



Company I Poopsheet

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

January 2011

Thank you for your support. You keep us in touch. We couldn't do it without you

Alfred E Simmons, (S-Sgt. I-502) 312 E. 7th St., Rotan, TX 79546. Phone: 325 735 3157....

It was good to hear from Alfred via phone on October 30 to say he is no longer "missing in action". We lost him earlier this year when his wife had a stroke and they had to move in with a daughter for a while. Now both he and his wife and doing well and they're back home.

He was 91 on August 12, 2010, and was glad to celebrate his birthday this year because just a few days before his birthday, he collapsed in the yard of his daughter's home. She administered CPR til paramedics arrived, and he was taken to the local hospital where tests showed he had a blocked artery in his neck.

Alfred had triple by-pass heart surgery in December 1992. This time he was again taken to Abilene for surgery, and the same surgeon was there to perform this surgery for him on September 2, 2010. He is now doing fine, except for a hearing problem.

Petra Casas (Mrs. Ralph Casas I-502)

23 Oct 10, Dear Betty, Just received my copy of the Poopsheet today and was saddened to learn that our funds are very low. Can't have that. Gotta keep that Poopsheet going. Enclosed is my donation toward keeping it going and hoping that others follow suit. I'm 87 now but still enjoy reading it. Yours in the 101st, Petra

P.S. Have a Blessed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year. I especially enjoyed the joke about the 2-½ yr old serving "tea" to her dad!

Sybil hatfield (Mrs. Denver Hatfield, I-502)

Pawnee, OK, Oct 24, 2010

Dear Betty, Thanks for the Poopsheet. I enjoy reading it. About a week ago we had an earthquake but no damage. I was sitting in my couch and it really shook, also my window

behind me. I thought it was the wind, but my daughter called me from Stillwater and she said "Did you feel that earthquake?" The news said it was felt in several towns. It was nice talking to you the other day. I'm sending a little money for the Poopsheet.. We will have Veterans Day program here on the court house lawn.

Marvin and Charlotte Cartwright, *I-502, Elk Mound, WI. We both read the Poopsheet. Thanks so much, we need a nudge to send money for expenses. (donation enclosed)



The Robert Hartzell (I-502) family team in the Sept. 25, 2010 annual Memory Walk for the Alzheimer's Association in Tiffin, Ohio. They participated in memory of Bob's late wife, marie. That's Bob holding the sign "Hartzell Family".

Adopt a Grave program in Holland - Belgium
As you probably know, the American Military Cemetery 'Margraten' in The Netherlands started an adoption program after the war, where Dutch citizens can 'adopt' a grave. This program was a success because all 8.301 graves were adopted a long time ago (there is even a waiting list now). Two years ago 'Margraten' also offered the possibility for adoption of a name on the

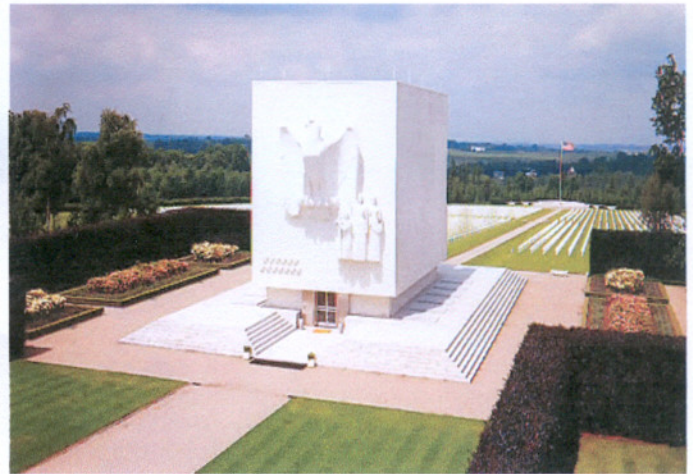
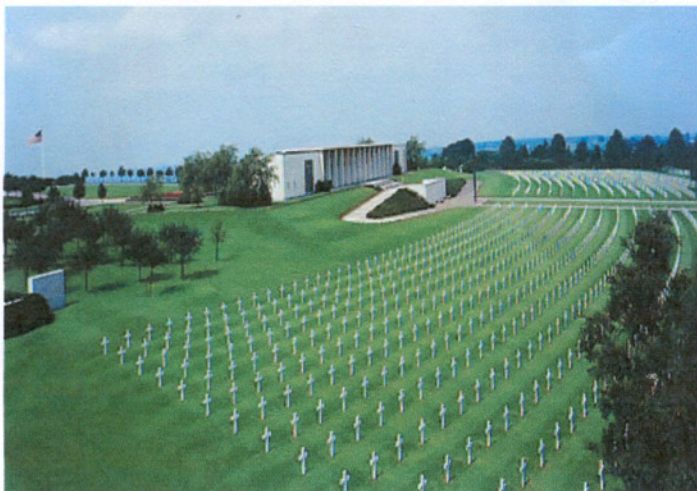


'Wall of the Missing', and most of those 1.722 names are adopted now too. Dutch adopters are requested to find and contact the family of those fallen men in the USA, collect information and honor and remember them. All information, pictures etc. can be shared on the website www.fallennotforgotten.nl

Following this example, also the American cemeteries 'Ardennes' and 'Henri Chapelle' in Belgium have started successful 'adoption' programs for Belgian and Dutch civilians.

Meanwhile Dutch adopters and volunteers have started the enormous and honorable task of collecting information on all Americans who are buried or on the Wall of the Missing at these three cemeteries in Holland and Belgium, so that those heroes who fell for our freedom will be remembered forever. This information is collected on www.adoptiegraven-database.nl (also this site is bi-lingual Dutch-English).

Can you please mention these two websites in your next newsletter and ask your readers to visit those websites, sign the guestbook and, if



possible, give the webmasters all information that they have on family, friends and former comrades who are buried or on the WOM at 'Margraten', 'Henri Chapelle' and 'Ardennes'? Thank you. Best wishes from Holland.
René van Slooten

Editor's Note: We can assist those who honor our fallen heroes buried in Holland and Belgium: Do you know a family of someone buried or their name is on the "Wall of the Missing" in the Ardennes, Margarten or Henri-Chappelle cemeteries? This database website may need your help.....please check it out. You can send the Poopsheet Editor the information which I will forward to the database manage: Include Your name and address, the soldier's name, hometown and personal information you wish about the soldier.

You can register to view the names already in the database and provide information to them.

www.adoptiegraven-database.nl website
The program manager is Jasper van Haren. his email address is info@adoptiegraven-database.nl

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Evelyn Marie Rogge, 92, (Mrs. Howard Rogge, I-502) died April 1, 2010, at Baton Rouge Senior Health Services Community. Her funeral was in n Lima, Ohio.
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Harry and Joanie Nivens, I-502, St. Cloud, FL, November 11, 2010: Dear Betty, I called Bob Hartzell this morning. He said he is doing O.K. Joanie and I are going to Texas tomorrow to visit the two daughters, one in Prosper and the other in Frisco. I will return in a week to go to North

Carolina with my daughter Sharon to have Thanksgiving with my son Ted and his family. Joanie return Nov. 30th. We hope you have a Happy Thanksgiving. Love, Harry & Joanie

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James Norris, Jr., son of 'Jim' Norris, I-502, November 16, 2010 , Enclosed is a contribution to help with the newsletter. My sister and myself



felt that our dad would be proud to know that a little of his estate funds went to such a noble cause. We commend you in your efforts to keep the memories of these WW2 vets alive. Thanks again.

James Norris Jr. and Carolyn N. Stultz for James S. Norris, Sr. I-502

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Photo below courtesy Ashley Haskett / W. Shook collection of I-3/502 at Snowbird Reunion, Orlando, FL 1999 Front Row L-R: Ray Hersher, Celso Garcia, Jim Norris, Ward Faulkenberry, Unidentified, Patrick Callery, Earl Kelly, James Howell.

Back Row L-R: Robert Hartsell, Harry Nivens, Ray Olson, Richard Stephens, Warren Shook,

Walter Murdock, *Joe Hennessey, Fred Kraus. The following article was written by Ashley Haskett for his local newspaper in Lenoir, North Carolina, November 11, 2010:

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Veterans Day

Today we rely on teachers and history books to teach our kids about our history. We as Americans look up to movie stars, athletes and pop stars as role models. With our country losing one thousand WWII veterans a day we are missing an opportunity to learn history from the people who made history.

Our county recently lost a upstanding citizen and hero. Mr. Warren C. Shook passed away on October 7, 2010 at the age of 87. He joined the army in 1943 at Camp Croft, SC. Then volunteered for a new unit called the Airborne (which was our special forces in WWII), where he was sent to the 101st Airborne. He took his parachute (jump) training at Fort Benning, GA; upon earning his jump wings he was shipped to Chilton Foliat England, with "I" of the 502nd PIR of the 101st. He served in the 3rd Battalion which was the most decorated unit in WWII with LTC. Cole and Private Mann being decorated with the nation's highest honor, The Medal of Honor, the



Item Company, 502 at Snowbird Reunion, February 1999

Only two that was awarded to the 101st. The 502nd was the first Regiment in Normandy on D-DAY. They jumped into a hail of bullets and flak after midnight on June 6, 1944. Mr. Shook was wounded around midnight on June 11, 1944 on "Purple Heart Lane" by a German dive bomber in the battle for Carentan, France. LTC. Cole won The Medal of Honor for this battle, where he led his famed bayonet charge that morning.

After healing from his wounds Mr. Shook participated in Operation Market Garden and The Battle of the Bulge where the 101st was encircled (by 10 German Divisions) in the besieged town of Bastogne, Belgium. Where they spent over a month on the front lines in subfreezing temperatures, this battle really showed the true strength and courage of our military.

The 101st also captured Hitler's Eagle's Nest (Hitler's mountain home) in Berchtesgaden, Austria. They captured many of the infamous SS soldiers that were responsible for the Genocide of the Jewish people and other war crimes.

The 101st has been made very popular by the HBO series Band of Brothers and video game series called Brother's in Arms which is actually based on Mr. Shook's unit. I urge everyone to seek out a veteran regardless of what age and tell them thanks for their service and protecting our way of life. Instead of looking up to athletes and movie stars, we need to look within our own families and communities for the heroes that live among us.

I would like to thank my dad, uncles and all the veterans for their service.

Thanks and God bless, Ashley Haskett

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Elnora Lillian Peterson Moe was born July 21, 1921 in Reparia, Washington -- the middle child of Delbert and Mary Floyd, and on September 28, 2010 she graduated to a better life. She attended Washington Jr. High and Yakima High School, and attended nursing school at St. Elizabeth Hospital, but being a deeply devoted Christian, she always referred to today's ceremony as her graduation. Her first marriage to Russell Cummings brought two daughters, Verlyn and Kathy. Russell's work

as a crane operator moved them from Portland to Seaside to Selah, Granger, Prosser and finally Yakima.



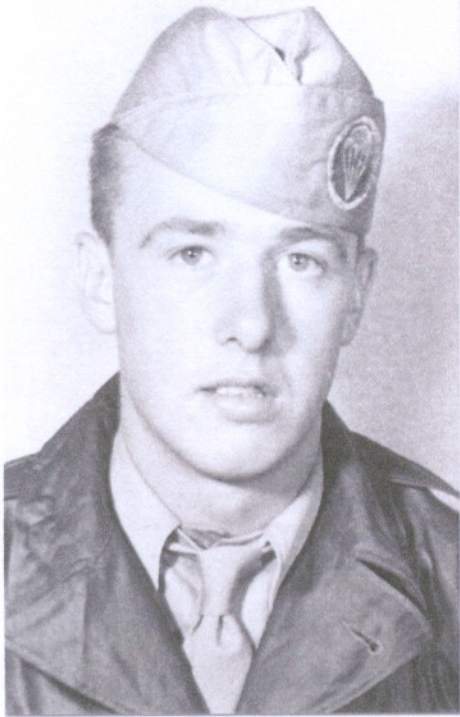
The war ended, her father died and she divorced in 1951 and started working at Prosser Frozen Foods, where she met and married the love of her life (and her boss), **Glenn Moe, a WWII Veteran from the 101st Airborne**. They lived for ten years on a 20-acre cattle farm in Toppenish and then on a one-acre cherry farm for the next 30. They were happily married for 50 years, and although Glenn passed nine years ago, their romance is eternal. She joins him today.

Primarily a homemaker, Lillian had many jobs in her life. She delivered babies with Dr. Angland as a midwife-nurse, waited tables, supervised the women at Yakima Frozen Foods, she did taxes & bookkeeping for herself and was a manager at H&R Block. Perhaps more importantly, she taught Sunday School and cared for her grandchildren -- teaching every one of them how to swim. She and Glenn traveled to Texas and Montana building churches for Laborers for Christ.

Editor's Note: Our sympathy to Kathy Moe Hagen on her mother's passing.

Glenn Moe died in 2001 and was in Item Company 502 PIR. The above was taken from Lillian's obituary in the Yakima Herald, September 30, 2010.

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Men are like parking spaces.....all the good ones are taken, the others are handicapped, their meters are running out.
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(two photos of William Nesbit courtesy of Bob Young)

FAMILY WANTS INFORMATION..... PLEASE HELP IF YOU CAN

Here are some photos of my cousin **William "Bill" Nesbit, I-502.** (two photos above) He was KIA 17 Sept, 1944. Maybe one will help jog some memories. It would be great if any of the Troopers that remembered him could tell me what they remember about him. I thought the photos of him might help. Any additional information about him would be greatly appreciated. Even something such as the "chalk" number and jumpmaster of the plane he was on. Or something personal he may have done, etc. Absolutely anything would be fine.

I do have a little information about him, that a few of the Troopers remembered. I'm the historian for my



family and I want to preserve this information for future generations.

William Nesbit is buried in England at the Cambridge American Cemetery. You are correct, he was in the doorway of the plane when he was killed. He was a machine gunner. **Ervin Boone** was William's assistant and was directly behind him when he was killed. Ervin told me that they unhooked him, and moved him aside, so that everyone could jump as the green light was on. William's body went back to England with the plane after the Troopers jumped. That's why

he's buried there.

A newspaper article that was written after William's death. In this article is a poem written by a buddy of William's, **John J. Altomare**, also in I company.

(Editor's note: John Altomare died in Sept. 2003 and Ervin Boone died January 2010.))

Anyone that remembers anything about William can get in touch with me either by mail or my email.

My Address: Bob Young , 510 Stonetown Road, Rossiter, PA. 15772

My email: bobyoung510@comcast.net

Here follows the local newspaper article sometime after the war with a letter from John Altomare to the parents of Bill Nesbit:

"Mr. and Mrs. William Nebit learned, just recently, the burial place of their son, Pfc. Bill who was killed in action in Holland on September 17, 1944. A buddy of his, Corp. John Altomare, wrote them of Bill's death and burial place, a portion of the letter following:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit: I was happy to receive your letter and to know that you folks hold nothing against me. In another letter

I explained to you about Bill and I changing positions and that he was killed in my position.

"Before we were placed in the plane the day we were to make our jump in Holland, Bill asked me if I would change positions with him so that he could be in position number one in the plane. We talked it over and I advised Bill to talk to the Lieutenant, who said it was all right if we wanted to."

"We made the change as Bill wanted and he made the jump in my place, equipped with machine gun and heavy equipment. He was killed in my position.

Cooney", the boy you asked about, knew Bill well too, and sat next to him in the plane. He and I were pals of Bill's and feel as the others in the outfit....Bill was a good friend and a real soldier.

"You said you haven't heard where Bill was buried. To the best of my knowledge, he was buried in Cambridge, England. The first chance I get I will find out and let you know all about it.

"I want you to know that Bill did not suffer. When I am home on furlough, I can tell you more about it. Enclosed is a poem that I wrote in his honor. It is as follows:

"My Paratroop Pal"

I saw him die, my red-headed friend,
He was number one in the plane.
He died for a cause more greater than theirs...
The Jerries are who I mean.
I saw him die, my read-headed pal.
God rest his lonesome soul;
He was so young and full of life.
I hated to see him go.
I saw him die, my red-headed buddy;
He died for the country he loved;
He loved life so, but God had called,
And my buddy, he had to go.
That quiet smile, on his dead white face
Seemed to freeze the blood in my veins;
But I made the jump, and it was for Bill,
For whom I had to get revenge.

Author: John Altomare I-502

A Little Christmas Story

When four of Santa's elves got sick, the trainee elves did not produce toys as fast as the regular ones, and Santa began to feel the Pre-Christmas pressure.

Then Mrs. Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit, which stressed Santa even more. When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two others had jumped the fence and were out, Heaven knows where. Then when he began to load the sleigh, one of the floorboards cracked, the toy bag fell to the ground and all the toys were scattered.

Frustrated, Santa went in the house for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had drunk all the cider and hidden the liquor.. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the cider jug, and it broke into hundreds of little glass pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found the mice had eaten all the straw off the end of the broom.

Just then the doorbell rang, and an irritated Santa marched to the door, yanked it open, and there stood a little angel with a great big Christmas tree.

The angel said very cheerfully, 'Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?' And so began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree. Not a lot of people know this.



The Old Coot

An old prospector shuffled into town leading a old ed mule. The old man headed straight for the only saloon to clear his parched throat. He walked up and tied his old mule to the hitch rail. As he stood there, brushing some of the dust from his face and clothes, a young gunslinger stepped out of the saloon with a gun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

The young gunslinger looked at the old man and laughed, saying, "Hey old man, have you ever danced?" The old man looked up at the gunslinger and said, "No, I never did dance..



never really wanted to." A crowd had gathered as the gunslinger grinned and said, "Well, you old fool, you're gonna dance now," and started shooting at the old man's feet.

The old prospector - not wanting to get a toe blown off - started hopping around like a flea on a hot

skillet Everybody was laughing, fit to be tied. When his last bullet had been fired, the young gunslinger, still laughing, holstered his gun and turned around to go back into the saloon.. The old man turned to his pack mule, pulled out a double-barreled shotgun, and cocked both hammers. The loud clicks carried clearly through the desert air. The crowd stopped laughing immediately. The young gunslinger heard the sounds too, and he turned around very slowly. The silence was almost deafening.

The crowd watched as the young gunman stared at the old timer and the large gaping holes of those twin barrels. The barrels of the shotgun never wavered in the old man's hands, as he quietly said, "Son, have you ever kissed a mule's behind" The gunslinger swallowed hard and said, "No sir..... but... I've always wanted to."

There are a few lessons for us all here:
Never be arrogant.
Don't waste ammunition.
Whiskey makes you think you're smarter than you are.
Always, always make sure you know who has the power.
Don't mess with old men; they didn't get old by being stupid.
.I just love a story with a happy ending, don't you?

The Soldier and the Professor

A United States soldier was attending some college courses between assignments. He had completed missions in Iraq and Afghanistan. One of the 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. He looked to 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 min.' 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 soldier 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 soldier 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 soldier and asked, 'What in the world is the matter with you? 'Why did you do that?'

The trooper 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.'

The classroom erupted in cheers!

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A Tale with a Moral....

At 85 years of age, Roger married Jenny, a lovely 25 year old.

Since her new husband is so old, Jenny decides that after their wedding she and Roger should have separate bedrooms, because she is concerned that her new but aged husband may overexert himself if they spend the entire night together.

After the wedding festivities Jenny prepares herself for bed and the expected knock' on the door. Sure enough the knock comes, the door opens and there is Roger, her 85 year old groom, ready for action. They unite as one. All goes well, Roger takes leave of his bride, and she prepares to go to sleep.

After a few minutes, Jenny hears another knock on her bedroom door, and it's Roger, Again he is ready for more 'action'. Somewhat surprised, Jenny consents for more coupling. When the newly weds are done, Roger kisses his bride,

bids her a fond good night and leaves. She is set to go to sleep again, but, aha you guessed it - Roger is back again, rapping on the door, and is as fresh as a 25-year-old, ready for more 'action'. And, once more they enjoy each other.

But as Roger gets set to leave again, his young bride says to him, 'I am thoroughly impressed that at your age you can perform so well and so often. I have been with guys less than a third of your age who were only good once. You are truly a great lover, Roger.'

Roger, somewhat embarrassed, turns to Jenny and says: 'You mean I was here already?'

Moral of the story: -

Don't be afraid of getting old, dementia has its advantages!

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Senior Speeder

A Florida Senior citizen drove his brand new Corvette convertible out of the Dealership. Taking off Down the road, he pushed it to 80 mph, Enjoying the wind blowing through what little hair he had left. "Amazing," he thought as he flew down I-75, pushing the pedal even more. Looking in his rear view Mirror, he saw a Florida State Trooper, blue lights flashing and siren Blaring. He floored it to 100 mph, then 110, then 120. Suddenly he thought,

"What am I doing? I'm too old for this!" and pulled over to Await the trooper's arrival.

Pulling in behind him, the trooper got out of his vehicle and walked up to the Corvette. He looked At His watch, then said, "Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a New reason For speeding--a reason I've never before heard -- I'll let you go."

The Old gentleman paused then said: "Three years ago, my wife ran off with a Florida State Trooper. I thought you were bringing her back. "Have A good day, Sir," replied the trooper.

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The New BP Supervisor

A Cajun Shrimper wants a job cleaning up the oil spill, but the BP Foreman won't hire him until he passes a little math test.

Here is your first question, the foreman said. 'Without using numbers, represent the number

9.' 'Without numbers?' The Cajun says, 'Dat is easy.' And proceeds to draw three trees. 'What's this?' the boss asks

'Ave you got no brain? Tree and tree and tree make nine,' says the Cajun.

'Fair enough,' says the boss. 'Here's your second question. Use the same rules, but this time the number is 99.'

The Cajun stares into space for a while, then picks up the picture that he has just drawn and makes a smudge on each tree. 'Ere you go.' The boss scratches his head and says, 'How on earth do you get that to represent 99?'

'Each of DA trees is dirty now. So, it's dirty tree, and dirty tree, and dirty tree. Dat is 99.' The boss is getting worried that he's going to actually have to hire this Cajun, so he says, 'All right, last question. Same rules again, but represent the number 100.'

The Cajun stares into space some more, then he picks up the picture again and makes a little mark at the base of each tree and says, 'Ere you go. One hundred.' The boss looks at the attempt. 'You must be nuts if you think that represents a hundred!'

The Cajun leans forward and points to the marks at the base of each tree and says, 'A little dog come along and poop by each tree.. So now you got dirty tree and a turd, dirty tree and a turd, and dirty tree and a turd, which make one hundred.'

The Cajun is now the new supervisor.

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Expense Report

Balance on hand before Nov. issue 1\$267
Cost of last Issue November 2010 \$218
Supplies: Ink, Paper, Storage Media 89
Contributions Received \$647
Balance on hand before this issue \$607
Thank you for your support. Betty T. Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478
Phone: 281 277 3787 Email: bjth23@yahoo.com

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Snowbird Reunion, Orlando, Florida

Feb. 10-11-12 Tony Mabbe tells me plans are being made to make getting around the resort at the Snowbird better. A gathering place in the lobby area, sleeping rooms nearer the convention center, and more, so make your plans send registration...Forms are here:



2011 Snowbird Reunion

Registration Form

February 10, 11, 12, 2011 Orlando, Florida

Name: _____

Unit: _____ (as you want it to appear on your name badge)

Spouse/Guest: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ E-Mail: _____

Special Instructions: _____

**MAKE YOUR DINNER RESERVATIONS TODAY! SPACE IS LIMITED TO 350 PEOPLE
- NO EXCEPTIONS!**

THERE WILL BE NO PAY AT THE DOOR FOR THE BANQUET DINNER!

Registration Fee is \$65 per person. Payment due no later than January 28, 2011

No registration refunds can be given for any reason after January 28th.

Registration includes hospitality room, daily lunch buffet (Friday/Saturday), and banquet dinner (Saturday).

Please indicate the number of people in your group: _____

Please indicate your meat choice and how many of each. If no selection is made, you will receive chicken.

Pork _____ Chicken _____ Fish _____

Questions? Contact: Tony Mabb at (904) 696-4011 or email him at deucerecon@aol.com and/or Karin Lindsay @ (407) 889-8902 or email her at klindsay@corplanservices.com

Make check payable and mail to:

Florida Sunshine State Chapter

101st Airborne Division Assn.

c/o Karin Lindsay

P.O. Box 4368

Apopka, FL 32704

Hotel Reservation may be made by calling 1-800-421-8001, daily 8:00 am to 5:00 pm (EST). Please mention the 101st Airborne Division Assn (Snowbird) for special room rates. Room rates per night are \$79.00 plus tax & resort fee, per night; single or double occupancy. There is an extra charge of \$20.00 for each person if more than two adults to a room. Junior Suites are \$119.00 per night plus tax & resort fee.





101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION – SNOWBIRD REUNION

OPTIONAL TOURS



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2010

FANTASY OF FLIGHT

10AM – 3PM

This stunning Art Deco facility is home to over 40 rare and vintage aircraft, many of which have been restored to flyable condition. Fantasy of Flight offers a variety of guided tours including visits to the working restoration and maintenance areas. Take a spin on a state-of-the-art

hang glide simulator in the interactive Fun with Flight center and climb on board a real B-17 Flying Fortress in a WWII bombing mission. Visit <http://www.fantasyofflight.com/daily.htm> for a complete description of the aircraft collection, exhibits, restoration tour, tram tour and demonstrations. Visit is self-guided and includes a sandwich box lunch.

Tour Price: \$45.00 **Includes Admission, Box Lunch & Bus Transportation**

There Must Be a Minimum of 25 participants to Operate This Tour



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2010

NATIONAL VIETNAM WAR MUSEUM

9AM – 12:00PM

The National Vietnam War Museum, Inc., established in 2000, is a Central Florida non-profit museum owned and operated by the Vietnam Veterans of Central Florida, Inc. The Larry E. Smedley National Vietnam War Museum includes the first dedicated monument to Fallen Vietnam War Veterans in the

state of Florida. Other static displays consists of a U.S. Navy Patrol Boat River (PBR), also known as “River Rat”, Douglas A-4B Skyhawk aircraft that is currently on loan from the National Museum of Naval Aviation, Pensacola, Florida, and a Bell UH-1 (Huey) Dustoff helicopter. The existing museum center includes numerous artifacts from the Vietnam era; a room-size, to scale, firebase recreation that took approximately eleven years to complete; and recently remodeled an educational media/research room.

Tour Price: \$15.00 **Includes Light refreshments & Bus Transportation**

There Must Be a Minimum of 25 Participants to Operate This Tour

Make Checks Payable to 101st Airborne – Sunshine State Chapter & Mail All Ticket Orders to:

Karin Lindsay • c/o CorPlan Services • PO Box 4368 • Apopka, FL 32704



“Retarded” Grandparents

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school. One child wrote the following about his grandparents retirement place:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Arizona.

Now they live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass. They ride around on their bicycles, and wear name tags, because they don't know who they are anymore.

they must have got it fixed because it is all okay



now, they do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on. At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape.

Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts. Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And, they eat the same thing every night - early birds. Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house. The ones who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked center for pot luck.

My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and, says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too. When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out, so they can visit their grandchildren.



Warm greetings for the Christmas season and Happy New Year to all from the following...

Robert Hartzell, I-502 and founder of the Company I Poopsheet and his children and grand children: Robert & Dorothy Robenalt, Clare Hartzell, Warren & Aggie Welling, David, Jennifer & Lorelai Warren of Tiffin, Ohio;

Season's Greetings also from:

Josephine Kokol, Omaha, NE, sister of **Louis Morong, I-502;**

Sybil Hatfield, Pawnee, OK, widow of **Denver Hatfield, I-502.**

Kay Murdock, widow of **Walter Murdock, I-502** of Placerville, CA.

Lori Notovni, g-niece of **Edward Sowder, I-502**, of Gilbert, AZ.

Barbara Slover, daughter of **Edward Mobley, I-502**, Lawty, FL. Barbara requests you keep Ed and his family and her husband, Cecil in your prayers

Mabel Howell, widow of Jim Howell, I-502, of Aberdeen, MS

Bob and Minn Lott, 327/401, WWII, of Edgewater, MD

Scott Ramsey, WWII Interviews & Collector, of Panama City, FL

Hank and Trudy van Zelderren, St. Augustine, FL.

Joe and June Hennessey, I-502, now reside year round in FL: 3407 Overcup Oak Terrace, Sarasota, FL 34237

Frank Almeida, son of **Amos Almeida, 502.**, WWII. And from all our friends in liberated Europe, **Merry Christmas, Happy New Year..**

CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

Care of:

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

FIRST CLASS MAIL

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2011 Contract

After serious & cautious consideration... Your contract of friendship has been renewed for the New Year 2011 was a very hard decision to make... So try not to screw it up!!!

My Wish for You in 2011

May peace break into your home and may thieves come to steal your debts.

May the pockets of your jeans become a magnet for \$100 bills.

May love stick to your face like Vaseline and may laughter assault your lips!

May happiness slap you across the face and may your tears be that of joy

May the problems you had, forget your home address! In simple words

May 2011 be the best year of your life!!!



A Soldier's Poem....

Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget.

To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.
For when we come home, either standing or dead,
To know you remember we fought and we bled.
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."



Left: Photo and greetings from Christian Dijkhuizen, Son Holland. The monument marks the location of the Son Cemetery, 1944-1948 where the fallen were buried before the National Cemetery at Margarten or their remains returned to the States.