



# Company I Poopsheet

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

June 2011

**TODAY IS THE OLDEST YOU'VE EVER BEEN, YET THE YOUNGEST YOU'LL EVER BE, SO ENJOY THIS DAY WHILE IT LASTS.**

Myung Thomas called on April 7<sup>th</sup> to let us know that her husband, **Edward C. Thomas**, of Oak Harbor, Washington. Ed had a heart attack and passed away March 29, 2011 at the age of 89. Ed was a member of I Company 502 PIR 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division. His funeral was held on April 4, 2011 with burial in the Tahoma National Cemetery, Kent, Washington



Tahoma National Cemetery, Kent, Washington

**Clara Brewer Mobley**, 79 of Lawtey, Florida died March 16, 2011. She was the widow of **Edward Mobley**, I-502 who passed away January. 1, 2011.

**RETURNED MAIL:** .Mrs. Iris Smith, widow of **Davis E Smith**, I-502, of Centennial, Colorado. Her phone is out of service and mail cannot be forwarded. No contact name available.

*Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit.  
Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.*

**The Last Combat Veterans of WWI die**  
MORGANTOWN, W.Va. - Frank Buckles outlived every other American who'd served in World War I, he became what his biographer called "the humble patriot" and final torchbearer for the memory of that fading conflict. Buckles enlisted in World War I at 16 after lying about his age. He died Sunday, February 27, 2011, on his farm in Charles Town, nearly a month after his 110th birthday. The remaining WWI survivor Florence Green (110) in Great Britain.. The last known combat veteran of WWI, Claude Choules (110) in Australia, died May 4, 2011

## Iwo Jima Remembered....



This monument was erected on the spot where Franklin Sousley, Harlon Block, Michael Strank, John Bradley, Rene Gagnon, and Ira Hayes raised the American flag 4 days into the battle for Iwo The Eagle, Globe and Anchors on the left and right side of the monument are completely covered in dog tags left by visiting Marines and service men to honor the 6,131 killed.

Thanks to **Harry Nivens**, I-502, St. Cloud, FL, for this Florida story:



There were five houses of religion in a small Florida town:

- The Presbyterian Church,
- The Baptist Church ,
- The Methodist Church ,
- The Catholic Church ,
- The Jewish Synagogue

Each church and Synagogue was overrun with pesky squirrels. One day, the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH called a meeting to decide what to do about the squirrels. After much prayer and consideration they determined that the squirrels were pre-destined to be there and they shouldn't interfere with God's divine will.

In The BAPTIST CHURCH the squirrels had taken up habitation in the baptistry. The deacons met and decided to put a cover on the baptistry and drown the squirrels in it. The squirrels escaped somehow and there were twice as many there the next week.

The METHODIST CHURCH gt together and decided that they were not in a position to harm any of God's creation. So, they humanely trapped the squirrels and set them free a few miles outside of town. Three days later, the squirrels were back.

But.....The CATHOLIC CHURCH came up with the best and most effective solution.. They baptized the squirrels and registered them as members of the church. Now they only see them on Christmas, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday and Easter.

Not much was heard about the JJEWISH SYNAGOGUE, but they took one squirrel and had a short service with him called circumcision

and they haven't seen a squirrel on the property since.

Photo on left: For all who appreciate the outdoors, this is the rarely photographed South Florida Squirrel.

*Life is too short for drama & petty things, Laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly.*

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**On the Phone:**

March 31, 2011....with **Bob Hartzell** (I-502), doing okay, took his daily walk inside today.

With **Joe Lofthouse** (HQ502), doing well, soon to be 92.

With **George Baxley**, 3/502/HQ, Mail Clerk, had his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday recently, suffered a stroke in January but no serious effects, hopes to attend the Talon Chapter event in Hot Springs AR in June. '

April 14, With **Joe Hennessey**, (I-502) he and June are enjoying their new home in Sarasota, FL, and will be taking trips to Colorado and Connecticut this summer.

With **George Koskimaki** - He is recovering from foot surgery due to an injury to Achilles tendon. He is planning a trip to Normandy with Mark Bando and others June 2 -13. .

April 16, with **Chester Elliot** (I-502) in Missouri. Recently Chester had a little run0in with a horse and ended up bruised and sore, walked with crutches for a while, no broken bones, just activated his arthritis, and now doing okay.

With **Earl Kelly**, (I-502) who is going through a rough time as caretaker for his wife, Virginia, suffering from Alzheimer's. Please keep them in praye.

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**Follow-up: The William A. Nesbit** story in the

March Poopsheet indicated that Tom Peters had supplied the troop carrier information to the Nesbit family. We would like to give credit to Hans den Brok, who is a Troop Carrier specialist. Hans was the one who provided the information to Tom concerning 'the plane's information. Hans' website is [www.airbornetroopcarrier.com](http://www.airbornetroopcarrier.com)

Tom's website is [www.battleatbest.com](http://www.battleatbest.com)  
*We're happy to share both the websites from Tom and Hans. Both have done lots of hard work and research for WWII families.*

## Cowboy meets St. Peter



A cowboy appeared before St. Peter at the Pearly Gates. 'Have you ever done anything of particular merit?' St. Peter asked. Well, I can think of one thing, the cowboy offered. 'On a trip to the Black Hills out in South Dakota , I came upon a gang of bikers who were threatening a young woman. I directed them to leave her alone, but they wouldn't listen. So, I approached the largest and most tattooed biker and smacked him in the face, kicked his bike over, ripped out his nose ring, and threw it on the ground.. I yelled, 'Now, back off or I'll kick the @\*@t out of all of you!'

St. Peter was impressed, 'When did this happen?' 'Couple of minutes ago.'

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### About those Church Hymns:

A minister decided to do something a little different one Sunday morning. He said "Today, in church, I am going to say a single word and you are going to help me preach.

Whatever single word I say, I want you to sing whatever hymn that comes to your mind." The pastor shouted out "CROSS."

Immediately the congregation started singing in unison, "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS."

The pastor hollered out "GRACE." The congregation began to sing "AMAZING GRACE, how sweet the sound."

The pastor said "POWER." The congregation sang "THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD."

The Pastor said "SEX" The congregation fell into total silence. Everyone was in shock. They all nervously began to look around at each other, afraid to say anything.

Then all of a sudden, way from in the back of the church, a little old 87-year-old grandmother stood up and began to sing "PRECIOUS MEMORIES."

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**Exercise daily -- run from the devil and Walk with the Lord**

## Soldier, 92, breaks silence over Auschwitz heroics



March 31, 2011, LONDON – It took him more than 60 years to break his silence, but in a new book 92-year-old Denis Avey tells the story of how he broke into Auschwitz concentration camp twice to witness for himself the horrors of the Holocaust.

Avey was a British soldier captured during World War Two and sent to a labor camp close to Auschwitz where he worked at the IG Farben plant alongside inmates from the concentration camp, nicknamed "stripeys" after their uniforms. While Avey, a headstrong, battle-hardened soldier, was told about the mass extermination of Jews and experienced the sickening smell from a nearby crematorium, he wanted to see for himself what was happening in Auschwitz.

While conditions in his own labor camp were appalling, the food was better and treatment less harsh than in Auschwitz.

And as a prisoner of war, Red Cross packages occasionally made it through containing chocolate and cigarettes, which could then be bartered for better provisions and aid survival.

After weeks of preparation, including bribes to a guard, Avey twice swapped uniforms with a Dutch Jew of roughly the same height to sneak into the camp where he spent the night.

On both occasions the men managed to change back into their own clothes, despite the risk of discovery and certain death.

"I did my homework over weeks and weeks, but the common denominator of all that was a tremendous amount of luck," Avey said in an interview to promote his biography *"The Man*

*Who Broke Into Auschwitz*," co-written by Rob Broomby and published in Britain by Hodder & Stoughton. He recorded seeing piles of "vaguely human" corpses of workers who died each day. They were carried away by fellow inmates who showed no emotion. Body carriers collapsed, earning them a beating and almost certain death. Men were pulled from lineups and taken away to be gassed, but there was no protest, so weak and dejected had they become. Avey described the "foul air" of the sleeping area and putrid "soup" the men were served which he dared not eat. He held whispered conversations with the inmate lying next to him who was in on the plan, finding out what he could about the concentration camp.

After surviving the camp and the "death march" at the end of the war, Avey tried to tell the army about his experiences, but when he came up against what he called the "glazed eye syndrome," he gave up and kept silent for 60 years. Then, during a radio interview a few years ago he opened up and told his story, and since then has gained recognition for his bravery from Holocaust organisations and politicians

The International Raoul Wallenberg Foundation has honored Avey with a diploma, and a spokesman in Israel said: "We feel that his story is genuine," adding that a fellow survivor corroborated his account to the foundation's satisfaction.

Avey said his book was relevant today. "The difference between right and wrong is fast receding. Awareness is being diluted, people are just saying 'such is life'. People are like this now." Despite its dark content, the story ends on a note of hope. Avey recently discovered that a Jew called Ernst survived Auschwitz and recorded his testimony on video.

In that testimony he talked about a soldier -- Avey -- who arranged for him to get 10 packs of cigarettes from England which he swapped for food and new soles on his shoes without which he said he would not have survived the death march. "I thought he was dead," said Avey. "I couldn't believe it." (Reporting by Mike Collett-White, editing by Paul Casciato) (

*This is a partial copy for the Poopsheet*)

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## Yank re-enactment at the Paulushoef



April 3, 2011, Some people have a passion for living history. During National Museum weekend in the Netherlands, 'The Klondikes' and 'Yank re-enactment' set up a WWII style aid-station at the Paulushoef farm in Son. The Paulushoef farm is located on the dropzone which was used by the 101st Airborne Division during Operation Market Garden in September 1944.



(Left to right) Berta Roefs, today age 96; Wan van Overveld; Tom Timmermans and Cor Geluk at the aid station re-enactment April 2-3, 2011.

The museum 'Wings of liberation', together with the members of 'Wheels', organised tours in military vehicles. Visitors were driven towards the dropzone where they could see an aid-station, almost identical to the original aid station set up at the Helena Hoeve in September 1944. The Helena Hoeve is located just west of the

Paulushoef farm, in the Soniuswijk in Son. Berta Roefs, who lived in the Helena Hoeve during the war, was 30-years-old when the paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division jumped into combat. While she was in the air raid shelter, military medical personnel had set up an aid station at her parents' farm. Her nextdoor neighbor, Wan van Overveld, picked her up today, to show her the replica of Helena Hoeve aid station. They went to great lengths to give an accurate impression of a WWII style aid station by dressing up in vintage uniforms and civilian clothing. Every detail was taken care of and the visitors truly enjoyed the experience. A special thanks for the hospitality of the van Overveld family and all participants who gave the visitors a great day! *Tom Peeters, [www.battleatbest.com](http://www.battleatbest.com)*

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### **Berta Roef's Story:**

Told to Tom Peeters, [www.battleatbest.com](http://www.battleatbest.com)



September 17 is an unforgettable day for me and my family. That Sunday in September didn't start off as it used to. We didn't visit mass because pastor van Hussen warned us on Friday that the Germans would take the women for labor work at the airfield in Eindhoven. The men would have to dig trenches. So we decided to stay at home and take care of family van Dinther, who fled their house with six children on September 14. The oldest child was 11-years-old and the youngest 1,5-years-old. Our father once said that the English would liberate us one day, how they would do that wasn't really clear for us. That Sunday we were preparing lunch when suddenly we heard planes outside. It was about 11.00 hours when we heard airplane engines

roaring over the fields. The airplanes came from the direction of Best and started strafing and bombing the woods south of our house. Later we understood that these planes were securing the dropzone for the paratroopers who would jump over the fields behind our house. At 11.30 hours we learned that our neighbor, Kees Coppelmans was hit and died during the strafing runs. My sister Dora went towards the place where Kees was hit to see if she could be of any assistance. Piet and Cor, who were kept in hiding at our house from the Germans, went along with her. They wrapped the body in a blanket and brought it to the Sweren family, who also lived in the Sonniuswijk. The father and daughter of the Coppelmans family were retrieving the cows from the field, but they got wounded too during the strafing runs and two cows died. At about 12.30 hours we sat at the kitchen table eating our lunch, when dad picked us up and



*Photo above: American paratrooper medics wait for the first wounded soldiers to arrive at the farm on September 17, 1944*

sent us to the air raid shelter, which was made by my father in the orchard underneath an apple tree behind our house. My father, Piet and Cor stayed behind in the house. We didn't know what was going on, but we trusted our father's j



*Above Photos courtesy of Guido Wilmes of the Helenahoeve Aid Station re-enactment on neighboring Paulushoef farm April 2-3, 2011*

judgment. Just minutes later we heard airplane engines and anti-aircraft fire, something special must be going on. Looking from the air raid shelter we could see colored parachutes floating above our barn. We prayed to the Lord that he would keep us safe. We knew the British army had crossed the Belgian border so we thought the noise had something to do with the Germans stopping them from reaching Son. As we sat in the air raid shelter, suddenly we heard boots just a few feet away from the entrance. The only

thing we were thinking of was that when we would leave the shelter, we would be facing the barrel of a gun that would make an end to our life. My sister and I embraced our mother tighter and tighter. A few minutes later Piet came to tell us that American soldiers were landing in the fields behind our house. Piet gave us some chocolate and cigarettes that he got from the American soldiers. This was a relieve to us. At about 14.30 hours we left the air raid shelter and we were surprised to see that a parachute was draped over the roof of our shelter. One of the soldiers must have landed on top of the shelter. That is probably why we heard the footsteps of a soldier. When we entered the barn we saw three wounded American soldiers on the ground. One was heavily wounded, two had minor injuries. We were struck by this scene and I can't express in words what I felt when I saw these men. Worst thing was, we couldn't express our feelings to these men, because we simply didn't speak their language. Later we understood that the American medics needed bandages, we solved that by giving them some old blankets and some other things we could find. Hour by hour, more wounded men were brought to our farm. When Dora and I went outside to see what was going in, we saw that the Americans had set up a first-aid-station at the back of our farm. The Americans put sentries on both sides of the house.

With sign language they made clear that Son would be clear of Germans soon. We were very worried about our brother Bertus, who left for Schijndel in the morning by bike to visit his fiancé. But luckily he returned home at 17.00 hours. This must have been a big relief to our parents.

It was a day with mixed emotions. We didn't really understand what was going on and what the war was about, but now war was all around our house. At about 0.30 hours I went to bed, but I didn't get much sleep because I was thinking of all the things I'd seen during the day. When we got up in the morning more wounded men were brought to the barn. We were surprised to see how relaxed these men were. Even the wounded were really calm and they received great help from the American medics. How could they still

be so friendly while they were lying there on the ground wounded? It was truly disappointing that we couldn't talk with these men. My sister Dora and I did our daily routines, milking and feeding the cows, doing our chores inside the house.



*1944 Photos courtesy of Tom Peeters: Below: Left to right, Mother Roefs, Mother van Dinther, Berta Bekkers-Roefs, Vincent Arts (American medic), Antoon van Dinther, Cor Wilbers and Bertus Roefs. Bottom row: Theo van Dinther, Leo van Dinther, unknown merican soldier, Dora Giebels-Roefs and Johan van Dinther.*

When the soldiers asked for our help we helped them. They sure needed a lot of hot water, so that's what we got. We boiled water and brought it to the medics. With our farm being a first-aid-station, a lot of people from Son came over to have a look at what was going on. It was a beautiful sight walking around our farm with all the colored parachutes and people talking to each other. There were a lot of parachutes. Just an example. On two acres of land we counted 96 parachutes. During the afternoon of the 18th more soldiers were landing in the fields behind our house. We saw a lot of soldiers coming from gliders. The fighting around the house wasn't so intense as the day before, probably because it was foggy

In the night of the 18th, more wounded were brought to the farm and in the morning of the 19th,

the Americans started to evacuate the wounded. It was a terrible sight to see. All those wounded men who came from so far away to liberate our country. Two barns were full of wounded, it must have been about 50 to 60 wounded men, maybe more. I felt sorry for them and my mind was full of grief. The wounded were evacuated to the Sanatorium in Son where the nuns would take care of them. It must have been a great relief for the men that they finally could receive the treatment they deserved and longed for so much. On a side note I would like to mention that there were two German soldiers in between the group of wounded. When we entered the barn they looked at us with angry eyes, as if they were blaming us for betraying them. As if we were traitors. I never forgot the look on their face.

In the afternoon of the 19th a lot of commotion started within the group of soldiers at the farm. They made us clear that we couldn't make any light during the night, because they thought the Germans were going to bomb the farm. We thought it was better to bring the van Dinther family and my mother back to Son. Dora and I would follow later when we had done our chores. That same afternoon, more supplies were dropped and landings took place in the fields behind our house. An airplane crashed just a few hundred yards from the farm and burned out. We saw a paratrooper landing his chute in the middle of the burning plane. We wanted to help the soldier but the other soldiers pulled us back because it was too dangerous.

When we wanted to leave for Son later in the evening, we were stopped by the American soldiers. We weren't allowed to go, because now they thought Son was going to be bombed. We stayed at the farm with our father Bertus, Piet and Cor. But the agonizing thought of not having our mother in our midst made us feel terrible. We didn't get much sleep that night, especially when we saw tracer fire close to the canal at Son. We understood that it wasn't Son but Eindhoven that got bombed by the Germans.

The next morning our father went to Son to see if he could find mother. At noon he returned home with mother and the van Dinther family. Mother and the van Dinther family didn't stay at Son, they couldn't reach it the day before, so they

stayed over at miller van de Hagen. With all these American soldiers around us we felt safer every day. Still wounded were being carried inside the barn for treatment. Quickly they were ransported to Son. To this day I regret the fact that I didn't write down any names. I don't know who these men were who resided at our farm for so many days

September 20 was a quiet day. Some wounded were carried in during the night, but they were brought to the Sanatorium almost immediately. On the 21st the Americans cleaned up the place and left for Son. It almost looked as if nothing had happened here last few days. They told us we had to stay inside and not stand in front of the windows . At about 10.30 hours we heard gunshots in the distance. Soon the Americans returned to the farm, this time not with wounded men but with German prisoners. They brought about 50 of them, kept them at the farm for a while and later marched them to the football fields in Son. I remember one incident where two American soldiers were marching 35 German soldiers towards the football fields. They were walking on the Sonniuswijk road (the main road in front of our house). One of the German soldiers tried to flee. He jumped over a ditch but couldn't make it to the other side and slid back into the ditch. When he tried to climb out one of the American soldiers fired his rifle hitting the German in the back of his head. The other German soldiers must have taken this seriously because from that point on they marched with their hands up even higher. In the afternoon of the 21st the van Dinther family went back to a now liberated Son. The fighting stopped and the American soldiers cleaned up the farm. The Americans left for Veghel and we would never see these brave men again.

I would like to finish my story with a big 'thank you' for our American liberators. With mixed feelings and emotions we look back on the four days in September 1944, when the American soldiers worked at our farm. I hope the men that survived the war had a nice life!

Take care!  
Berta Roefs (96)  
October 2010



L-R: Tom Peeters, Mien Lavrijssen, and Tom Timmermans webmaster of [battledetective.com](http://battledetective.com) at the "Aid Station" re-enactment, April 2-3, 2011 on the Paulushoef farm near Son

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### **Well, You could have...**

An elderly lady decided to give herself a big treat for her significant birthday by staying overnight in one of Chicago 's most expensive hotel. When she checked the out next morning, the desk clerk handed her a bill for \$5500.00.

She exploded and demanded to know why the charge was so high. "It's a nice hotel but the rooms certainly aren't worth \$250.00 for just an overnight stop without even breakfast."

The clerk told her that \$250.00 is the 'standard rate' so she insisted on speaking to the Manager. The Manager appeared and forewarned by the desk clerk announced: "the hotel has an Olympic-sized pool and a huge conference center which are available

for use." 'But I didn't use them," she said. "Well, they are here, and you could have," explained the Manager.

He went on to explain that she could also have seen one of the in-hotel shows for which the hotel is famous. "We have the best entertainers from New York , Los Angeles, and Las Vegas performing here," the Manager said.

"But I didn't go to any of those shows," she said. Well, we have them, and you could have," the Manager replied. No matter what amenity the



Manager mentioned, she replied, "But I didn't use it!"

The Manager was unmoved, so she decided to pay, wrote a check and gave it to the Manager. The Manager was surprised when he looked at the check. " But madam, this check is only made out for \$50.00."

'That's correct. I charged you \$500.00 for sleeping with me," she replied. "But I didn't!" exclaims the very surprised Manager.

"Well, too bad, I was here, and you could have." *Don't mess with Senior Citizens*

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### Genie and th Ostrich

Found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a Genie appeared and offered Me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money



Would always be there." "That's brilliant!" says the waitress. "Most people would ask for a Million dollars or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want For as long as you live!"

"That's right..Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact Money is always there," says the man. The waitress asks, "What's with the ostrich?" The man sighs, pauses and answers, "My second wish was for a tall chick With a big butt and long legs who agrees with everything I say.."

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### 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division Association

Are you a a member of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Association? To become a member, go to [www.screamingeagle.org](http://www.screamingeagle.org) or contact:

Mary Bremer, Membership Administrator  
101st Airborne Division Association  
P.O. Box 929  
Fort Campbell, KY 42223  
Phones: (931) 431-0199 - Office  
(931) 431-0195 - Fax  
Executive Secretary/Treasurer ext: 33  
Association Membership ext: 35 (Mary)

### Renovation at windmill in Eerde - Drop zone of 502 PIR



Since 2009, restoration is underway for the St. Antonious windmill (molen) at Eerde, Netherlands. The windmill was damaged in Operation Market Garden. It sits at the landing Zone A, the 501 PIR drop zone.

If all goes as planned, it will be completed in 2011. And September 17, 2011 should be a very special day at the windmill in Eerde. We wish all the people of Eerde and others who have supported them in this restoration, the best and a happy future for the windmill.

[www.eerdemolen.nl](http://www.eerdemolen.nl) is a website for pictures of the reconstruction project.

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### A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE "COMPANY I POOPSHEET"

*It is indeed an honor to provide a link for all the Company I, 502 PIR family,. Please be aware that your notes, updates,, news or pictures are needed. We would love to hear from any of the 27 Company I veterans 47 widows and others who are on our mailing list. Please let us hear from you. Maybe you don't recognize many of the names mentioned in the newsletter, but they are an important part of our Company I and whole airborne family. Thank you so much for your news to keep us in touch. Betty Taylor Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478. PH: 281-277-3787*

**Holiday in the Netherlands**  
**May 4 - Remembrance Day**  
**May 5 - Liberation Day**

From Tom Timmermans, Eindhoven

We Dutch owe our freedom to the people of the United States and the nations who joined the Allies in defeating the Axis forces in World War 2. When I talk to young Dutch people and when I get down to the very essence of things, they are often amazed at the fact that young men (often 'liked' when they see the pictures of these soldier in their period portraits) came all the way from their hometowns in America, England, Wales, Scotland, Poland and Canada to liberate us and risk getting wounded or killed.

The day before Liberation Day, on May 4, we commemorate our dead. I was chosen to lay the flowers during a modest ceremony in Eindhoven on behalf of the Airborne Friends Association in Eindhoven..

Major Van Gijzel of Eindhoven spoke during this ceremony and stressed that if it hadn't been for these foreign soldiers coming to our rescue, we would not have been living in a free country for the last 66 years.

Here is a small pictorial impression of the ceremony in Eindhoven, May 4, 2011.:



Memorial in Eindhoven, Netherlands May 4, 2011

**Observations On Growing Older**

~Your Kids are becoming you...and you don't like them...but your grandchildren are Perfect!  
 ~Going out is good... Coming home is better!  
 ~You forget names.... But it's OK because other people forgot they even knew you!!!  
 ~You tend to use more 4 letter words ...  
 "what?"..."when?"... ???

**Creation**

A little girl asked her Mom, "How did the human race appear?"

The Mom answered, "God made Adam and Eve and they had children, and so was all mankind made.."

Two days later the girl asked her Dad the same question. The Dad answered, "Many years ago there were monkeys from which the human race evolved."

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, "Mom, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God, and Dad said they developed from monkeys?"

The mother answered, "Well, Dear, it's very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his.."

**My Friends**

Friends.....They love you,  
 But they're not your lover They care for you,  
 But they're not from your family  
 They're ready to share your pain,  
 But they're not your blood relation.  
 They are.....FRIENDS! !!!!  
 A True friend... Scolds like a DAD..  
 Cares like a MOM.. Teases like a SISTER..  
 Irritates like a BROTHER..  
 And finally loves you more than a LOVER.

The nicest place to be is in someone's  
 THOUGHTS!

The safest place to be is in someone's  
 PRAYERS!

And the best place to be is in.....  
 GOD'S HANDS!

Take some interest in the future, it is where  
 you will be spending the rest of your life.

**Man Owned & Drove Same Car for 82 years**



Can you imagine having the same car for 82 years! I guess it was no longer under warranty... "How Long Have You Owned a Car?" Mr. Allen Swift ( Springfield , MA.) received this 1928 Rolls-Royce Piccadilly P1 Roadster from his father, brand new - as a graduation gift in 1928. He drove it up until his death last year.....at the age of 102 !!! He was the oldest living owner of a car from new. Just thought you'd like to see it. He donated it to a Springfield museum after his death. It has 170,000 miles on it, still runs like a Swiss watch, dead silent at any speed and is in perfect cosmetic condition. (82 years) That's approximately 2000 miles per year..

CAMP VERDE, Ariz. (AP) - March 2011, A member of an elite group of Marines who developed a code based on their native language during World War II has died. Lloyd Oliver's (88) death means that only one of the original 29 Navajo Code Talkers survives. Oliver's nephew, Lawrence, says his uncle died at a hospice center in the Phoenix suburb of Avondale, where he had been staying for about three weeks.



**HAVE A BLESSED MEMORIAL DAY**



**World War II Memorial:** In 2004, the World War II memorial opened in Washington, D.C. The memorial honors those who fought in the Atlantic and Pacific fronts of the war. (Photo Credit: Jason Reed/Reuters/Corbis)



June 5, 1944 Gen. Eisenhower speaks with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division in England.

**EXPENSE REPORT**

Balance on hand before last issue	\$717
Cost of printing and mailing last issue	193
Contributions received	-0-
Balance on hand before this issue	\$524

Thank you for your support. Please keep in touch. Betty T. Hill, 2222 Settler Way #914, Sugar Land, TX 77478 Phone 281 277 3787 and email: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

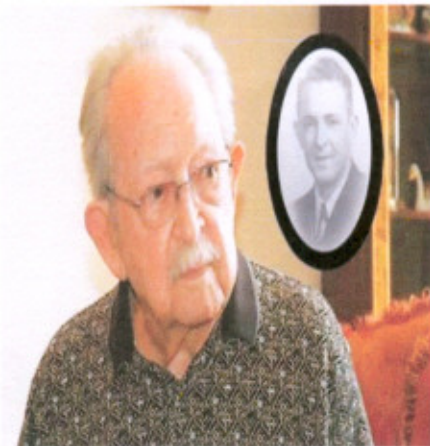


In care of: :

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

FIRST CLASS MAIL

The 66th Annual National 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division Reunion will be held in Lexington, Kentucky on **August 17-21**. Make sure you sign up by August 2nd to receive the discounted hotel rates. Forms available at [www.screamingeagle.org](http://www.screamingeagle.org) or the Screaming Eagle magazine.



**QUOTE FROM  
 HAROLD,,  
 82 YEAR OLD  
 PENSIONER**

I've often been asked, 'What do you old folks do now that you're retired?'

Well...I'm fortunate to have a chemical engineering

background and one of the things I enjoy most is converting Beer, Wine and Whisky into urine. I do it everyday and I really enjoy this. It keeps me busy

**Harold should be an inspiration to us all.**

**WWII Interviews**



In Panama City, Florida, a young man, Scott Ramsey, is putting together a collection of short stories of WWII veteran's experiences so that these important bits

of our history for which we owe our freedom is not forgotten in the future. Scott may be contacting you for a brief conversation Photo: Scott gets an autograph & interview from George Koskimaki. At the 2010 Snowbird Reunion.