



# Company I Poopsheet

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

November 2012

**Editor of Poopsheet has moved  
Betty Taylor Hill's new address is:  
5801 Reading Road, # 321  
Rosenberg, TX 77471**

**I've moved just a short distance into new  
apartments. My phone number changed also  
to 832-449-3541**

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**Jesse Marion Meason, 82, a resident of  
Russellville, died Thursday, May 10, 2007, at his  
home. He was**



**born April 6, 1925,  
at Gould,  
Oklahoma to S. R.  
and Odessa  
Johnson Meason.  
He was a United  
States Army  
veteran of World  
War II, serving in  
the 101st Airborne  
Division. He was a  
32nd Degree**

**Mason and a Baptist.**

**Survivors include his wife, Michele Meason of  
Russellville; four children, Sylvia Brown and her  
husband Ron of Edmond, Oklahoma, Ted  
Meason of Howe, Texas, Lynne Knight and her  
husband Poncho of Russellville, and Lieutenant  
Commander Michael Meason and his wife Cindy  
of Lemoore, California; three brothers and  
sisters-in-law, Wayne and Connie Meason of  
Beulah, Colorado, Dean and Caroline Meason of  
Cannon City, Colorado, and Darryl and Linda  
Meason of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma;**

**The funeral was Saturday, May 12, 2007, at the  
Shinn Chapel with the Rev. Stephen Davis  
officiating. Burial with military honors provided by  
the Veteran's of Foreign Warburial in Rest  
Haven Memorial Park.**

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Letter we received August 1, 2012 from widow of

Jesse Marion Meason

Betty, I apologize for not notifying you at the time. Marion so enjoyed the Poopsheet, and I have continued to enjoy it. I have enclosed a check to help with your expense. Keep up the good work. rion was on dialysis for two years and he had esophageal cancer for 1-½ years before he died. He refused chemo and radiation. He was very strong, intelligent and had a wonderful sense of humor. We were married 34-½ years.

Michelle (Mrs. Jesse Marion Meason, Russellville, AR)

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The following words are from Marion Meason himself, which were made a part of his memorial service program.

"I was lucky to have a mother who cared enough to nurse me through what in 1936 was usually a fatal illness,, typhoid fever. I was very lucky to survive WWII. Many good men all around me died or were maimed. I was in the midst of the worst that man can do to mankind and yet lived. I was I lucky to have found a job I liked and found I could do well. Given my lack of education, I was lucky to have found a company that was small and growing in which I could compete. There is a lot to be said for being in the right place at the right time. With very) little planning or insight, things worked out better than I had a right to expect.

I have been very lucky to have four fine kids. What more can be said about good fortune? I have been blessed! Lady luck was really on my side when I found Michele! Who else would have put up with me all these years? Always there when I needed her, caring and kind. Yet strong enough to tell me where to back off when I overstepped. Without question, she deserved better than I gave her.

Despite the illnesses and pain of these last years I have indeed been lucky Or is it simply that God has blessed me? I Think Both!! "

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From Michael Stanowitz, Westwood, NJ., nephew of **Richard C. Snow**, I-502, we learn that Richard passed away July 7, 2011. His ashes rest in the Florida National Cemetery, Bushnell, FL.

Letter we received August 2012:

Dear Betty, Thank you for the Poopsheet and for the list of Co. I, 502 veterans and widows, quite a few of us. Sept. 15 it will be 12 years since I lost my Ralph. It never gets easier.

It has been a while since I last donated to the cause, so am attaching a donation hoping it will help in some small way.

I'm 89 years old now, so please excuse the writing. Best Wishes, **Petra Casas (Mrs. Ralph) Barstow, CA**

Returned mail, **Mrs. Edward C. (Myung) Thomas**, forwarding address 2771 Busby Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277

**Mrs. Denver (Sybil) Hatfield**, Pawnee, OK, August 10, 2012 writes that she recently fell and broke her hip, seems to be recovering quite well. Her family gave her a nice 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party recently as well. Congratulations, Sybil, we wish you a happy life ahead.

Through is research, James Edwards has located the following burial locations of Company I men who have passed on.

**Charles A. Delong**, Smith Cemetery, Aroostook County, Bridgewater, Maine

**Charles Hugli**, Mount Olive Cemetery, Crawford County, Pittsburg, Kansas

**George Larish**, Saint Bernards Cemetery, Indiana County, Chevy Chase, Pennsylvania

**Leslie Nussbaum**, Dalton Cemetery, Wayne County, Dalton, Ohio

**Stanley Tkaczyk**, Saint Stanislaus Cemetery, Franklin County, Deerfield Massachusetts

**Mrs. May Schultz-Junkin, widow of Charles A. Schultz, Jr.**, I-502, of Federal Way, Washington, passed away on August 12, 2012.



Photo above: Reg Jans with Amos Amos Joseph Almeida, one of the original 101st Airborne Division's "Screaming Eagles",

from B Company, 502 PIR, passed away at the Missouri Veteran's Home in Saint Louis, Missouri on Friday, August 31, 2012. He was 90. Born on December 28, 1921 in Oxnard, CA, Amos was raised in Somis, California, a small farming town north of Los Angeles to Mexican immigrants Luis and Teresa Almeida. He also had three older half-siblings.

Amos quit school in the ninth grade to help support the family and joined the Army in 1942, volunteering to become a paratrooper for the extra \$50 monthly "jump pay" to send home to his mother. Amos jumped into Normandy on D-Day and also jumped in Holland for Operation Market Garden then off to a brutal winter and battle in Bastogne in what became known as The Battle of The Bulge. Two of his brothers, Charlie and Louie, also served during the war in the Navy and Army, respectively.

His parents received a telegram from the War Department that Amos was Missing in Action in the Invasion of Normandy just a few days after receiving a telegram that their son Louie had been killed in the Invasion of Saipan.

Amos received a Purple Heart and Bronze Star for his actions in Europe and in January of 2010 was named a Knight of the Legion of Honor by

the President of the French Republic for his "valorous action during WWII...and invaluable contribution to the liberation of France." He was a lifetime supporter of the 101st Airborne Division. His three sons are Frank who resides in Glendale, Missouri with his wife Pam, Albert of Lake Oswego, Oregon with wife Ricci, and Joey in Santa Barbara, California with his wife Barbie.

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### The Fire Truck

A firefighter was working on the engine outside the station, when he noticed a little girl nearby in a little red wagon with little ladders hung off the sides, and a garden hose tightly coiled in the middle.

The girl was wearing a firefighters helmet. The wagon was being pulled by her dog and her cat. The firefighter walked over to take a closer look.

'That sure is a nice fire truck,' the firefighter said with admiration.. 'Thanks,' the girl replied. The firefighter looked a little closer. The girl had tied the wagon to her dog's collar and to the cat's testicles..

'Little partner,' the firefighter said, 'I don't want to tell you how to run your rig, but if you were to tie that rope around the cat's collar, I think you could go faster.'

The little girl replied thoughtfully, 'You're probably right, but then I wouldn't have a siren.'

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### Butch

John was in the fertilized egg business. He had several hundred young layers (hens), called 'pullets,' and ten roosters to fertilize the eggs. He kept records, and any rooster not performing went into the soup pot and was replaced.

This took a lot of time, so he bought some tiny bells and attached them to his roosters.



Each bell had a different tone, so he could tell from a distance, which rooster was performing.

Now, he could sit on the porch and fill out an

efficiency report by just listening to the bells. John's favorite rooster, old Butch, was a very fine specimen, but this morning he noticed old Butch's bell hadn't rung at all!

When he went to investigate, he saw the other roosters were busy chasing pullets, bells-a-ringing, but the pullets, hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover.

To John's amazement, old Butch had his bell in his beak, so it couldn't ring.

He'd sneak up on a pullet, do his job and walk on to the next one.

John was so proud of old Butch, he entered him in the Saint Lawrence County Fair and he became an overnight sensation among the judges.

The result was the judges not only awarded old Butch the "No Bell Piece Prize," but they also awarded him the "Pulletsurprise" as well. Clearly old Butch was a politician in the making. Who else but a politician could figure out how to win two of the most coveted awards on our planet by being the best at sneaking up on the unsuspecting populace and screwing them when they weren't paying attention.

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### Bass Boat..

A good old Missouri boy won a bass boat in a raffle drawing. He brought it home and his wife looks at him and says, "What you gonna do with that. There ain't no water deep enough to float a boat within 100 miles of here."

He says, "I won it and I'm a-gonna keep it." His brother came over to visit several days later. He sees the wife and asks where his brother is. She says, "He's out there in his bass boat", pointing to the field behind the house. The brother heads out behind the house and sees his brother in the middle of a big field sitting in a bass boat with a fishing rod in his hand/

He yells out to him, "What are you oin'?" His brother replies, "I'm fishin.' What does it look like I'm a doin'?"

His brother yells, "It's people like you that give people from Missouri a bad name, makin' everybody think we're stupid. If I could swim, I'd come out there and whip you're a...!"

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## Railroad Tracks

The U.S. Standard railroad gauge (distance between the rails) is 4 feet, 8.5 inches. That's an exceedingly odd number you might say - why was that gauge used?



The reason being that's the way they built them in England and English expatriates designed

the U.S. Railroads.

But why did the English build them like that? Because the first rail lines were built by the same people who built the pre-railroad tramways and that's the gauge they used.

Why did they use that gauge then?

Because the people who built the tramways used the same jigs and tools which had been used for building



wagons and which used that same wheel spacing. Why did the wagons have that particular odd wheel spacing? Well, if they tried to use any other

spacing, the wagon wheels would break on some of the old, long distance roads in England because that's the spacing of the wheel ruts.

So, who built those old rutted roads? Imperial Rome built the first long distance roads in Europe (including



England) for their legions. Those roads have been used ever since.

And the ruts in the roads? Roman war chariots formed the initial ruts, which

everyone else had to match for fear of destroying their wagon wheels.

Since the chariots were made for Imperial Rome, they were all alike in the matter of wheel spacing. Therefore, the United States standard railroad gauge of 4 feet, 8.5 inches



is derived from the original specifications for an Imperial Roman war chariot. In other words, bureaucracies live forever.

So the next time you are handed a specification, procedure or process and wonder 'What horse's rear end came up with this?' you may be exactly right.

Imperial Roman army chariots were made just wide enough to accommodate the rear ends of two war horses.



Now, the twist to the story:

When you see a Space Shuttle sitting on its launch pad, you will notice that there are two big booster rockets attached to the sides of the main fuel tank.

These are solid rocket boosters, or SRBs, and the SRBs are made by Thiokol at their factory in Utah. The engineers who designed the SRBs would have preferred to make them a bit larger but the SRBs had to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site.

The railroad line from the factory happened to run through a tunnel in the mountains and the SRBs had to fit through that tunnel.

The tunnel is slightly wider than the railroad track and the railroad track, as you now know, is about as wide as two horses' behinds.

So, a major Space Shuttle design feature of what is arguably the world's most advanced transportation system was determined over two thousand years ago by the width of a horse's rear end.

And you thought being a horse's behind wasn't important! Now you know - A Horse's rear end control almost everything.

Explains a whole lot of stuff, doesn't it?



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**Forest Jay Nichols,**  
Lakeland, FL, Company  
B, 502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup>  
Airborne., died  
September 29, 2012.  
He Jay's birthday was  
November 2, 1920..

## SNOWBIRD REUNION 2013

2013 Snowbird Reunion, **February 13 - 17, 2013**  
Doubletree Hotel, Westshore, Tampa, FL .  
Golf begins on Wednesday, 13<sup>th</sup>, and reunion  
registration Thursday, 14<sup>th</sup>.

Reunion registration forms are available from  
The Screaming Eagle magazine and online at  
[www.screamingeagle.org](http://www.screamingeagle.org) or ask Betty for one at  
832-449-3541 or [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

We look forward to seeing many airborne family  
and friends. This is a great time for Company I,  
502 to be together. The host for the reunion is  
the Florida Gulf Coast Chapter of the 101<sup>st</sup>  
Airborne Association.

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### The Talking Centipede

A single guy decided life would be more fun if he had a pet. So he went to the pet store and told the owner that he wanted to buy an unusual pet. After some discussion, he finally bought a talking centipede, (100-legged bug), which came in a little white box lined in blue velvet. He took the box home, and decided he would start off by taking his new talking pet to church with him. So he asked the centipede in the box, "Would you like to go to church with me today? We will have a good time." But there was no answer from his new pet. This bothered him a bit, but he waited a few minutes and asked the centipede again, "How about going to church with me and receive rich blessings?"

But again, there was no answer from his new pet. So he waited a few minutes more, thinking about the situation. and decided to invite the centipede ... one last time. This time he put his face up against the centipede's house and shouted, "Hey, in there! Would you like to go to church with me and learn about God?" This time, a tiny little voice came out of the box, "I heard you the first time! I'm putting my shoes on!"

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### Earl and Bubba

Earl and Bubba are quietly sitting in a boat fishing, chewing tobacco and drinking beer when suddenly Bubba says, "Think I'm gonna divorce the wife - she ain't spoke to me in over 2 months." Earl spits overboard, takes a long, slow sip of beer and says, "Better think it over.....women like that are hard to find."

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### DON'T MESS WITH 'OLD' PEOPLE!!!!

Harold was an old man. He was sick and in the hospital. There was one nurse that just drove him crazy. Every time she came in, she would talk to him like he was a little child. She would say in a patronizing tone of voice, 'And how are we doing this morning', or 'Are we ready for a bath', or 'Are we hungry?' Old Harold had had enough of this particular nurse. One day, at breakfast, Old Harold took the apple juice off the tray and put it in his bed side stand. Next, he was given a urine bottle to fill for testing. So you know where the juice went! The nurse came in a little later, picked up the urine bottle and looked at it. 'My, it seems we are a little cloudy today. At this, Old Harold snatched the bottle out of her hand, popped off the top, and drank it down, saying, 'Well, I'll run it through again. Maybe I can filter it better this time.' The nurse fainted! Old Harold just smiled!

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### MARRIAGE

A Husband and wife had a bitter quarrel on the day of their 40th wedding anniversary! The husband yells, "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads, 'Here Lies My Wife -- Cold As Ever!'" "Yeah?" she replies. "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads, 'Here Lies My Husband -- Stiff At Last!'" (HE ASKED FOR IT!)

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**Photos from Anthony Celentano. Above, Steve Owens son of Cornelious Owens and Owens family with Harry Nivens**

**Below: Harry Nivens and his family at grave of Cornelius Owens, (I-502) KIA, June 11, 1944, Normandy, France, WWII**



**After 68 years, Owens and Nivens family meet in Ny Saturday, August 25, 2012**

Cornelius Owens, I-502, killed in action, June 11, 1944 in Normandy, was a close friend of Harry Nivens, I-502, of St. Cloud, FL was badly wounded in the same action. After 68 years, Harry finally was able to visit with the Owens family in Queens, New York. They met at the Calvary Cemetery, and Neil's cousin Mary Celentano sent us this first report of their meeting.

Hi Betty: Just walked in from the most beautiful reunion. From the moment we met, till now it was just amazing. I think we would have stayed all night, but my brother Neil had to leave for Massachusetts. tonight. Where do I start. I really felt it come together last night when my brother came in from Mass at 9pm. We stayed up most of the night talking and waiting for today. We left about 10:00 and met up with everyone at the entrance to Calvary at 12:00. When Mr. Nivens arrived, we were all out of our cars waiting to greet him. What a great family he has. We felt so welcomed and really felt a sense of family. We proceeded to the Grave where Mr. Nivens placed a rose and sprinkled sand from the beaches of Normandy. Not a dry eye in the house. We had my Uncle's picture on the grave stone while Mr. Nivens read us a poem and told us of old War stories. You could hear a pin drop, but everyone listened closely.

I presented my cousin Steve Owens (Neil's son) with his father's Purple Heart and Mr. Nivens with letters from the President, John McCain, Michael Grimm, Congressman from Staten Island, and a letter from the Mass. Congressman, thanking him for his service. There was in Mr Niven's family, about 11 people, and our family, about 30 people. I had my friend from College come with his daughter and two other gentlemen, documenting every word. They will put together a documentary of the occasion. Also,

Mr. Niven's Granddaughter, had someone documenting the event also. Mr Niven's invited us back to his rental and his family did a marvelour job. We could not thank them enough. We have taken tons of pictures and I will get them to you, as soon as possible. We would like to thank you for all the hard work you and Jim did to get us together. It is a day we will never forget.



Steve Owens, (standing center), Son of Cornelius Owens who died in WWII and his sons, standing, David (left) and Neil, (right) with Harry Nivens, (seated), at the grave of Cornelius Owens, Calvary Cemetery, Queens, NY, August 25, 2012

=====  
August 27, 2012 Harry, I want to thank you for all you did to make the August 25<sup>th</sup> reunion happen. I consider the events of that day among the highlights of my life experiences. It is such a joy and comfort to know that my Uncle Neil had the privilege of having you as his friend. I know that my cousin Steve and his two sons greatly appreciated having had the opportunity to meet you and to hear stories about my Uncle Neil. Words can't capture the power of your service to our country and your dedication to your fallen brothers. I especially appreciated your thoughtfulness in spreading sand from Normandy on my Uncle's grave, the remnant of the parachute (which I will always treasure), the glass reminder our August reunion, and the many stories and pictures about the events from many years ago. It was an honor to meet the members of your family, and I so appreciate the hospitality you offered our family. The memory of the service and sacrifices that you and your colleagues have given to our country will live in our hearts as long as we live. Your generation has accurately been described as the greatest

generation, and having had the opportunity to meet with you has been a great privilege. I wish you all the best that a life of service, dedication and sacrifice can offer. Once again, thank you for your service to our country and your dedication to your colleagues in battle.

With much gratitude,

Neil Castronovo, nephew of Cornelius Owens.

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68 years later - Holland, September, 2012

By, Betty Taylor Hill

My 4<sup>th</sup> trip since 2004, and it gets better each time. My nephew, David Lasseter and his wife, Deborah, joined me for a part of this trip.

On the anniversary, 19<sup>th</sup>, of his death, we placed roses at the spot where my brother, David's uncle, **Lester A. Taylor**, Co. I-502, was killed in action, at Best.

We attended several of the annual events celebrating the liberation southern Netherlands, including dedication of a new monument honoring the troop carriers at the drop zone near Son, a ceremony at the St. Antonius windmill in Eerde, and Torch Light parade in Eindhoven.

We also visited with Henk Duinhoven at the battle area near Arnhem and Driel. We enjoyed a wagon ride from Wan van Overveld at the Paulishoeff home at the drop zone in Son., and many other places too numerous to mention.

On the 18<sup>th</sup>, along with Henk Bruins, Harry Smits, and Peter van de Wal, we visited the Memory International War Museum of Joop and Marianne Staman in Nijverdal. There we were greeted by all the staff, representatives of the mayor's office, a warm welcome from Joop Staman, Jr., the 11 year old son of Joop and Marianne. Their warm hospitality, like all other Dutch people, was overwhelming. This is an unusual, innovative museum of great interest. The museum is an all-round war museum about World War II. There are displays about Normandy, the resistance, the Holocaust, Market Garden and many more. In the chapel are photos and timelines of several soldiers of WWII displayed on the walls. One of which is Lester A. Taylor, Company I, 502.

We heard many comments of the work already going on for the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary in September 2014. Begin your plans to be there.....



September 16, 2012, at the drop zone onear Best and Son.

Tom Peeters of Best, Netherlands with Betty Taylor Hill at the newly dedicated monument honoring the troop carriers in September 1944.

Tom Peeters wrote: The monument for the Troop Carrier Group is erected by foundation Remember September 1944 from the Netherlands. Members of the foundation are: Frits Jansen, Frenk Derks van de Ven, Christian Dijkhuizen, Hans den Brok ([www.airbornetroopcarrier.com](http://www.airbornetroopcarrier.com)), Peter van den Broek and Tom Peeters ([www.battleatbest.com](http://www.battleatbest.com)). We thought it is very important that all groups who are responsible for our liberation are commemorated in the Market Garden area. The Troop Carrier Groups still had no memorial or monument as such, so we decided to place one. You have seen the result and we are very very proud of it.

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Will have more pictures to share of my two week trip to Holland in the next Poopsheet.



## Dead Penguins

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica ?



Where do they go? Wonder no more !!!

It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintain a form of

compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life.

If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough

for the dead bird to be rolled into, and buried. The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing:



"Freeze a jolly good fellow."

"Freeze a jolly good fellow."

You really didn't believe that I know anything about penguins, did you? I am sorry, an urge came over me that made me do it!!!

## FOR THE GIRLS.....

### WOMEN'S REVENGE

'Cash, check or charge?' I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse. 'So, do you always carry your TV remote?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, 'but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally.'

### WIFE VS. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several

miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, 'Relatives of yours?' 'Yep,' the wife replied, 'in-laws.'

## THE SILENT TREATMENT

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment.

Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00 AM for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, 'Please wake me at 5:00 AM.' He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 AM and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him, when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, 'It is 5:00 AM. Wake up.'

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests. God may have created man before woman, but there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece

## New Employee

There is a factory in Northern Minnesota which makes the Tickle Me Elmo toys. The toy laughs when you tickle it under the arms.

Well, Lena is hired at The Tickle Me Elmo factory and she reports for her first day promptly at 8:00 am.

The next day at 8:45 am there is a knock at the Personnel Manager's door.. The Foreman throws open the door and begins to rant about the new Employee.

He complains that she is incredibly slow and the whole line is backing up, putting the entire production line behind schedule.

The Personnel Manager decides he should see this for himself, so the 2 men march down to the



factory floor. When they get there the line is so backed up that there are Tickle Me Elmo's all over the factory floor and they're really beginning to pile up.

At the end of the line stands Lena surrounded by mountains of Tickle Me Elmo's. She has a roll of plush Red fabric and a huge bag of small marbles.

The 2 men watch in amazement as she cuts a little piece of fabric, wraps it around two marbles and begins to carefully sew the little package between Elmo's legs.

The Personnel Manager bursts into laughter. After several minutes of hysterics he pulls himself together and approaches Lena .

'I'm sorry,' he says to her, barely able to keep a straight face, 'but I think you misunderstood the instructions I gave you yesterday....'

'Your job is to give Elmo two test tickles.'

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### *The awesome power of a wife's love...*

A very old man lay dying in his bed. In death's doorway, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite chocolate chip cookie wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands.

With labored breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven.

There, spread out on newspapers on the kitchen table, were literally hundreds of his favorite chocolate chip cookies.

Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man? Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table.

The aged and withered hand, shaking, made its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when he was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife.

"Stay out of those," she said. "They're for the funeral."

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

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



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

On their way back home, a bag of money fell out of an armored car, practically landing at their feet. Sally quickly picked it up and, not sure what to do with it, they took it home. There, she counted the money - fifty thousand dollars! Andy said, "We've got to give it back."

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

Sally said, "No". Andy said, "She's lying. She hid it up in the attic. Sally said, "Don't believe him, he's getting senile"

The agents turned to Andy and began to question him. One said: "Tell us the story from the beginning." Andy said, "Well, when Sally and I were walking home from school yesterday ...." The first police officer turned to his partner and said, "We're outta here!"

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### **Expense Report**

Balance on hand before last issue	\$454
Contributions received	400
Cost of last Issue and supplies	285
Balance on hand before this issue	569

Thank your for your support of the Poopsheet.

**My new address: 5801 Reading Road, # 321, Rosenberg, TX 77471. New Ph: 832 449 3541**

email: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

**Oldest survivor of Auschwitz dies**

Date October 23, 2012

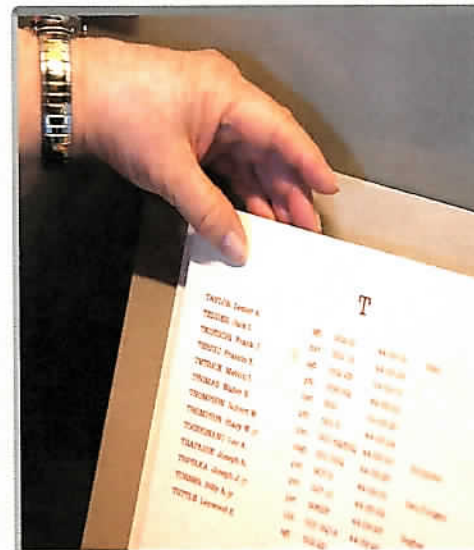
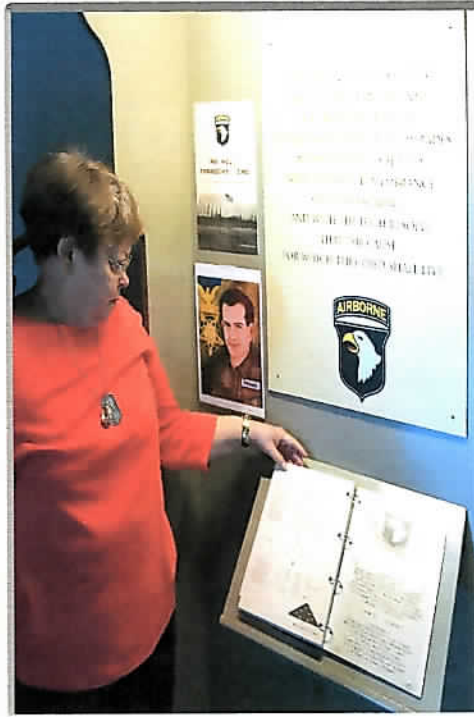
WARSAW: The oldest known survivor of the Nazi German death camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau, Antoni Dobrowolski, has died at the age of 108, one of the site's official historians has announced. Adam Cyra, who works at the Auschwitz-Birkenau memorial and museum, said Mr Dobrowolski died in the town of Debno, northwest Poland.

Mr Dobrowolski, a primary school teacher, ran secret classes during Germany's World War II occupation of Poland, when the local population was barred from receiving an education.

Arrested in 1942 by the Gestapo, he was first sent to Auschwitz, in annexed Polish territory, and later transferred to Gross Rosen and Sachsenhausen, both in Germany.

He survived until the latter camp was liberated by Soviet and Polish forces in 1945.

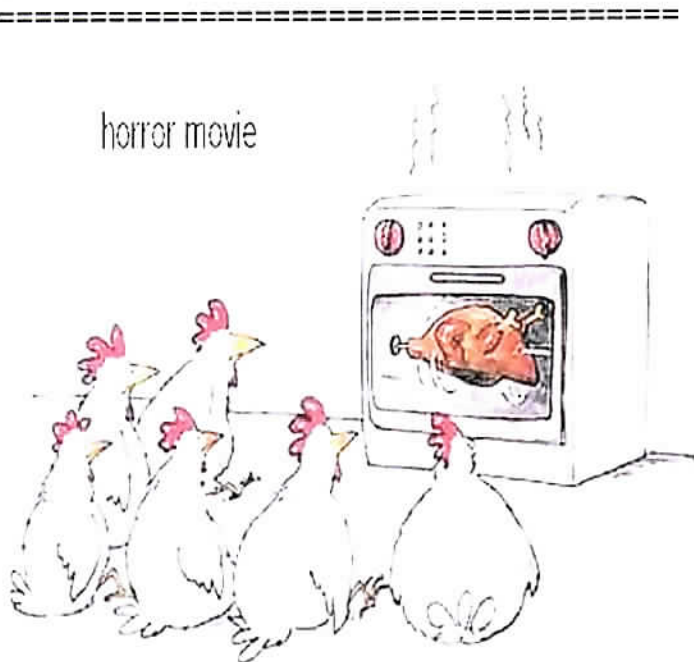
Returning to Poland after the war, he first ran a primary school in Debno and then a secondary school.



*Lest we forget*

**Liberation Museum at Best**

Betty Taylor Hill reads the name of her brother Lester A. Taylor, KIA in Best Sept 19, 1944 on the memorial book of those killed in action in Operation Market Garden. LTC Robert G. Cole 3-502 Commander's photo on wall with Medal of Honor tribute.



HAPPY THANKSGIVING AND A BLESSED CHRISTMAS SEASON TO ALL.

CO. 1, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZELL

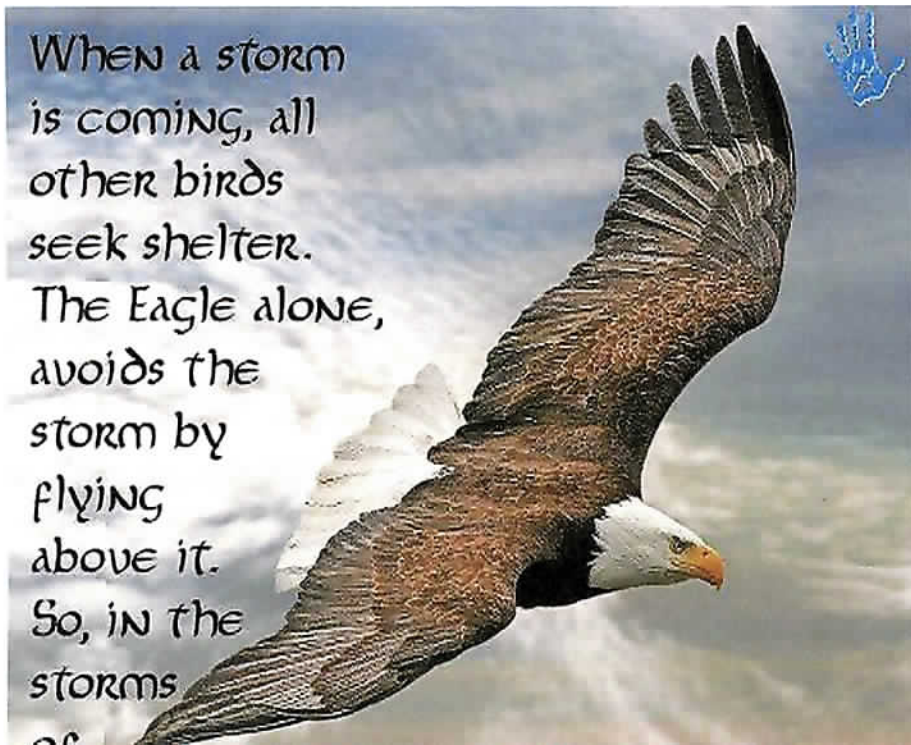
In care of :  
Betty T. Hill  
5801 Reading Rd # 321  
Rosenberg, TX 77471  
Phone: 832 449 3541  
[bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

FIRST CLASS

[www.bettysipage.com](http://www.bettysipage.com)



Ft. Campbell ADT "stacked" at Son, Holland 9/16/12



When a storm is coming, all other birds seek shelter. The Eagle alone, avoids the storm by flying above it. So, in the storms of

