



Company I Poopsheet

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

May 2013



This is a photo of my uncle, **Sgt. Jerry Boffo**, 101st Airborne, 502nd PIR, I Company, killed in the Battle of Carentan Causeway on June 11, 1944. Although we never met our Uncle Jerry, my cousins, siblings and I knew him as the beloved brother and hero of his three sisters, my

mother the youngest. One of her most treasured possessions and now mine is Jerry's jump pin from the Airborne. Since my childhood I have been fascinated by the story of my hero uncle but there were many gaps in the information my family had about his service in the 101st and the circumstances of his death. Now, thanks to the efforts of Jim Edwards and Harry Nivens many of those questions have been answered. I am so thankful to Mr. Edwards who searched for my uncle's family and found me through ancestry.com. Through him I made contact with Mr. Nivens with whom I had a long and very informative phone conversation. This conversation was quite emotional and deeply meaningful for me and I am very grateful to have had the honor to speak with Mr. Nivens about my

Uncle Jerry and the third battalion of the 502nd. My brother found your newsletter through Jim Edwards and we were surprised and pleased to see the photo of my uncle's gravesite in the August 2012 issue. I read with interest and shared emotion the story of your brother and the other brave men of I Company. On behalf of my entire family, my heartfelt gratitude to you, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Nivens for keeping the memory of these true American heroes alive.

Sincerely, Dr. Andrea Uffleman

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More from the mailbox....

Notes from **Sybil Hatfield (Denver)**, Pawnee, OK and **Petra Casas (Ralph)**, Barstow, CA., **David Wisnia**, Levittown, PA and **Jack Zaufman**, Pennington, NJ; **Kathy Hagen**, Yakima, WA, daughter of **Glenn Moe**.

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Memories from D-Day invasion of Normandy:

We thank each veteran who served and will honor your sacrifice on this 69th anniversary From Tom Peeter's website **battleatbest.com** we share these photos. (Thank you Tom).

Photos below : screen shots from official footage recorded in France just after D-day: Cecil Simmons and Robert G Cole talking, Robert G Cole and John P Stopka showing their trophy, Robert G Cole talking about the attack on Ingouf farm (farm visible on the right)

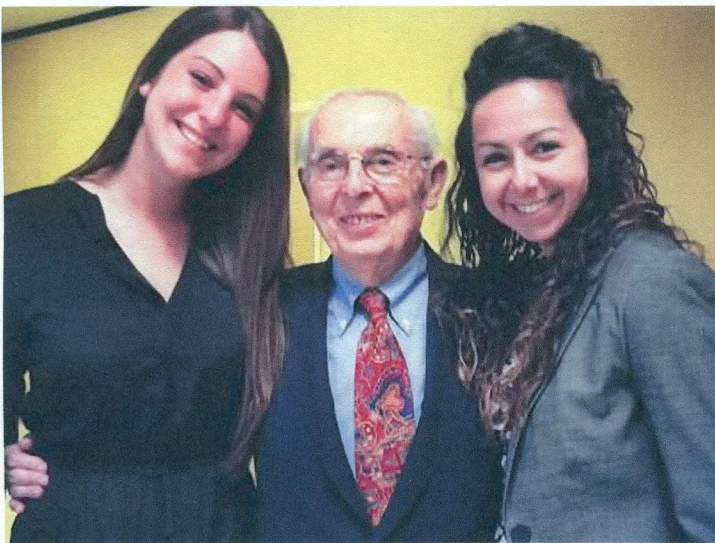


THE ANNUAL JACK ZAIFMAN HUMANITARIAN AWARD

This award is presented to one or two K-12 private, public or parochial educator in either Burlington, Somerset or Mercer County that has demonstrated for at least three years excellent instruction in the field of Holocaust/genocide and/or prejudice reduction education and has achieved an outstanding accomplishment with students, staff and/or community in that field.

Jack Zaifman is a survivor of the Holocaust and has for the past thirty (30) years spoken to hundreds of students and community groups to tell of his experiences during WWII. The uniqueness of Jack is that he always speaks with the students about the importance of caring for others and not of the tragedies he lived through. He is a true humanitarian as demonstrated by his caring, warmth, understanding and dignity.

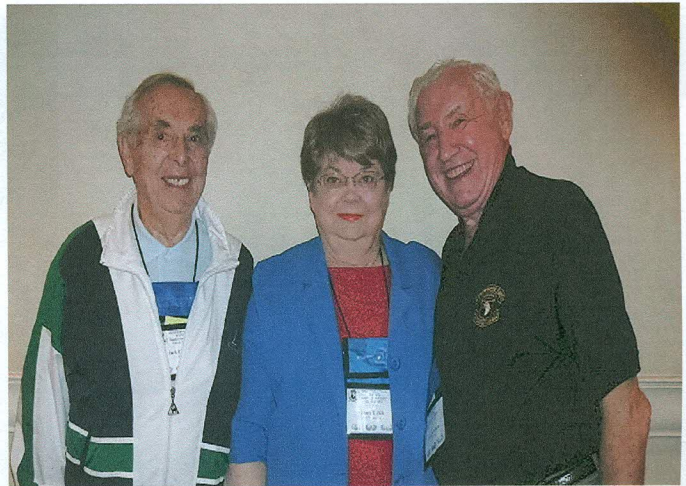
His family is sponsoring the program by presenting the nominee with a certificate, a financial award to be used toward furthering the promotion of tolerance and/or Holocaust education, and a classroom set of Jack's autobiography, "***Tailor Made For Life: A Story of Survival During the Nazi Holocaust***". The award will be presented at the Yom HaShoah observance (Holocaust Commemoration) at the Adath Israel Congregation in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, on Sunday, April 7, 2013.



Jack Zaifman with his granddaughters, Julie and Rachel at the April 7, 2013 award ceremony. The Third Annual Jack Zaifman Humanitarian

Award in was given to a deserving teacher, Shena Samora, at Yom Hashoah Ceremony at Adath Israel/Rider University.

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Jack Zaifman, Betty Taylor Hill and David Wisnia at the 2012 Snowbird Reunion in Orlando, FL.

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Morning Coffee for Grandma...

One morning, a grandmother was surprised to find that her 7-year old grandson had made her coffee. Smiling, she choked down the worst cup of her life. When she finished, she found three little green Army men at the bottom. Puzzled, she asked, "Honey, what are these Army men doing in my coffee?"

Her grandson answered, "Like it says on TV, Grandma. 'The best part of waking up is soldiers in your cup.'"



Put the glass down....

A psychologist walked around a room while teaching stress management to an audience. As she raised a glass of water, everyone expected they'd be asked the "half empty or half full" question. Instead, with a smile on her face, she inquired: "How heavy is this glass of water?"



She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, it's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my arm. If I hold it for a day, my arm will feel numb and paralyzed. In each case, the weight of the glass doesn't change, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes."

She continued, "The stresses and worries in life are like that glass of water. Think about them for a while and nothing happens. Think about them a bit longer and they begin to hurt. And if you think about them all day long, you will feel paralyzed – incapable of doing anything."

It's important to remember to let go of your stresses. As early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night. Remember to put the glass down!

Moving to Chicago

Bob was sitting on the plane when a guy took the seat beside him. The guy was an emotional wreck, pale, hands shaking, moaning in fear.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked.

"I've been transferred to Chicago, there are crazy people there. They've got lots of shootings, gangs, race riots, drugs, poor public schools and the highest crime rate in the nation."

Bob replied, "I've lived in Chicago all my life. It's not as bad as the media says. Find a nice home, go to work, mind your own business and enroll your kids in a nice private school. It's as safe a place as anywhere in the world."

The guy relaxed and stopped shaking and said, "Oh, thank you. I've been worried to death. But if you live there and say it's OK, I'll take your word

for it. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a tail gunner on a Budweiser truck."



Catholic Shampoo

Two nuns were shopping at a 7-11 store. As they passed the beer cooler, one nun said to the other, "Wouldn't a nice cold beer or two taste wonderful on a hot summer evening?"

The second nun answered, "Indeed it would, Sister, but I would not feel comfortable buying beer, since I am certain it would cause a scene at the checkout stand."

"I can handle that without a problem," the other nun replied, and she picked up a six-pack and headed for the check-out.

The cashier had a surprised look on his face when the two nuns arrived with a six-pack of beer.

"We use beer for washing our hair" the nun said. "Back at the Convent, we call it Catholic shampoo."

Without blinking an eye, the cashier reached under the counter, pulled out a package of pretzel sticks, and placed them in the bag with the beer.

He then looked the nun straight in the eye, smiled, and said, "The curlers are on the house."

WWII connection discovered at senior

center By Rick Steigmeyer, World staff writer, Wenatchee world.com March 20, 2013

WENATCHEE, WA — They weren't looking for each other, but 67 years and 5,000 miles removed, find each other they did around a table at the Wenatchee Valley Senior Activity Center. He was a World War II pilot and she was one of many starving Europeans at the end of the war.

Thanks for the Hershey bars. And liberation. World War II was coming to an end in April 1945, thanks in part to U.S. Army Air Corps pilots like Bob Dillon.

He was one of hundreds U.S. and Royal Air Force pilots who dropped tons of bombs over Germany while Western Allies foot soldiers liberated one European city after another and brought the bloody war to its final stages.



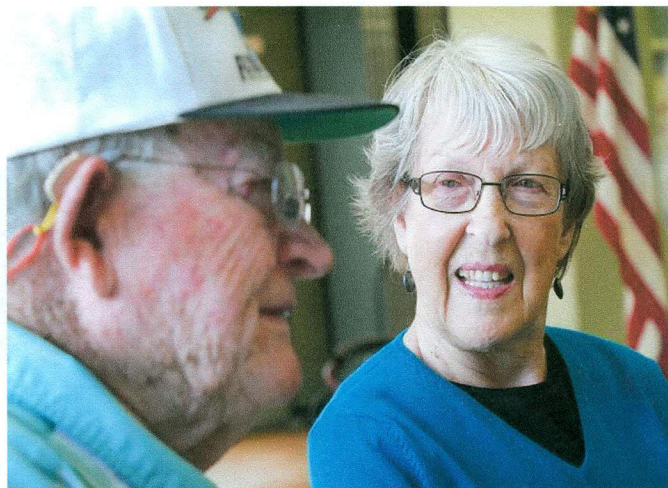
Dillon, who retired from the U.S. Air Force in 1974 as a full colonel, piloted his B-17, based at Horham, England, on 35 bombing missions over Berlin, Dresden and other key German cities in late 1944 and early 1945. The Third Reich surrendered unconditionally May 8, 1945.

"When we were called out, we were allowed to celebrate by buzzing the field," said Dillon, now 90 and living in Wenatchee with his wife of 69 years, Carolyn.

Bob Dillon was in flight training school in this 1943 photo. Dillon said his crew took the celebration a little farther, shooting off a couple flares at the end of the runway. Unfortunately, the flares started a fire in a grove of trees, which greatly displeased his commander.

As punishment, Dillon and his crew were told to stay behind when other planes in the squadron were sent home. He figured he could survive one more run. His plane, however, wouldn't be loaded with bombs for its 36th mission. It was loaded with food to be dropped at war-devastated sites near Amsterdam, the **Netherlands**.

"We called it the chow-hound mission. We'd fly low and as slow as we could over school yards to make the drops. It was a damn sight better than



dropping bombs," Dillon said with a laugh.

Joanne Loozen listens to Bob Dillon talk about what they have in common as they and their spouses meet for lunch at the Wenatchee Valley Senior Activity Center March 15. Dillon was a U.S. Army Air Corps pilot who was part of a food drop effort at the end of World War II and Loozen was on the receiving end of those drops.

Dillon has told the story many times at the Wenatchee senior center, where the couple often go for lunch and to socialize. But he got no better reaction than one day last summer when Joanne Loozen stood up at the table and told Dillon she was a recipient of one of the food drops, maybe the one he made on April 17, 1945.

"I remember walking home from school and seeing this airplane flying real low," said Loozen, who was 17 at the time. People raced to the bundles of food, finding packages of flour, white bread, crackers and chocolate.

"It's why I still love Hershey's chocolate bars," she said.

Loozen and her husband, John, emigrated to the United States in 1958. They owned a dairy near San Diego before moving to Wenatchee in late 2011 to be close to their daughter, Ingrid Brooks, a teacher at John Newbery Elementary School. Bob Dillon, center, and his crew flew 35 bombing missions over Germany in World War II.

"It was overwhelming to meet these people last summer," she said. "People were starving. They would come every day, walking from Amsterdam, asking for food," she said. The Germans had destroyed everything, buildings, roads and

vehicles. What they had not destroyed the German soldiers took for themselves, she said. Dillon has also met another former resident of the Netherlands here. Cornelia French, 79, of East Wenatchee said she was 12 when "chow-hound" food drops were made over her home in Rotterdam at the end of the war.

"We were the worst off. We were starving," said French, who found the name of an Operation Chow-hound pilot in Colorado in 1998 to personally thank him by phone.

Dillon served 32 years in the military, including 25 years as a pilot. In addition to World War II, he served in the Korean War and the Vietnam War. The couple bought a house in Leavenworth in 1972, when Carolyn was staying at military housing for waiting wives in Moses Lake. They moved to Wenatchee in 2006.

Bonded by grim circumstance nearly 70 years ago, the two couples are now close friends who meet often at the senior center.

"I flew for 25 years and logged over 3,000 hours in the air," Dillon said. "But the best flight of my life was that food flight."

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Battle of the Bulge veteran gets his WWII jacket returned to him.... It was on eBay!

The last time World War II veteran Robert L. Lynch had worn this particular military jacket, he was an active duty soldier in Europe. Lynch was reunited with it after almost 70 years. In a series of serendipitous events, Lynch's granddaughter, Michelle Kennington, was contacted by a man from the Netherlands, Yuri Beckers. "He was writing a history book about my grandfather's division, the 9th Division," said Kennington, a Vista resident. "We were shocked when he told us our grandfather's jacket was up on eBay." Kennington and several family members decided to take a look. Sure enough, her grandfather's signature was on the inside sleeve.

"It felt like it was meant to be," she said.

They bought the jacket and an accompanying shirt and hat. In an unofficial ceremony, Lynch's great grandson donned the uniform, eventually presenting the jacket to his 87-year-old great grandfather. At 19 years old, he was the same age Lynch had been when he wore that same jacket during the war. "We had him (Lynch) read

the name on the inside sleeve," Kennington explained. "Slowly, he said Robert. L. Lynch. But how is that possible?" "I couldn't believe it," said Lynch, a Vista, CA resident.



87 year old Robert Lee Lynch tries on his recently acquired WWII Army uniform jacket with help from his daughter Michelle Kennington. At left is his wife of 67 years Eva Mae Lynch

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ADVICE FROM A RETIRED HUSBAND:

It is important for men to remember that as women grow older, it becomes harder for them to maintain the same quality of housekeeping as when they were younger. When you notice this, try not to yell at them. Some are oversensitive, and there's nothing worse than an oversensitive woman.

My name is John. Let me relate how I handled the situation with my wife, Lin. When I retired a few years ago, it became necessary for Lin to get a full-time job along with her part-time job, both for extra income and for the health benefits that we needed. Shortly after she started working I noticed she was beginning to show her age. I usually get home from the golf club about the same time she gets home from work. Although she knows how hungry I am, she almost always says she has to rest for half an hour or so before she starts dinner. I don't yell at her. Instead, I tell her to take her time and just wake me when she gets dinner on the table. I generally have lunch in the Men's Grill at the club so eating out is not reasonable. I'm ready for some home-cooked grub when I hit that door. She used to do the dishes as soon as we finished eating, but now it's not unusual for them

to sit on the table for several hours after dinner. I do what I can by diplomatically reminding her several times each evening that they won't clean themselves. I know she really appreciates this, as it does seem to motivate her to get them done before she goes to bed. Another symptom of aging is complaining. I think. For example she will say that it is difficult for her to find time to pay the monthly bills during her lunch hour. But, boys, we take 'em for better or worse, so I just smile and offer encouragement. I tell her to stretch it out over two or even three days. That way she won't have to rush so much. I also remind her that missing lunch completely now and then wouldn't hurt her any -- if you know what I mean. I like to think tact is one of my strong points.

When doing simple jobs, she seems to think she needs more rest periods. She had to take a break when she was only half-finished mowing the yard. I try not to make a scene. I'm a fair man. I tell her to fix herself a nice, big, cold glass of freshly squeezed lemonade and just sit for a while. And, as long as she is making one for herself, she may as well make one for me too.

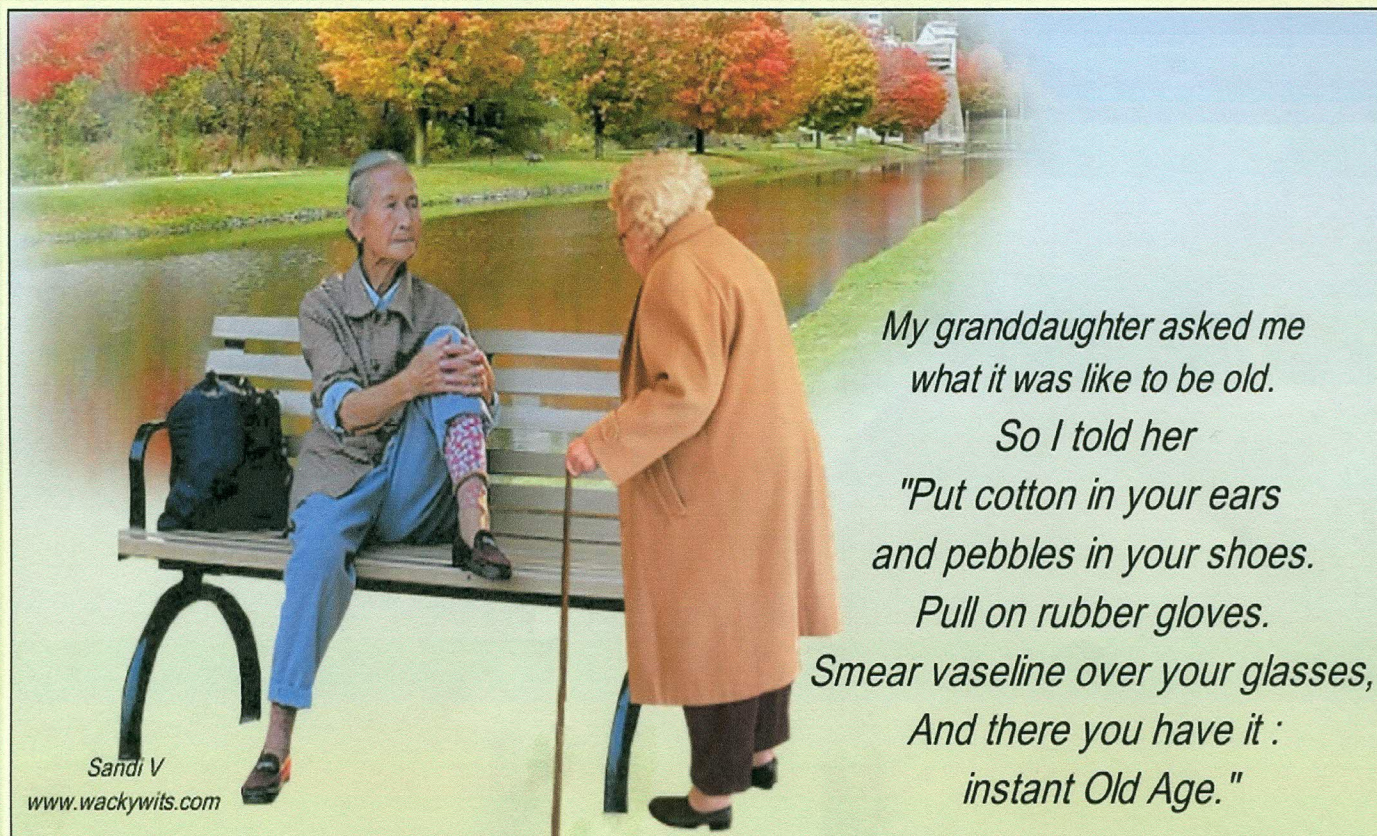
I know that I probably look like a saint in the way I support Lin. I'm not saying that showing this much consideration is easy. Many men will find it difficult. Some will find it impossible! Nobody knows better than I do how frustrating women get as they get older. However, guys, even if you just use a little more tact and less criticism of your aging wife because of this article, I will consider that writing it was well worthwhile. After all, we are put on this earth to help each other.

Signed, John

FOLLOW-UP NOTE:

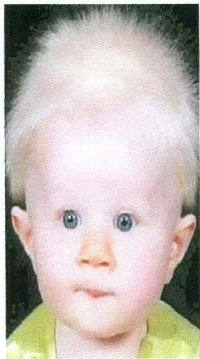
John died suddenly on April 7 of a perforated rectum. The police report says he was found with a Callaway extra-long 50-inch Big Bertha Driver II golf club jammed up his rear end, with barely 5 inches of grip showing, and a sledge hammer laying nearby. His wife, Lin, was arrested and charged with murder. The all-woman jury took only 10 minutes to find her Not Guilty, accepting her defense that John, somehow without looking, accidentally sat down on his golf club.

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Remember, inside every old person is a young person wondering "What the hell happened"!



Sandi V
www.wackywits.com

A nurse on the pediatric ward, before listening to the little ones' chests, would plug the stethoscope into their ears and let them listen to their own heart. Their eyes would always light up with awe, but she never got a response equal to four-year old David's comment. Gently she tucked the stethoscope into his ears and placed the disk over his heart. 'Listen', she said... 'What



do you suppose that is?' He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled line and looked up as if lost in the mystery of the strange tap - tap - tapping deep in his chest. Then his face broke out in a wondrous grin and he asked, 'IS THAT JESUS KNOCKING?'

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Good Advice: Live Life Like a Dog...

Live simply.....Love generously.
Care deeply.....Speak kindly.
Remember, if a dog was the teacher you would learn things like:
When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.
Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride.
Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure Ecstasy.
Take naps.
Stretch before rising.
Run, romp, and play daily.
Thrive on attention and let people touch you.
Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.
On warm days, stop to lie on your back on the grass.
On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree.
When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body.
Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.
Be loyal.
Never pretend to be something you're not.
If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.
When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently.
ENJOY EVERY MOMENT OF EVERY DAY!
Author : Unknown

Ever wonder what happens when you forget history or are nationally arrogant?

JFK'S Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was in France in the early 60's when DeGaulle decided to pull out of NATO. DeGaulle said he wanted all US military out of France as soon as possible. Rusk responded "Does that include those who are buried here?"

You could have heard a pin drop

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There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break, one of the French engineers came back into the room saying 'Have you heard the latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intended to do, bomb them?'

A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly: 'Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply Emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day, They can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?'

You could have heard a pin drop.

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A Royal Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S , English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of Officers that included personnel from most of those countries. Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks but a French admiral suddenly complained that, whereas Europeans learn many languages, the English learn only English. He then asked, 'Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?'

Without hesitating, the British Admiral replied, 'Maybe it's because the Brit's, Canadians, Aussie's, South Africans, and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German.'

You could have heard a pin drop.

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AND THIS STORY FITS RIGHT IN WITH THE ABOVE...

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry on.

"You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically.

Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously.

"Then you should know enough to have your passport ready."

The Englishman said, 'The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it.'

"Impossible. You English always have to show your passports on arrival in France !"

The English senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then he quietly explained,

"Well, when I came ashore at Gold Beach on D-Day in 1944 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchmen to show a passport to."

You could have heard a pin drop

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### **Doolittle Raiders met for final reunion:**

#### **'We're going to close this mission'**

The Doolittle Tokyo Raiders held their last reunion this year, April 17-20 at the place where it all started, Fort Walton Beach, FL

The group of 80 men made famous by their April 18, 1942, bombing on Tokyo that lifted American morale during World War II is down to five living members. "It was a very emotional decision to make," said



*Lt.Col. James (Jimmy) Doolittle*

Tom Casey, business manager for the Doolittle Tokyo Raiders. "I think this was one of the toughest things I've ever done."

The three of the four surviving crew members from the history-making World War II Doolittle Raid, all of them in their 90s, have traveled to a Florida Air Force base for a final public reunion.

Retired Lt. Col. Richard Cole, 97, David Thatcher, 91, and Retired Lt. Col. Edward Saylor, 93, are at Eglin Air Force Base in the Florida Panhandle for a final public reunion of the Doolittle Raiders.

They have met at Eglin because it is where they trained for their top-secret mission in the winter of 1942, just weeks after the Japanese devastated the American fleet at Pearl Harbor.

The fourth surviving raider, 93-year-old Robert Hite, could not make the event.

'At the time of the raid, you know the war was on and it was just a mission we went on, we were lucky enough to survive it but it didn't seem like that big of a deal at the time.

'I spent the rest of the war in Europe and with the guys in Normandy and taking bodies out of airplanes and stuff and I didn't feel like a hero,' Edward Saylor said Wednesday, April 17,, following a ceremony in which an F-35 Joint Strike Fighter maintenance hangar at the base was named in his honor.



Doolittle Raiders (from left) Lt. Col. Dick Cole, Staff Sgt. David Thatcher and Lt. Col. Edward Saylor answer questions from the media and the public about the Doolittle Tokyo Raid

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## Worcester vet receives WWII military decoration from the Netherlands

Hans Gieskes, the Honorary Consul of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, bestowed the prestigious military decoration called Militaire Willems Orde on Mr. Adams, 89, in recognition of his participation in Operation Market Garden on Sept. 17, 1944, over Nijmegen.



Herbert H. Adams, a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne Division and veteran of the Battle of the Bulge who is well-known in the Worcester, MA area for his decades of work with Scouts, and his dedication to maintaining the city's parks and monuments.

Film crews from overseas joined local news crews Wednesday to record a ceremony at the Worcester Senior Center to recognize Mr. Adams with a distinguished award from the government of the Netherlands. The award came about because Tjarco Schuurman, 30, of Hoofddorp, Netherlands, discovered that Mr. Adams was the only member of the 82nd Airborne Division somehow left out when his entire division was recognized on Oct. 8, 1945, in the Netherlands. *Copy from telegram.com*

## Woman Kept Link to Hitler a Secret Until Now..From article April 26, By KIRSTEN

GRIESHABER | AP

BERLIN (AP) — They were feasts of sublime asparagus — laced with fear. And for more than half a century, Margot Woelk kept her secret hidden from the world, even from her husband. Then, a few months after her 95th birthday, she



revealed the truth about her wartime role: Adolf Hitler's food taster.

Woelk, then in her mid-twenties, spent two and a half years as one of 15 young women who sampled Hitler's food to make sure it wasn't poisoned before it was served to the Nazi leader in his "Wolf's Lair," the heavily guarded command center in what is now Poland, where he spent much of his time in the final years of World War II.

"He was a vegetarian. He never ate any meat during the entire time I was there," Woelk said of the Nazi leader. "And Hitler was so paranoid that the British would poison him — that's why he had 15 girls taste the food before he ate it himself."

With many Germans contending with food shortages and a bland diet as the war dragged on, sampling Hitler's food had its advantages.

"The food was delicious, only the best vegetables, asparagus, bell peppers, everything you can imagine. And always with a side of rice or pasta," she recalled. "But this constant fear — we knew of all those poisoning rumors and could never enjoy the food. Every day we feared it was going to be our last meal."

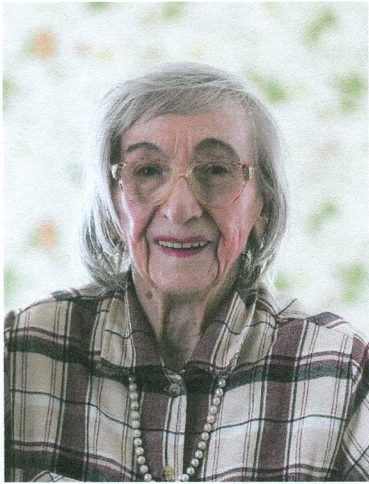
The petite widow's story is a tale of the horror, pain and dislocation endured by people of all sides who survived World War II.

Only now in the sunset of her life has she been willing to relate her experiences, which she had buried because of shame and the fear of prosecution for having worked with the Nazis, although she insists she was never a party member. She told her story as she flipped through a photo album with pictures of her as a young woman, in the same Berlin apartment

where she was born in 1917.

Woelk first revealed her secret to a local Berlin reporter a few months ago. Since then interest in her life story has been overwhelming. School teachers wrote and asked her for photos and autographs to bring history alive for their students. Several researchers from a museum visited to ask for details about her life as Hitler's taster.

Woelk says her association with Hitler began after she fled Berlin to escape Allied air attacks. With her husband gone and serving in the German army, she moved in with relatives about 435 miles (700 kilometers) to the east in Rastenburg, then part of Germany; now it is Ketrzyn, in what



became Poland after the war.

There she was drafted into civilian service and assigned for the next two and a half years as a food taster and kitchen bookkeeper at the Wolf's Lair complex, located a few miles (kilometers) outside the town. Hitler was secretive, even in the relative safety of his headquarters, that she never saw him in person — only his German shepherd Blondie and his SS guards, who chatted with the women.

Hitler's security fears were not unfounded. On July 20, 1944, a trusted colonel detonated a bomb in the Wolf's Lair in an attempt to kill Hitler. He survived, but nearly 5,000 people were executed following the assassination attempt, including the bomber.

"We were sitting on wooden benches when we heard and felt an incredible big bang," she said of the 1944 bombing. "We fell off the benches, and I heard someone shouting 'Hitler is dead!' But he wasn't."

Following the blast, tension rose around the headquarters. Woelk said the Nazis ordered her to leave her relatives' home and move into an abandoned school closer to the compound.

With the Soviet army on the offensive and the war going badly for Germany, one of her SS friends advised her to leave the Wolf's Lair.

She said she returned by train to Berlin and went into hiding.

Woelk said the other women on the food tasting team decided to remain in Rastenburg since their families were all there and it was their home.

"Later, I found out that the Russians shot all of the 14 other girls," she said. It was after Soviet troops overran the headquarters in January 1945.

When she returned to Berlin, she found a city facing complete destruction. Round-the-clock bombing by U.S. and British planes was grinding the city center to rubble.

On April 20, 1945, Soviet artillery began shelling the outskirts of Berlin and ground forces pushed through toward the heart of the capital against strong resistance by die-hard SS and Hitler Youth fighters.

After about two weeks of heavy fighting, the city surrendered on May 2 — after Hitler, who had abandoned the Wolf's Lair about five months before, had committed suicide. His successor surrendered a week later, ending the war in Europe.

For many Berlin civilians — their homes destroyed, family members missing or dead and food almost gone — the horror did not end with capitulation.

"The Russians then came to Berlin and got me, too," Woelk said. "They took me to a doctor's apartment and raped me for 14 consecutive days. That's why I could never have children. They destroyed everything."

Like millions of Germans and other Europeans, Woelk began rebuilding her life and trying to forget as best she could her bitter memories and the shame of her association with a criminal regime that had destroyed much of Europe.

She worked in a variety of jobs, mostly as a secretary or administrative assistant. Her husband returned from the war but died 23 years ago, she said.

With the frailty of advanced age and the lack of an elevator in her building, she has not left her apartment for the past eight years. Nurses visit several times a day, and a niece stops by

frequently, she said.

Now at the end of her life, she feels the need to purge the memories by talking about her story.

"For decades, I tried to shake off those memories," she said. "But they always came back to haunt me at night."

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In this July 17, 2004 file photo tourists visit the ruins of Adolf Hitler's headquarters the "Wolf's Lair" in Gierloz, northeastern Poland, where his chief of staff members made an unsuccessful attempt at Hitler's life on July 20, 1944. Margot Woelk was one of 15 young women who sampled Hitler's food to make sure it wasn't poisoned before it was served to the Nazi leader

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### Expense Report

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Balance before last Issue         | \$415 |
| Contributions Received            | \$400 |
| Cost of Last Issue                | \$187 |
| Balance on hand before this Issue | \$628 |

Thank you all for your wonderful support.

We need to hear from about how you are and what you're doing!

Betty T.. Hill  
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 Rosenberg, TX 77471  
 Ph: 832-449-3541, Email: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

**IF YOU HAVE NEWS OR PHOTOS FROM ANY OF OUR VETERANS PLEASE SHARE WITH US.**

***This Memorial Day we honor and remember these Company I - 502 heroes (KIA's) who did not return from the war and those who have left us since.***

### Name and date of death

|                               |            |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| 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. Klemantovich | 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. Westenhaver    | 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. Pilwallis       | 45-01-03   |
| Pfc. Leonard E. Bruce         | 45-01-03   |
| Pvt. Andrew T. Hroma          | 45-01-10   |
| Pvt. Clarence C. Eckert       | 45-01-10   |
| *date unknow to us            |            |

CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE

INFANTRY



ROBERT HARTZEL

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Happy   
*Mother's*  
Day

May 16

 HAPPY  
FATHER'S  
DAY

June 16

Maybe the most famous picture from WWII - President Eisenhower speaks with the troops, here men from the 101<sup>st</sup>, before they load for the D-Day invasion of Normandy, June 6, 1944.

Paratroopers of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne loading onto a plane for takeoff night of June 5 for the early morning June 6 invasion of Normandy.

