



# Company I Poopsheet



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

August 2011

**2Lt. Astrid Baker, widow of 1LT. Champ L. Baker, commander, of Item Company, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, 502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, WWII**



Funeral services for Astrid Baker were held at 1:00 p.m., Friday, August 20, 2010 at Horseshoe Drive United Methodist Church, Alexandria, Louisiana, Susanne Baker Nall, her daughter, wrote:

It is with sadness I tell you of the death of my mother, Astrid Baker, widow of Champ L.

Baker, on August 18, 2010, at the age of 89. My mother was quite independent and still living by herself and driving when she fell in her yard in April of 2009, resulting in a head injury. After surgery and rehab, she lost use of her right side and was dependent on others. Her last 14 months were spent in a nursing home.

My mother was an Army nurse. I am enclosing my parents' wedding announcement as it explains their brief courtship and subsequent marriage. My brothers and I were told that our parents met on a blind date. It seems that my dad, 6 ft 4 ½ inches tall, wanted to date a tall woman. He was recovering from a leg injury at Finney General Hospital in Thomasville, GA, where my mother was stationed. Among her group of nurse friends, she was the tallest at 5 ft 9 inches, so she was elected to go out with Lt. Baker. It must have been love at first sight!! Four weeks later, they were married. My parents were married 42 years at the time of my father's death in December 1985.

Thank you for the wonderful job you do with the Poopsheet. I enjoy reading every issue. I am enclosing a donation to help with expenses.

**Newspaper article 1943:  
"At Finney General Hospital" 2nd . Lt.  
Astride Iliie Weds 1st Lt. Chaimp L. Baker**



In the presence of many officer 'S and nurses friends, 2nd. Lt. Astrid Hiie, of the Army Nurse Corps and 1st. Lt. Champ. L. Baker, a 1 paratrooper, were married at 4 o'clock this afternoon by the Rev. J. C. G. Brooks, of the Thomasville Methodist Church, in All . Saints Chapel at Finney General Hospital.

The white hangings and pink roses added to the beauty of the wedding. Cpl. Charles Philip Provost, played Lohengrin's "Wedding March" as the couple entered the chapel and 'O Promise Me" as they left the altar.

Their marriage was the *result* of a real army romance that began only four weeks ago at the hospital, when the 6 ft., 4-in. bridegroom, a patient being treated for a foot injury received during maneuvers in Tennessee, met :he.-beautiful nurse who had arived here from Camp Sutton, N. C., for duty.

Lt. William Goodwin was the best man and Lt. Kathleen Garneau, ANC., of Camp Sutton, N. C., was the bridesmaid.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Hiie of Pennfield Road, Fairfield, Conn. She was



graduated as a nurse from Bridgeport Hospital, Bridgeport, Conn., and entered the Army Nurse Corps about eight months ago. She was first stationed at Camp Edward, Mass., before she was transferred to Camp Sutton. ILt. Baker was born in Alexandria, La., and is the son of Mrs. Richard Baker of that city. He has been in the service almost three years and for the past 18 months has been a paratrooper. He was formerly stationed at Fort Bragg, NC and will be assigned to Fort Benning, Ga., when discharged from Finney General Hospital.

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**lof Elmeda Lachkovic-Hill wife of John Lachkovic, Co I, 502**



Elmeda Helen Lachkovic Hill, 85, of Lexington Park, MD, formerly of Hagerstown, MD died October 11, 2010 in Hollywood, MD. Born November 10, 1924 in Green Bay, WI, she was the daughter of the late Chester and Jenny Taylor Amenson. Mrs. Hill was the loving wife of the late William

Hill whom she married on June 10, 1989 in Hagerstown, MD. She was also the loving wife of the late **John Paul Lachkovic** whom she married on September 13, 1947 in Detroit, MI. Mrs. Hill is survived by her children; Mary Kaye Reed (Jeff) of Smithsburg, MD, John Lachkovic (Patricia) of Lexington Park, MD, and son in laws Robert Carbaugh of Clear Springs, MD, and Howard Hollingshead of Reese, MI. She was preceded in death by her daughters Linda Carbaugh and Sharon. She moved from Hagerstown, MD to St. Mary's County in May, 2007. Mrs. Hill was a housewife, and an employee of the DMV, and an employee of the Diabetic educator at Washington County Hospital and Commission on Aging, upon retiring in 2002.

Elmeda belonged to the BSA, (Den Mother), Longmeadow Bowling League, Leitersburg Homemakers and her hobbies included; dancing chair caning, weaving guild, and oil painting. Interment will be Friday, October 15, 2010 on Cedar Lawn Memorial Park, 17636 W Washington Street, Hagerstown, MD. The family requested donations be made to St. Peter Claver Catholic Church, 16922 St. Peter Claver Road, St. Inigoes, MD 20684, American Diabetes Association, P.O. Box 11454, Alexandria, VA 22312, and/or Hospice of St. Mary's, P.O. Box 625, Leonardtown, MD.

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**Mrs. Robert Molsberry, I-502**, Estelle's mail was returned in June 2011 marked "deceased". The following appeared in the Grass Valley, CA newspaper, "The Union" on May 12, 2011, "**Estelle Anderson Molsberry** died peacefully in Grass Valley on May 9, 2011, at age 91. There will be no services at this time. She is survived by her son and daughter, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Arrangements are under the direction of Hooper and Weaver Mortuary."



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**Roy "Pappy" Norris** 1915-2011  
Roy "Pappy" Norris, age 95 of Clarksville, died July 1, 2011 at Gateway Medical Center. Roy was born November 25, 1915 in LaGrange, GA, the son of Floyd F. Norris and Mary Alice Norris. He was a

retired SGM E-9 in the US Army, having served during WWII, a lifetime member of the 101st Airborne Assn., member of the Masonic Lodge and Eastern Star.

Funeral services was Thursday, July 7, 2011 at 11 a.m., at Neal-Tarpley-Parchman Funeral Home. Military served as Pallbearers. Burial was in Resthaven Memorial Gardens with Full Military Honors.



## George Koskimaki honored by the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division Association



Photo courtesy Mark Bando website:

At the April Michigan Lunch Bunch, George was presented a certificate of appreciation from the board of governors, by Michigan Chapter President John Sosa. This was an appreciation for the 30 years that George has hosted and organized SE Michigan Lunch Bunch meetings on a monthly basis. [www.101airborneww2.com](http://www.101airborneww2.com)

### Pearl Harbor

(\*Author is Unknown)

Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. \*I went into a small gift shop to kill time. In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, "Reflections on Pearl Harbor " by Admiral Chester Nimitz.

Sunday, December 7th, 1941--Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat--you would have thought the Japanese had already

won the war. On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters every where you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?" Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make or God was taking care of America. Which do you think it was?" Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?"

Nimitz explained. Mistake number one: the Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two: when the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow everyone of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Photo # KN-2578 Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, by Adrian Lamb





Mistake number three: every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply. That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make or God was taking care of America.

I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredricksburg, Texas - he was a born optimist. But anyway you look at it--Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism. President



Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver linings in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat.

There is a reason that our national motto is..... IN GOD WE TRUST

*Gravestone of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz at the Golden Gate National Cemetery*

### THE PASTOR'S CAT

This particular story just made me laugh. Every time I think about it, the vision of that poor cat just amuses me to no end. Hope the story leaves a bright spot in your day. Whoever said the Creator doesn't have a sense of humor?

Dwight Nelson recently told a true story about the pastor of his church. He had a kitten that climbed up a tree in his backyard and then was afraid to come down. The pastor coaxed, offered warm milk, etc.

The kitty would not come down. The tree was not sturdy enough to climb, so the pastor decided that if he tied a rope to his car and pulled it until

the tree bent down, he could then reach up and get the kitten.

That's what he did, all the while checking his progress in the car. He then figured if he went just a little bit further, the tree would be bent sufficiently for him to reach the kitten. But as he moved the car a little further forward, the rope broke.

The tree went 'boing!' and the kitten instantly sailed through the air - out of sight. The pastor felt terrible. He walked all over the neighborhood asking people if they'd seen a little kitten. No. Nobody had seen a stray kitten. So he prayed, 'Lord, I just commit this kitten to your keeping,' and went on about his business.

A few days later he was at the grocery store, and met one of his church members. He happened to look into her shopping cart and was amazed to see cat food. This woman was a cat hater and everyone knew it, so he asked her, 'Why are you buying cat food when you hate cats so much?' She replied, 'You won't believe this,' and then told him how her little girl had been begging her for a cat, but she kept refusing. Then a few days before, the child had begged again, so the Mom finally told her little girl, 'Well, if God gives you a cat, I'll let you keep it.'

She told the pastor, 'I watched my child go out in the yard, get on her knees, and ask God for a cat. And really, Pastor, you won't believe this, but I saw it with my own eyes. A kitten suddenly came flying out of the blue sky, with its paws outspread, and landed right in front of her.'



Never under estimate the Power of God and His

unique sense of humor.

*(Thank you Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, I-502, for this story)*

***Going to Bastogne? Need a guide to take you to the places you want to see in "The Battle of the Bulge"? Here's the man to guide you .... Reg Jans, of Bastogne.***

***Visit his website at [www.regjans.com](http://www.regjans.com)***



## God Loves Drunk People Too

A man and his wife were awakened at 3:00 am by a loud pounding on the door.

The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push.

"Not a chance," says the husband, "it is 3:00 in the morning!"

He slams the door and returns to bed. "Who was that?" asked his wife..

"Just some drunk guy asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help him?" she asks.

"No, I did not; its 3 in the morning and its bloody pouring rain out there!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife.

"Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us?"

I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself! "God loves drunk people too you know."

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain.

He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?" "Yes," comes back the answer.

"Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here on the swing," replied the drunk...

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Pim van Gelder, sent us this one about:

### The NY Lawyer and the NC Farmer

A New York lawyer went duck hunting in eastern North Carolina. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmer's field on the other side of a fence. As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an older man asked him what he was doing. The lawyer responded, "I shot a duck and it fell in this field, I'm going to retrieve it."

The old farmer replied. "This is my property, and you are not coming over here.

The indignant lawyer said, "I am one of the best trial attorneys in the U.S. and, if you don't let me get that duck, I'll sue you and take everything!"

The old farmer smiled and said, "Apparently, you don't know how we do things here in North

Carolina. We settle small disagreements like this with the NC Three-Kick Rule."

The lawyer asked, "What is the NC three-Kick Rule?"

The Farmer replied. "Well, first I kick you three times and then you kick me three times, and so on, back and forth, until someone gives up."

The New York attorney quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take the old southerner. He agreed to abide by the local custom.

The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the city feller. His first kick planted the toe of his heavy work boot into the lawyer's groin and dropped him to his knees.

His next two kicks caused the lawyer so much pain that he just about gave up. However, the New York lawyer summoned every bit of his will and managed to get to his feet and said, "Okay, you old redneck southerner, now it's my turn."

The old North Carolina farmer smiled and said, "Naw, I give up. You can have the duck."

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Earl Kelly, I-502, and son, Peter Kelly at the 2009 Snowbird Reunion.

June 2011, WBFF45 Baltimore TV interviewed Earl in their cover story of D-Day. The video was wonderful. Good Job Earl... the interview was amazing.

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"Hospitality is making your guests feel at home even when you wish they were."

"Nostalgia just isn't what it used to be."



**The current mailing list of the Company I Poopsheet consist of the following 27 veterans: Please let me know if I need to update.**

- Augustnowski, Edward, Wethersfield, CT
- Bledsoe, Nick V., Morrisville, PA
- Brangwin, Joe S., Ridgecrest, CA
- Camarillo, Fernando S., San Antonio, TX
- Cantu, Doningo, San Antonio, TX
- Cartwright, Marvin D., Elk Mound, WI
- Clark, Jack R., New Castle, PA
- Downen, William P., Middleton, TN
- Dunch, Louis B., Sharon, PA
- Dunlap Ray L., Fayette City, PA
- Elliott, Chester H., Birch Tree, MO
- Hartzell, Robert J., Tiffin, OH
- Hennessey, Joseph S., Sarasota, FL
- Kelly, Earl R., Aberdeen, MD
- Lichtenthaler, Donald W., Newberg, OR
- Mason, Jesse M., Russelville, AR
- Matte, Wilfred, East Longmeadow, MA
- Nivens, Harry C., St. Cloud, FL
- Parham, W. Harold, Jacksonville, FL
- Penkwitz, William, Mishicot, WI
- Roush, Lewellyn W., Gallipolis, OH
- Simmons, Alfred E., Rotan, TX
- Smith, Meredith E., Baton Rouge, LA
- Snow, Richard C., Westwood, NJ
- Taylor, Floyd M., Midwest City, OK
- Vaccaro, Richard P., Cottonwood, AZ
- Walker, Frank M., Lake Charles, LA

**Airborne Battle Memorial Dedication  
Dedication at Fort Benning, Georgia  
April 8, 2011**

The Airborne Battle Memorial is a grouping of 19 granite monuments, commemorating every major parachute/glider combat assault made by US Paratroopers and WWII glider men.

The Airborne Historical Association (AHA) had built the Airborne Walk in 1987 and had continually maintained it, but for the next eight years the creation of the Airborne Battle Memorial it became its focus as it developed designs, conducted historical research and raised funds. Don Lassen championed the



*(Pictured is the large granite map of the world and the Normandy and Market Garden Monuments.)*

project until his death in 2008, and then succeeding AHA presidents saw the project through to completion.

Eighteen monuments commemorate the parachute/glider combat assaults and one monument commemorates covert units which parachuted into hostile areas in small groups. On each monument is inscribed the units which jumped/glided into its respective battle. The oval shape of the memorial is of the exact dimensions of the Airborne Background Trimming worn with the parachutist badge by every paratrooper assigned to an Airborne unit, Centered in the oval is a large granite map of the world, showing locations of each battle. In the future, monuments will continue to be added with every



major Airborne parachute combat assault. The memorial is sponsored by the organization which built and maintains the Airborne Walk: The Airborne Historical Association INC. The AHA is dedicated to promoting recognition and appreciation for the Airborne through its two memorials and raises funds through donations and sales of personalized pavers.

The designs of the Airborne Walk and the Airborne Battle Memorial were based on designs made by CPT William P. Yarborough (later LTG Yarborough) of the 501st Parachute Battalion. He designed the parachute badge and the background trimming worn with it in March, 1941 – 70 years ago. ([www.screaming eagle.org](http://www.screaming eagle.org))

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 Bill and his wife Blanche went to the state fair every year, And every year Bill would say, "Blanche, I'd like to ride in that helicopter "Blanche always replied, " I know, Bill, but that helicopter ride is fifty bucks, And fifty bucks is fifty bucks!"

One year Bill and Blanche went to the fair, and Bill said, " Blanche, I'm 80 years old. If I don't ride that helicopter, I might never get another chance "

To this, Blanche replied, " Bill that helicopter ride is fifty bucks, and fifty bucks is fifty bucks " The pilot overheard the couple and said, " Folks I'll make you a deal. I'll take the both of you for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride and don't say a word I won't charge you a penny! But if you say one word it's fifty dollars. "

Bill and Blanche agreed and up they went. The pilot did all kinds of fancy maneuvers, but not a word was heard. He did his daredevil tricks, But still not a word...

When they landed, the pilot turned to Bill and said, "By golly , I did everything I could to get you to yell out, but you didn't. I'm impressed!

"Bill replied, " Well, to tell you the truth, I almost said something when Blanche fell out, But you know, Fifty bucks is fifty bucks! "

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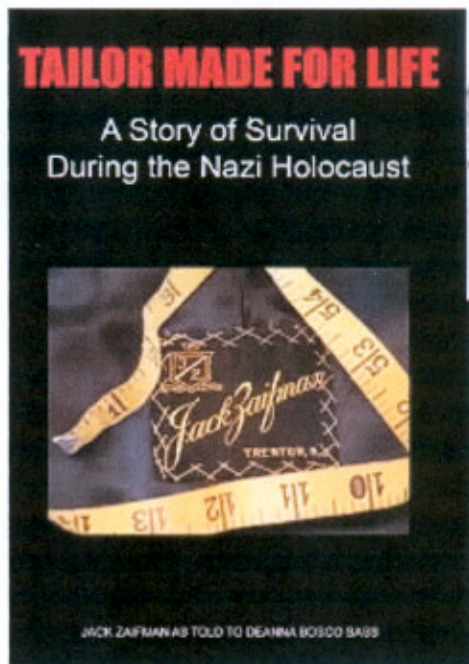
**Tailor Made for Life- A Story of Survival**  
**During the Nazi Holocaust**

**By, Jack Zaifman, Author and Holocaust survivor.....**

This is the extraordinary story of a young boy's faith & courage, and how his skill as a tailor, helped him survive the Poland occupation and Nazi death camps at Auschwitz & Dachau. Jack Zaifman and his wife, Gizella, live in New

Jersey. We met Jack at the 2010 Snowbird Reunion in Florida. He has become a good friend of the Company I Poopshet. The Book of his life story is available from Amazon.com and at Barnes & Noble.

This is a story of courage, faith and survival, of unbelievable evil and also of the goodness of mankind in the most horrific of circumstances.



Left to right: **Jack Zaifman, David Wisnia, George Koskimaki, and Nelly van Loo-Polley** at the 2010 Snowbird Reunion.

David Wisnia is also is a good friend to the Company I Poopshet. David and wife, Hope, live in Pennsylvania. He joins his H-506 buddies at the Snowbird Reunions..

**David Wisnia speaks to student at Oakcrest High School, Mays Landing, NJ**

*By: Darlene A. Kopania, Journalism Department* Recently, David Wisnia, a Polish Holocaust



survivor, came to Oakcrest High School and enlightened students with his amazing story. OHS Social Studies Teacher Doug Cervi organized the event.

Although he spared the gruesome details and joked around quite a bit about his good looks (he even held his photo up and joked, "Look at this cute kid"), his story was very informative and inspirational. He truly opened the eyes of Oakcrest's students and emphasized the importance of learning history, because as we well know, those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it.

Wisnia was born in 1924 in Sochaczew, Poland, a small suburb of Warsaw. In 1940, his family entered the Warsaw Ghetto where they were contained and not permitted to leave. The following year, he and his older brother both escaped from the ghetto, although separately. When Wisnia returned, he found that the Nazis had killed his family (his parents and a younger brother). One of his neighbors, a non-Jewish woman, hid him for a day and a half. At that point, a non-Jewish friend of his grandfather's took Wisnia to the city of Chervinsk, where he hid him. But, he was arrested and sent to Auschwitz-Birkenau. Fortunately for Wisnia, he was one of the 470 men kept alive out of the 2,700 others who were arrested and sent on the train with him.

Wisnia told how he volunteered to sing for the Nazi SS and was given a job washing and disinfecting clothes, while also singing for the Nazis when requested in the year 1942. In 1943, as a punishment for falling asleep and missing roll call, Wisnia was lashed ten times and had a "fake" hanging, while actually being sent to camp prison for three months. Afterwards, his new job was unloading dead bodies and luggage from incoming trains.

A year later, he begun the death march to Gliwicz, Poland and then was taken by train to Dachau for two months. Following that, he volunteered to go to another camp for forced labor, but escaped by jumping out of the train window. A few months later, he met a column of American tanks and the 101st Airborne gave him the job of interpreter, as he speaks German, Polish, Hebrew, and some Russian. Meanwhile,

with the Americans, he also learned English. He moved around quite a bit with the 101st Airborne (he was part of the 506th H Company), sometime in between which the war ended. "You know, most people are blessed with one life, a good life. But I was blessed with two," Wisnia said. "My first life ended when I got to Auschwitz. My second life began when I met you, the 101st Airborne. May God bless the souls of those who died and bless you, 101sters."

Finally, in 1946, Wisnia took the Monarch of Seas, a liberty ship, to New York where he met with and stayed with his mother's sisters. "The longer I live, the more I begin to understand that you cannot appreciate this country unless you came from a different place," Wisnia explained. "I became immersed in Americanism. I never knew anything else. I totally abandoned my past life."

The following year after being accepted to the American Cantorial Society, he enrolled in it and has been singing ever since. In 1948, he married his wife, Hope, in New York with him he had two sons and two daughters. A year later he became the Cantor at Temple Shalom in Levittown, Pennsylvania, where he remained for twenty-seven years.

In 1984, he became the Cantor at Har Sinai temple, in Trenton New Jersey, where he still sings today. Wisnia's children are all grown up now, but he has five grandchildren with another one on the way.

During his presentation, students asked questions about Wisnia's experiences. He was presented with a gift and greeted students after his remarks.

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***David Wisnia's Journey is told in "Lessons for Life"***, a NJN documentary that examines how the Holocaust is taught in public schools.

New Jersey is leading the nation in the effort to teach students about the Holocaust. In addition to New Jersey, the documentary takes viewers to Germany, Poland and Israel to see how students there are being taught about this part of history and what lessons can be learned.

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HELP IDENTIFY THlePhotos from the collection of the late Warren Shook, I-502 : Editor's guess Above L-R: Fred Kraus, Unknown, Ray Hershner, Harry Nivens, Unknown, Unknown....

The Photo below is from an earlier reunion, and we have no identification for these six me. Our thanks to Ashley Haskett for sharing the photos from Warren Shook.



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**Walter Reed Army Hospital,  
Washington, DC is closing**



Walter Reed Army Medical Center, the Army's

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flagship hospital which opened in 1909 and where privates to presidents have gone for care, is closing its doors after more than a century. The facility will be consolidate its operations with the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md., and a hospital at Fort Belvoir, Va. The new facility will be called the Walter Reed National Military Medical Center.

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**"Be who you are and say what you feel...  
Because those that matter...don't mind...  
And those that mind... don't matter."**

**May you always have  
love to share,  
Health to spare, and  
Friends that care!**



## Riding Lawn Mower



(contributor of this story will remain anonymous)  
My Wife always wanted a riding lawn mower. She works all day and was always tired when she came home from work and thought that a riding lawn mower would help her get the yard work done quicker so she would have more time for the chores inside the house. SO, being the handy sort of guy that I am, I made her a riding lawn mower. I guess I thought she would squeal with delight or something and give me a big hug. To this day I have never been able to understand why some women are so hard to please .

## The Sensitive Man

The room was full of pregnant women with their partners. The class was in full swing. The instructor was teaching the women how to breathe properly and was telling the men how to give the necessary assurance to their partners at this stage of the pregnancy. She said "Ladies, remember that exercise is good for you. Walking is especially beneficial. It strengthens the pelvic muscles and will make delivery that much easier." Just take several stops and stay on a soft surface like grass or a path. She looked at the men in the room, "and Gentlemen, remember — You're in this together — It wouldn't hurt you to go walking with her. The room suddenly got very quiet as the men absorbed this information. Then a man at the back of the room slowly raised his hand.

"Yes, answered the Instructor.

"I was just wondering if it would be all right if she carries a golf bag while we walk??

---- This kind of sensitivity just can't be taught.

## WALKING THE DOG

A woman was flying from Melbourne to Brisbane Unexpectedly, the plane was diverted to Sydney Along the way. The flight attendant explained that There would be a delay, and if the passengers wanted To get off the aircraft the plane would re-board In 50 minutes. Everybody got off the plane except one lady who was Blind. A man had noticed her as he walked by and Could tell the lady was blind because her Guide Dog lay quietly underneath the seats in front of her Throughout the entire flight.

He could also tell she had flown this very flight before Because the pilot approached her, and calling her by Name, said, 'Kathy, we are in Sydney for almost An hour. Would you like to get off and stretch your legs?' The blind lady replied, 'No thanks, but maybe **Buddy** would Like to stretch his legs.'

**Picture this:** All the people in the gate area came to a complete standstill When they looked up and saw the pilot walk off the plane With a Guide dog! The pilot was even wearing



sunglasses.

People scattered. They not only tried to change planes, but they were trying to change airlines! True story... Have a great day and remember... **THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS AS THEY APPEAR.**

*"Behind every successful man is his woman.  
Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman."*

*"To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research."*



## PECANS IN THE CEMETERY

On the outskirts of a small town, there was a big, old pecan tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts.

'One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me' said one boy.. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me..'

He just knew what it was.. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along. 'Come here quick,' said the Boy, 'you won't believe what I heard! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls.'

The man said, 'Beat it kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk.' When the boy insisted though, he man hobbled slowly to the cemetery. Standing by the fence they heard , 'One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me.'

The old man whispered, 'Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord..' Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to see anything.. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord.

At last they heard, 'One for you, one for me.. That's all.... Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done..'

They say the old man made it back to town a full 5 minutes ahead of the kid on the bike. SMILE, God Loves you!

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### Senior Humor

While on a road trip, an elderly couple stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. After finishing their meal, they left the restaurant, and resumed their trip.

When leaving, the elderly woman unknowingly left her glasses on the table, and she didn't miss them until they had been driving for about forty minutes.

All the way back, the elderly husband became the classic grouchy old man.

He fussed and complained, and scolded his wife relentlessly during the entire return drive. The more he chided her, the more agitated he became.

He just wouldn't let up for a single minute. To her relief, they finally arrived at the restaurant. As the woman got out of the car, and hurried inside to retrieve her glasses, the old geezer yelled to her, While you're in there, you might as well get my hat and the credit card.

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### HEALTH MESSAGE

1. If walking/cycling is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.
2. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water and is fat.
3. A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years.
4. A tortoise doesn't run, does nothing ..yet lives for 450 years.



AND YOU TELL ME TO EXERCISE!

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### Expense Report

Balance on hand before last issue	\$524
Expense of last issue	\$183
Contributions Received	\$205
Balance on hand before This issue	\$547

Thank you all for your support. Send us your news!! Betty T. Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 PH: 281-277-3787  
Email: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

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### A DAY WITHOUT LAUGHTER IS A DAY WASTED!!!

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These sentences are known as  
Paraproskians:

- "You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachuteto skydive twice."
- "Where there's a will, I want to be in it,"
- "A clear conscience is the sign of a fuzzy memory."



CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE

INFANTRY



ROBERT HARTZELL

In care of: :

Betty T. Hill  
2222 Settlers Way # 914  
Sugar Land, TX 77478  
Phone: 281-277-3787

First class mail

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**Feed your faith and your doubts will starve to death...**



**It is not how old you are, but how you are old.....**

**A TALE FOR THE SEASON:**

Did you know? The Goldberg Brothers - The Inventors of the Automobile Air Conditioner Here's a little factoid for automotive buffs or just to dazzle your friends. The four Goldberg brothers, Lowell, Norman, Hiram, and Max, invented and developed the first automobile air-conditioner. On July 17, 1946, the temperature in Detroit was 97 degrees.

The four brothers walked into old man Henry Ford's office and sweet-talked his secretary into telling him that four gentlemen were there with the most exciting innovation in the auto industry since the electric starter.

Henry was curious and invited them into his office. They refused and instead asked that he come out to the parking lot to their car.

They persuaded him to get into the car, which was about 130 degrees, turned on the air Conditioner, and cooled the car off immediately. The old man got very excited and invited them back to the office, where he offered them \$3 million for the patent. The brothers refused, saying they would settle for \$2 million, but they wanted the recognition by having a label, 'The Goldberg Air-Conditioner,' on the dashboard of each car in which it was installed.

Now old man Ford was more than just a little anti-Semitic, and there was no way he was going to put the Goldberg's name on two million Fords. They haggled back and forth for about two hours and finally agreed on \$4 million and that just their first names would be shown

And so to this day, all Ford air conditioners show - - Lo, Norm, Hi, and Max -- on the controls.

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**The annual 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne National Reunion will be held in Lexington, KY on August 17-21.**