



Company I Poopsheet

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

October 2011



Lest we forget to thank you for your service to our country and for your support of the Company I Poopsheet. God bless you and all you love. Thank you

Oct. 14, on phone with Bob Hartzell, he's doing okay and he sends his love to every one.

Love and best wishes for the holiday season ahead.

Betty

Hats off to the widows of Company I 502 who are on our mailing list today, to all those gone before and to the wives in our lives today. On our current mailing list are:

- Abrahamsen, Mrs. Eldon (Choochie), Napa, CA
- Altomare, Mrs. John J. (Lyddia) Baltimore, MD
- Boyd, Mrs. Thomas J. (Dorothy), Santa Clara, CA
- Burkett, Mrs. Neal F. (Betty), Andover, OH
- Calderhead, Mrs. James (Lola), Mansfield, OH
- Casas, Mrs. Ralph (Petra), Barstow, CA
- Cater, Mrs. Clyde D. (Wanda), Bend, OR
- Cavanaugh, Mrs. Michael W. (Mary) Dallas, PA
- Cooney, Mrs. Paul O. (Edna), Texas City, TX
- Dulaney, Mrs. Jack F. (Geraldine), Milton, FL
- Faulkenberry, Mrs. Ward M., Lancaster, SC
- Fayard, Mrs. Curtis, Atmore, AL
- Forery, Mrs. Leon G. (Eleanore), Los Angles, CA
- Franklin, Mrs. James C. (Frances) West Blocton, AL
- Garcia, Mrs. Celso (Mary), Albuquerque, NM
- Hatfield, Mrs. Denver C. (Suybil), Pawnee, OK
- Hoskinson, Mrs. Everett A. (Ann), Costa Mesa, CA
- Howell, Mrs. James K. (Mabel), Aberdeen, MS
- Kerwynn, Mrs. Walter (Regina), Alexandria, VA
- Kraus, Mrs. Fred (Dolores), Dayton, OH
- Manuel, Mrs. Anson J. (Sildry), Bossier City, LA
- Marovich, Mrs. Nick, Aliquippa, PA
- McKenna, Mrs. Paul J., Venetia, PA
- Metheny, Mrs. Fred R. (Muriel), Palm Springs, CA

- Mitchell, Mrs. Loren (Sarah), South Charleston, OH
- Murdock, Mrs. Walter A. (Kay), Placerville, CA
- Olson, Mrs. Ray (Marilyn), Sewickley, PA
- Patton, Mrs. Charles O., Mt. Orab, OH
- Purdy, Mrs. Willard (Ruth), Edwardsville, PA
- Reno, Mrs. Edward L., Plymouth MI
- Salvati, Mrs. Gino, Ambridge, PA
- Schecowicz, Mrs. Stanley, Woburn, MA
- Schultz-Junkin, Mrs. Charles Artie, Jr. (May), Federal Way, WA
- Shepard, Mrs. Corey R. (Edwina), Houston, TX
- Shields, Mrs. Elmer, Aldan, PA
- Smaldino-Patterson, Mrs. Frank (Mary H.), Glen Ellyn, IL
- Smith, Mrs. Edward M. (Suzanne) Socorro, NM
- Steadman, Mrs. Willie O. (Marjorie), Gaffney, SC
- Stephens, Mrs. Bernard W., Sanford, NC
- Thomas, Mrs. Edward C. (Myung) Oak Harbor, WA
- Tripp, Mrs. Robert (Alicia), Heath, MA
- Woodson, Mrs. Albert H., Bracey, VA
- Yutzey, Mrs. George O. (Viona), Adamstown, MD
- Yzquierdo, Mrs. Angelo F., Schenectady, NY

Mrs. Willie O. (Marjorie) Steadman, Gaffney, SC: Betty, Your special ways and generous heart make a beautiful difference to all Company I families. Thank you so much for the years you have kept us in touch. Enclosed is a small donation to help with the expenses. Marjorie Stadman (Mrs. Willie O.)

Mrs. Eldon R. (Choochie) Abrahamsen, (I-502) sends her new address and a donation. Thank you Choochie. Her new address is: 6468 Washington St. # 104, Yountville, CA 94599

Expense Report

Balance on hand before last Issue	\$547
Labels and Cost of last issue	206
Contributions received	75
Balance on hand before this issue	\$416
Thank you for your support. Betty T. Hill,	
2222 Settlers Way # 914 Sugar Land, TX 77478	
Ph: 281 277 3787 Email: bjth23@yahoo.com	

Happy Birthday Harry Nivens I-502, his 90th!!
 There was quite a party from 2 to 7 p.m. October 1st hosted by Harry's family. at the Harmony Golf Preserve, Harmony, FL. Harry's birthday was Sept. 30th... more than 60 of his family and friends joined the celebration where tables with memories of each decade of his life displayed on the tables.



Aubry Parks-Fried, Harry Nivens & Ted Nivens
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A husband & wife are shopping in their local Wal-Mart. The husband picks up a case of Budweiser and puts it in their cart.

'What do you think you're doing?' asks the wife. 'They're on sale, only \$10 for 24 cans' he replies. 'Put them back, we can't afford them' demands the wife, and so they carry on shopping.

A few aisles further on along the woman picks up a \$20 jar of face cream and puts it in the basket. 'What do you think you're doing?' asks the husband. 'It's my face cream. It makes me look eautiful,' replies the wife.

Her husband retorts: 'So does 24 cans of Budweiser and it's half the price.'
HUSBAND down in AISLE 7.



Our Heroes , the Company I-502 men KIA WWII (Name and Date KIA, 00 = unknown))

Pfc. Charles W. Hugi	44-06-00
Pfc. John M. Morgan	44-06-00
Pvt. James A. Dodson	44-06-00
Pvt. William E. Foley	44-06-00
Pvt. Herman Addleson	44-06-06
Pvt. Roy J. Sherrod	44-06-06
1st Lt. George A. Larish	44-06-10
1st Lt. John P. Painschab	44-06-10
2nd Lt. Benny J. Klemantov	44-06-10
Pfc. Emmitt T. Nix	44-06-10
Pfc. Stanley W. Tkaczyk	44-06-10
Pvt. Eugene O. Gaukel	44-06-10
Sgt. Jerry A. Boffo	44-06-10
Cpl. Cornelius W. Owens	44-06-11
Pvt. Edward R. Sowder	44-06-11
Pvt. John C. Norton	44-06-11
Pfc. William A. Nesbit	44-09-17
Sgt. Everett D. Dye	44-09-18.
Cpl. Lester A. Taylor	44-09-19
Pvt. John R. Clark	44-09-19
Pvt. Leslie B. Nussbaum	44-09-19
Pvt. William E. Baker	44-09-19
S/Sgt. Julius J. Sovak	44-09-19
Pfc. Paul B. Gentle	44-09-26
Cpl. Jerry A. Sevier	44-10-05
Sgt. Joseph A. Miller	44-10-06
Pfc. Charles A. Delong	44-11-15
Pvt. Gerald B. Malone	44-11-16
Pvt. Jack R. Plumb	44-12-00
Pvt. Joseph M. Burke	44-12-00
S/Sgt. Troy W. Norris	44-12-00
Pvt. Ernest F. Bruno	44-12-27
Pvt. Fred Cid	44-12-28
Pvt. Lorain o. Westenhaber	44-12-28
S/Sgt. Harold E. Waller	44-12-28
Pfc. Claude A. Wilson	44-12-29
Pvt. Benigno G. Salazar	44-12-29
1st Lt. Edward G. Tyree	45-01-03
Cpl. Frank J. Pitwallis	45-01-03
Pfc. Leonard E. Bruce	45-01-03
Pvt. Andrew T. Hroma	45-01-10
Pvt. Clarence C. Eckert	45-01-10

Joe and June Hennessey, I-502, Sarasota, FL, have spent most of the summer with their family in Connecticut. Their daughter, Robin, required major surgery to remove a tumor on the adrenal glands on October 11. Our prayers are for a quick and complete recovery for Robin. Their daughter, Lillian Smith, shares these pictures and wrote about Joe's special flight on a C-47 and the recent WWII luncheon in RI.



On September 17, 2011, my dad, Joe Hennessey, was invited along with other WWII veterans to attend a luncheon in Westerly, Rhode Island, put on by Tom Sessa and John Wayne Burton. The WWII veteran picnic is their private effort to get folks out and to honor those who served. Dad and the other veterans were their guests. They do this every year for the WWII veterans.



September 17, 1944 was the date that my dad's first combat jump was made during WWII. Isn't this so very special and great! My dad made twenty-two jumps in WWII.

The most amazing part of this is that my dad was invited by Mr. Eric Zipkin, President of Tradewind Aviation to fly in a C-47, the plane he actually jumped out of during WWII.



This is the C-47, piloted by Eric Zipkin, my dad along with the other WWII veterans flew in to attend the luncheon in Rhode Island and returned later that day to our Waterbury/Oxford Airport in Connecticut.

We are very grateful to Eric (in photo to left with Joe) for making both the 16th and 17th of September, 2011 so very special for my dad, for arranging all of this for dad and allowing us, the family, to tour the plane. The plane is amazing to see. The C-47 is privately owned and stays in the hangar at the Waterbury/Oxford Airport. Eric takes care of and maintains this C-47 for the owner. Eric made my dad's day! Both days were memorable for all of us, especially dad who once again got to fly in a C-47 that he parachuted out of during WWII..

Approximately 60 WWII veterans from the surrounding area attended the luncheon in Westerly, RI...our special thanks to Tom Sessa, John Wayne Burton and Eric Zipkin for arranging all this in honor of our WWII veterans.



February 15 - 18, 2012 - Tampa, FL

The 2012 Snowbird Reunion, hosted by two Florida Chapters of the 101st Airborne Association will be at the Doubletree by Hilton Hotel Tampa Airport - Westshore (above photos, The hotel is not on the water, it is 5 min. from the airport and the bay.)

4500 West Cypress Street, Tampa, Florida, 33607 Hotel Tel: **1-813-879-4800** Reservation Forms are available on SE websites , www.screamingeagle.org and in The *Screaming Eagle* magazine You can also call or email Betty to help with a registration form.

Reserve a room reservation under the 101st Airborne Snowbird Reunion room rate.

Traditionally, this reunion is the Item Company, 502 annual get-together. We hope many of you can be with us.... All veterans who can make it and family members who wish to honor their veterans who may no longer be with us.

Please contact Betty if you will be there, so we don't miss you!!!

Ph: 281-277-3787 or Cell: 832-274-6520

A Bad Day

There I was sitting at the bar staring at my drink, when a large, trouble-making biker steps up next to me, grabs my drink and gulps it down in one swig.

"Well, whatcha' gonna do about it?" he says, menacingly, as I burst into tears.

"Come on, man," the biker says, "I didn't think you'd CRY.I can't stand to see a man crying." "This is the worst day of my life," I say. "I'm a complete failure. I was late to a meeting and my boss fired me .

When I went to the parking lot, I found my car had been stolen and I don 't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. I found my wife with another man and then my dog bit me." "So I came to this bar to work up the courage to put an end to it all, I buy a drink, I drop a capsule in and sit here watchingthe poison dissolve; then you show up and drink the whole thing!

But enough about me, how's your day going?

SNOOTY RECEPTIONIST

An older gentleman had an appointment to see the urologist who shared offices with several other doctors. The waiting room was filled with patients. As he approached the receptionist's desk, he noticed that the receptionist was a large unfriendly woman who looked like a Sumo wrestler. He gave her his name.

In a very loud voice, the receptionist said, "YES, I HAVE YOUR NAME HERE; YOU WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR ABOUT IMPOTENCE, RIGHT?"

All the patients in the waiting room snapped their heads around to look at the very embarrassed man. He recovered quickly, and in an equally loud voice replied, 'NO, I'VE COME TO INQUIRE ABOUT A SEX CHANGE OPERATION, BUT I DON'T WANT THE SAME DOCTOR THAT DID YOURS.'

The room erupted in applause!

AGAIN,..... DON'T MESS WITH OLD FOLKS.

"That's What I Like About The South!"

LOUISIANA: A senior citizen in Louisiana was overheard saying ... "When the end of the world comes, I hope to be in Louisiana ."

When asked why, he replied, "I'd rather be in Louisiana 'cause everythang happens in Louisiana 20 years later than in the rest of the world."

TENNESSEE: A Tennessee State trooper pulled over a pickup on I-65. The trooper asked, "Got any ID?" The driver replied, "Bout whut?"

Y'all kin say whut y'all want 'about the South, but y'all never heard o' nobody retirin' an' movin' North.

In memory

Our 101st Family has lost a dear friend. Elaine Smith, Floral City, FL passed away on August 12, 2011 after a heart attack. Elaine had been with us on an Operation torch tour in 2006, and accompanied the Poopsheet editor on a trip to Holland again in September 2009.

Elaine lost her beloved fiance Carmen Ladner, A-501 on September 24, 1944 in Holland. His name is on the Wall of The Missing at Margarten.. Elaine began a search as to what happened to Carmen and where it happened in early 2000's. With the help of people like George Koskimaki, and Erwin Janssen of Holland, she did get details of the ammunition truck explosion near Eerde that took his life. On each of her trips to Eerde, she spoke from her heart to the people of Eerde..



Photo courtesy of Peter van de Wal: Elaine Smith 2009 and Carmen Ladner, A-501, 1943

The following does not include all letters she read during her speech.

Her CLOSING COMMEMORATIVE MOMENTS Eerde, Netherlands, September 20, 2009

Today is both a joyous and. solemn occasion. It marks the closing of a series of events designed to honor the veterans who came to bring freedom to a country under oppression from the ruthless occupation by a neighboring nation. This meeting of Thanksgiving and Brotherhood demands a tribute to the veterans 'who died here on foreign soil.... to the veterans who returned home.... and to the Dutch people whose gratitude continues throughout the passing years.

-- The first tribute must be to the Dutch people who have kept alive the memory of our Airborne heroes. Three score and five years have passed since the

early hours of a beautiful Sunday afternoon on September 17 1944. The townsfolk were alerted to the droning roar of engines overhead. Frightened at first, they would soon realize that the planes above were not those of their enemy, but were planes from allied nations bringing men to liberate them from five years of bondage. They had witnessed death, known persecution, hardships, hunger and a1ways fear.

Imagine their emotions when the paratroopers began their jump and thousands of parachutes opened wings of liberation and thousands of troopers, seemingly angels with gossamer winds, silently dropped to the earth that would become their battlefield. Whenever possible after they landed, the Dutch people embraced them warmly, welcoming them with waving hands, smiles and cheers and reaching out to them in friendship. In that first moment of fellowship shared, our men knew why they were paratroopersand why they were sent. In that brief meeting, they formed a kinship with the people· they were meant to liberate.

Let us always remember that September day that offered hope and freedom to the peace-loving people of this beautiful land ... the Netherlands.

-- In sequence, I believe the second tribute must be given to those young men who jumped, landed, fought and died here. For many of these troopers, it was their first time in battle. They were strangers in a foreign land ... even unfamiliar with the language. They missed their homes and their loved ones, yet they were brave. Many of them were killed even before landing. Those who continued the fight witnessed the morbid legacy of war. They became hardened to the violence, sickened by the bloodshed, felt the same fears, wept for the dead, comforted the wounded and whispered their own private prayers. and in their last momentdied aloneamong their Band of Brothers.

As one of these young men wrote to me in a letter dated November 23, 1943, when he was stationed at Camp Mackall in North Carolina:

"I love the paratroops, even though we know that if we ever ... and we will 'go over,' ... chances are that 90% of us will never come back. We know that, but it doesn't bother us. We are trained just for special missions, and we know that even though we may get 'knocked off,' maybe we saved a few hundred lives. That is why we are Paratroops."

The trooper who wrote the letter was CPL.CARMAN S. LADNER, my wartime fiance. Ten months later, he was killed at the nearby Harie Van de Pol farm. Six

men from Company A were unloading ammunition when the truck was blown up by a German tank. All were killed. Carman was on top of the truck, lowering crates of ammunition down to the men below. He died on September 24th, a week after landing, and his name is listed with the names of other heroes at the windmill.

I recall an eloquent quote by a man named Minot Savage: *"The brave never die, although they sleep in dust, for their courage gives courage to a thousand other men."*

They came as liberators, these brave men. They were young and healthy, meant to father the next generation in the States, yet they were assigned another mission a mission of valor. The following words are familiar to all: *"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."* These men gave their greatest gift.... they gave their lives.

--The third and last tribute is paid to the troopers who fought here and returned home to family and friends. They too, had faced the same fears, seen the same horrors of war and fought with the same passion as their comrades who died.

Yes, they went home to family and friends, but they were no longer the boys who had left. They were seasoned veterans....restless in a very different environment. They had to find a new purpose for their return, but they knew not where to look nor what to embrace. Their lives were colored with blood-stained memories of battle that might fade in time, but would often return as grim reminders of war. They had to learn to live again. They had been heroes, but even the glory earned by heroes loses luster as the years wear on.

The Dutch people have lived that expression of gratitude for many years never, ever forgetting the young men who brought them freedom to help them heal their wounded spirit. For the veterans here and for those who cannot be here, and for the Dutch friends who so faithfully remember, I read the creed of the 101st Airborne:

"We are tougher than men and unseen as, the night,

We are a few against an army, but we make the odds even.

We are the dreaded winged vanguard of the world's best soldiers.

We are Airborne."

To the members of the Eerde Airborne Committee who carry the torch of remembrance,

to the WWII Airborne Demonstration Team, members of the 101st Airborne Division and all the support groups that helped to bring this remarkable Anniversary celebration to reality, I simply say, Thank You!

... Elaine Smith
Earl Kelly, I-502, and Elaine Smith, 2009 Snowbird Reunion.



Willis F. Rohr, WWII, 101st paratrooper led several tours of airborne association groups to Holland and Normandy over the years. He was a familiar face at the 101st reunions. Willis F. Rohr's obituary was published in The Chicago Tribune, August 14, 2011.

His survivors include his wife, Ruth, daughter, Susan (Jeffrey) Kozel and son, James Rohr, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A memorial service was Aug. 16 at Burr Ridge United Church of Christ, Burr Ridge, IL

Stones help mark the route from Normandy to Berlin



September 16, 2011, the first stone on the Liberation Route in Holland is placed at the Paulushoef in Son. This stone marks the drop zone of the 502 and 506 PIR's on September 17, 1944. In the Brabant Province alone will be 24 such stones along the route. Each stone will mark a significant WWI spot of Operation Market Garden. At each stone, with a smartphone and QR Code one can hear what took place at that particular spot.

On this day, the farm's owner, Wan van Overveld and his daughter are there to place the stone and tell what happened at this spot in September 1944. Their family owned this farm in 1944.

Photos courtesy Peter van de Wal

St Antonius molen now fully restored



Photo courtesy Barry Pulles

St. Antonius windmill at Eerde, Holland at the drop zone of the 501 PIR was dedicated September 17, 2011 after being fully restored from the damage received in WWII Sept. 1944.





Photo from "The Pathfinder Online"

American WWII soldiers bodies found A Dutch citizen searching with metal detector stumbled on the bodies of two soldiers in a meadow along the Wylerbaan onday, September 12, 2011, at Groesbeek. The remains of two U.S. soldiers recovered. The discovery of the remains has been disclosed to U.S. authorities. Laboratory tests will tell who these two unidentified American soldiers are.

In September 1944 the 82nd U.S. Airborne Division landed near Groesbeek as part of Operation Market-Garden.

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IF MY BODY WERE A CAR...

If my body were a car, this is the time I would be thinking about trading it in for a newer model. I've got bumps and dents and scratches in my finish and my paint job is getting a little dull...

But that's not the worst of it. My headlights are out of focus and it's especially hard to see things up close. My traction is not as graceful as it once was. I slip and slide and skid and bump into things even in the best of weather. My whitewalls are stained with varicose veins. It takes me hours to reach my maximum speed. My fuel rate burns inefficiently. But here's the worst of it – Almost every time I sneeze, cough or sputter, either my radiator leaks or my exhaust backfires!



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The Old Pastor

An old pastor lay dying. He sent a message for an Internal Revenue Service Agent and his lawyer to come to the hospital.

When they arrived, they were ushered up to his room. As they entered the room, the pastor held out his hands and motioned for them to sit on each side of the bed. The pastor grasped their hands, sighed contentedly, smiled and stared at the ceiling. For a time, no one said anything. Both the IRS agent and lawyer were touched and flattered that the old man would ask them to be with him during his final moments. They were also puzzled because the pastor had never given any indication that he particularly liked either one of them.

Finally, the Lawyer asked, Pastor, why did you ask the two of us to come here? The old pastor mustered all his strength, and then said weakly, Jesus died between two thieves, and that's how I'd like to go..

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John was on his deathbed and gasped pitifully. 'Give me one last request, dear,' he said. 'Of course, John,' his wife said softly. 'Six months after I die,' he said, 'I want you to marry Bob.' 'But I thought you hated Bob,' she said. With his last breath John said, 'I do!'

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Week of the Eagles at Ft. Campbell

<http://101airborneww2.com> Mark Bando, historian and author, Returns to 2nd BCT at Ft Campbell, with WW2 Veterans

On his website page, Eagle Talk, Mark writes: In early August, Bando was down to the Home of the Screaming Eagles again, after an invitation to speak at Week of the Eagles, from Major Brendan Raymond, the XO of 2nd Brigade (the current 502nd Infantry). I told them I would not speak solo, but if I could invite some WW2 Deuce veterans to participate, the idea could become a reality. After getting the green light to do so, I called about 7 WW2 502nd vets and of the bunch only two could make the trip. **Earl Kelly** and Joe Lofthouse, who joined us for a similar presentation in 09, had to stand down, due to health issues. Mort Smit's wife was ill and Willis Fowler (A Co. SSM winner) wanted badly to attend but his legs won't carry him adequately any more. As it turned-out Dan McBride flew out from NM and Lt Reed Pelfrey and his wife Peggy drove up from GA. As it turned out, we had several Vietnam era veterans added to the panel as well. So we had more than enough storytellers to make the event work. We gave two presentations, one in the AM for enlisted personnel and another in the afternoon for officers and senior NCOs. The lovely (Libra) Captain Christine Gold (Asst S-1) handled the actual logistics of bringing myself and the vets to Ft Campbell for this event and CW2 Ryan Niebuhr was the liaison, who handles unit history for the current 502nd.

WWII ADT Calendar for 2012 NOW AVAILABLE!

Orders can be placed online, www.WWIIADT.org
The WWII Airborne Demonstration Team 2012 "Airborne Legends" Calendar is now available for sale for \$12 per calendar, plus \$3 shipping. This unique production features images of airborne operations each month as well as highlighting the key moments of WWII and focuses on several of the veterans who took part in these operations.



To order you copy today, just click on the "Buy Now" button and you will be taken directly to our order page. If you are ordering from outside the US, please contact us at px@wwiadt.org so we can calculate the shipping cost and invoice you for the proper amount.



WWII Airborne Demonstration Team (an Open House day with their C-47 "Boogie Woogie", Frederick, OK, July 2010. Photo Credit: Carol Forczyk)
For further information regarding the Airborne Demonstration Team and to find out how you can become a member or make a donation, please contact the team at: Frederick Army Airfield, P.O. Box 67, Frederick, OK 73142 • 580-333-3348 • wwiadt.org
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Senior Creed

Senoir citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not blame others. HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT the senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music,
The pride out of appearance,
The courtesy out of driving,
The romance out of love,
The commitment out of marriage,
The responsibility out of parenthood,
The togetherness out of the family,
The learning out of education,
The service out of patriotism,
The Golden Rule from rulers,
The nativity scene out of cities,
The civility out of behavior,
The refinement out of language,
The dedication out of employment,
The prudence out of spending,
The ambition out of achievement or God out of government and school.

And we certainly are **NOT** the ones who eliminated **patience** and **tolerance** from personal relationships and interactions with others!!

And, we do understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country. Just look at the Seniors with tears in their eyes and pride in their hearts as they stand at attention with their hand over their hearts!

YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!

I'm the life of the party..... even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening childproof caps...with a hammer.

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN and I think I am having the time of my life!

Spread the laughter

Share the cheer

Let's be happy

While we're here.

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A Great Weekend

A balding, white haired man from Naples in Florida, walked into a jewelry store this past at his side. He told the jeweller he was looking for a special ring for his girlfriend. The jeweler looked through his stock and brought out a \$5,000 ring.

The man said, 'No, I'd like to see something more special.'

At that statement, the jeweler went to his special stock and brought another ring over. 'Here's a stunning ring at only \$40,000 the jeweler said. The lady's eyes sparkled and her whole body trembled with excitement. The old man seeing this said, 'We'll take it.'

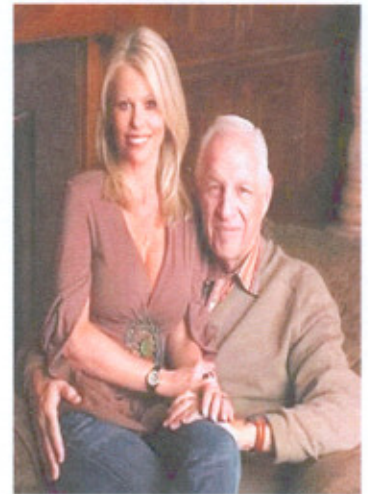
The jeweller asked how payment would be made and the man stated, 'by cheque. I know you need to make sure my cheque is good, so I'll write it now and you can call the bank Monday to verify the funds and I'll pick the ring up Monday afternoon.'

On Monday morning, the jeweler angrily phoned the old man and said 'There's no money in that account.'

'I know,' said the old man, 'But let me tell you about MY GREAT WEEKEND!'

See.....Not All Seniors Are Senile

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Boudreaux at it again

Boudreaux, an 80-year-old South Louisiana Cajun, goes to the doctor for his annual check-up. The doctor is amazed at what good shape he is in and asks, "How do you stay in such great physical condition, Boudreaux?"

"I stay in de swamp and I hunt and fish every day", said the old Cajun.

"Dat's why I'm in such good shape. I'm up well before daylight and out hunting or fishing all day. I have a beer for breakfast and at lunch and wid my supper. And, I have a shot of hooch before bed time. And, I say my Prayers every night. And all is well wid me."

Well", says the doctor, "I'm sure the prayers help, but there's got to be more to it. How old was your father when he died?"

"Who said Pop is dead?"

The doctor is amazed. "You mean you are 80 years old and your father is still alive? How old he is?"

"Pop be 100 next month," replied Boudreaux. "In fact, he hunted with me dis mornin, and den we went to a beer joint for a while and had a few beers and dat's' why he's still alive. He is a tough Cajun man and he hunts and fishes everyday, too."

"Well, the doctor says, that's great! But, I'm sure there's more to it than that. How about your father's father? How old was he when he died?"

"Who said my Paw Paw's dead?"

Stunned, the doctor asks, "You mean you are 80 years old, your father is 100 and your grandfather is still living? Incredible! How old he is?"

"We tink 'bout 118," says the old Cajun. He likes his beer, too, but he won't touch the hard stuff."

The doctor is getting frustrated at this point, "So, I guess your Grandfather went hunting and fishing with you and your father this morning, too?"

"No, Paw Paw couldn't go dis time. He's gettin' married today."

At this point the doctor is close to losing it. "Getting married! Why would a 118-year-old man want to get married?"

Boudreaux looked down at the floor and mumbled "Who said he wanted to?"

Rules for Rendering Hand Salute of U.S. Flag Law Now Allows Retirees and Vets to Salute Flag

Traditionally, members of the nation's veterans service organizations have rendered the hand-salute during the national anthem and at events involving the national flag only while wearing their organization's official head-gear.

The National Defense Authorization Act of 2008 contained an amendment to allow un-uniformed service members, military retirees, and veterans to render a hand salute during the hoisting, lowering, or passing of the U.S. flag.

A later amendment further authorized hand-salutes during the national anthem by veterans and out-of-uniform military personnel. This was included in the Defense Authorization Act of 2009, which President Bush signed on Oct. 14, 2008. Here is the actual text from the law:

SEC. 595. MILITARY SALUTE FOR THE FLAG DURING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BY MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES NOT IN UNIFORM AND BY VETERANS.

Section 301(b)(1) of title 36, United States Code, is amended by striking subparagraphs (A) through (C) and inserting the following new subparagraphs:

(A) individuals in uniform should give the military salute at the first note of the anthem and maintain that position until the last note;

(B) members of the Armed Forces and veterans who are present but not in uniform may render the military salute in the manner provided for individuals in uniform; and

(C) all other persons present should face the flag and stand at attention with their right hand over the heart, and men not in uniform, if applicable, should remove their headdress with their right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart;

Note: Part (C) applies to those not in the military and non-veterans. The phrase "men not in uniform" refers to civil service uniforms like police, fire fighters, and letter carriers - non-veteran civil servants who might normally render a salute while in uniform.

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CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



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



MY LONGEST DAY

Do not call me hero – when you see the medals that I wear
Medals maketh not the hero – they just prove that I was there
Do not call me hero now that I am old and grey
I left a lad – returned a man
They stole my youth that day
Do not call me hero when we stormed the walls of hell
The blood, the tears, the cries, the tears
We left them where they fell
Do not call me hero – each night I stop and pray
For all the friends I knew and lost
I survived my longest day.
Do not call me hero – not now nor in the years that pass
For the real, true heroes
Have crosses, lined up in grass

Author, Sgt J.M. Aitkins

Bastogne: The annual Memorial Walk will take place in the area of Noville December 10, 2011



The 101st Airborne troops move out of Bastogne Belgium, after surviving a 10-day siege, to drive the enemy out of the surrounding district, Dec. 31, 1944. U.S. Army photo. www.defense.gov