, 8 p.m. Gates open at 5 p.m. PBS sponsors a free concert on the West Lawn of the U.S. Capitol.

Monday, May 31, 2010, beginning at 2 p.m. The parade of Marching Bands and Veterans units from all 50 states steps off at the corner of Constitution Avenue and 7th Streets, NW and proceeds along Constitution Avenue, past the White House, ending at 17th Street.

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**65th Annual Reunion
101st Airborne Division Assn.**

Indianapolis, Indiana, August 11-15, 2010

Host Hotel: INDIANAPOLIS MARRIOTT EAST,
Reservation Line: (317) 322-3716
Address: 7202 East 21st Street Indianapolis, IN 46219 Group rate available until July 26. Check the Screaming Eagle magazine for registration forms and online at www.screamingeagle.org

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The Colonel's Staff Meeting

A U.S. Army Colonel was about to start the morning briefing to his staff. While waiting for the coffee machine to finish its brewing, the colonel decided to pose a question to all assembled. He explained that his wife had been a bit frisky the night before and he failed to get his usual amount of sound sleep. He posed the question of just how much of sex was "work" and how much of it was "pleasure?" A Major chimed in with 75-25% in favor of work. A Captain said it was 50-50%. A Lieutenant responded with 25-75% in favor of pleasure, depending upon his state of inebriation at the time. There being no consensus, the colonel turned to the PFC who was in charge of making the coffee. What was HIS opinion? Without any hesitation, the young PFC responded, "Sir, it has to be 100% pleasure." The colonel was surprised and, as you might guess, asked why? "Well, sir, if there was any work involved, the officers would have me doing it for them." The room fell silent.

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Dear friends, On Saturday, February 6th, 2010 , it was exactly 65 years ago that an USAF airplane crash landed in the town of Galmaarden, Belgium. To remember this event, a new Memorial was inaugurated.

Our group, the White Star Division, supported this event which had been organized by the Town Hall. The American Embassy was represented by USAF



Attached are a couple of pictures reporting the events of February 6, 2010..

Your 463rd PFA "Signal reporter" was on duty ;-)
Filip Willems, Flanders, Belgium

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Mistaken Identity?

The light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection. Unfortunately, tailgating, Barbara was furious and honked her horn, screaming in frustration, as Barbara missed her chance to get through the intersection, dropping her cell phone and makeup.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up.. He took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, photographed, and placed in a holding cell. After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What Would Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday-School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk, so naturally..... I assumed you had stolen the car."

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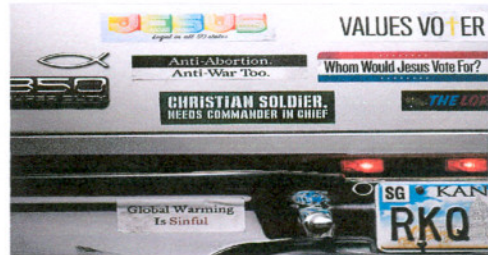


Colonel McLaughlin.

The story was that on February 6th 1945, pilot Ernest Haygeman tried to get his crew and airplane, a B17G (Flying Fortress) to the military airport of Brussels. They just came back from a mission above Germany and they were supposed to fly back to England, but they ran out of fuel.

In the end, also Brussels was just a little to far (just a couple of miles), and the pilot had to make a crashlanding. He landed the airplane in an open field just outside of the Galmaarden tow, close to a farm, inbetween two telephone poles.

The pilot said that he didn't put the plane safe on the ground, but God did... All crew members survived, one crew member was WIA, a cut in his hand.



**JULIUS J. SOVAK,
15013395, I-502,
KIA September 19, 1944**

Veterans, please help Julius's family with any information you remember about him.

April 113, 2010, Jody (Joe) Constantine writes to us as follows:

"I hope you are doing well, and that your eyesight is ok. I saw your website after discovering my cousin Julius J Sovak was in Company I of 502nd PIR, 101 Airborne. He died Sep 19, 1944 in Margraten Netherlands. Here are his details:

Inducted From: Ohio Rank:
Staff Sergeant
Combat Organization: 502nd Parachute Infantry
101st Airborne Company I
Death Date: 19 Sep 1944
Monument: The Netherlands
Last Known Status: Buried
U.S. Awards: Purple Heart Medal

I know about his family and family history and have recently talked to his half sister Helen. I hope to receive pictures of Julius soon. Anyway, I was wondering if you could post this info in your newsletter, and see if I can hook up with anyone that may remember him, or if any of the boys in the units relatives have any pictures etc.

I'd be glad to send some money to keep the newsletter going as I believe you are doing a great service."

Jody "Joe" Constantine

If you can provide photos or any memory of Julius to Joe, please contact Betty 281 277 3787 or you can email Joe at joe@joeconstantine.com

Life is short! Break the rules!

Forgive quickly!

Love truly, Laugh uncontrollably. .

And never regret anything that made you smile

The best things in life are free until the government finds out and taxes it.

**Robert George Cole Chapter
of the 101st Airborne Association**

Houston, we had a problem.... There was no 101st airborne chapter in south Texas!!

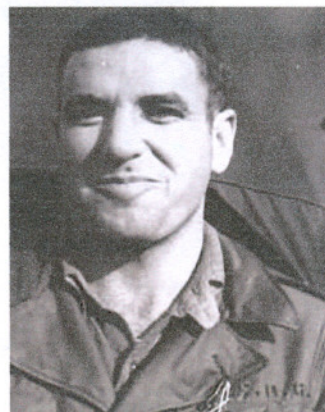
Now, through the efforts of a 101st veteran Lawrence (Larry) Nix, Houston, TX, a new chapter of the 101st Airborne Division Association has been formed in Texas.

At their first meeting on Saturday, March 27, 2010, the new officers were installed:



L-R: Col. (Ret) Thomas K. Mercer, Treasurer; Edward Y. Pye, Secretary; David A. Bush, Vice President; John J. Hernandez, President; Edward B. Helm, Chaplain and Ernest M. Salinas, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The chapter is named for a Texan, LTC Robert G. Cole of San Antonio, TX. Cole was commander of the 3rd Battalion, 502 PIR in WWII. He was the 101st airborne's first Medal of Honor recipient in WWII for



his bravery in Normandy. He was killed in action on September 18, 1944 during Operation Market Garden in the Netherlands. He is buried in the American National Cemetery, Margraten, Netherlands.

The chapter introduced two honorary members, Major Marshall Straus Scantlin, a graduate of the Robert G. Cole High School in San Antonio, served in the 3rd Bn. 502 in Iraq. currently in Hawaii, and Company I Poopsheet editor, Betty Taylor Hill, Sugar Land, TX, sister of Cpl. Lester A. Taylor, Item Co. 502, WWII, KIA September 19, 1944.



The chapter welcomes new members. Regular meetings will be every 4th Saturday of the month (12:30 p.m.) at American Legion South Houston Post 490, 11702 Old Galveston Road, Houston, TX 77034. Interested? Contact: Larry Nix, 713 412 7199 (cell)

"The Wall"

They are no longer Blocks of Stone
 But an entranceway into the heart Of Mankind
 We stand before the massive Wall
 And even though we know not One name
 We are drawn like no other monument Created
 before or since
 It is though the souls have Congregated from the
 Thousands of miles away and
 They want you to know This is my name.
 This is my heart And you feel.
 You feel the happiness, the love And the absolute
 despair of All our youth sent to a place
 So far from hom; their hopes, their dreams
 And no matter your age, no matter
 your skin color or sex
 You sob.
 It may be that the Wall is stone
 But in true reality it is flesh
 And blood and the very Heart of man
 And man being a part of God
 It is the heart of God

Author: Diane V. Austing, March 28, 2010

Don't mess with Seniors:

The world is just getting too complex for me. They even mess me up every time I go to the grocery store. You would think they could settle on something themselves but this sudden "Paper or Plastic?" every time I check out just knocks me for a loop. I bought some of those cloth reusable bags to avoid looking confused but I never remember to take them in with me. Now I toss it back to them.. When they ask me, "Paper or Plastic?" I just say, "Doesn't matter to me. I am bi-sacksual.."
 Then it's their turn to stare at me with a blank look.



Advice from a donkey

One day a farmer's donkey fell down into a well. The animal cried piteously for hours as the farmer tried to figure out what to do. Finally, he decided the animal



was old, and the well needed to be covered up anyway; it just wasn't worth it to retrieve the donkey. He invited all his neighbours to come over and help him. They all grabbed a shovel and began to shovel dirt into the well. At first, the donkey realized what was happening and cried horribly. Then, to everyone's amazement he quieted down. A few shovel loads later, the farmer finally looked down the well. He was astonished at what he saw. With each shovel of dirt that hit his back, the donkey was doing something amazing.. He would shake it off and take a step up. As the farmer's neighbours continued to shovel dirt on top of the animal, he would shake it off and take a step up. Pretty soon, everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped up over the edge of the well and happily trotted off! Life is going to shovel dirt on you, all kinds

of dirt. The trick to getting out of the well is to shake it off and take a step up. Each of our troubles is a steppingstone. We can get out of the deepest wells just by not stopping, never giving up! Shake it off and take a step up.

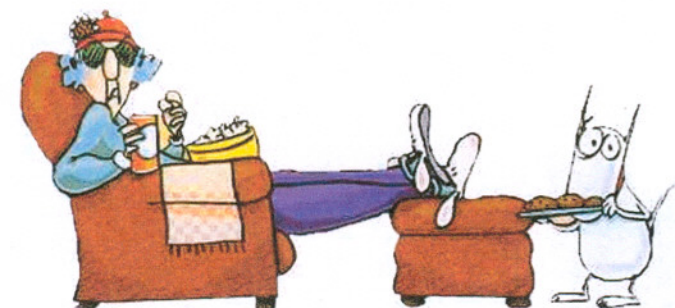
Remember some simple rules to be happy:
Free your heart from hatred - Forgive.
Free your mind from worries - Most never happen.
Live simply and appreciate what you have.
Give more. Expect less.

NOW

Enough of that crap. The donkey later came back, and bit the farmer who had tried to bury him. The gash from the bite got infected and the farmer eventually died in agony from septic shock.

MORAL FROM TODAY'S LESSON

When you do something wrong, and try to cover your ass, it always comes back to bite you.



"So you're a senior citizen and the government says no health care for you, what do you do? Our plan gives anyone 65 years or older a gun and 4 bullets. You are allowed to shoot 2 senators and 2 representatives. Of Course, this means you will be sent to prison where you will get 3 meals a day, a roof over your head, and all the health care you need! New teeth, no problem. Need glasses, great. New hip, knees, kidney, lungs, heart? All covered.. And who will be paying for all of this? The same government that just told you that you are too old for health care.. Plus, because you are a prisoner, you don't have to pay any income taxes anymore".

IS THIS A GREAT COUNTRY OR WHAT?!

Forgetter Be Forgotten?

My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke
For when I'm 'here' I'm wondering
If I really should be 'there'
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!
Oft times I walk into a room,
Say 'what am I here for?'
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.
At times I put something away
Where it is safe, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!
When shopping I may see someone,
Say 'Hi' and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, 'who the hell was that?'
Yes, my forgetter's getting better

While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.



Live, Love and Laugh a lot!!

Time Gets Better With Age....

I've learned that I like my teacher because she cries when we sings "Silent Night". Age 5
I've learned that although it's hard to admit it, I'm secretly glad my parents are strict with me. Age 15
I've learned that silent company is often more healing than words of advice. Age 24
I've learned that you can make some one's day by simply sending them a little note. Age 44
I've learned that making a living is not the same thing as making a life. Age 58
I've learned that everyone can use a prayer. Age 72
I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. Age 82
I've learned that every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch-holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. Age 90
I've learned that I still have a lot to learn. Age 92

CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

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First Class Mail



Liberation Day in the Netherlands
May 5, 2010... 65th Anniversary

This newsletter is on-line at:
<http://home.comcast.net/~vloskie/betty/>



**KEEP SMILING!!!! GOD
LOVES YOU
BUNCHES AND
BUNCHES!!!!**
*Friends are God's
way of taking care
of us.*



YOU CAN HELP....Veterans, please search your memory bank for information for the Eugene Gaukel (KIA June 10-11, 1944) family... little bits of information sure help with closure for the family that has lost a loved one in war. His nephew, Conrad Maher writes: "Through the links that I have read, I have a much clearer idea of what happened to Uncle Gene Gaukel on the evening of the 10th of June 1944 that resulted in his death the next day. There were stories when I was a boy that he got back to a hospital on the beach and was killed when that hospital was bombed. He also passed along his billfold (not very much used and with pictures of his wife Bernice) to a friend. I will need to see if I can track down some more info on those stories and how the billfold got back to my Mom. The billfold was given to me a few years ago and I only got it out again when we came across the interview form Eldon Abrahamsen."

Please phone or write Betty if you know about who had the billfold or have other information for the Gaukels. See address at top of page.