



# Company I Poopsheet

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

September 2013

**Donald. W. Lichtenthaler** 1922 - 2013, Lifetime Newberg resident, Donald W. Lichtenthaler, died on June 2nd, 2013. He was 90. Donald was born into an old Newberg family who had one of the original land claims in Newberg in the late 1800's. Back then, the Everests owned a variety of businesses including a horse track, saloon and were a pioneer hop grower and beer producer. In Don's early growing up, his mother was known for growing and selling peonies. Don was a World War 2 veteran who parachuted on D-Day as a member of the 101st Airborne. After several days on the ground he was hit by shrapnel from a mortar round explosion and spent several years in and out of hospitals recovering.

He worked in construction for over 50 years, eventually owning his own finish carpentry business. After his marriage to Betty Brown of Newberg in 1946, he built their first home in Lincoln City. Three years later he built their long term home outside Newberg on a small walnut farm. Don was an avid outdoorsman. He fished out of Pacific City, running a dory for many years while owning a cabin in Neskowin. In his later years, he made many trips in an RV to Alaska with his wife Betty, spending the summers fishing on the Kenai River. Yearly, he and his sons and grandsons traveled to Eastern Oregon to pheasant hunt along with many winter days spent on the Willamette River duck hunting.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Betty (Brown) Lichtenthaler and his four sons -- Mark, Brad, Craig and Eric Lichtenthaler; five grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. One grandchild preceded him in death. Dona Vanevo, his sister, resides in California.

His memorial service as held June 14th at the Newberg Christian Church. Private Interment was at Evergreen Memorial Park Mausoleum. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Winema Christian Camp, 5195 Wi Ne Ma Rd Cloverdale, OR 97112.

## **World War II soldier's letters delivered to son -- 69 years later**

*Taken from article by Joshua Rhett Miller, June 26, 2013, FoxNews.com*



A letter mailed from a U.S. Army soldier during World War II has finally made it across the pond, some 70 years later.

"I was astounded," Kunellis told FoxNews.com. "I got this letter from Australia and had no idea who it was from. Then I opened it up and I was just flabbergasted."

Chris Kunellis, who died in 1992, joined the Army just days after Chuck was born, the younger Kunellis, 71, said, adding that his father never spoke much about his wartime years. That made the tidbits he gleaned from the letters especially emotional, he said, adding that Chris Kunellis took part in battles near Anzio, Italy, and on Monte Cassino in 1944. Kunellis' mother passed away in 1995.

"Where they were between then and now, I cannot even conjecture," he said of the pair of letters. "They'll certainly be saved and I will share them with my extended family."

Kunellis said the letters finally reached him thanks to the efforts of John Armstrong, an Australian stamp collector who purchased a collection of letters from a U.S. dealer and found the missives. Armstrong and Kunellis were soon emailing and Armstrong then relayed the letters.

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**Snowbird Reunion - February 5-9, 2014**

*Tampa Marriott, Westshore*

1001 N. Westshore Blvd, Tampa, FL 33607

Hotel: (813) 287-2555

Mark your calendars, see you at the 2014 reunion in Tampa. Registration form is available in The Screaming Eagle magazine and

[www.101abnfgcc.org](http://www.101abnfgcc.org) You can email or call Betty if you need a form.

We continue to gather Company I 502, veterans and families each year at the Snowbird. We look forward to seeing you there.



David Lasseter, Betty Hill, Sherry and Ted Nivens, Phil Potter. Seated: Kathy Hagen, Harry Nivens and Steve Owens at the 2013 reunion.

**Squeezer**

The local bar was so sure that its bartender was the strongest man around that they offered a standing \$1000 bet. The bartender would squeeze a lemon until all the juice ran into a glass, and hand the lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze one more drop of juice out would win the money.

Many people had tried.... over time: weight lifters, longshoremen, etc., but nobody could do it. One day, this scrawny little fellow came into the bar, wearing thick glasses and a polyester suit, and said in a small voice, "I'd like to try the bet."

After the laughter had died down, the bartender said, "OK"; grabbed the lemon; and squeezed away. Then he handed the wrinkled remains of the rind to the little fellow. But the Crowd's laughter turned to total silence.... as the man clenched his little fist around the lemon.... and six drops fell into the glass.

As the crowd cheered, the bartender paid the \$1000, and asked the little man: "What do you do for a living? Are you a lumberjack, a weight-lifter, or what?"

The little fellow quietly replied: "I work for the IRS."

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**The Chief**

"Chief Two Eagles" asked one official, "You have observed the white man for 90 years. You've seen his wars and his technological advances. You've seen his progress, and the damage he's done." The Chief nodded in agreement.

The official continued, "Considering all these events, in your opinion, where did the white man go wrong?"

The Chief stared at the government officials for over a minute and then calmly replied, "When white man found the land, Indians were running it..

No taxes, No debt, Plenty buffalo, Plenty beaver, Women did all the work, Medicine man free, Indian man spent all day hunting and fishing, All night having sex."

Then the chief leaned back and smiled . "Only white man dumb enough to think he could improve a system like that."

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Our love and sympathy to **Joe and June Hennessey**, (I-502) in the death of their daughter, Robin McKenna.

Robin May (Hennessey) (Martin) McKenna, 50, died Friday, Aug. 9, 2013, at Bethel Health Care Center after a courageous battle with adrenal cancer with her loving family at

her side. Robin was born in Derby Dec. 16, 1962, daughter of Joseph S. and Estelle J. (Root) Hennessey Sr., formerly of Beacon Falls, now of Sarasota, Fla. She was a graduate of Naugatuck High School and attended Quinnipiac College. She formerly ran her own catering business and was known for her work ethic.

In addition to her parents, she leaves three sons, Erik, Brett and Tyler Martin; a brother, Darrin Hennessey of Bristol; three sisters, Doreen Elnitsky of Southbury, Patricia Russo and her husband, William, of Woodbridge, and Lillian Smith and her husband, Theodore, of Beacon Falls; a sister-in-law, Laurie Hennessey of Beacon Falls; and several nieces, nephews and aunts. She was predeceased by her brother, Joseph S. Hennessey J.

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**Mail returned:** Mrs. **Elmer Shields**, Aldan, Pa, marked 'Deceased'.

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### DOD Identifies Army Casualties

The Department of Defense announced August 12, 2012, death of three soldiers who were supporting Operation Enduring Freedom.

They died Aug. 11, of wounds suffered when enemy forces attacked their unit with indirect fire. The soldiers were assigned to the 4th Battalion, 320th Field Artillery Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 101st Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Ky.

Killed were:

Staff Sgt. Octavio Herrera, 26, of Caldwell, Idaho,

Sgt. Jamar A. Hicks, 22, of Little Rock, Ark., and

Spc. Keith E. Grace Jr., 26, of Baytown, Texas.

We honor and remember these heroes of Co. I, 502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne who died in WWII.

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. Klemant	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. Westenhave	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	





L-R: Leoni Wenstedt, Joe Bossi, and Petra Wenstedt-Pulles announce plans for **OPERATION TORCH 2014** - yes, next year, celebrating the 70th anniversary of a liberated Europe

This is not your off-the-rack, done-for-profit WWII tour, but a great trip organised by a non-profit organisation recognised by the Dutch government and the 101st Airborne Division Association.

We'll take you along the sites of Operation Market-Garden in the Netherlands, through the area of the largest land battle of WWII (the Battle of the Bulge) in Bastogne, Belgium and the invasion beaches of Normandy, France.

Featuring:

- \*local guides who share their extensive knowledge of your and our history
- \*surprising hospitality
- \*taking plenty of time visiting the sites
- \*attention for personal interests

PLAN these dates: arrival September 9th - departure September 22nd, 2014

ENLIST now! And secure your place on the bus (maximum of 45 participants).

No deposit required until 1st January based on double occupancy in hotel rooms and subject to change due to exchange rates.

The Tour Includes all meals, hotels, museums and transport by bus from arrival to departure at airport (airport location to be determined). Price does not include flights.

More information: CSM Joseph M. Bossi (Ret), director of US operations - tel. 931-624-8060 or [jmbossi@peoplepc.com](mailto:jmbossi@peoplepc.com) or Petra Wenstedt-Pulles at [p.wenstedt@chello.nl](mailto:p.wenstedt@chello.nl)

Website at: [www.screamingeagles.nl](http://www.screamingeagles.nl)

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Waterbury, CT— Mrs. Jean (Doran) Murphy, 94, of 119 Store Ave., passed away on Monday, July 1, 2013, at Apple Rehab in Watertown after a brief illness. Jean was married to the late Francis M. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy was born in Waterbury on April 21, 1919, daughter of the late George and Mary (Foy) Doran. She was predeceased by her two brothers, William and Robert Doran. **Robert Doran** was the "radioman for LTX Robert Cole, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. 502 PIR in WWII. Doran was killed just minutes before Cole in Holland, September 18, 1944. Jean is survived by nieces and nephews and many friends. She made a trip to Holland and attended the Snowbird Reunion a in 2001. Memorial contributions may be made to Saint Mary's Hospital Auxiliary, 56 Franklin St., Waterbury, CT 06706-9989; or SS. Peter & Paul Grammar School, 116 Beecher Ave., Waterbury, CT 06705.

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**All there is to know about a lawn mower**

A preacher was making his rounds on a bicycle when he came upon a little boy trying to sell a lawn mower.

"How much do you want for the mower?" asked the preacher. "I just want enough money to go out and buy me a bicycle," said the little boy. After a moment of consideration, the preacher asked, "Will you take my bike in trade for it?"

The little boy asked if he could try it out first, and, after riding the bike around a little while, said, "Mister, you've got yourself a deal."

The preacher took the mower and began to crank it. He pulled on the rope a few times with no response from the mower.

The preacher called the little boy over and said, "I can't get at his mower to start." The little boy said, "That's because you have to cuss at it to get it started."

The preacher said, "I can't cuss. It's been so long since I became a Christian that I don't even remember how to cuss." The little boy looked at him happily and said, "You just keep pulling on that rope. It'll come back to ya."

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## **Surviving old age with a smile.....**

### **Deaf Wife**

A man feared his wife wasn't hearing as well as she used to and he thought she might need a hearing aid. Not quite sure how to approach her, he called the family doctor to discuss the problem.

The doctor told him there is a simple informal test the husband could perform to give the Doctor a better idea about her hearing loss.

Here's what you do,' said the doctor, 'stand about 40 feet away from her, and in a normal conversational speaking tone see if she hears you.

If not, go to 30 feet, then 20 feet, and so on until you get a response.' That evening, the wife is in the kitchen cooking dinner, and he was in the den. He says to himself, 'I'm about 40 feet away, let's see what happens.' Then in a normal tone he asks, 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

No response.

So the husband moves closer to the kitchen, about 30 feet from his wife and repeats, 'Honey, what's for dinner?' Still no response.

Next he moves into the dining room where he is about 20 feet from his wife and asks, 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

Again he gets no response.

So, he walks up to the kitchen door, about 10 feet away. 'Honey, what's for dinner?' Again there is no response.

So he walks right up behind her. 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

(I just love this)

'Ralph, for the FIFTH time, it's CHICKEN!!!!'

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### **I Can Hear Just Fine!**

Three retirees, each with a hearing loss, were playing golf one fine March day. One remarked to the other, "Windy, isn't it?"

"No," the second man replied, "it's Thursday."

And the third man chimed in, "So am I. Let's have a beer ."

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### **riends**

Two elderly ladies had been friends for many decades. Over the years, they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their

activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards. One day, they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me .. I know we've been friends for a long time, but I just can't think of your name!

I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and glared at her. Finally she said, "How soon do you need to know?"

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### **Senior Driving**

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his cell phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on Interstate 77.

Please be careful!"

"Heck," said Herman, "It's not just one car. It's hundreds of them!"

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### **Live Life Like a 90-year Old...**

One day I had lunch with some friends. Jim, a short, balding golfer type almost 90 years old, came along with them---all in all, a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented, we ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups, except for Jim who said, "Ice Cream, please. Two scoops, chocolate.

I wasn't sure my ears heard right, and the others were aghast. "Along with heated apple pie," Jim added, completely unabashed.

We tried to act quite nonchalant, as if people did this all the time.. But when our orders were brought out, I didn't enjoy mine.

I couldn't take my eyes off Jim as his pie a-la-mode went down. The other guys couldn't believe it. They ate their lunches silently and grinned.

The next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Jim. I lunched on white meat tuna. He ordered a parfait.I smiled. He asked if he amused mel answered, "Yes, you do, but also you confuse me.

How come you order rich desserts, while I feel I



must be sensible? He laughed and said "I'm tasting all that is Possible. I try to eat the food I need, and do the things I should. But life's so short, my friend, I hate missing out on something good.

This year I realized how old I was. (He grinned) I haven't been this old before." "So, before I die, I've got to try those things that for years I had ignored.

I haven't smelled all the flowers yet. There are too many trout streams I haven't fished. There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down and kites to be flown overhead.

There are too many golf courses I haven't played. I've not laughed at all the jokes. I've missed a lot of sporting events and potato chips and cokes.

I want to wade again in water and feel ocean spray on my face. I want to sit in a country church once more and thank God for His grace.

I want peanut butter every day spread on my morning toast. I want un-timed long distance calls to the folks I love the most.

I haven't cried at all the movies yet, or walked in the morning rain. I need to feel wind on my face. I want to be in love again.

So, if I choose to have dessert, instead of having dinner, then should I die before night fall, I'd say I died a winner, because I missed out on nothing. I filled my heart's desire. I had that final chocolate mousse before my life expired.." With that, I called the waitress over.. "I've changed my mind, " I said. "I want what he is having, only add some more whipped cream!"

**Moral:** Be mindful that happiness isn't based on possessions, power, or prestige, but on relationships with people we like and respect. Remember that while money talks, CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SINGS!

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### Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance on hand before July issue	\$438
Expense of the last issue (using coupons)	\$135
Contributions Received	\$200
Balance on hand before this issue	\$503

Thank you for your support. You're news and support is greatly appreciated. Betty T. Hill, 5801 Reading Road # 321, Rosenberg, TX 77471. Phone: 832-449-3541 mail: [bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)

## The Burglar

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said, 'Jesus knows you're here.'

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off, and froze. Clear as a bell he heard; 'Jesus is watching you.'



Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.

*Did you say that?* he hissed at the parrot. 'Yep', the parrot confessed, then

squawked; 'I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you.'

The burglar relaxed. 'Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?' 'Moses,' replied the bird.

'Moses?' the burglar laughed. 'What kind of people would name a bird Moses?'

*'The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus.'*



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## The Aisle Seat

Two radical Arab terrorists boarded a flight out of London. One took a window seat and the other sat next to him in the middle seat.

Just before takeoff, a U.S. Soldier sat down in the aisle seat. After takeoff, the Soldier kicked his shoes off, wiggled his toes and was settling in when the Arab in the window seat said, 'I need to get up and get a Coke.'

'Don't get up,' said the Soldier, 'I'm in the aisle seat, I'll get it for you.'

As soon as he left, one of the Arabs picked up the Soldier's shoe and spat in it.

When the Soldier returned with the Coke, the other Arab said, 'That looks good, I'd really like one, too..' (continued...)



Again, the Soldier obligingly went to fetch it. While he was gone, the other Arab picked up the Soldier's other shoe and spat in it. When the Soldier returned, they all sat back and enjoyed the flight.

As the plane was landing, the Soldier slipped his feet into his shoes and knew immediately what had happened. He leaned over and asked his Arab neighbors.

'Why does it have to be this way?  
How long must this go on?  
This fighting between our nations?  
This hatred?  
This animosity?  
This spitting in shoes and pissing in Cokes?'

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God Bless the U.S. Military.....  
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### Senior Dating Scene....

Dona and Elsie, two senior widows, are talking.



Dona: "That nice George Johnson asked me out for a date. I know you went out with him last week, and I wanted to talk with you about him before I give him my answer."

Elsie: "Well, I'll tell you. He shows up at my apartment

punctually at 7pm, dressed like such a gentleman in a fine suit, and he brings me such beautiful flowers! Then he takes me downstairs. And what's there: a limousine, uniformed chauffeur and all. Then he takes me out for dinner; a marvelous dinner, lobster, champagne, dessert, and after-dinner drinks. Then we go see a show. Let me tell you Dona, I enjoyed it so much I could have just died from pleasure! So then we are coming back to my apartment and he turns into an ANIMAL. Completely crazy, he tears off my expensive new dress and has his way with me three times !!!"

Dona: "Goodness gracious!... so you are telling me I shouldn't go ??".

Elsie: "No, no, no... course not... I'm just saying, wear an old dress".  
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### The Psychiatrist and Proctologist

Best friends graduated from medical school at the same time and decided that, in spite of two different specialties, they would open a practice together to share office space and personnel.

Dr. Smith was the psychiatrist and Dr. Jones, the proctologist. They put up a sign reading:

**"Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones: Hysterias and Posteriors"**. The town council was livid and insisted they change it.

So, the docs changed it to read: **"Schizoids and Hemorrhoids"**. This was also not acceptable, so they again changed the sign.

**"Catatonics and High Colonics"** – No go. Next, they tried **"Manic Depressives and Anal Retentives"** – thumbs down again.

Then came **"Minds and Behinds"** – still no good.

Another attempt resulted in **"Lost Souls and Butt Holes"** – unacceptable again!

So they tried **"Analysis and Anal Cysts"** – not a chance.

**"Nuts and Butts"** – no way.

**"Freaks and Cheeks"** – still no good.

**"Loons and Moons"** – forget it.

Almost at their wit's end, the docs finally came up with:

**"Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones - -  
Specializing in Odds and Ends"**

Everyone loved it.  
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### The UPS Guy...

Little Larry attended a horse auction with his father. He watched as his father moved from horse to horse, running his hands up and down the horse's legs and rump, and chest. After a few minutes, Larry asked, 'Dad, why are you doing that?' His father replied, 'Because when I'm buying horses, I have to



make sure that they are healthy and in good shape before I buy. Larry, looking worried, said, 'Dad, I think the UPS guy wants to buy Mom .....'

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## WW II-era ring swapped for chocolate finally makes its way home



*Martin Kiss, right, and his U.S. neighbor Mark Turner hold photos of the gold ring Kiss was given by his grandparents in Herrieden, southern Germany. (Daniel Karmann/AP)  
(Taken from AP report, August 19, 2013)*

A ring traded by a World War II POW for chocolate bars has finally come home to his family 70 years later,

The POW, 2nd Lt. David C. Cox, a U.S. bomber pilot, had been shot down over Germany and was being held at Stalag VII-A, the camp made famous in the Steve McQueen film, "The Great Escape."

The camp was a miserable place by the time Cox ended up there, the AP reports, and was "barely correct by the standards of the Geneva Convention." Red Cross packages had stopped coming, and Cox and his fellow POWs lived on bug-infested rations.

After a year and a half at the camp, Cox, a North Carolina native, was desperate. That's when he made a difficult decision, according to the AP. He took off his treasured gold ring — a gift from his parents and inscribed with his name, birthday and hometown — and traded it for a couple of chocolate bars from an Italian POW. The chocolate was worth its weight in gold to the hungry pilot, who would never see the ring again. According to the AP, the ring is believed to have come into the hands of a Russian soldier who traded it for a night's room and board at a pub in modern-day Serbia. The pub was owned by the grandparents of Martin Kiss, who was given the

ring in 1971 for luck when he moved to Germany.

Kiss, now 64, kept the ring in a jar and wondered how to get it back to its American owner. When Americans Mark and Mindy Turner moved in next door to Kiss in the Bavarian village of Hohenberg, he enlisted their help.

Mark Turner, an air traffic controller for the U.S. Army installation in Ansbach, was able to find the name of the pilot through an Internet search. He also found a 219-page thesis posted on the Web from 2005 by Norwood McDowell for North Carolina State University. The thesis focused on the war diary of his wife's grandfather, David C. Cox Sr. — the name inscribed on the ring, notes the AP. Then, on Page 179, there was the story of the ring being swapped for chocolate.

"It just seemed like it couldn't be true," Turner told the AP.

Turner emailed McDowell the ring's inscription, and McDowell contacted the bomber pilot's 67-year-old son, also named David Cox.

"That's it for sure," Cox said when he saw the photo.

"Well, praise the Lord!" the AP quotes Mindy Turner as saying. "We are so excited for your family!"

Kiss eventually put the ring in the mail for its final journey home.

Cox's friends and family gathered at his Raleigh, N.C., home to watch him open the package. "I feel his presence," Cox told the AP about his father. "I wish he was here."

In a phone interview with the AP, Kiss mentioned that his grandfather had spent a few years in a Soviet prison camp and added that his "only regret is that David Cox Sr. and his grandmother weren't alive to share the 'happy ending.'"

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### **Purple Heart Found at Goodwill Returned to WWII Vet's Family**

A Purple Heart awarded to a fallen World War II soldier that ended up stuffed inside a box at a New York Goodwill store has been returned to the veteran's family.

The medal given to Pvt. James E. Roland in the 1940s was discovered in June by an employee at a Goodwill store in Lockport, N.Y., who saw it



while unpacking donations. The medal had Roland's name engraved on its back and was next to a photo of Roland, who died in battle at Anzio, Italy, on May 23, 1944.



The Goodwill store posted the photo on its Facebook page, which caught the eye of Linda Hastreiter, Region 1 Coordinator for the Veterans' Recovery Program of the Patriot Guard Riders, a non-profit, all-volunteer organization dedicated to attending the funeral services of fallen American heroes as invited guests of the family, according to its website.

"I started researching the Niagara Falls and Lockport areas with people of the same name with no luck," Hastreiter told ABCNews.com. "I then went to Findagrave.com and found his [Roland's] grave in Westover so that's how I started researching there." "I found there were six Roland names and I called every one of them and left a message," she said. "One day I was coming home with an armful of groceries and the phone rang and it was Mary. She thought it was a joke and I said, 'No, it's no joke. This is what we do. This is what we have.' It was an emotional conversation."

Mary is Mary Roland Struble, the mayor of Westover, Pa., population 688, and a distant cousin of Pvt. Roland. Struble knew her family had a long, proud history of military service but did not know that her relative - her grandfather's cousin, who had died before she was even born - had died in the war, much less that he had received the Purple Heart for his service.

Though the mystery of returning Pvt. Roland's Purple Heart to is solved, the mystery of how the precious medal ended up at the Goodwill remains.

*All you Grandpas and Grandmas, this was too funny not to include. We are all reaching that stage where we need to keep the wax out of our ears and keep the hearing aids tuned up. (Some of us anyway!) Enjoy!*

### **Grandpa answers.....What Is Couple Sex?**

An 8-year-old girl went to her grandfather, who was working in the yard and asked him, "Grampa, what is a couple sex? The grandfather was surprised that she would ask such a question, but decided that if she's old enough to know to ask the question then she's old enough to get a straight answer.

Steeling himself to leave nothing out, he proceeded to tell her all about human reproduction and the joys and responsibilities that go along with it. When he finished explaining, the little girl was looking at him with her mouth hanging open, eyes wide in amazement. Seeing the look on her face, the grandfather asked her, "Why did you ask this question, honey? The little girl replied, "Well, Grandma says to tell you that dinner will be ready in just a couple secs.

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### **IRS Audits Grandpa**

The IRS decides to audit grandpa and summons him to the IRS office.

The IRS auditor was not surprised when grandpa showed up with his attorney.

The auditor said, 'Well, sir, you have an extravagant lifestyle and no full-time employment, which you explain by saying that you win money gambling. I'm not sure the IRS finds that believable.'

I'm a great gambler, and I can prove it,' says Grandpa. 'How about a demonstration?'

The auditor thinks for a moment and said, 'Okay. Go ahead.'

Grandpa says, 'I'll bet you a thousand dollars that I can bite my own eye.' The auditor thinks a moment and says, 'It's a bet....' Grandpa removes his glass eye and bites it. The auditor's jaw drops.

Grandpa says, 'Now, I'll bet you two thousand dollars that I can bite my other eye.'

Now the auditor can tell grandpa isn't blind, so he takes the bet. ...



Grandpa removes his dentures and bites his good eye.

The stunned auditor now realizes he has wagered and lost three grand, with grandpa's attorney as a witness. He starts to get nervous.

"Want to go double or nothing" Grandpa asks? I'll bet you six thousand dollars that I can stand on one of side of your desk and pee into that wastebasket on the other side and never get a drop anywhere in between."

The auditor, twice burned, is cautious now, but he looks carefully and decides there's no way this old guy could possibly manage that stunt, so he agrees again.

Grandpa stands beside the desk and unzips his pants, but although he strains mightily, he can't make the stream reach the wastebasket on the other side, so he pretty much urinates all over the auditor's desk.

The auditor leaps with joy, realizing that he has just turned a major loss into a huge win. But Grandpa's own attorney moans and puts his head in his hands.

'Are you okay?' the auditor asks.

'Not really,' says the attorney. 'This morning, when Grandpa told me he'd been summoned for an audit, he bet me twenty-five thousand dollars that he could come in here and piss all over your desk and that you'd be happy about it!'

I keep telling you! don't mess with :old people!!

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**Rogert George Cole Chapter,**

**101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Association. Houston, Texas**

Mission Statement of The Robert George Cole Chapter of the 101st Airborne Association.

A Band of Brothers who wore the patch, veterans of the greater Houston area, who have served with the 101st Airborne Division at some time during their military service.

We are veterans and solders who proudly served in WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm, Iraq, Afghanistan, Enduring Freedom, and times of peace.

We are an organization, formed in 2010. Our activities include picnics, dinners, and other social activities. We participate in patriotic events such as parades and veteran's memorials.

*For we few, we happy few, We Band of Brothers,*

honor all who have served, living, missing or fallen, and support them through various activities.

**President**

David Bush

[dbush0220@comcast.net](mailto:dbush0220@comcast.net)

**Vice President**

Ernest Mark Salinas

[emsalinas281@gmail.com](mailto:emsalinas281@gmail.com)

**Secretary/Treasurer**

Edward Pye

[epye@suddenlink.net](mailto:epye@suddenlink.net)

**Sergeant-At-Arms**

Evaristo Carreon

[carolyncannata@gmail.com](mailto:carolyncannata@gmail.com)

**Chaplin**

David Akin

[23ringo@att.net](mailto:23ringo@att.net)

DROP ZONE for The Robert George Cole Chapter of the 101st Airborne Association holds a monthly meeting on the second Saturday of each month at 12:30 hours at the Garden Oaks American Legion Post 560.

All guests are welcome.

3720 Alba Road, Houston, Texas 77018

Phone: 713/682-9287

Website:

<http://www.101stairbornehoustontexas.us/>

E-Mail:

[101st.Airborne.Houston.Texas@gmail.com](mailto:101st.Airborne.Houston.Texas@gmail.com) or

[TheDavidBush@att.net](mailto:TheDavidBush@att.net)

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**Heavenly Problems**

Saint Peter is sitting at the Pearly Gates when two guys wearing dark hoodies, and sagging pants, arrive. St. Peter looked out through the Gates and said, "Wait here. I'll be right back."

St. Peter goes over to God's chambers and tells him who is waiting for entrance. God says to Peter: "How many times do I have to tell you? You can't be judgmental here. This is heaven. All are loved. All are brothers. Go back and let them in!" St. Peter goes back to the Gates, looks around, and lets out a heavy sigh. He returns to God's chambers and says, "Well, they're gone."

"The guys wearing hoodies?", asked God.

"No. The Pearly Gates."

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**REMEMBER SEPTEMBER**

**1944 - 2013**



## MOE HOLY HUMOR

### DID NOAH FISH?

A Sunday school teacher asked, "Johnny, do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on the Ark?"

"No," replied Johnny. "How could he, with just two worms."

### THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

A Sunday school teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible - Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the chapter. Little Rick was excited about the task - but he just couldn't remember the Psalm. After much practice, he could barely get past the first line.

On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Ricky was so nervous. When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, "The Lord is my Shepherd, and that's all I need to know."

### UNANSWERED PRAYER

The preacher's 5-year-old daughter noticed that her father always paused and bowed his head for a moment before starting his sermon. One day, she asked him why.

"Well, Honey," he began, proud that his daughter was so observant of his messages. "I'm asking the Lord to help me preach a good sermon."

"How come He doesn't answer it?" she asked.

### BEING THANKFUL

A Rabbi said to a precocious 6-year-old boy, "So your mother says your prayers for you each night? That's very commendable. What does she say?"

The little boy replied, "Thank God he's in bed!"

### ALL MEN / ALL GIRLS

When my daughter, Kelli, said her bedtime prayers, she would bless every family member, every friend, and every animal (current and past). For several weeks, after we had finished the nightly prayer, Kelli would say, "And all girls."

This soon became part of her nightly routine, to include this closing. My curiosity got the best of me and I asked her, "Kelli, why do you always add the part about all girls?"

Her response, "Because everybody always finish their prayers by saying 'All Men!'"

### SAY A PRAYER

Little Johnny and his family were having Sunday dinner at his grandmother's house. Everyone was seated around the table as the food was being served. When Little Johnny received his plate, he started eating right away.

"Johnny! Please wait until we say our prayer." said his mother.

"I don't need to," the boy replied. "Of course, you do," his mother insisted. "We always say a prayer before eating at our house."

"That's at our house," Johnny explained. "But this is Grandma's house and she knows how to cook."

### The Blonde and The Trucker

A trucker came into a truck stop cafe and placed his order. He said, "I want three flat tires, a pair of headlights and pair of running boards."

The brand new, blonde waitress, not wanting to appear stupid, went to the kitchen and said to the cook, "This guy out there just ordered three flat tires, a pair of headlights and a pair of running boards. What does he think this place is, an auto parts store?"

"No," the cook said. "Three flat tires mean three pancakes; a pair of headlights is two eggs, sunny side up; and running boards are two slices of crisp bacon."

"Oh, OK!" said the blonde. She thought about it for a moment and then spooned up a bowl of beans... and gave it to the customer.

The trucker asked, "What are the beans for, Blondie?"

She replied, "I thought while you were waiting for the flat tires, headlights and running boards, you might as well gas up!"

FOR ONCE, THE BLONDE GETS EVEN!

### The Cell Phone User

After a tiring day, a commuter settled down in his seat and closed his eyes.

As the train rolled out of the station, the young woman sitting next to him pulled out her cell phone and started talking in a loud voice: "Hi sweetheart. It's Sue. I'm on the train". "Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting".

"No, Honey, not with that Kevin from the accounting office, it was with the boss."

"No, Sweetheart, you're the only one in my life."

"Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart."

Fifteen minutes later she was still talking loudly.

When the man sitting next to her had enough, he leaned over and said into the phone: "Sue, hang up the phone and come back to bed."

Sue doesn't use her cell phone in close public places anymore.



CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



ROBERT HARTZEL

Incare of :  
**Betty T. Hill**  
5801 Reading Rd # 321  
Rosenberg, TX 77471  
Phone: 832 449 3541  
[bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:bjth23@yahoo.com)  
[www.bettysipage.com](http://www.bettysipage.com)

First Class Mail

### Thought for the Day

While creating women, God promised men that obedient wives would be found in all corners of the world. And then He smiled and made the earth round.

God has a fantastic sense of humor!!

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

502 in The Battle at Best, September 1944

Tom Peeters, webmaster

